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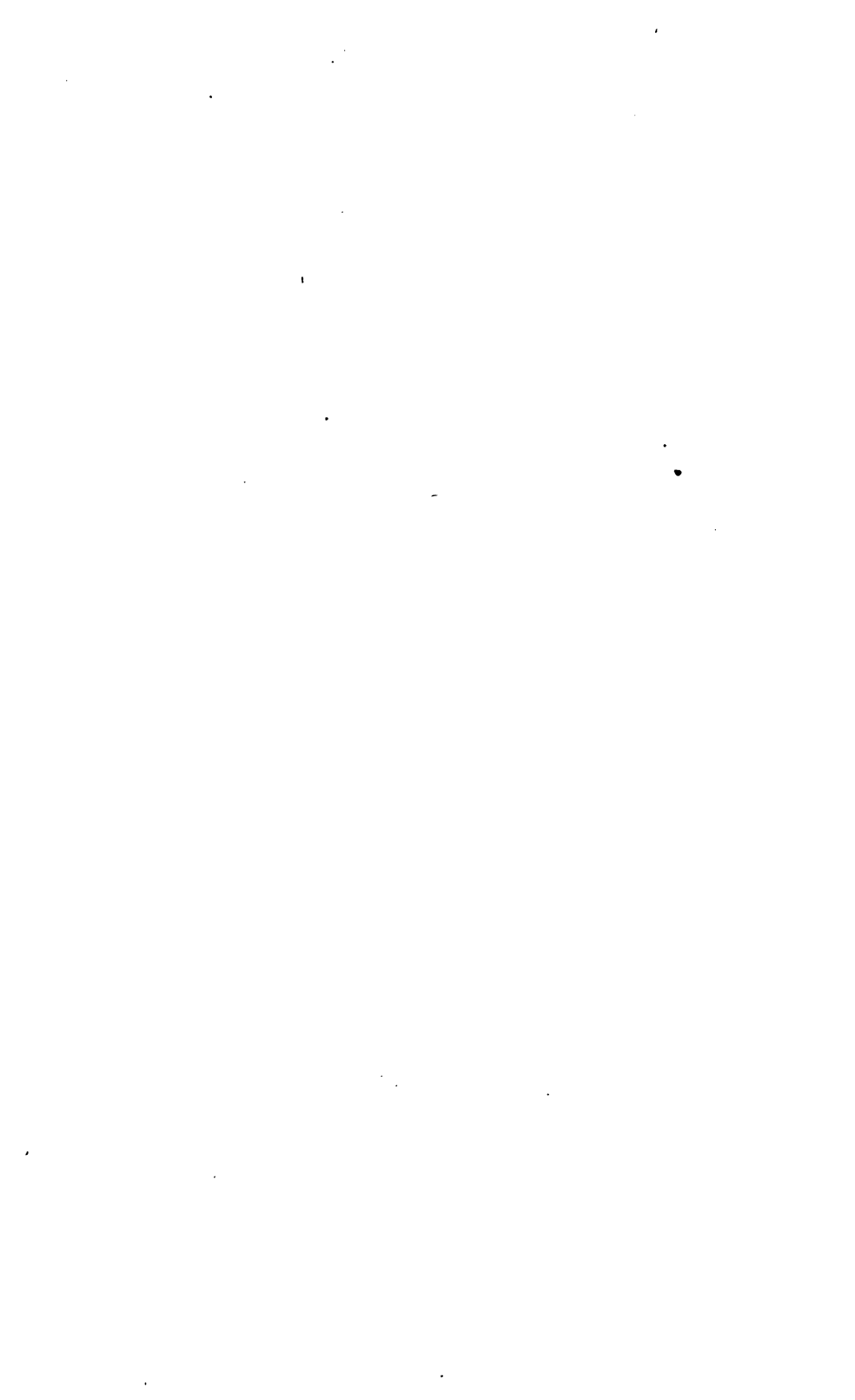
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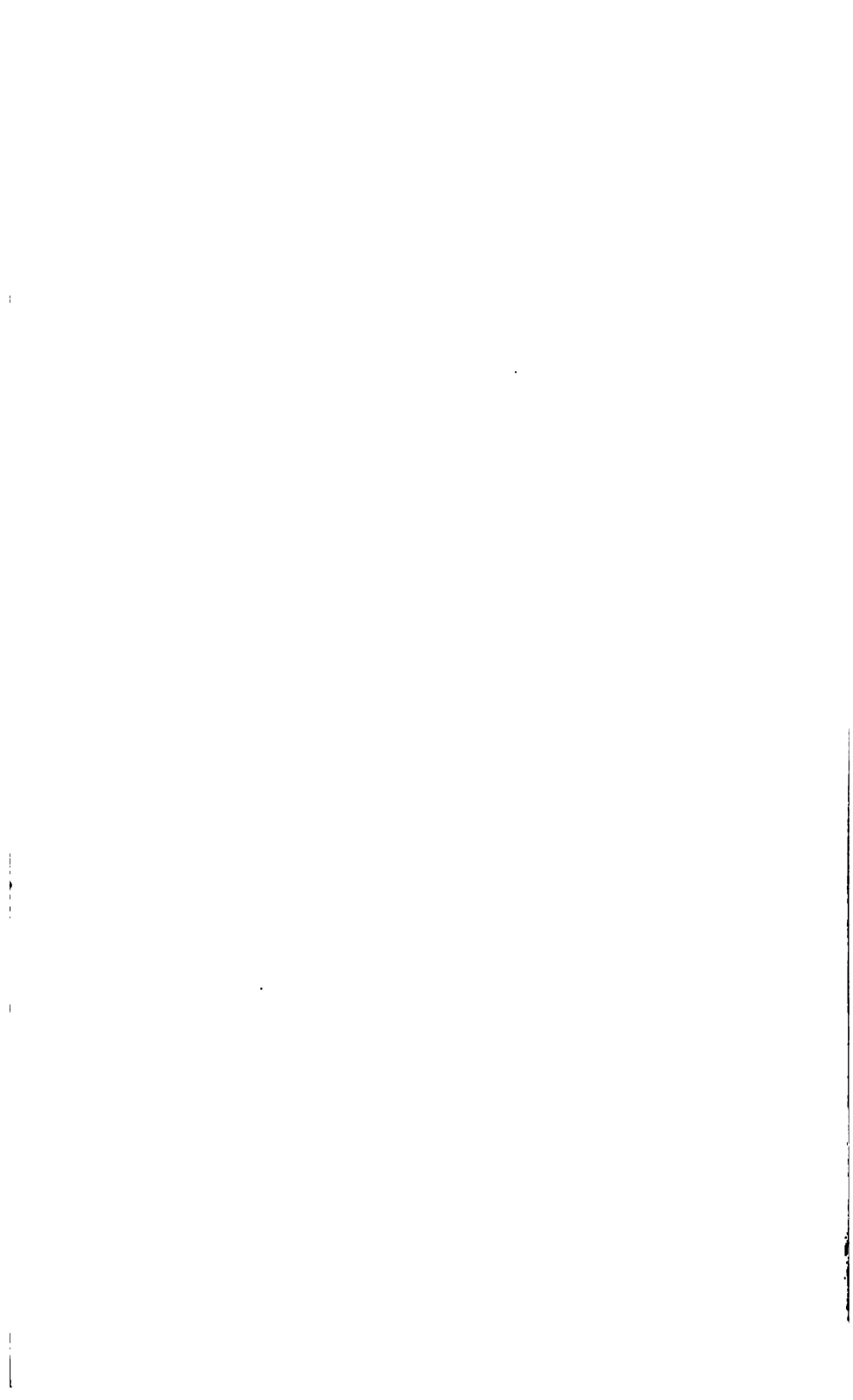
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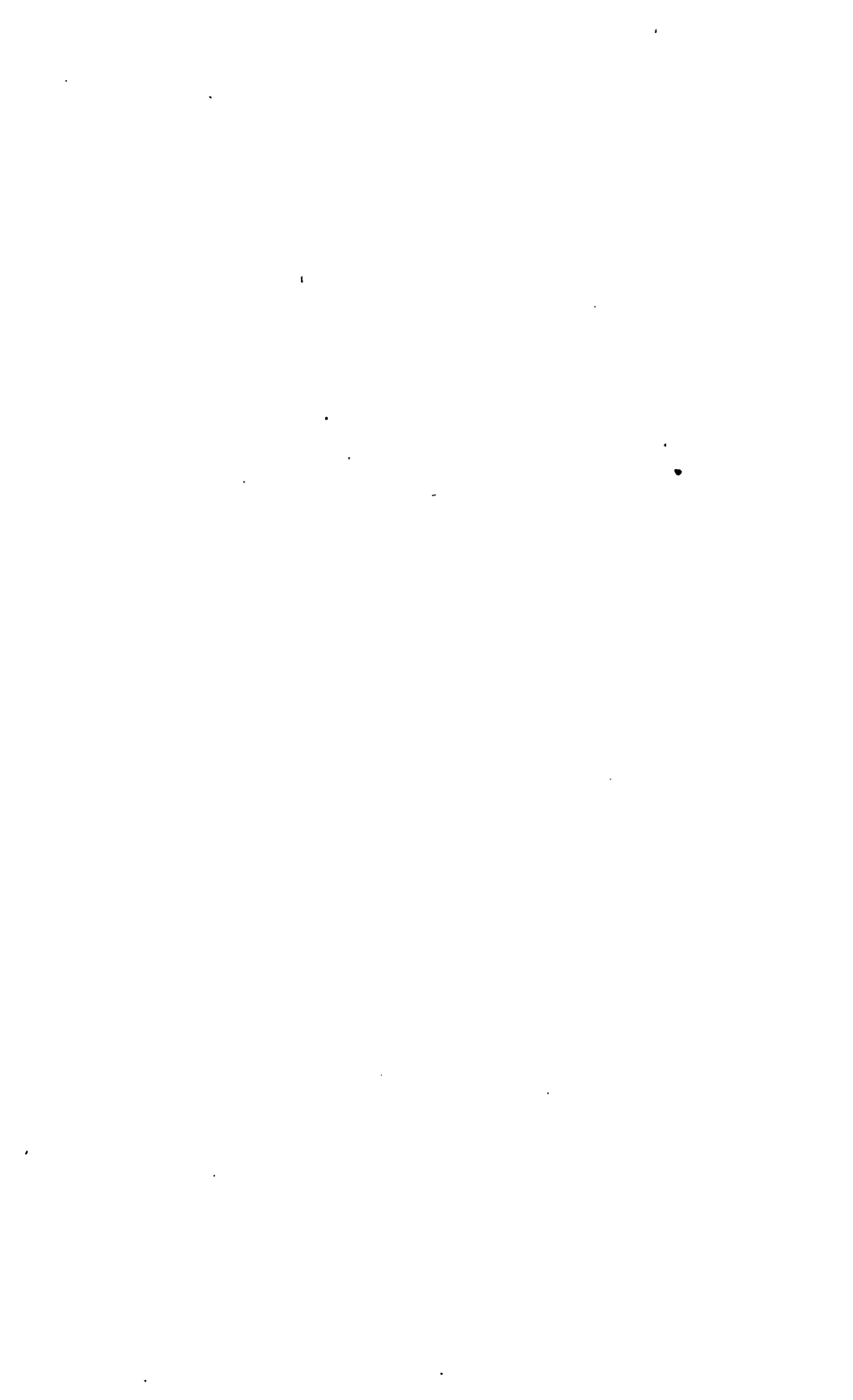
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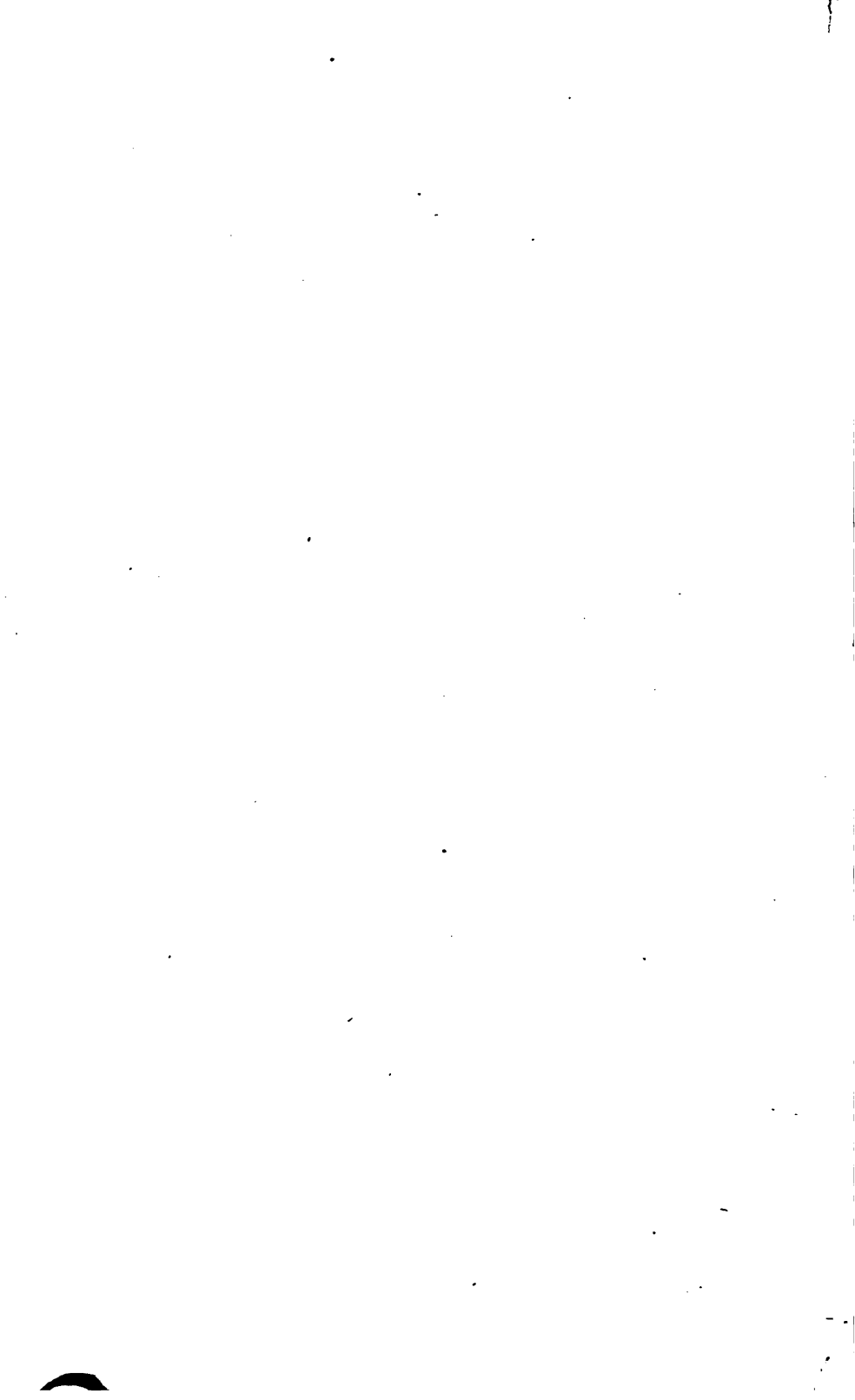
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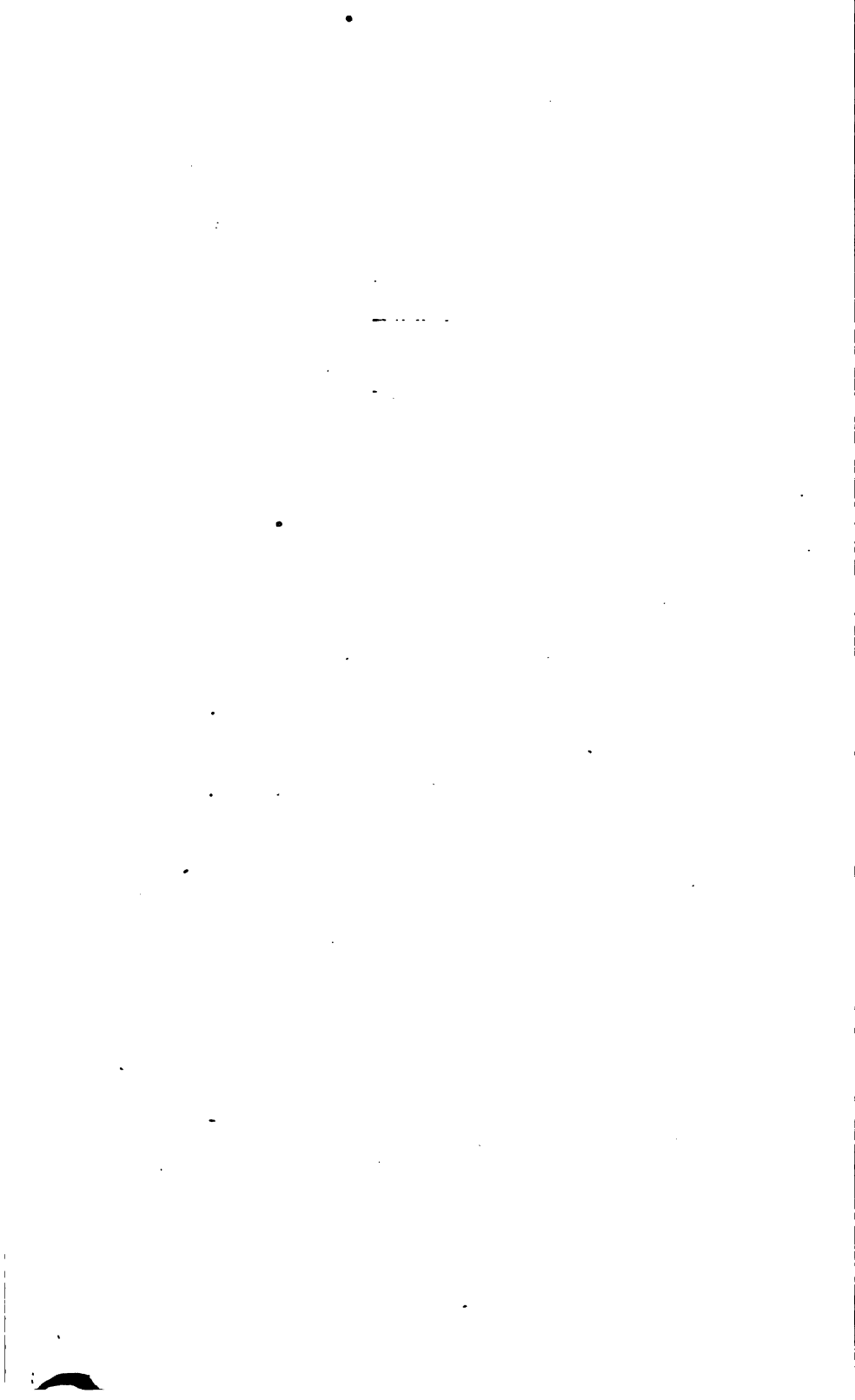
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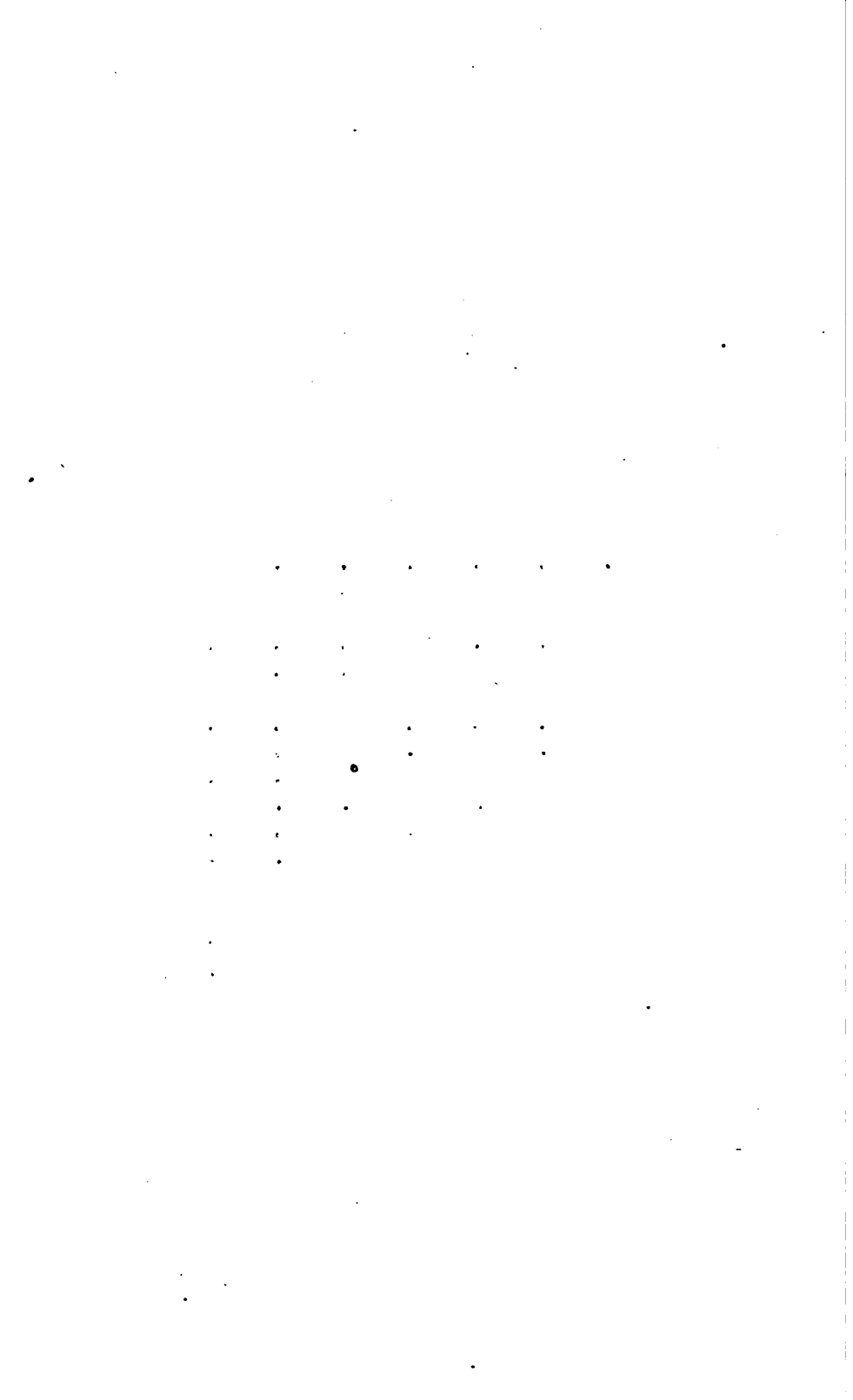
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VOL. XLIX.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XIV.

"FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem : si CÆLERES QUATIT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

BEHOLD now, patient and reflecting reader—for in your eyes it is anxiously desired that this history (however imperfectly given) may find favour—the dreadful—the desperate reverse in Mr Aubrey's circumstances. He has suddenly fallen from a very commanding position in society: from that of a high-born English gentleman, possessed of a fine unencumbered income, and all of luxury and splendour, and of opportunity for gratifying a disposition of noble munificence, that it can secure—and whose qualifications and prospects justified him in aspiring to the highest senatorial distinction:—behold him, I say, with his beloved and helpless family, sunk—lower than into straitened circumstances—beneath even poverty—into *debt*—and that of a hopeless description!—seeing that no one can be so secure, but that all this, or something of the like kind, may one day or other happen to him, 'tis hoped that it will be found neither uninteresting nor uninteresting to watch carefully and closely the present condition and *conduct* of the Aubreys.

Bound hand and foot—as to speak—as Mr Aubrey felt himself, and entirely at the mercy of Mr Titmouse and his solicitors, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, what could he but submit to almost any terms on which they chose to insist?—It will be recollected that Mr Gammon's proposal* was, that Mr Aubrey should forthwith discharge, without scrutiny, their bill of L.3946, 14s. 6d.; give sufficient security for the payment of the sum of L.10,000 to Mr Titmouse, within twelve or eighteen months' time, and two promissory notes for the sum of L.5000 each, payable at some future period, as to which he had to rely solely on the sincerity and forbearance of Mr Gammon, and the ratification of his acts by Mr Titmouse. This proposal was duly communicated by the unfortunate Aubrey to Messrs Runnington, who obtained a fortnight's time in which to deliberate upon it; at the end of which period, he was advised by them to accept the proposed terms as unquestionably fair, and, under circumstances, much more lenient than could have

* *Ante*, No. CCC., p. 454-5. Part XII.

been expected. This might be so; but yet, how dismaying and hopeless to *him* the idea of carrying it into effect! *How, indeed, was it to be done?* First of all, how were Messrs Runningtons' and Mr Parkinson's bills to be got rid of—the former amounting to L.1670, 12s., the latter to L.756? And how were Mr Aubrey and his family to *live* in the meanwhile, and how, moreover, were to be met the expenses of his legal education? As was intimated in a former part of this history, all that Mr Aubrey had, on settling in London, was L.3000 stock (equal to L.2640 of money) and L.423 in his banker's hands;—so that all his cash in hand was L.3063; and if he were to devote the whole of it to the discharge of the three attorneys' bills which he owed, he would still leave a gross balance unpaid of L.3310, 6s. 6d.! And yet for *him* to talk of *giving security* for the payment of L.10,000 within eighteen months, and his own notes of hand for L.10,000 more! It was really almost maddening to sit down and contemplate all this. But he could not fold his arms in impotence and despair—he must look his difficulties straight in the face, and do the best that was in his power. He resolved to devote every farthing he had, except L.200, to the liquidation of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's account, and (in smaller proportion) of those also of Messrs Runnington and Mr Parkinson: if necessary he resolved, though his heart thrilled with anguish at the thought, to sell his books, and the remnant of old family plate that he had preserved. Then he would strain every nerve to contribute towards the support of himself and of his family—poor oppressed soul!—by his literary exertions, in every moment that he could spare from his legal studies; and practise the severest economy that was consistent with health and the preservation of a respectable exterior. He resolved also, though with a shudder, to commit himself to Gammon and Titmouse's mercy, by handing to them (though a fearful farce it seemed) his two notes of hand for L.10,000—*payable on demand*—for such Gammon intimated was usual in such a case, and would be required in the present one. But whither was he to look for security for the payment of L.10,000 within eighteen months' time? This

was a matter that indeed staggered him, and almost prostrated his energies whenever he directed them to the subject; it occasioned him inexpressible agitation and anguish. Individuals there were, he believed—he knew—who would cheerfully enter into the desired security on his behalf; but what a mockery—cruel and insulting! For them to be asked to secure *his* payment of the sum at the time mentioned, was, in effect, palpably asking them to pay the money for him, and in that light they could not but view such an application. The reader will easily understand the potency of such considerations upon so sensitive and high-minded a person as Aubrey. While revolving these distracting and harassing topics in his mind, the name of Lord de la Zouch always presented itself to him. Had he not solemnly—repeatedly—*pledged* himself to communicate with that kind and wealthy and generous nobleman, in such an emergency as the present? His lordship's income was at least eighty or a hundred thousand pounds a-year; his habits were simple and unostentatious, though he was of a truly munificent disposition; and he had not a large and expensive family—his only child being Mr Delamere. He had ever professed, and, as far as he had hitherto had an opportunity, proved himself to be a devoted, a most affectionate friend to Mr Aubrey:—did not Providence, then, seem to point him out distinctly as one who should be applied to, to rescue from destruction a fallen friend? And why should Aubrey conjure up an array of imaginary obstacles, arising out of excessive and morbid fastidiousness? And whom were such scruples reducing to destitution along with him?—his wife, his children, his devoted and noble-minded sister! But, alas! the thought of sweet Kate suggested another source of exquisite pain and embarrassment to Aubrey, who well knew the ardent and inextinguishable passion for her entertained by young Delamere. 'Twas true that to pacify his father, and also not to grieve or harass Miss Aubrey by the constant attentions, with which he would have otherwise followed her, he had consented to devote himself with great assiduity and ardour to his last year's studies at Oxford; yet was he by no means an infrequent visitor at Vivian

Street, resolutely regardless of the earnest entreaties of Miss Aubrey, and even of her brother. Not that there was ever any thing indelicate or obtrusive in his attentions;—how could it be? Alas! Kate really loved him, and it required no very great acuteness in Delamere to discover it. He was as fine, handsome, a young fellow as you could see any where; frank, high-spirited, accomplished, with an exceedingly elegant deportment, and simple, winning manners—and could she but be touched with a lively sense of the noble disinterestedness of his attachment to her! I declare that Kate wrote him several letters in dissuasion of his addresses, that wore such a genuine and determined air of repulsion as would have staggered most men; but young Delamere cared not one straw for any of them: let Kate vary her tone as she pleased, he simply told her that he had sent them to his mother, who said they were very good letters indeed; so he would make a point of reading all she would send him, and so forth. When Kate, with too solemn an emphasis to be mistaken or encountered with raillery, assured him that nothing upon earth should prevail upon her to quit her present station in her brother's family, at all events until he had completely surmounted all his troubles, Delamere, with looks of fond admiration, would reply that it signified nothing, and was prepared to wait her pleasure, and submit to any caprice or unkindness which her heart would let her exhibit. I must own that poor Kate was, on more than one occasion of his exhibiting traits of delicate generosity towards her brother, so moved and melted towards her lover, that she could—shall I say it?—have sunk into his arms in silent and passionate acquiescence; for her heart had, indeed, long been really his. Now, I say, when Mr Aubrey adverted for a moment to this state of things, was it not calculated a thousand-fold to enhance the difficulty of his applying to the father of Delamere? So indeed it was; and, torn with conflicting emotions and considerations of this kind, nearly the whole of the fortnight granted to him for deliberation had elapsed, before he could make up his mind to apply to Lord de la Zouch. At length, however, he determined to do so; and when he had

dropped into the Post-Office his letter—one in every line of which the noble and generous person to whom it was addressed might easily detect the writhings of its writer's wounded spirit and broken heart—he looked indeed a melancholy object. The instant that, by dropping his letter into the box, he had irrecoverably parted with all control over it, and to Lord de la Zouch it must go, Aubrey felt as if he would have given the world to recall it. Never had he heaved so many profound sighs, and felt so utterly miserable and destitute as during his walk homeward that afternoon. There they did not know of the step he had intended to take, nor did he tell them that he had taken it. When he saw his sister he felt sick at heart; and during the whole of the evening was so oppressed and subdued, that the faint anxious raillery of Mrs Aubrey and Kate, and the unconscious sportiveness of his children, served only to deepen the gloom that was around his spirit. He had requested Lord de la Zouch to address his answer to him at the Temple; and sure enough, by return of post, Mr Aubrey found lying on his desk, on reaching the Temple in the morning, a letter addressed, "Charles Aubrey, Esq., at — Weasel's, Esq., No. 3, Pomegranate Court, Temple, London;" and franked, "DE LA ZOUCH."

"I shall return presently," said Mr Aubrey to the clerk, with as much calmness as he could assume, having put the letter into his pocket, resolving to go into the Temple gardens and there read it, where any emotion which it might excite would be unobserved. Having at length seated himself on a bench, under one of the old trees near the river, with a somewhat tremulous hand he took out and opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"Fotheringham Castle, 18th July, 18—.

"My very dear Aubrey,

"If you really value my friendship, never pain my feelings again by expressions of distrust as to the issue of any application of yours to me, such as are contained in your letter now lying before me. Has any thing thus ever hitherto passed between us justified them? For Heaven's sake tell your attorneys not to lose a moment in procuring the necessary in-

struments, and forwarding them to me through Messrs Framlingham, my lawyers; I will then execute them immediately, and return them to you by the next post or mail. If you will but at once set about this in a business-like way, I will forgive and forget all the absurd and *unkind* scruples with which your letter abounds. Since you would probably make a mighty stir about it, I shall not at present dwell upon the *inexpressible pleasure* it would give me to be allowed to exonerate you at once from the vulgar and grasping wretches who are now harassing you, my very dear Aubrey, and to constitute myself your creditor instead of them. But, on further consideration, I suppose you would distress yourself on the ground of *my restricted means* rendering it so much more difficult for me than for them to give you time for the payment of your debt! Or will you play the man, and act at once in the way in which, I assure you, upon my honour, I would act by you, on a similar solicitation, were our situations reversed? By the way, I intend to insist on being your *sole surety*; unless, indeed, your creditors doubt my solvency, in which case I hope we shall be able, amongst our common friends, to find a sufficient co-surety.

"And now, dear Aubrey, how get you on with law? Does she smile or scowl upon you? I wonder why you did not go to the fountain-head, and become at once a pupil to your friend, the Attorney-General. Who is the gentleman whom you are reading with? He certainly has rather a curious name! Well, my dear Aubrey, Heaven in its own good time crown your virtuous efforts—your unconquerable resolution—with success! Won't it be odd if, when I am dead and gone, and my son is occupying my present place on the benches, you should be sitting on the woolsack? More unlikely things than this have come to pass: look at —! How are dear Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, and your little ones? Though we are going in a fortnight's time to fill this old place, (the —s, the —s, and the —s, and others, are coming,) we shall be till then quite deserted, and so after they are gone. Would that we could insist on all of you taking up your abode with us! Have you seen Geoffrey lately? He tells me

that he is working very hard indeed at Oxford; and so says his tutor. It is more than ever I did. Pray write by return. I am ever, my dear Aubrey, yours, faithfully and affectionately,

"DE LA ZOUCH.

"CHARLES AUBREY, Esq.

"P.S. On further consideration, let *your* people send the deeds, &c., at once on to me, direct from themselves; —'tis a private matter, which is of no consequence to any one but ourselves. No one, indeed, except ourselves, your own solicitors, and your opponents, need know any thing about it. Neither Lady de la Zouch nor my son will have the least inkling of the matter."

No language of mine can do justice to the feelings with which Mr Aubrey, after many pauses, occasioned by irrepressible emotion, perused the foregoing letter. Its generosity was infinitely enhanced by its delicacy; and both were most exquisitely appreciated by a man of his susceptibility, and in his circumstances. His eyes—his heart overflowed with unutterable gratitude towards the Almighty, and the noble instrument of his mercy. He would have flown on the wings of the wind to the dear beings in Vivian Street, with joyous face and light elastic step, to make them participators in his joy. He rose and walked to and fro by the river side with most exhilarated spirits. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone brilliantly; and innumerable brisk and busy craft were moving to and fro upon the swelling bosom of the magnificent Thames. Gladness was in his soul. The light without was typical of that within. Several times he was on the point of starting off to Vivian Street; but, on consideration, he resolved to go to Messrs Runnington, and set them into instant communication with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and matters having been set in train for the speediest possible settlement, Mr Aubrey returned to chambers, but quitted them an hour earlier than usual, to brighten the countenances of those he loved by the joyous intelligence he bore. But he found that they also had cheering news to communicate; so that this was indeed a memorable day to them.

Old Lady Stratton, an early and bosom friend of the late Mrs Aubrey,

had, it may easily be believed, never ceased to take a lively interest in the fortunes of the unhappy Aubreys. She was now far advanced in years; and though she enjoyed an ample income, derived from the liberality of her husband, Sir Beryl Stratton, Baronet, who had died some twenty or thirty years before; yet, having no children, and seeing no necessity for saving money, she had followed the noble example of her deceased friend Mrs Aubrey, and bestowed annually all her surplus income in the most liberal and systematic charity. Many years before, however, she had resolved upon making a provision for Miss Aubrey, whom she loved as if she had been her mother; and the expedient she had resorted to (quite unknown to the Aubreys) was to insure her life for the sum of L.15,000, the whole of which sum she had intended to bequeath to Miss Aubrey. The premium on so large an insurance as this was heavy annual drains upon her purse; and, together with her long-continued charities, and the expenditure necessary to support her station, left her but stinted means for contributing to the relief of the ruined Aubreys. With some difficulty, however, the old lady, in one way or another, principally by effecting a loan from the insurance company upon her policy, had contrived to raise a sum of L.2000; and Miss Aubrey had that morning received a letter from her, full of tenderness, begging her to present the sum in question (for which Lady Stratton had lodged a credit with her bankers in London) to her brother Mr Aubrey, to dispose of as he pleased—trusting that it might be effectual in relieving him from the difficulties which were more immediately pressing upon him. Never had they spent so happy an evening together since they had quitted Yatton. In the excitement of the hour, even Aubrey felt for a while as if they now saw their way through all their embarrassments and dangers. Can the reader imagine what must have been the feelings of Miss Aubrey when she first heard of, and afterwards reflected upon, the princely munificence of Lord de la Zouch? If he can, it is well—it is more than I am equal to describing. They kept her awake more than half the night; and when she appeared at breakfast, her bro-

ther's quick eye detected in her countenance the traces of a severe conflict of feelings. With him also much of the excitement occasioned by the two occurrences above mentioned, had disappeared by the time that he took his seat in his little study at his usual early hour. First of all, he felt very uneasy in receiving so large a sum from Lady Stratton, whom he knew not to be rich—at all events, not rich enough to part with so considerable a sum without inconvenience; and he resolved not to accept of her proffered kindness, unless she would allow him to transmit to her his bond for the amount, together with interest. Surely this was an unnecessary step; yet where is the man who, on all occasions, acts precisely as a calm and reflecting observer of his conduct, *long afterwards*, could have wished him to act? One must make allowance for the feelings which prompted him—those of a highly honourable and independent and over-sensitive man, who felt himself oppressed already by the weight of pecuniary obligation which he had incurred, and sought for the semblance of relief to his feelings by receiving that as a loan only which had been nobly proffered as a gift; and thus, as it were, in point of fact destroying all the grace and courtesy of the benefaction; but it is useless discussing the matter. I regret that Mr Aubrey should have allowed himself to be influenced by such considerations: but so it was—and poor old Lady Stratton was informed by him in a letter certainly abounding in expressions of heartfelt gratitude and affection, that he had availed himself of her generous assistance, but only on the terms of his being allowed to deposit his bond for the repayment of it, with interest, with her solicitors; earnestly trusting that, ere long, he should be enabled to fulfil his engagements to all who had assisted him.

This seasonable assistance enabled him to make the following arrangement for liquidating the sums due on account of the tremendous attorneys' bills:—

Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill was,	L.3946	14	6
Messrs Runningtons',	1870	12	0
Mr Parkinson's,	756	0	0

L.6373 6 6

These were his liabilities. Then his assets were:—

Money in the funds,	L.2640
Money at his banker's,	423
Advanced by Lady Stratton,	2000
	L.5063

As soon as he had made the foregoing statement on a slip of paper early in the morning in his study, he averted his eye from it for a moment with a sort of cold shudder. Were he to devote every farthing of assets that he had, he still could not come within L.1310 odd of his mere attorneys' bills. What was he to do? The result of a long and anxious morning's calculation and scheming was to appropriate L.4000 of his assets thus—(if he could prevail upon his creditors to be for the present content with it:)—

To Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap,	L.2500
Messrs Runnington,	1000
Mr Parkinson,	500
	L.4000

If this arrangement could be effected, then he would be able to reserve in his own hands L.1063, and retain liabilities as under:—

Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's (balance,)	L.1446	14	6
Messrs Runningtons' (ditto,)	670	12	0
Mr Parkinson's (ditto,)	256	0	0
	L.2373	6	6

Heavy was his heart at beholding this result of even the most favourable mode of putting his case: but he placed the memoranda in his pocket-book, and repaired to his dressing-room; and having completed his toilet, appeared at breakfast with as cheerful a countenance as he could assume. Each of the three assembled, perceived, however, that the others were *striving* to appear gay and happy. Suffice it to say, that within a week's time, Messrs Runnington received the necessary security from Lord de la Zouch, who had thereby bound himself in the penal sum of L.20,000 that Mr Aubrey should, on or before the 24th day of January 18—, (that is, in eighteen months' time from the date

of the bond,) pay the principal sum of L.10,000, with interest at 5 per cent; and this instrument, together with Mr Aubrey's two promissory-notes for L.5000 each, and also cash to the amount of L.2500 in part payment of their bill, having been delivered to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—who, after a great deal of reluctance on the part of Mr Quirk, finally consented to allow the balance of L.1446, 14s. 6d. to stand over—they delivered to him, first a receipt for so much on account of their own bill; and secondly, an instrument by which Tittlebat Titmouse, for the considerations therein expressed, did remise, release, and for ever quit claim, unto Charles Aubrey, his heirs, executors, and administrators, all other demands whatsoever, [i. e. other than the said sum of L.20,000.] By this arrangement, Mr Aubrey was absolutely exonerated from the sum of L.40,000, in which he stood indubitably indebted to Mr Titmouse, and so far he had just cause for congratulation. But was not his situation still one calculated to depress and alarm him more and more every time that he contemplated it? Where was he to find the sum requisite to release Lord de la Zouch from any part of his dreadful liability? For with such a surety in their power as that great and opulent peer, was it likely that Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, would be otherwise than peremptory and inflexible when the day of payment arrived? And if so, with what feelings must Mr Aubrey see his noble and generous friend called upon to pay down nearly L.11,000 for him? And was he not liable at any moment upon his own two notes for L.5000 each? And were they not likely to insist speedily on the discharge of their own serious balance of L.1446 odds? How likely that persons such as they and their client were represented to be, would, as soon as they decently could, proceed to extremities with him, in the confidence that the sight and the sound of his agonies would call in powerful and affluent friends to his assistance?

Still pressed, as indeed he was, his spirit had by no means lost its elasticity, supported as he was by a powerful, an unconquerable WILL—and also by a devout reliance upon the protection of Providence. Though law is indeed an exhausting and absorbing

study, and it was pursued by Mr Aubrey with unflagging energy, yet he found time (those who choose may find time enough for every thing) to contribute sensibly to the support of himself and his family by literary labours, expended principally upon compositions of an historical and political character, and which were forwarded from time to time to the distinguished Review which has been already mentioned. To produce, as he produced, articles of this description—of considerable length and frequency—requiring ready, extensive, and accurate knowledge, and careful composition; original and vigorous in their conception and their execution, and by their intrinsic merit arresting, immediately on their appearance, the attention of the public; I say, to do all this, and only in those precious intervals which ought to have been given to the relaxation of his strained faculties and physical powers—and under the pressure too of such overpowering anxieties as were his—argued surely the possession of first-rate energies—of a perfectly indomitable resolution. All this while, moreover, he contrived to preserve an unruffled temper—which, with a man of such sensibilities as his, afforded indeed a signal instance of self-control; and, in short, on all these grounds, Mr Aubrey appears entitled to the sympathy and respect of all reflecting persons. I spoke of his anxieties. Suppose, thought he, health should fail him, what was to become of him, and of those absolutely dependent upon him? Suppose illness should invade the dear members of his family, what was in prospect but destitution—or surrendering them up—bitter and heart-breaking contingency!—to the precarious *charity* of others? What would avail all his exhausting labours in the acquisition of professional knowledge, while his liberty was entirely at the command of Mr Titmouse, and Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, who might, at any moment, actuated by mercenary motives or impelled by caprice, blight all his prospects, and incarcerate him in a prison! Yet, under this burden—to adopt the language of Sir Henry Spelman on an analogous occasion, “*non ingentem solum, sed perpetuis humeris sustinendum*”—Mr Aubrey stood firmly. He felt that he was called upon to endure it; a bless-

ed spirit ever, as it were, beside him, whispering the consolatory assurance, that all this was ordered and designed by the Supreme Disposer of events, as a *trial* of his constancy and of his faith, and that the *issue* was with him. It is mercifully ordained, that “hope springs eternal in the human breast,” and that, too, in every turn and variety of mortal misery. It was so with Aubrey. So long as he felt his health unimpaired, and his mental energies in full vigour, he looked on these blessings as a sort of guarantee from Heaven that he should be able to carry on a successful, though it might be a long and wearisome struggle with adverse circumstances. Still it cost him a very painful effort to assume and preserve that exterior of tranquillity which should calm and assure the beloved beings associated with him in this hour of peril and suffering; and oftener than they chose to let him know of it, did the keen eyes of a wife's and sister's love detect the gloom and oppression which darkened his countenance and saddened his manner. Theirs was, after all, with all that I have said, a happy little home. He was almost always punctual to his dinner-hour, to a minute, knowing how a thousand fears on his account would otherwise assail the fond beings who were counting the minutes till his arrival. When they had once thus met, they never separated till bed-time. Sometimes Miss Aubrey would sit down to her piano, and accompany herself in some song or air, which equally, whether merry or mournful, revived innumerable touching and tender recollections of former days, and she often ceased, tremulously and in tears, in which she was not infrequently joined by both of those who had been listening to her. Then he would betake himself to his labours for the rest of the evening, (not quitting the room) they either assisting him—fair and eager amanuenses! or themselves reading, or engaged at needle-work. Oh! it was ecstacy, too, to that poor oppressed father to enter into the wild sports and gambols of his light-hearted little ones, Charles and Agnes, who always made their appearance for about a couple of hours after dinner, to tell them “stories,” to listen to theirs, to show them pictures, to hear Charles read, and to join heartily in their frolics, rolling about even on the floor with

them. But when he paused for a moment, and his wife and Kate succeeded him as their playmates, for a short interval, when his eye followed their movements, what sudden and sharp pangs would pass through his heart, as he thought of the future and what was to become of them!—And when their maid arrived at the appointed hour, causing all fun instantly to cease, and longing looks to be directed to papa and mamma, saying as plainly as could be said, “only a few minutes more,” how fondly would he fold them in his arms! and when he felt their little arms clasp his neck and caressing him, and their kisses “all over” his face, feelings were excited within him, which were too deep for utterance—which defy description. ’Tis said, I believe, of Robespierre, or some other tyrant, as an instance of his fearful refinement in cruelty, that a person of distinction who had become obnoxious to him he formally condemned to death, but allowed to remain in the torturing, the excruciating presence of his lovely family; he and they aware, all the while, that his doom was *irrevocable*, inevitable; and he momentarily liable to the summons to the guillotine, and which in fact came at length, when they were all seated together one day, at the breakfast table! Oh, the feelings with which that unfortunate person must have daily regarded the countenances of those around him! How applicable to his condition the heart-breaking strains of Medea—

Φῦ, φύ, τί προσδίκειςδὲ μ' ὄμμασιν,
τίκτα;

Τί προσγίλαται τὸν παύσαστατον γίλων;
Αἱ, αἱ, τί δράσω; Καρδίᾳ γὰρ οἴχεται,
Γυναικίς, ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὡς εἶδον τίκ-
ων. *

The above passage was one that very frequently, on the occasions I have alluded to, occurred to the mind of Mr Aubrey; for he felt himself indeed every moment at the mercy of those to whom he owed such tremendous sums of money, and for which he was liable to be, at any moment that might be selected by malice or rapacity, plucked from his little home, and cast into prison!

Oh, happy ye, now reading these pages, penned by one who has seen much trouble in his time,—oh, happy ye, “unto whom the lines are fallen in pleasant places, yea, who have a goodly heritage;” who live, as it were, in a “land flowing with milk and honey;” with whom life glides away like a tranquil and pleasant dream; who are not sternly bidden “to eat your bread with quaking, and drink your water with trembling and with carefulness,”† nor “in vain to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows;” who have, indeed, “no thought for the morrow;”—oh, ye who have leisure and ample means to pursue the objects of an honourable ambition, undisturbed by daily fears for daily bread—by terror, lest implacable creditors should at length frustrate all your efforts, drive you from your position in society, and precipitate you and yours into ruin;—I say, oh ye! do I appeal to you in vain? Do you turn from this painful portion of my narrative with indifference, or contempt, or wearisomeness? If the mere description, brief though it may be, of the sufferings of the Aubreys be trying and disagreeable to you, what must have been to them the actual *endurance*? Poor Aubrey! as he walked along the crowded thoroughfares, morning and evening, between the Temple and Vivian Street, what a disheartening consciousness he felt of his personal insignificance! Which of the passers, patrician or plebeian, that met or passed him, cared one straw for him, or would have cared a straw for him, had they even known the load of misery and misfortune under which he staggered past them. Every time that he thus passed between the scene of his absorbing labours at the Temple, and that green spot—his house in Vivian Street—in the world’s wide desert, where only his heart was refreshed by the never-failing spring of domestic love and tenderness, he felt, as it were, but a prisoner out upon parole! It is easy to understand that when a man walks alone the streets of London, depressed in spirit, and alarmed by the consciousness of increasing pecuniary embarrassment, his temper is likely to become irritable, his deportment forbidding, his spirit

* *Μυθία*, 1036–9.

† *Ezek.* xii. 18.

stern and soured, particularly against those who appeal to his charity, which then, indeed, he feels bitterly—to *begin at home*. It was not so, however, with Aubrey, whose constant feeling was—*Haud ignarus mali, miseriis succurrere disco*; and though it may appear a small thing to mention, I feel gratification in recording of him, that, desperate as were his circumstances, infinitely enhanced to him as was the value of money, he went seldom unprovided with the means of relieving the humbler applicants for charity whom he passed in the streets—of dropping some small token of his love and pity into the trembling and feeble hand of *want*—of those whose necessities he felt to be greater even than his own. Never, indeed, did the timid eye of the most tattered, starved, and emaciated object that is suffered to crawl along the streets catch that of Mr Aubrey, without making his heart acknowledge the secret bond of misery which bound them together—that he beheld a brother in bondage, and on whom he cheerfully bestowed the humble pittance which he believed that Providence had yet left at his disposal. Prosperity and adversity have equally the effect upon an inferior mind and heart, of generating *selfishness*. The one encourages, the other forces it. Misery is apt to think its own sufferings greater than those of any one else—and naturally. The eye, as it were, is filled with the object; distress and danger—that is nearest—that is in such fearful contiguity, obscuring from view all remoter objects, at once scaring away presence of mind, and centring its hopes and fears upon *self*. Not so, however, is it when a noble nature is the sufferer—and more especially when that nature is strengthened and brightened by the support and consolation derived from philosophy—and, above all, religion. To many a strong spirit, destitute of such assistance, alas! how often, under similar circumstances, have come—ghastly visitants!—*Despair and Madness*, with their hideous attendant *Sorrows*, to do their bidding? But a Christian will pass through the most fearful storms, with an unexpected calmness and sense of security. What would have become of the three youths cast into the burning fiery furnace, but for the presence of that *fourth* awful Being, the sight of whom con-

founded and affrighted Nebuchadnezzar, but, accompanied by whom, his intended victims walked unhurt and undismayed amidst the furnace heated one seven times more than it was wont to be heated? Though a spectacle so terrible and sublime is not now vouchsafed to mankind, the memorial of it is designed to have the like effect. The endearing and inspiring lessons of Christianity may be learned by all who will. One who has this faith, hears, amidst perplexity and danger, a voice before him, bidding him to *run with patience the race that is set before him*, and he knows that in due time he will reach the goal. Animated by thoughts such as these, he needs not have resort to such secondary sources of consolation, as the comparison of his own with the greater sufferings of others; it is enough for him that his Master wills him to endure—and *unto the end*—and, while thinking thus, he feels fresh vigour infused into his fainting frame.

To Mr Aubrey the Sabbath was indeed not only a day for performing the public services of religion, but also a day of real rest from the labours of life. It was not one to him of puritanical gloom or excitement, but of sincere, cheerful, fervent, enlightened devotion. It would have been to the reader, I think, not an uninteresting sight to behold this unfortunate and harassed family at church. They took almost the only pew that was vacant in the gallery—in a church not far distant from Vivian Street—a pew just holding themselves and little Charles, who, since their arrival in town, had begun to accompany them to the morning service. There was something in their appearance—punctual as they were to morning and evening service—that could hardly fail to interest any one who observed them. Two very elegant and lovely women, dressed in simple half-mourning,—he of calm, gentlemanly manners, an intellectual countenance, but overshadowed with deep seriousness, if not melancholy—as, indeed, was the case with the whole of the little group, except the beautiful child, Charles. If their mere appearance was thus calculated to interest those around, who beheld them so punctual in their attendance, how much would that interest have been increased had the beholder possessed an inkling of their singular and me-

lancholy history? Here were individuals, whose condition was testing the reality of the consolations of religion, exhibiting humility, resignation, faith, a deep delight in attending the house of Him who had permitted such dreadful disasters to befall them, and whose will it yet seemed to be that they should pass through deeper sufferings than they had yet experienced. His temple seemed, indeed, to them a refuge and shelter from the storm. To Mr Aubrey every portion of the church service was precious, for its purity, its simplicity, its solemnity, its fervour, its truly scriptural character, its adaptation to every imaginable condition of feeling and of circumstance, indeed "to all sorts and conditions of men." There was a little circumstance, fraught with much interest, which occurred to them shortly after they had commenced their attendance at the church. An occasional sermon was preached one evening by a stranger, from the words, "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,*" on behalf of a neighbouring dispensary. Mr Aubrey was soon struck by the unusual strength and beauty of the sermon in point of composition. Its language was at once chaste, pointed, and forcible; its reasoning clear and cogent; its illustration apt and vivid; its pathos genuine. As he went on, Mr Aubrey became more and more convinced that he had seen or heard the preacher before; and on enquiring afterwards his name, his impressions proved to be correct;—the preacher had been at Oxford, at the very same college with him, and this was the first time that they had since come within sight of each other. Mr Aubrey at once introduced himself, and was recognised, and they renewed their early friendship. Mr Neville, poor soul, had nothing upon earth to support himself with but an afternoon lectureship in one of the city churches, from which he derived about £.75 a-year; and on this sum alone he had contrived, for the last six or eight years, to support both himself and his wife,—a very amiable and fond woman. Fortunately they had no children; but they had seen much affliction, each of them being in but middling health, and a great part of his little income was, consequently, devoted to doctors' bills. He was an admirable

scholar; a man of very powerful understanding, and deeply read in metaphysics and divinity. Yet this was all he could procure for his support; and very pinching work for them, poor souls, it was to "make ends meet." They lived in very small but creditable lodgings; and amid all their privations, and with all the gloom of the future before them, they were as cheerful a little couple as the world ever saw. They dearly loved, and would have sacrificed every thing for each other; and so long as they could but keep their chins above water, they cared not for their exclusion from most of the comforts of life. They were, both of them, entirely resigned to the will of Heaven as to their position—nay, in all things. She generally accompanied him whithersoever he went; but on the present occasion the little creature was lying at home in bed, enduring great suffering: and the thought of it made the preacher's heart very heavy, and his voice to falter a little, several times, during his sermon. He was perfectly delighted when Mr Aubrey introduced himself; and when the latter had heard all his friend's little history—for he had indeed a child-like simplicity and frankness, and told Mr Aubrey every thing he knew about himself—he wrung his hand with great emotion—almost too great for expression. It seemed that a bishop, before whom poor Neville had accidentally preached seven years before, had sent for him, and expressed such a very high opinion of his sermon, as led him reasonably to look for some little preferment at his lordship's hands, but in vain. Poor Neville had no powerful friends, and the bishop was overwhelmed with applicants for every thing he had to give away; so it is not much to be wondered at that in time he totally lost sight of Mr Neville, and of the hopes which had blossomed but to be blighted. What touched Mr Aubrey to the soul, was the unaffected cheerfulness with which poor Mr Neville—now in his fortieth year—reconciled himself to his unpromising circumstances, the calmness with which he witnessed the door of preferment evidently shut upon him for ever. Mr Aubrey obtained from him his address; and resolved that, though for reasons long ago mentioned he had withdrawn from almost

every one of his former friends and associates, yet with this poor, this neglected but happy clergyman, he would endeavour to renew and cement firmly their early-formed but long-suspended friendship. And when on his return to Vivian Street, (whither Mrs and Miss Aubrey had proceeded alone, at his request, while he walked on with Mr Neville,) he told them the little history which I have above indicated to the reader how the hearts of all of them went forth towards one who was in many respects a fellow-sufferer with themselves, and, *practising what he preached*, was really a pattern of resignation to the will of God; of humble but hearty faith in His mercy and loving-kindness!

Mr Aubrey was not long in paying his promised visit to Mr Neville, accompanied by Mrs Aubrey. 'Twas a long and not very agreeable walk for them, towards St George's in the East; and on reaching a small row of neat houses, only one story high, and being shown into Mr Neville's very little sitting-room, they found Mrs Neville lying on a sofa near the fire, looking very ill, and Mr Neville sitting before her, with a number of books on the table, and pen, ink, and paper, with which he was occupied preparing his next Sunday's sermon; but there was also a slip of paper on the table of a different description, and which had occasioned both of them great distress; viz. a rather peremptory note from their medical man, touching the payment of his "trifling account" of L. 14 odds. Where poor Neville was to obtain such a sum, neither he nor his wife knew: they had already almost deprived themselves of necessary food and clothing, to enable them to discharge another account, and this new demand of an old claim had indeed grievously disquieted them. They said nothing about it to Mr and Mrs Aubrey, who soon made themselves at home, and by their unaffected simplicity and cordiality of manner, relieved their humble hosts from all anxiety. They partook of tea, in a sufficiently homely and frugal style; and before they rose to go they exacted a promise, that, as soon as Mrs Neville should have recovered, they would both come and spend a long day in Vivian Street. They soon became very intimate; and, Mrs Neville's health at length being such as to preclude her from at-

tending at all to her needle, the reader will probably think none the less of Miss Aubrey and Mrs Aubrey, when he hears that they insisted on taking that task upon themselves, (a matter in which they were becoming somewhat expert,) and many and many an hour did these two charming women spend, both in Vivian Street and at Mrs Neville's, in relieving her from her labours—particularly in preparing their winter clothing. And now that I am on this point, I may as well mention another not less amiable trait in Kate; that, hearing of a girl's school about to be founded in connexion with the church which they attended, and in support of which several ladies had undertaken to prepare various little matters, such as embroidery, lace, pictures, and articles of fancy and ornament, Kate also set to work with her pencil and brushes. She was a very tasteful draughtswoman; and produced four or five such delicate and beautiful sketches, in water colour, of scenes in and about Yatton, as made her a very distinguished contributor to the undertaking; each of her sketches producing upwards of two guineas. She also drew a remarkably spirited crayon sketch of the pretty little head of Charles—who accompanied her to the place where her contributions were deposited, and delivered it in with his own hand. Thus were this sweet and amiable family rapidly reconciling themselves to their altered circumstances—taking real pleasure in the new scenes which surrounded them, and the novel duties devolving upon them; and as their feelings became calmer, they felt how true it is that happiness in this world depends not upon mere external circumstances, but upon THE MIND—which, contented and well regulated, can turn every thing around it into a source of enjoyment and thankfulness—making indeed the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose.

They kept up—especially Kate—a constant correspondence with good old Doctor Tatham; who, judging from the frequency and the length of his letters, which were written with a truly old-fashioned distinctness and uniformity of character, must have found infinite pleasure in his task. So also was it with Kate, who if she had even been writing to her lover,—nay, between ourselves, what would Dela-

mere have given to have had addressed to himself one of the long letters, crossed down to the very postscript, full of sparkling delicacy, good nature, and good sense, which so often found their way to the "Rev. Dr Tatham, Yatton Vicarage, Yorkshire?" They were thus apprised of every thing of moment that transpired at Yatton, to which their feelings clung with unalienable affection. Dr Tatham's letters had indeed almost always a painful degree of interest attached to them. From his frequent mention of Mr Gammon's name—and almost equally *favourable* as frequent—it appeared that he possessed a vast ascendancy over Mr Titmouse, and was, whenever he was at Yatton, in a manner its moving spirit. The Doctor represented Titmouse as a truly wretched creature, with no more sense of religion than a monkey; equally silly, selfish, and vulgar—unfeeling and tyrannical wherever he had an opportunity of exhibiting his real character.

It exquisitely pained them, moreover, to find pretty distinct indications of a sterner and stricter rule being apparent at Yatton, than had ever been known there before, so far as the tenants and villagers were concerned. Rents were now required to be paid with the utmost punctuality; many of them were raised, and harsher terms introduced into their leases and agreements. In Mr Aubrey's time a distress or an action for rent was literally a thing unheard of in any part of the estate; but nearly a dozen had occurred since the accession of Mr Titmouse. If this was at the instance of the ruling spirit, Mr Gammon, he certainly got none of the odium of the proceeding, every letter announcing a resort to those extreme proceedings being expressly authorized by Mr Titmouse personally; Mr Gammon, on most of such occasions, putting in a faint word or two in favour of the tenant, but ineffectually. The legal proceedings were always conducted in the name of "Bloodsuck and Son," whose town agents were, "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap;" but *their* names never came under the eye of the defendants! No longer could the poor villagers, and poorer tenants, reckon on their former assistance from the hall in the hour of sickness and distress: cowslip wine, currant wine,

elderberry wine, if made, were consumed in the hall. In short, there was a discontinuance of all those innumerable little endearing courtesies, and charities, and hospitalities, which render a good old country mansion the very *heart* of the neighbourhood. The doctor, in one of his letters, intimated, with a sort of agony, that he had heard it mentioned by the people at the hall, as probable that Mr Titmouse—the little Goth—would pull down that noble old relic, the east turreted gateway; but that Mr Gammon was vehemently opposed to such a measure; and that if it were preserved after all, it would be entirely owing to the taste and the influence of that gentleman. Had Dr Tatham chosen, he could have added a fact that would indeed have saddened his friends—viz., that the old sycamore, which had been preserved at the fond entreaties of Kate, and which was hallowed by so many sad and tender associations, had been long ago removed as a sort of eyesore; Mr Gammon had, in fact, directed it to be done; but he repeatedly expressed to Dr Tatham, confidentially, his regret at such an act on the part of Titmouse. He could also have told them that there had been a dog-fight in the village, at which Mr Titmouse was present! Persons were beginning to make their appearance in the village, of a very different description from any that had been seen there in the time of the Aubreys—persons, now and then, of loose, and wild, and reckless characters. Mr Titmouse would often get up a fight in the village, and reward the victor with five or ten shillings! Then the snug and quiet little "Aubrey Arms" was metamorphosed into the "Titmouse Arms;" and another set up in opposition to it, and called "The Toper's Arms;" and it was really painful to see the increasing trade driven by each of them. They were both full every night, and often during the day also; and the vigilant, and affectionate, and grieved eye of the good vicar noticed several seats in the church, which had formerly been occupied every Sunday morning and afternoon, to be—empty! In his letters, he considerably sunk the grosser features of Titmouse's conduct, which would have only uselessly grieved and disgusted his beloved correspondents. He informed them, however, from

time to time, of the different visitors at the hall, particularly of the arrival and movements of their magnificent kinsfolk, the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, the Marquis Gants Jaunes de Milleheurs and Mr Tuft—the novel state and ceremony which had been suddenly introduced there—at which they all ceased reading for a moment, and laughed, well knowing the character of Lord Dreddlington. At length, some considerable time after Mr Titmouse's grand visitors had been at the hall, there came a letter from Dr Tatham, sent by a private hand, and not reaching Vivian Street till the evening, when they were sitting together, after dinner, as usual, and which contained intelligence that was received in sudden silence, and with looks of astonishment, viz. *that Mr Titmouse had become the acknowledged suitor of the Lady Cecilia!* Mr Aubrey, after a moment's pause, laughed more heartily than they had heard him laugh for many months—getting up, at the same time, and walking once or twice across the room—Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey gazed at each other for a few moments, without speaking a word; and you could not have told whether their fair countenances showed more of amusement or of disgust at the intelligence. "Well! it is as I have often told you, Kate," commenced Mr Aubrey, after a while, resuming his seat, and addressing his sister with an air of good-humoured railery; "You've lost your chance—you've held your head so high. Ah, 'tis all over now—and our fair cousin is mistress of Yatton!"

"Indeed, Charles," quoth Kate, earnestly, "I do think it's too painful a subject for a joke."

"Why, Kate!—You must bear it as well!"

"Pho, pho—nonsense, Charles! To be serious—did you ever hear anything so shocking as pe!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Kate," commenced her brother, assuming suddenly such a serious air as for a moment imposed on his sister, "that to become mistress of dear old Yatton—which was *offered* to you, you know—you would not have consented, when it came to the point, to become—Mrs *Titmouse*?" For an instant, Kate looked at if she would have made, in the eye of the statuary, an exquisite model of beautiful disdain—provoked

by the bare idea, even, and put forward, as she knew, in railery only. "You know, Charles," said she at length, calmly, her features relaxing into a smile, "that if such a wretch had ten thousand Yattons, I would, rather than marry him—oh!"—she shuddered—"spring from Dover cliff into the sea!"

"Ah, Kate, Kate!" exclaimed her brother, with a look of infinite pride and fondness. "Even supposing for a moment that you had no prev!"

"Come, Charles, no more nonsense," said Kate, patting his cheek, and slightly colouring.

"I say, that even if!"

"Only fancy," interrupted Kate, "*Lady Cecilia*—TITMOUSE! I see her before me now. Well, I protest it is positively insufferable; I could not have thought that there was a woman in the whole world—why"—she paused, and added laughingly, "how I should like to see their correspondence!"

"What!" said Mrs Aubrey, with a sly smile, first at her husband, and then at Kate, "as a model for a certain *other* correspondence that I can imagine—eh, Kate?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Agnes!—what a provoking humour you are both in this evening," interrupted Kate, with a slight pettishness; "what we've heard makes me melancholy enough, I assure you!"

"I suppose that about the same time that Lady Cecilia Titmouse goes to court," said her brother, "so will the Honourable Mrs Dela!"

"If you choose to tease me, Charles, of course I cannot help it," quoth Kate, colouring still more; but it required no *very* great acuteness to detect that the topic was not excessively offensive.

"Mrs De!"

"Have done, Charles!" said she, rising; and putting her arm round his neck, she pressed her fair hand on his mouth; but he pushed it aside laughingly.

"Mrs De—Dela—Delamere," he continued.

"I will finish it for you, Charles," said Mrs Aubrey, "the Honourable Mr and Mrs Delamere."

"What! do *you* turn against me too?" enquired Kate, laughing very good-humouredly.

"I wonder what her stately lady."

ship's feelings were," said Aubrey, after a pause, "the first time that her elegant and accomplished lover saluted her!!"

"Eugh!" exclaimed both Kate and Mrs Aubrey, in a breath, and with a simultaneous shudder of disgust.

"I dare say, poor old Lord Dredlington's notion is, that this will be a fine opportunity for bringing about his favourite scheme of *re-uniting the families*—Heaven save the mark!" said Mr Aubrey, just as the twopenny postman's knock at the door was heard; and within a few moments' time the servant brought up stairs a letter addressed to Mr Aubrey. The very first glance at its contents expelled the smile from his countenance, and the colour from his cheek: he turned, in fact, so pale, that Mrs Aubrey and Kate also changed colour—and came and stood with beating hearts, and suddenly suspended breath, one on each side of him, looking over the letter while he was reading it. As I intend presently to lay a copy of it before the reader, I shall first state a few circumstances, which will make it appear that this letter may be compared to a shell thrown into a peaceful little citadel, by a skilful, though distant and unseen engineer—in short, I mean Mr Gammon.

This astute and determined person had long been bent upon securing one object—namely, access to Mr Aubrey's family circle, for reasons which have been already communicated to the reader. That Mr Aubrey was, at all events, by no means *anxious* for such a favour, had been long before abundantly manifest to Gammon, and yet not in a way to give him any legitimate or excusable grounds of offence. The Aubreys had, he acknowledged, and especially in their present circumstances, an unquestionable right to receive or reject, as they thought fit, any overtures to acquaintance. Nothing, he felt, could be more unexceptionably courteous than Mr Aubrey's demeanour; yet had it been such as to satisfy him, that unless he resorted to some means of unusual efficacy, he never could get upon visiting terms with the Aubreys. The impression which Miss Aubrey had originally produced in his mind, remained as distinct and vivid as ever. Her beauty, her grace, her elevated character, (of which he had heard much on all

hands,) her accomplishments, her high birth—all were exquisitely appreciated by him, and conspired to constitute a prize, for the gaining of which he deemed no exertion too great, no enterprize too hazardous. He had, moreover, other most important objects in view, to which a union with Miss Aubrey, was in fact essential. She was, again, the only person, the sight of whom had in any measure given vitality to his marble heart, exciting totally new thoughts and desires, such as stimulated him to a fierce and inflexible determination to succeed in his purposes. He was, in short, prepared to make almost any sacrifice, to wait any length of time, to do or suffer any thing that man could do or suffer, whether derogatory to his personal honour or not—in order either to secure the affections of Miss Aubrey, or, at all events, her consent to a union with him. Having early discovered the spot where Mr Aubrey had fixed his residence, Mr Gammon had made a point of lying in wait on a Sunday morning, for the purpose of discovering the church to which they went: and having succeeded, he became a constant, an impassioned, though an unseen observer of Miss Aubrey; from whom he seldom removed his eyes during the service. But this was to him a highly unsatisfactory state of things: he seemed, in fact, not to have made, nor to be likely to make, the least progress towards the accomplishment of his wishes, though much time had already passed away. He was so deeply engrossed with the affairs of Titmouse—which required his presence very frequently at Yatton, and a great deal of his attention in town—as to prevent his taking any decisive steps for some time in the matter nearest his heart. At length, not having seen or heard any thing of Mr Aubrey for some weeks, during which he—Gammon—had been in town, he resolved on a new stroke of policy.

"Mr Quirk," said he one day to his excellent senior partner, "I fancy you will say that I am come to flatter you; but, Heaven knows!—if there is a man on the earth with whom I lay aside disguise, that man is my friend Mr Quirk. Really, it does seem, and mortifying enough it is to own it, as if events invariably showed that you are right—and I wrong,"—(Here

Mr Quirk's appearance might have suggested the idea of a great old tom-cat who is rubbed down the right way of the fur, and does everything he can to testify the delight it gives him, by pressing against the person who affords him such gratification,)—"especially in financial matters"—

"Ah, Gammon, Gammon! you're really past finding out!—Sometimes, now, I declare I fancy you the very keenest dog going in such matters, and at other times, eh?—not *particularly* brilliant. When you've seen as much of this world's villany, Gammon, as I have, you'll find it as necessary as I have found it, to lay aside one's—one's—I say, to lay aside all scrup—that is,—I mean,—one's *fine feelings*, add so forth: you understand, Gammon?"

"Perfectly, Mr Quirk"—

"Well—and may I ask, Gammon, what is the particular occasion of that screwed-up forehead of yours? Something in the wind?"

"Only this, Mr Quirk—I begin to suspect that I did very wrong in recommending you to give an indefinite time to that Mr Aubrey for payment of the heavy balance he owes us—by Heavens!—see how coolly he treats us!"

"Indeed, Gammon, I think so!—Besides,—'tis an uncommon heavy balance to owe so long, eh?—Fifteen hundred pounds, or thereabouts?—'Gad! it's *that*, at least!"—Gammon shrugged his shoulders, and bowed, as resigned to any step which Mr Quirk might think proper to take.

"He's a villainous proud fellow, that Aubrey, eh?—Your swell debtors generally *are*, though—when they've got a bit of a hardship to harp upon"—

"Certainly we ought, when we had him in our power"—

"Ah!—D'ye recollect, Gammon? the *thumbscrew*? eh? whose fault was it that it wasn't put on? eh? Tell me that, friend Gammon! Are you coming round to old Caleb Quirk's matter-of-fact way of doing business? Depend on't, the old boy has got a trick or two left in him yet, gray as his hair's grown."

"I bow, my dear Sir,—I own myself worsted,—and all through that absurd weakness I have, which some choose to call"—

"Oh Lord, Gammon! Bubble, bub-

ble and botheration, ah, ha!—Come, there's nobody here but you and me—and—eh! *old Bogy* perhaps—so why that little bit of blarney?"

"Oh, my dear Mr Quirk, spare me that cutting irony of yours. Surely when I have made the sincere and humiliating submission to which you have been listening,—but to return to business. I assure you that I think we ought to lose not a moment in getting in our balance, or at least coming to some satisfactory and definite arrangement concerning it. Only pinch him, and he'll bleed freely, depend on it."

"Ah, ha! Pinch him, and he'll bleed! That's my thunder, Gammon, ah, ha, ha!—By Jove! that's it to a T!—I always thought the fellow had blood enough in him if we only squeezed him a little—so let Snap be off and have a writ out against Master Aubrey."

"Forgive me, my dear Mr Quirk," interrupted Gammon, blandly—"we must go very cautiously to work, or we shall only injure ourselves, and prejudice our most important—and *permanent* interests. We must take care not to drive him desperate, poor devil, or he may take the benefit of the act, and"—

"What a cursed scamp he would be to"—

"Certainly; but *we* should suffer more than he"—

"Surely, Gammon, they'd *remand* him! Eighteen months at the very least."

"Not an hour—not a minute, Mr Quirk," said Gammon, very earnestly.

"The deuce they wouldn't? Well! Law's come to a pretty point! And so lenient as we've been!"

"What occurs to me as the best method of procedure," said Gammon, after musing for a moment—"is, for you to write a letter to him immediately—civil but peremptory—just one of those letters of yours, my dear sir, in which no man living can excel you—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, Mr Quirk."

"Gammon, you're a gentleman, every inch of you—you are, upon my soul! If there is one thing in which I—but *you're* a hand at a letter of that sort, too! And *you* have managed these people hitherto; why not go on to the end of the chapter?"

"Mr Quirk, I look upon this letter

as rather an important one—it ought to come from the head of the firm, and to be decisively and skilfully expressed, so as at once to—eh? but you know exactly what ought to be done.”

“Well—leave it to me,—leave it to me, Gammon: I think I *do* know how to draw up a teaser—egad! You can just cast your eye over it as soon as”——

“If I return in time from Clerkenwell, I will, Mr Quirk,” replied Gammon, who had, however, determined not to disable himself from saying with literal truth that he had not seen one line of the letter which might be sent! and, moreover, resolving to make his appearance at Mr Aubrey’s almost immediately after he should, in the course of the post, have received Mr Quirk’s letter—with every appearance and *expression* of distress, agitation, and even disgust; indignantly assuring Mr Aubrey that the letter had been sent without Mr Gammon’s knowledge—against his will—and was entirely repudiated by him; and that he would take care, at all hazards to himself, to frustrate any designs on the part of his coarse and hardhearted senior partner to harass or oppress Mr Aubrey. With this explanation of precedent circumstances, I proceed to lay before the reader an exact copy of that old cat’s-paw, Mr Quirk’s, letter to Mr Aubrey, the arrival of which had produced the sensation I have already intimated.

“Saffron Hill, 30th September 18—.

“SIR—We trust you will excuse our reminding you of the very large ballance (£1446, 14s. 6d.) still remaining due upon our account—and which we understood, at the time when the very favourable arrangement to you, with respect to Mr Titmouse, was made, was to have been long before this liquidated. Whatever allowances we might have felt disposed, on account of your peculiar situation, to have made, (and which we *have* made,) we cannot but feel a little surprised at your having allowed several months to elapse without making any allusion thereto. We are satisfied, however, that you require only to be reminded thereof, to have your immediate attention directed thereto, and to act in that way that will conduce to liquidate our very heavy ballance against you.

We are sorry to have to press you; but being much pressed ourselves with serious outlays, we are obliged to throw ourselves (however reluctantly) upon our resources; and it gives us pleasure to anticipate that you must by this time have made those arrangements that will admit of your immediate attention to our over-due account, and that will render unnecessary our resorting to hostile and compulsory proceedings of that extremely painful description that we have always felt extremely reluctant to, particularly with those gentlemen that would feel it very disagreeable. We trust that in a week’s time we shall hear from you to that effect that will render unnecessary our proceeding to extremities against you, which would be extremely painful to us.—I remain, sir, yours most obediently,

“CALEB QUIRK.

“CHARLES AUBREY, Esq.

“P.S.—We should have no objection, if it would materially relieve you, to take your note of hand for the aforesaid ballance (£1446, 14s. 6d.) at two months, with interest, and good security. Or say, £800 down in two months, and a *warrant of attorney* for the remainder, at two months more.”

As soon as all three of them had finished reading the above letter, in the way I have described, Mrs Aubrey threw her arms round her silent and oppressed husband’s neck, and Kate, her bosom heaving with agitation, returned to her seat, without uttering a word.

“My darling Charles!” faltered Mrs Aubrey, and wept.

“Never mind, Charles—let us hope that we shall get through even *this*,” commenced Kate; when her emotion prevented her proceeding. Mr Aubrey appeared to cast his eye again, but mechanically only, over the dry, civil, heart-breaking letter.

“Don’t distress yourself, my Agnes,” said he, tenderly, placing her beside him, with his arm round her—“it is only reasonable that these people should ask for what is their own; and if their manner is a little coarse”——

“Oh, I’ve no patience, Charles!—It’s the letter of a vulgar, hardhearted fellow,” sobbed Mrs Aubrey.

“Yes—they are wretches!—crnel harpies!” quoth Kate, passionately,

wiping her eyes—"they know that you have almost beggared yourself to pay off by far the greater part of their abominable bill; and that you are slaving day and night to enable you to"—here her agitation was so excessive as to prevent her uttering another word.

"I must write and tell them," said Aubrey calmly, but with a countenance laden with gloom—"it is all I can do—but if they will have *patience with me, I will pay them all.*"

"Oh, they'll put you in prison, Charles, directly,"—said Kate passionately; and rising, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a sort of frantic energy. "We're very miserable, Charles—are not we? It's very hard to bear indeed,"—she continued, gazing with agonizing intensity on his troubled features. Mrs Aubrey wept in silence.

"Are you giving way, my brave Kate, with this sudden and momentary gust on the midnight sea of our trouble?" enquired her brother, proudly but kindly gazing at her, and with his hand gently pushing from her pale cheeks her disordered hair.

"Human nature, Charles, must not be tried too far,—look at Agnes, the darling little loves"—

"I am not likely to consult their interests, Kate, by yielding to unmanly emotion,—am I, sweet Agnes?" She made him no reply, but shook her head, sobbing bitterly.

"Pray what do you think, Charles, of your friend *Mr Gammon*, now?" enquired Kate, suddenly and scornfully. "Oh, the smooth-tongued villain! I've always hated him!"

"I must say there's something about his eye that is any thing but pleasing," said Mrs Aubrey; "and so I thought when I saw him at York for a moment."

"He's a hypocrite, Charles—depend upon it; and in this letter he has thrown off the mask"—interrupted Kate.

"Is it *his* letter? How do we know that he has had any thing to do with it?" enquired her brother, calmly—"It is much more probable that it is the production of old Mr Quirk alone, for whom Mr Gammon has, I know, a profound contempt. The handwriting is Mr Quirk's; the style is assuredly not Mr Gammon's, and the whole tone of the letter is such as makes me

confident that neither was the composition of the letter, nor the idea of sending it, his; besides, he has really shown on every occasion a straightforward and disinterested"—

"Oh, Charles, it is very weak of you to be so taken with such a man; he's a *horrid* fellow—I can't bear to think of him! One of these days, Charles, you'll be of my opinion!"—whilst she thus spoke, and whilst Mrs Aubrey was, with a trembling hand, preparing tea, a double knock was heard at the street door.

"Gracious, Charles! who can that possibly be, and at this time of night?" exclaimed Kate, with alarmed energy.

"I really cannot conjecture,"—replied Mr Aubrey, with no little agitation of manner, which he found it impossible to conceal,—"*we've certainly but very few visitors, and so late.*" The servant in a few minutes terminated their suspense, and occasioned them nearly equal alarm and amazement, by laying down on the table a card bearing the name of *Mr GAMMON*.

"Mr Gammon!" exclaimed all three in a breath, looking apprehensively at each other—"Is he *alone*?" enquired Mr Aubrey, with forced calmness.

"Yes, sir."

"Show him into the parlour, then," replied Mr Aubrey, "and say I will be with him in a few moments' time."

"Dear Charles, don't, dearest, think of going down," said his wife and sister, with excessive alarm and agitation; "desire him to send up his message."

"No, I shall go and see him, and at once," replied Mr Aubrey, taking one of the candles.

"For heaven's sake, Charles, mind what you say to the man; he will watch every word you utter. And, dearest, don't stay long; consider what tortures we shall be in!" said poor Mrs Aubrey, accompanying him to the door.

"Rely on my prudence, and also that I shall not stop long," he replied; and descending the stairs, he entered the study. In a chair near the little book-strewn table sat his dreaded visitor, who instantly, on seeing Mr Aubrey, rose, with distress and agitation visible in his countenance and deportment. Mr Aubrey, with calmness and dignity, begged him to resume his seat; and when he had done so, sat

down opposite to him, with a sternly inquisitive look, awaiting his visiter's errand, who did not keep him long in suspense. For—"Oh, Mr Aubrey!" commenced Mr Gammon, with a somewhat tremulous voice, "I perceive, from your manner, that my fears are justified, and that I am an intruder—a dishonourable and hypocritical one I must indeed appear; but, as one gentleman with another, I request you to hear me. This visit appears indeed unseasonable; but, late this afternoon, I made a discovery which has shocked me severely, nay, I may say, disgusted me beyond expression. Am I right, Mr Aubrey, in supposing that this evening you have received a letter from Mr Quirk, and about the balance due on our account?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr Aubrey, coldly.

"I thought as much," muttered Gammon, with suppressed vehemence—"execrable, heartless, sordid old—And he *knew*," continued Gammon, addressing Mr Aubrey in an indignant tone, "that my word was pledged to you that it should be long before you were troubled about the business."

"I have nothing to complain of, sir," said Mr Aubrey, eyeing his agitated companion (who *felt* that he was) searchingly.

"But I have, Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, haughtily. "My senior partner has broken faith with me. Sir, you have already paid more than will cover what is justly due to us; and I recommend you, after this, to *have the bill taxed*. I do, sir, and thereby you will get rid of every farthing of the balance now demanded." Notwithstanding the air of sincerity with which this was uttered, a cold thrill of apprehension and suspicion passed through Mr Aubrey's heart, and he felt confident that some subtle and dangerous manœuvre was being practised upon him—some hostile step urged upon him, for instance—which would be unsuccessful, and yet afford a pretext to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap to treat him as one guilty of a breach of faith, and warrant them in proceeding to extremities.

"I have no intention, sir, to do any thing of the kind," said he—"the original agreement between us was, that your bill should not be taxed. I adhere to it; and whatever course you

may feel disposed to take, I shall take no steps whatever of the kind you mention. At the same time, it is utterly impossible for me to pay!"

"Mr Aubrey!" interrupted Gammon, imploringly.

"And what you intend to do, for Heaven's sake, sir, do quickly, and do not keep me in suspense."

"I perceive, Mr Aubrey, that I am distrusted," said Gammon, with a somewhat proud and peremptory tone and manner.—"I excuse it; you are justly irritated, and have been insulted: so have I, too, sir; and I choose to tell you, upon my sacred word of honour as a gentleman, that I entirely disown and scout this whole procedure; that I never knew any thing about it till, accidentally, I discovered lying on Mr Quirk's desk, after his departure this evening from the office, a rough draft of a letter which I presumed you had received, especially as, on a strict enquiry of the clerks, I found that a letter had been put into the post, addressed to you. Nay, more; Mr Quirk, whose rapacity increases—I am shocked to own—inversely with his years—has been for many weeks harassing me about this detestable business, and urging me to consent, but in vain, to such an application as he has now meanly made behind my back, regardless of the injury it was calculated to do my feelings, and, indeed, the doubt it must throw over my sincerity and honour. Only a fortnight ago, he solemnly pledged himself never to mention the matter to either me or you again, for at least a couple of years, unless something extraordinary should intervene. If the letter you have received is a transcript of the rough draft which I have read, it is a vulgar, unfeeling letter, and contains two or three wilfully false statements. I therefore feel it due to myself to disavow all participation in this truly unworthy affair; and if you still distrust me, I can only regret it, but shall not presume to find fault with you for it. I am half disposed, on account of this, and one or two other things which have happened, to close my connexion with Mr Quirk from this day—for ever. He and I have nothing in common; and the kind of business which he prefers is perfectly odious to me. But if I should continue in the firm, I will undertake to supply you with one

pretty conclusive evidence of my sincerity and truth in what I have been saying to you—namely, that on the faith and honour of a gentleman, you may depend upon hearing no more on this matter from any member of our firm. Let the event, Mr Aubrey, speak for itself.”—While Gammon was speaking, with great earnestness and fervour, he had felt Mr Aubrey’s eye fixed on him with an expression of stern incredulity—which, however, he at length perceived, with infinite inward relief and pleasure, to be giving way as he went on.

“Certainly, Mr Gammon”—said Mr Aubrey, when Gammon had ceased—“the letter you have mentioned, has occasioned me—and my family—very great distress: for it is utterly out of my power to comply with its requisitions: and if it be intended to be really acted on, and followed up”—he paused, and successfully concealed his emotion, “all my little plans are for ever frustrated—and I am at your mercy to go to prison, if you choose, and there end my days.”—He paused—his lip trembled, and his eyes were for a moment obscured with starting tears. So also was it with Mr Gammon. “But,”—resumed Mr Aubrey,—“after the explicit and voluntary assurance which you have given me, I feel it impossible not to believe you entirely. I can imagine no motive for what would be otherwise such elaborate deception.”

“Motive, Mr Aubrey? The only motive I am conscious of is, one resting on profound sympathy for your misfortune—admiration of your character—and aiming at your speedy extrication from your very serious embarrassment. I am in the habit, Mr Aubrey,” he continued, in a lower tone, “of concealing and checking my feelings—but there are occasions”—he paused, and added with a somewhat faltering voice—“Mr Aubrey, it pains me inexpressibly to observe that your anxieties—your severe exertions—I trust in God I may not rightly add, your privations—are telling on your appearance. You are certainly much thinner.” It was impossible any longer to distrust the sincerity of Mr Gammon—to withstand the arts of this consummate actor. Mr Aubrey held out long, but at length surrendered entirely, and yielded implicit credence to all that Gammon had said—enter-

taining, moreover, commensurate feelings of gratitude towards one who had done so much to protect him from rapacious avarice, and the ruin into which it would have precipitated him; and of respect for one who had evinced such an anxious, scrupulous, and sensitive jealousy for his own honour and reputation, and resolute determination to vindicate it against suspicion. Subsequent conversation served to strengthen his favourable disposition towards Gammon, and the same effect was also produced when he adverted to his previous and unwarrantable distrust and disbelief of that gentleman. He looked fatigued and harassed; it was growing late; he had come on his errand of courtesy and kindness, a great distance: why should not Mr Aubrey ask him up stairs, to join them at tea? To be sure, Mr Aubrey had hitherto felt a disinclination—he scarce knew why—to have any more than mere business intercourse with Mr Gammon, a member of such a firm as Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—and, moreover, Mr Runnington had more than once let fall expressions indicative of vehement distrust of Mr Gammon; so had the Attorney-General; but what had Gammon’s conduct been? Had it not practically given the lie to such insinuations and distrust, unless Mr Aubrey was to own himself incapable of forming a judgment on a man’s line of conduct which had been so closely watched as that of Gammon by himself, Aubrey? Then Miss Aubrey had ever, and especially that very evening—expressed a vehement dislike of Mr Gammon—avowed, also, her early and uniform distrust—’twould be extremely embarrassing to her suddenly to introduce into her presence such an individual as Gammon: again, he had promised to return quickly, in order to relieve their anxiety: why should he not have the inexpressible gratification of letting Mr Gammon himself, in his own pointed and impressive manner, dispel all their fears? He would, probably, not stay long.

“Mr Gammon,” said he, having balanced for some minutes these conflicting considerations in his mind—“there are only Mrs Aubrey and my sister up stairs. I am sure they will be happy to see me return to them in time for tea, accompanied by the bearer of such agreeable tidings as yours. For Mr Quirk’s letter, to be

frank, reached me when in their presence, and we all read it together, and were dreadfully disturbed at its contents." After a faint show of reluctance to trespass on the ladies so suddenly, and at so late an hour, Mr Gammon slipped off his great-coat, and, with secret but suppressed feelings of exultation at the success of his scheme, followed Mr Aubrey upstairs. He felt not a little fluttered on entering the room and catching a first glimpse of the two lovely women—and one of them *Miss Aubrey*—sitting in it, their faces turned with eager interest and anxiety towards the door as he made his appearance. He observed that both of them started, and turned excessively pale.

"Let me introduce to you," said Mr Aubrey, quickly, and with a bright assuring smile, "a gentleman who has kindly called to relieve us all from great anxiety—Mr Gammon: Mr Gammon, Mrs Aubrey—Miss Aubrey." He bowed with an air of deep deference, but easy self-possession; his soul thrilling within him at the sight of her whose image had never been from before his eyes since they had first seen her.

"I shall trespass on you for only a few minutes, ladies," said he, approaching the chair towards which he was motioned. "I could not resist the opportunity so politely afforded me by Mr Aubrey of paying my compliments here, and personally assuring you of my utter abhorrence of the mercenary and oppressive conduct of a gentleman with whom, alas! I am closely connected in business, and whose letter to you of this evening I only casually became acquainted with a few moments before starting off hither. Forget it ladies; I pledge my honour that it shall *never be acted on!*" This he said with a fervour of manner that could not but make an impression on those whom he addressed.

"I'm sure we're happy to see you, Mr Gammon, and very much obliged to you, indeed," said Mrs Aubrey, with a sweet smile, and a face from which alarm was vanishing fast. Miss Aubrey said nothing: her brilliant eyes glanced with piercing anxiety, now at her brother, then at his companion. Gammon felt that he was distrusted. Nothing could be more prepossessing—more bland and insi-

nuating, without a trace of fulsome-ness, than Mr Gammon's manner and address, as he took his seat between Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, whose paleness rather suddenly gave way to a vivid and beautiful flush; and her eyes presently sparkled with delighted surprise on perceiving the relieved air of her brother, and the apparent cordiality and sincerity of Mr Gammon. When she reflected, moreover, on her expressions of harshness and severity concerning him that very evening, and of which he now appeared so undeserving, it threw into her manner towards him a sort of delicate and charming embarrassment. Her ear drank in eagerly every word he uttered—so pointed, so significant, so full of earnest good-will towards her brother. His manner was that of a gentleman, his countenance and conversation that of a man of intellect;—was *this* the keen and cruel pettifogger whom she had learned at once to dread and to despise? They and he were, in a word, completely at their ease with one another, within a few minutes after he had taken his seat at the tea-table. Miss Aubrey's beauty shone that evening with even unwonted lustre, and appeared as if it had not been in the least impaired by the anguish of mind which she had so long suffered. 'Tis quite impossible for me to do justice to the expression of her full beaming blue eyes—an expression of mingled passion and intellect—of blended softness and spirit, that, especially in conjunction with the rich tones of her voice, shed something like madness into the breast of Gammon. She, as well as her lovely sister-in-law, was dressed in mourning, which infinitely set off her dazzling complexion, and, simple and elegant in its drapery, displayed her exquisite proportions to the greatest possible advantage. "Oh, my God!" thought Gammon, with a momentary thrill of disgust and horror; "and this is the transcendent creature of whom that little miscreant, Titmouse, spoke to me in terms of such presumptuous and revolting license!" What would he not have given to kiss the fair and delicate white hand that passed to him his tea-cup! Then Gammon's thoughts turned for a moment inward—*why, what a scoundrel was he!* At that instant he was, as it were, reeking with his recent lie.

He was there on cruel, false pretences, which alone had secured him access into that little drawing-room, and brought him into contiguity with the dazzling beauty beside him—pure and innocent as beautiful;—he was a fiend beside an angel. What an execrable hypocrite was he! He caught, on that memorable occasion, a sudden glimpse even of his own infernal selfishness—a sight that gave him a cold shudder. Then, was he not in the presence of his *victims*?—of those whom he was fast pressing on to the verge of destruction—to whom he was, at that moment, meditating profound and subtle schemes of mischief! At length they all got into animated conversation. He was infinitely struck and charmed by the unaffected simplicity and frankness of their manners, yet he felt a sad and painful consciousness of not having made the least way with them; though physically near to them, he seemed yet really at an unapproachable distance from them, and particularly from Miss Aubrey. He felt that the courtesy bestowed upon him was accidental, the result merely of his present position, and of the intelligence which he had come to communicate; it was not *personal*—’twas nothing to *Gammon himself*; it would never be renewed, unless he should renew his device. There was not the faintest semblance of *sympathy* between them and him. Fallen as they were into a lower sphere, they had yet about them, so to speak, a certain atmosphere of conscious personal consequence, derived from high birth and breeding—from superior feelings and associations—from a native frankness and dignity of character, which was indestructible and inalienable, which chilled and checked undue advances of any sort. They were still the Aubreys of Yatton, and he, in their presence, still Mr Gammon of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, of Saffron Hill—and all this on the part of the Aubreys without the least effort, the least intention, or consciousness. No, there had not been exhibited towards him the faintest indication of hauteur. On the contrary, he had been treated with perfect cordiality and frankness. Yet, dissatisfaction and vexation were, he scarce knew at the moment why, completely *flooding* him. Had he accurately analysed his own feelings, he would have discovered the real cause

to have been—*his own unreasonable, unjustifiable wishes and intentions*. They talked of Titmouse, and his mode of life and conduct—of his expected alliance with the Lady Cecilia, at the mention of which Gammon’s quick eye detected a passing smile of scorn on Miss Aubrey’s countenance, that was death to all his own fond and ambitious hopes. After he had been sitting with them for scarcely an hour, he detected Miss Aubrey stealthily glancing at her watch, and at once arose to take his departure, with a very easy and graceful air, expressing an apprehension that he had trespassed upon their kindness. He was cordially assured to the contrary, but invited, neither to prolong his stay, nor renew his visit. Miss Aubrey made him, he thought, as he inclined towards her, *rather* a formal curtsy; and the tone of voice—soft and silvery—in which she said “good-night, Mr Gammon,” fell on his eager ear, and sunk into his vexed heart, like music. On quitting the house, a deep sigh of disappointment escaped him. As he gazed for a moment with longing eyes at the windows of the room in which Miss Aubrey was sitting, he felt profound depression of spirit; he had altogether *failed*; and he had a sort of cursed consciousness that he deserved to fail, on every account. Her image was before his mind’s eye every moment while he was threading his way back to his chambers at Thavies’ Inn; he sat for an hour or two before the remnant of his fire, lost in a reverie; and sleep came not to his eyes till a late hour in the morning. Just as his tortuous mind was loosing hold of its sinister purposes in sleep, Mr Aubrey might have been seen taking his seat in his little study, having spent a restless night. ’Twas little more than half-past four o’clock when he entered, candle in hand, the scene of his early and cheerful labours, and took his seat before his table covered with loose manuscripts and books. His face was certainly overcast with anxiety, but his soul was calm and resolute. Having lit his fire, he placed his candle on the table, and leaning back for a moment in his chair, while the flickering increasing light of his crackling fire and candle, revealed to him, with a sense of snugness, his shelves crammed with books, and the window covered with

an ample crimson curtain, effectually excluding the chill morning air—he reflected with a heavy sigh upon the precarious tenure by which he held the little comforts that were yet left to him. Oh!—thought he—if Heaven were but to relieve me from the frightful pressure of liability under which I am bound to the earth, what labour, what privation would I repine at! What gladness would not spring up in my heart! But rousing himself from vain thoughts of this kind, he began to arrange his manuscripts, when his ear caught a sound on the stair—’twas the light step of his sister, coming down to perform her promised undertaking—not an unusual one by any means—to transcribe for the press the manuscript he was about completing that morning. “My sweet Kate,” said he tenderly, as she entered with her little chamber light, which she extinguished as she entered—“I am really grieved to see you stirring so early—go back to bed.” But she kissed his cheek affectionately, and refused to do any such thing; and telling him of the restless night she had passed, of which indeed her pale and depressed features bore but too legible evidence, she sat herself down in her accustomed place, nearly opposite to him, cleared away space enough for her little desk, and then opening it, was presently engaged in her delightful task—for to her it *was* indeed delightful—of copying out her brother’s composition. Thus she sat, silent and industrious—scarce opening her lips, except to ask him to explain an illegible word or so, till the hour had arrived—eight o’clock—for the close of their morning toil. The reader will be pleased to hear that the article on which they had been engaged—and which was on a question of foreign politics, of great difficulty and importance—produced him a cheque for sixty guineas, and excited very general attention and admiration. Oh, how precious was this reward of his honourable and severe toil! How it cheered him who had earned it, and those who were, alas! entirely dependent upon his noble exertions! And how sensibly it augmented their little means! Grateful, indeed, were all of them for the success which had attended his labours!

As I do not intend to occupy the reader with any details relating to Mr Aubrey’s Temple avocations, I shall

content myself with saying that the more Mr Weasel and Mr Aubrey came to know of each other, the more Aubrey respected his legal knowledge and ability, and he, Aubrey’s intellectual energy and successful application, which, indeed, consciously brought home to Aubrey its own reward, in the daily acquisition of solid learning, and increasing facility in the use of it. His mind was formed for things, and was not apt to occupy itself with mere words, or technicalities. He was ever in quest of the principles of law, its reason, and spirit. He quickly began to appreciate the sound practical good sense on which almost all the rules of law are founded, and the effectual manner in which they are accommodated to the innumerable and ever-varying exigencies of human affairs. The mere forms and technicalities of the law, Mr Aubrey often compared to short-hand, whose characters to the uninitiated appear quaint and useless, but are perfectly invaluable to him who has seen the object, and patiently acquired the use of them. Whatever Mr Aubrey’s hand found to do, while studying the law, he did it, indeed, with his might—which is the grand secret of the difference in the success of different persons addressing themselves to legal studies. Great or small, easy or difficult, simple or complicated, interesting or uninteresting, he made a point of mastering it thoroughly, and, as far as possible, *by his own efforts*; which generated early a habit of self-reliance which no one better than he knew the value of—how inestimable, how indispensable, not to the lawyer merely, but to any one entrusted with the responsible management of affairs. In short, he had all the success which is sure to attend the exertions of a man of superior sense and spirit, who is in earnest in what he is about. He frequently surprised Mr Weasel with the exactness and extent of his legal information—his acuteness, clear-headedness, and tenacity in dealing with matters of downright difficulty—and Mr Weasel had several times, in consultation, an opportunity of expressing his very flattering opinion concerning Mr Aubrey to the Attorney-General. The mention of that eminent person reminds me of an observation which I intended to have made some time ago. The reader is not to imagine, from my silence upon

the subject, that Mr Aubrey, in his fallen fortunes, was heartlessly forgotten or neglected by the distinguished friends and associates of former and more prosperous days. It was not they that withdrew from him, but he that withdrew from them; and that, too, of set purpose, resolutely adhered to, on the ground that it could not be otherwise, without seriously interfering with the due prosecution of those plans of life on which were dependent not only his all, and that of those connected with him—but his fond hopes of yet extricating himself, by his own personal exertions, from the direful difficulties and dangers which at present environed him—of achieving, with his own right hand, independence. The Attorney-General frequently called to enquire how he was getting on; and, let me not forget here to state a fact which I conceive infinitely to redound to poor Aubrey's honour—viz. that he thrice refused offers made him from very high quarters, of considerable *sinécures*, i. e. handsome salaries for purely nominal services—which he was earnestly and repeatedly reminded would at once afford him a liberal maintenance, and leave the whole of his time at his own disposal, to follow any pursuit or profession which he chose. Mr Aubrey justly considered that it was very difficult, if not indeed impossible, for any honourable and high-minded man to be a *sinécure*. He that holds a *sinécure*, in my opinion, is plundering the public; and how it is less contrary to the dictates of honour and justice, deliberately to defraud an individual, than deliberately and openly to defraud that collection of individuals called the public, let casuists determine. As for Mr Aubrey, he saw stretching before him the clear, straight, bright line of honour, and he resolved to follow it, without faltering or wavering, come what come might. He resolved, with the blessing of Providence, that his own exertions should procure his bread, and, if such was the will of Heaven, lead him to distinction among mankind. He had formed this determination, and resolved to work it out—never to pause or give way, but to die in the struggle. Such a spirit must conquer whatever is opposed to it. What is *difficulty*? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for

accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.

Mr Gammon felt very little difficulty in putting off Mr Quirk from his purpose of enforcing the payment by Mr Aubrey of the balance of his account; in demonstrating to him the policy of waiting a little longer. He pledged himself, when the proper time came, to adopt measures of undoubted efficacy,—assuring his sullen senior in a low tone, that since his letter had reached Mr Aubrey, circumstances had occurred which would render it in the last degree dangerous to press that gentleman upon the subject. What that was which had happened, Mr Gammon, as usual, refused to state. This was a considerable source of vexation to the old gentleman: but he had a far greater one, in the decisive and final overthrow of his fondly cherished hopes concerning his daughter's alliance with Titmouse. The paragraph in the "*Aurora*," announcing Mr Titmouse's engagement to his brilliant relative, the Lady Cecilia, had emanated from the pen of Mr Gammon, who had had several objects in view in giving early publicity to the event he announced in such courtly terms. *Happening* on the morning on which it appeared, to be glancing over the fascinating columns of the *Aurora*, at a public office, (the paper taken in at their own establishment being the *Morning Groul*;) he made a point of purchasing that day's *Aurora*; and on returning to Saffron Hill, he enquired whether Mr Quirk were at home. Hearing that he was sitting alone, in his room,—in rushed Mr Gammon, breathless with surprise and haste, and plucking the paper out of his pocket,—“By heavens, Mr Quirk!”—he almost gasped as he doubled down the paper to the place where stood the announcement in question, and put it into Mr Quirk's hands,—“this young fellow's given you the slip, after all! See!—The moment that my back is turned,”—

Mr Quirk having with a little trepidation adjusted his spectacles, perused the paragraph with a somewhat flushed face. He had, in fact, for some time had grievous misgivings on the subject of his chance of becoming the father-in-law of his distinguished client, Mr Titmouse; but now his

faintest glimmering of hope was suddenly and completely extinguished, and the old gentleman felt quite desolate. He looked up, on finishing the paragraph, and gazed rather ruefully at his indignant and sympathizing companion.

"It seems all up, Gammon, certainly—don't it?" said he, with a flustered air.

"Indeed, my dear sir, it does! You have my sincerest"—

"Now, come, t'other end of the thing, Gammon! You know every promise of marriage has two ends—one joins the heart, and t'other the pocket; *out heart, in pocket*—so have at him, by Jove!" He rose up and rubbed his hands as he stood before the fire. "Breach of promise—thundering damages—devilish deep purse—special jury—broken heart, and all that! I wish he'd written her more letters! Adad, I'll have a shot at him by next assizes—a writ on the file this very day! What d'ye think on't, friend Gammon, between ourselves?"

"Why, my dear sir—to tell you the truth—ar'n't you really well out of it? He's a miserable little upstart—he'd have made a wretched husband for so superior a girl as Miss Quirk."

"Ah—ay! ay! She is a good girl, Gammon—there you're right; would have made the best of wives—my eyes, (between ourselves!) how that'll go to the jury! Gad, I fancy I see 'em—perhaps all of 'em daughters of their own."

"Looking at the thing calmly, Mr Quirk," said Gammon gravely—apprehensive of Mr Quirk's carrying too far so very absurd an affair—"where's the *evidence* of the promise? Because, you know, there's certainly *something* depends on that—eh?"

"Evidence? Deuce take you, Gammon! where are your wits? Evidence? Lots—lots of it! A'n't there I—her father? A'n't I a competent witness? Wait and see old Caleb Quirk get into the box. I'll settle his hash in half a minute."

"Yes—if you're believed, perhaps."

"Believe be —! Who's to be believed, if her own father isn't?"

"Why, you may be too much swayed by your feelings!"

"Feelings be —! It's past all that; he has none—so he must pay, for he *has* cash! He ought to be made an example of!"

"Still, to come to the point, Mr Quirk, I vow it quite *teases* me—this matter of the evidence!"

"Evidence? Why, Lord bless my soul, Gammon," quoth Quirk testily, "haven't *you* had your eyes and ears open all this while? Gad, what a crack witness you'd make! A man of your—your intellect—serve a friend at a pinch—and in a matter about his daughter? Ah, how often you've seen 'em together—walking, talking, laughing, dancing, riding—writ in her album—made her presents, and she him. *Evidence?* Oceans of it, and to spare! Secure Subtle—and I wouldn't take £5000 for my verdict!"

"Why, you see, Mr Quirk," said Gammon, very seriously—"though I've striven my utmost these six months to bring it about, the artful little scamp has never given me the least thing that I could lay hold of, and *swear* to."

"Oh, you'll *recollect* enough, in due time, friend Gammon, if you'll only turn your attention to it; and if you'll bear in mind it's life and death to my poor girl. Oh Lord! I must get my sister to break it to her, and I'll send sealed instructions to Mr — Weasel, shall we, say? or Lynx? ay, Lynx; for he'll then have to fight for his own pleadings; and can't turn round at the trial and say, 'this is not right,' and 'that's wrong,' and, 'why didn't you have such and such evidence?' Lynx is the man; and I'll lay the venue in Yorkshire, for Titmouse is devilish disliked down there; and a special jury will be only too glad to give him a desperate slap in the chops! We'll lay the damages at twenty thousand pounds! Ah, ha! I'll teach the young villain to break the hearts of an old man and his daughter. But, egad," he pulled out his watch, "half-past two; and Nicky Crowbar sure to be put up at three! By Jove! it won't do to be out of the way; he's head of the gang, and they always come down very liberal when they're in trouble. Snap! Amminadab! hollo! who's there? Drat them all, why don't they speak?" The old gentleman was soon, however, attended to.

"Are they here?" he enquired as Mr Amminadab entered.

"Yes sir, all three; and the coach is at the door, too. Nicky Crowbar's to be up at three, sir"—

"I see—I know—I'm ready," re-

plied Mr Quirk, who was presently seated in the coach with three gentlemen, to whom he minutely explained the person of Mr Nicky Crowbar, and the place at which it was quite certain that Mr Crowbar could not have been at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday the 9th of July, seeing that he happened at that precise time to be elsewhere; in company with these three gentlemen—to wit, at Chelsea, and not at Clapham.

- Though Mr Gammon thus sympathized with one of the gentle beings who had been “rifled of all their sweetness,” I grieve to say that the other, Miss Tag-rag, never occupied his thoughts for one moment. He neither knew nor cared whether or not she was apprized of the destruction of all her fond hopes, by the paragraph which had appeared in the *Aurora*. In fact, he felt that he had really done enough, on the part of Mr Titmouse, for his early friend and patron, Mr Tag-rag, on whom the stream of fortune had set in strong and steady; and, in short, Mr Gammon knew that Mr Tag-rag had received a substantial memento of his connexion with Tittlebat Titmouse. In fact, how truly disinterested a man was Mr Gammon towards all with whom he came in contact! What had he not done, as I have been saying, for the Tag-rags? What for Mr Titmouse? What for the Earl of Dreddlington? What for Mr Quirk, and even Snap? As for Mr Quirk, had he not been put in possession of his long coveted bond for L.10,000? of which, by the way, he allotted L.1000 only to the man—Mr Gammon—by whose unwearied exertions and consummate ability he obtained so splendid a prize, and L.300 to Mr Snap. Then, had not Mr Quirk also been paid his bill against Titmouse of L.5000 and upwards, and L.2500 by Mr Aubrey? And, governed by the articles of their partnership, what a lion's half of this spoil had not been appropriated to the respectable old head of the firm? Mr Gammon did undoubtedly complain indignantly of the trifling portion allotted to him, but he was encountered by such a desperate pertinacity on the part of Mr Quirk as baffled him entirely, and caused him to abandon his further claim in disgust and despair. Thus, the L.20,000 obtained by Mr

Titmouse, on mortgage of the Yatton property, was reduced at once to the sum of L.5000;—but out of this handsome balance had yet to come, first, L.800, with interest, due to Mr Quirk for subsistence-money advanced to his protégé; secondly, L.500 due to Mr Snap, for monies alleged to have been also lent by him to his friend Titmouse at different times, in the manner that has been already explained to the reader—Snap's demand for repayment being accompanied by *verbatim* copies of between forty and fifty memoranda,—many of them in pencil,—notes of hand, receipts, I.O.U's, &c., in whose handwriting the figures representing the sums lent, and the times when, could not be ascertained, and did not signify: it being, in point of law, good *prima facie* evidence for Snap, in the event of a trial, simply to produce the documents and prove the signature of his friend Mr Titmouse. Titmouse discharged a volley of imprecations at Snap's head, on receiving this unexpected claim, and referred it to Mr Gammon; who, after subjecting it to a *bonâ fide* and very rigorous examination, found it in vain to attempt to resist, or even diminish it; such perfect method and accuracy had Snap observed in his accounts, that they secured him a clear gain of L.350; the difference between that sum and L.500, being the amount actually and *bonâ fide* advanced by him to Titmouse. Deducting, therefore, L.1300, (the amount of the two minor demands of L.800 and L.500 above specified,) there remained to Mr Titmouse out of the L.20,000 the sum of L.3700; and he ought to have been thankful; for he *might* have got *nothing*,—or even have been brought in debtor to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. I say that Mr Gammon would seem, from the above statement of accounts, not to have been dealt with in any degree adequately to his merits. He felt it so, but soon reconciled himself to it, occupied as he was with arduous and extensive speculations, amidst all the complication of which he never for a moment lost sight of one object, viz.—*himself*. His schemes were boldly conceived, and he went about the accomplishment of them with equal patience and sagacity. Almost every thing was going as he could wish. He had contrived to place himself in a very con-

venient fast-and-loose sort of position with reference to his fellow-partners—one which admitted of his easily disengaging himself from them, whenever the proper time arrived for taking such a step. He was absolute and paramount over Titmouse, and could always secure his instant submission, by virtue of the fearful and mysterious talisman which he ever and anon flashed before his startled eyes. He had acquired great influence, also, over the Earl of Dreddlington—an influence which was constantly on the increase; and had seen come to pass an event which he judged to be of great importance to him—namely, the engagement between Titmouse and the Lady Cecilia. Yet was there one object which he had proposed to himself as incalculably valuable and supremely desirable—as the consummation of all his designs and wishes;—I mean the obtaining the hand of Miss Aubrey—and in which he had yet a fearful misgiving of failure. But he was a man whose courage rose with every obstacle; and he fixedly resolved within himself to succeed, at any cost. 'Twas not alone his exquisite appreciation of her personal beauty—her grace, her accomplishments, her lovely temper, her lofty spirit, her high birth—objects all of them dazzling enough to a man of such a powerful and ambitious mind, and placed in such circumstances in life as Gammon. There were certain other considerations, intimately involved in all his calculations, which rendered success in this affair a matter of capital importance—nay indispensable. Knowing, as I do, what had passed, at different times, between that proud and determined girl, and her constant and enthusiastic lover, Mr Delamere, I am as certain as a man can be of any thing that has not actually happened, that, though she may possibly not be fated to become Mrs Delamere, she will certainly NEVER become—Mrs Gammon. Loving Kate as I do, and being thoroughly acquainted with Gammon, I feel deep interest in his movements, and am watching them with great apprehension:—she, lovely, innocent, unsuspecting; he, subtle, selfish, unscrupulous, desperate! And he has great power in his hands: is he not silently surrounding his destined prey with unperceived but inevitable

meshes? God guard thee, my Kate, and reward thy noble devotion to thy brother and his fallen fortunes! Do we chide thee for clinging to them with fond tenacity in their extremity, when thou art daily importuned to enter into that station which thou wouldest so adorn?

Gammon's reception by the Aubreys, in Vivian Street—kind and courteous though it had surely been—had ever since rankled in his heart. Their abstaining from a request to him to prolong his stay, or to renew his visit, he had noted at the time, and had ever since reflected upon with pique and discouragement. Nevertheless he was resolved, at all hazards, to become at least an occasional visiter in Vivian Street. When a fortnight had elapsed without any further intimation to Mr Aubrey concerning the dreaded balance due to the firm, Gammon ventured to call in, for the purpose of assuring Mr Aubrey that it was no mere temporary lull; that he might divest his mind of all uneasiness on the subject; and of asking whether he (Gammon) had not told Mr Aubrey truly that he both could, and would restrain the hand of Mr Quirk. Could Mr Aubrey be otherwise than grateful for such active and manifestly disinterested kindness? Again Gammon made his appearance at Mrs Aubrey's tea-table—and was again received with all the sweetness and frankness of manner which he had formerly experienced from her and Miss Aubrey. Again he called, on some adroit pretext or another—and once heard Miss Aubrey's rich voice and exquisite performance on the piano. He became subject to emotions and impulses of a sort that he had never before experienced; yet, whenever he retired from their fascinating society, he felt an aching void, as it were, within—he perceived the absence of all sympathy towards him; he felt indignant—but that did not quench the ardour of his aspirations. 'Tis hardly necessary to say, that on every occasion Gammon effectually concealed the profound and agitating feelings which the sight of Miss Aubrey called forth in him; and what a tax was this upon his powers of concealment and self-control! How he laid himself out to amuse and interest them all! With what racy humour would he describe the vulgar absurdi-

ties of Titmouse—the stately eccentricities of the Dreddlingtons! With what eager and breathless interest was he listened to! No man could make himself more unexceptionably agreeable than Gammon; and the ladies really took pleasure in his society; Kate about as far from any notion of the real state of his feelings as of what was at that moment going on at the antipodes. Her reserve towards him sensibly lessened; why, indeed, should she feel it, towards one of whom Dr Tatham spoke so highly, and who appeared to warrant it? Moreover, Mr Gammon took special care to speak in the most unreserved and unqualified manner of the mean and mercenary character of Mr Quirk—of the miserable style of business in which he, Mr Gammon, was compelled, for only a short time longer, he trusted, to participate, and which was really revolting to his own feelings; in short, he did his best to cause himself to appear a sensitive and high-minded man, whose unhappy fate it had been to be yoked with those who were the reverse. Mr Aubrey regarded him from time to time with silent anxiety and interest, as one who had it in his power, at any instant he might choose, to cause the suspended sword to fall upon him; at whose will and pleasure he continued in the enjoyment of his present domestic happiness, instead of being incarcerated in prison; but who had hitherto evinced a disposition of signal forbearance, sincere good-nature, and disinterestedness. They often used to speak of him, and compare the impression which his person and conduct had produced in their minds; and in two points they agreed—that he exhibited anxiety to render himself agreeable; and that there was a certain *something* about his eye which none of them liked. It seemed as though he had in a manner two natures; and that one of them was watching the efforts made by the other to beguile!

While, however, the Fates thus frowned upon the aspiring attempts of Gammon towards Miss Aubrey, they smiled benignantly enough upon Titmouse, and his suit with the Lady Cecilia. The first shock over—which

no lively sensibilities or strong feelings of her ladyship tended to protract, she began insensibly to get familiar with the person, manners, and character of her future lord, and reconciled to her fate. "When people understand that they *must* live together," said a very great man, "they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know that they cannot shake off; they become good husbands and wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives, for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes."* The serene intelligence of Lady Cecilia having satisfied her that "it was her fate" to be married to Titmouse, she resigned herself to it tranquilly, calling in to her assistance divers co-operative reasons for the step she had agreed to take. She could thereby accomplish at all events one darling object of her papa's—the re-union of the long and unhappily-severed family interests. Then Yatton was certainly a delightful estate to be mistress of—a charming residence, and one which she might in all probability calculate on having pretty nearly to herself. His rent-roll was large and unencumbered, and would admit of a handsome jointure. On her accession to her own independent rank, the odious name of Titmouse would disappear in the noble one of Lady Drelincourt, peeress in her own right, and representative of the oldest barony in the kingdom. Her husband would then become a mere cipher—no one would ever hear of him, or enquire after him, or think or care about him—a mere mote in the sunbeam of her own splendour. But, above all, thank Heaven! there were many ways in which a *separation* might be brought about—never mind how soon after marriage—a step which was becoming one quite of course, and implied nothing derogatory to the character, or lessening to the personal consequence of the lady—who indeed was almost, as of course, recognized as an object of sympathy, rather than of suspicion or scorn. These were powerful forces, all impelling her in one direction—and irresistibly. How could it be otherwise with a mere creature of circumstance like her? Notwith-

* The late venerable and gifted Lord Stowell, in the case of *Evans v. Evans*, 1 Consistory Reports, p. 36.

standing all this, however, there were occasions when Titmouse was presented to her in a somewhat startling and sickening aspect. It sometimes almost choked her to see him—ridiculous object!—in the company of gentlemen—to witness their treatment of him, and then reflect that he was about to become her—lord and master. One day, for instance, she accompanied the Earl in the carriage to witness the hounds throw off, not far from Yatton, and where a very brilliant field was expected. There were, in fact, about two hundred of the leading gentlemen of the county assembled—and, dear reader, fancy the figure Titmouse must have presented among them,—his quizzing-glass screwed into his eye, and clad in his little pink and leathers!—What a seat was his! How many significant and scornful smiles, and winks, and shrugs of the shoulders did his appearance occasion among his bold and high bred companions! And only about four or five minutes after they had gone away—this unhappy little devil was thoroughly found out by the noble animal he rode; and who equally well knew *his own business*, and what he had on. In trying to take a dwarf wall, on the opposite side of an old green horse-pond by the road-side, he urged his horse with that weak and indecisive impulse which only disgusted him; so he suddenly drew back at the margin of the pond,—over head and heels flew Titmouse, and descended plump on his head into the deep mud, where he remained for a moment or two, up to his shoulders, his little legs kicking about in the air—

“Who’s that?” cried one—and another—and another—without stopping, any more than the Life Guards would have stopped for a sudden individual casualty in the midst of their tremendous charge at Waterloo,—till the very last of them, who happened to be no less a person than Lord de la Zouch, seeing, as he came up, the desperate position of the fallen rider, reined up, dismounted, and with much effort and inconvenience aided in extricating Titmouse from his fearful, yet ludicrous position,—and thus preserved to society one of its brightest ornaments. As soon as he was safe—a dismal spectacle to gods and men,—his preserver, not disposed, by discovering who Titmouse was, to supererogatory courtesy, mounted his horse,

leaving Titmouse in the care of an old woman whose cottage was not far off, and where Titmouse, having had a good deal of the filth detached from him, remounted his horse and turned its head homewards—heartily disposed, had he but *dared*, cruelly to spur, and kick, and flog it; and in this pickle—stupid, and sullen, and crestfallen—he was overtaken and recognised by Lord Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, returning from the field!

This was her future husband—

Then again—poor lady Cecilia!—what thought you of the following, which was one of the letters he addressed to you?—Well might Miss Aubrey exclaim, “how I should like to see their correspondence!”—

“The Albany, Piccadilly,
“London, 12th October 18—

“MY DEAR CECILIA,

“I take Up My pen To Inform you
“of Arriving safe Here, where Am
“sorry how^r. To say There Is No
“one One knows except Trades-
“people Going About And so Dull
“on Acc^t. of Customers Out of Town,
“Dearest love You Are the Girl of
“My Heart As I am Of Your’s and
“am particular Lonely Alone Here
“and wish to be There *where she Is*
“how I Long to Fold My dearest girl
“in My Arms hope You Don’t For-
“get Me As soon As I am Absent do
“You often Think of me wh^h. I do indeed
“of you. and looking Forward to The
“Happy Days When We are United
“in the Happy bonds of Hymmen,
“never To part Again dearest I Was
“Driving yesterday In my New Cabb
“In the park, where whom Sh^d. I
“Meet but That Miss Aubrey Wh^h.
“they say (Between you And Me and
“The post) is Truly in a Galloping
“Consumption on Acc^t. Of my Not
“Having Her A likely thing in-
“deed That I Ever car’d for Such an
“individule wh^h. Never Did Only of
“you, Dearest What shall I Send
“you As A Gift Shall it Be In The
“cloathing Line, For there Is a
“Wonderful Fine and Choice As-
“sortm^t, of Cashmere Shawls and
“Most Remarkable Handsome Cloaks,
“All Newly arriv’d fr. Paris, Never
“Think Of The price wh^h. Between
“Lovers Goes For Nothing. However
“*Large the Figure* Only Say what You
“Shall have and Down It shall Come
“And Now dearest Girl Adieu.
“Those Can’t meet Again who Never
“Part.”

"dearest Your's to command till death. T. TITMOUSE."

"P. T. O.—Love and Duty To My Lord (of Course) whom shall Feel only Too happy to Call My Father—in-Law, the Sooner The better."

When poor Lady Cecilia received this letter, and had read over only half a dozen lines of it, she flung it on the floor, and threw herself down on the sofa, in her dressing-room, and remained silent and motionless for more than an hour; and when she heard Miss Macspleuchan knock at her door for admittance, Lady Cecilia started up, took the letter from the floor, and put it into her dressing-box, before admitting her humble companion.

A succession of such letters as the above might have had the effect upon Lady Cecilia's "*attachment*" to Titmouse, which the repeated affusion of cold water would have upon the thermometer; but the Fates favoured Mr Titmouse, by investing him with a character, and placing him in a position calculated to give him personal dignity, and thereby redeem and elevate him in the estimation of his fastidious mistress—I mean that of candidate for a seat in Parliament, for the representation of a borough in which he had a commanding influence.

After a national commotion commensurate with the magnitude of the boon that was sought for, the great BILL FOR GIVING EVERY BODY EVERYTHING had passed into a law, and the people were frantic with joy. Its first fruits were of a sort that satisfied the public expectation; viz. three or four earls were turned into marquises, and two or three marquises into dukes, and deservedly; for these great men had far higher titles to the gratitude and admiration of the country, in exacting this second Magna Charta from King ———, than the stern old barons in extorting the first from King John—namely, they parted with vast substantial political power, for only a nominal *quid pro quo*, in the shape of a bit of riband or a strawberry leaf. Its next immediate effect was to cleanse the Augean stable of the House of Commons, by opening upon it the floodgates of popular will and popular opinion; and having utterly expelled the herd of ignorant and mercenary wretches that had so long occupied and defiled it, their places were to be

supplied by a band of patriots and statesmen, as gifted as disinterested—the people's own enlightened, unbiased, and deliberate choice. Once put the government of the country—the administration of affairs—into hands such as these, and the inevitable result would be, the immediate regeneration of society, and the securing the greatest happiness to the greatest number. It was fearfully apparent that, under the old system, we had sunk into irredeemable contempt abroad, and were on the very verge of ruin and anarchy at home. So true is it, that when things come to the worst, they begin to mend. In short, the enlightened and enlarged constituencies began forthwith to look out for fit objects of their choice—for the best men; men of independent fortune; of deep stake in the welfare of the country; of spotless private and consistent public character; who, having had adequate leisure, opportunity, inclination, and capacity, had fitted themselves to undertake, with advantage to the country, the grave responsibilities of statesmen and legislators. Such candidates, therefore, as Mr Tittlebat Titmouse became naturally in universal request; and the consequence was, such a prodigious flight of Titmice into the House of Commons—but whither am I wandering? I have to do with only one little borough—that of Yatton, in Yorkshire. The great charter operated upon it, by extending its boundary—Grilston, and one or two of the adjacent places, being incorporated into the new borough. I have ascertained from a very high quarter—in fact, from a deceased Cabinet Minister—a curious and important fact; that had Mr Titmouse failed in recovering the Yatton property, or been of different political opinions, in either of these cases, the little borough of Yatton was doomed to utter extinction: a circumstance which shows the signal vigilance, the accurate and comprehensive knowledge of local interests and capabilities evinced by these great and good men who were remodelling the representation of the country. And little did my herosuspect that his political opinions, as newly-installed owner of Yatton, formed a topic of anxious discussion at more than one Cabinet meeting, previous to the passing of the Great Bill! As its boundary was extended, so the constituency

of Yatton was enlarged, the invaluable elective franchise being given to those most in need of the advantages it could *immediately* procure ; and the fleeting nature of whose interest, naturally enhanced their desire to consult the interests of those who had a permanent and deep stake in its welfare. Though, therefore, the change effected by the new act had so considerably added to the roll of electors, it had not given ground for serious apprehension as to the security of the seat of the owner of the Yatton property. After a very long and private interview between Gammon and Titmouse, in which something transpired which may be referred to hereafter, it was agreed that—(the New Writs having issued within one week after the calmed and sobered new constituencies had been organized—which again had been wisely effected within a week or two after the passing of the act)—Mr Titmouse should instantly scare away all competition, by announcing his determination to start for the borough. As soon as this was known, a deputation from the new electors in Grilston waited upon Mr Titmouse—to propose the terms on which their support was to be obtained. Titmouse was somewhat startled—but Gammon saw in it the legitimate working of the new system ; and—nothing was ever better managed—nobody in any mischievous secret—no one compromised ; but the result was, that one hundred and nine plumpers were secured in Grilston alone for Mr Titmouse. Then Gammon appoluted Messrs Bloodsuck and Son the local agents of Titmouse ; for whom he wrote an address to the electors—and, Titmouse promising to have it printed forthwith, Mr Gammon returned to town for a day or two. Nothing could have been more skilful than the address which he had prepared—terse, and comprehensive, and showy, meaning every thing or nothing—(*dolus semper versatur in generalibus*, was an observation of Lord Coke's, on which Gammon kept his eye fixed in drawing up his "address.") Yet it came to pass that on the evening of the day of Gammon's departure, a Mr Phelim O'Doodle, a splendid billiard-player, and also one of the first members returned—only a few days before—for an Irish borough in the Liberal interest, chanced to take Yatton in his way to Scotland from

London ; and being intimate with Mr Titmouse, from whom he had borrowed a little money a few months before, to enable him to present himself to his constituency—they sat down to canvass the merits of the Address which the astute but *absent* Gammon had prepared for Titmouse. They pronounced it "devilish dull and tame ;" Mr O'Doodle comparing it to toddy, with the *whisky omitted* : and availing himself of Gammon's draft as far as he approved of it, he drew up the following Address, which put Titmouse into an ecstasy ; and he sent it off the very next morning for insertion in the Yorkshire *Stingo*. Here is an exact copy of that judicious and able performance.

*" To the worthy and independent
electors of Yatton.*

" GENTLEMEN,—His Majesty having been pleased to dissolve the late Parliament, under very remarkable and exciting circumstances, and, in the midst of the transports of enthusiasm arising out of the passing of that second Great Charter of our Liberties, the *Act for Giving Everybody Everything*, to call upon you to exercise immediately the high and glorious privilege of choosing your representative in the New Parliament, I beg leave to announce myself as a candidate for that distinguished honour. Gentlemen, long before I succeeded in establishing my right to reside among you in my present capacity, I felt a deep interest in the welfare of the tenants of the property, and especially of those residing in the parts adjacent, and who are now so happily introduced into the constituency of this ancient and loyal borough. I trust that the circumstance of my ancestors having resided for ages within this borough, will not indispose you to a favourable reception of their descendant and representative. Gentlemen, my political opinions are those which led to the passing of the Great Measure I have alluded to, and which are bound up in it. Without going into details which are too multifarious for the limits of such an address as the present, let me assure you, that though firmly resolved to uphold the agricultural interests of this great country, I am equally anxious to sustain the commercial and manufacturing interests ;

"and whenever they are in conflict with each other, I shall be found at my post, zealously supporting *both*, to the utmost of my ability. Though a sincere and firm member and friend of the Established Church, I am not insensible to the fearful abuses which at present prevail in it; and I am bent upon securing the utmost possible latitude to every species of Dissent. While I am resolved to uphold the interests of Protestantism, I think I best do so, by seeking to remove all restrictions from the Catholics, whom I am persuaded will sacredly abstain from endeavouring to promote their own interests at the expense of ours. Gentlemen, the established religion is most likely to flourish when surrounded by danger, and threatened by persecution; it has an inherent vitality which will defy, in the long run, all competition. Gentlemen, I am for Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, which are in fact the Three Polar Stars of my political conduct. I am an advocate for quarterly Parliaments, convinced that we cannot too often be summoned to give an account of our stewardship,—and that the frequency of elections will occasion a wholesome agitation, and stimulate to trade. I am for extending the elective franchise to all, except those who are actually the inmates of a prison or a poor-house on the day of election. I am an uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty all over the globe; and, in short, of giving the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Gentlemen, before concluding, I wish to state explicitly, as the result of long and deep enquiry and reflection, that every constituency is entitled, nay bound, to exact from a candidate for its suffrages the most strict and minute pledges as to his future conduct in Parliament, in every matter, great or small, that can come before it; in order to prevent his judgment being influenced and warped by the dangerous sophistries and fallacies which are broached in Parliament, and his integrity from the base, sinister, and corrupt influences which are invariably brought to bear on public men. I am ready, therefore, to pledge myself to any thing that may be required of me by any elector who may honour me with his support. Gentlemen, such are my

"political principles, and I humbly hope that they will prove to be those of the electors of this ancient and loyal borough, so as to warrant the legislature in having preserved it in existence, amidst the wholesale havoc which it has just made in property of this description. Though it is not probable that we shall be harassed by a contest, I shall make a point of waiting upon you all personally, and humbly answering all questions that may be put to me: and should I be returned, rely upon it, that I will never give you occasion to regret your display of so signal an evidence of your confidence in me.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient and humble servant,
"T. TITMOUSE.

"Yatton, 3d December, 18—."

"Upon my soul, if that don't carry the election hollow," said Mr O'Doodle, laying down his pen, and mixing himself a fresh tumbler of brandy and water, "you may call me bog-trotter to the end of my days, and be—to me!"

"Why—a—ya—as! 'pon my life it's quite a superior article," quoth Titmouse; "but—eh? d'ye think they'll ever believe I writ it all? Egad, my fine fellow, to compose a piece of composition like that—and suppose those dear fellows begin asking me all sorts of thingemobs, eh? You *couldn't* stay and go about with one a bit?"

"Faith, Titty, an' your mighty wide awake to the way of doing business, ah, ha! Murder and thieves! what does it signify what you choose to say or write to them? they're only pisintry; and—the real point to be looked at is this—all those that you can command, of course you will, or send 'em to the right about; and those that you can't—that's the *new* blackguards round about—*bug*, if it's necessary, faith!"

"It's —!—It is, 'pon my soul!" whispered Titmouse.

"Oh? Is it in earnest you are? Then you're M.P. for the borough; and on the strength of it I'll replenish!" and so he did, followed by Titmouse; and in a pretty state they, some hour or two afterwards, were conducted to their apartments.

It is difficult to describe the rage of Gammon on seeing the address which had been substituted for that which he had prepared, with so much cau-

tion and tact : but the thing was done, and he was obliged to submit. The Address duly appeared in the Yorkshire *Stingo*, and was also placarded liberally all over the borough, and distributed about, and excited a good deal of interest, and also much approbation among the new electors. It was thought, however, that it was a piece of supererogation, inasmuch as there could be no possible doubt that Mr Titmouse would walk over the course.

In this, however, it presently proved that the *guidnuncs* of Yatton were very greatly mistaken. A copy of the Yorkshire *Stingo*, containing the foregoing "Address," was sent, on the day of its publication, by Dr Tatham to Mr Aubrey, who had read it aloud, with feelings of mingled sorrow and contempt, on the evening of its arrival, in the presence of Mrs Aubrey, Miss Aubrey, and, by no means an unfrequent visitor, Mr Delamere. The Aubreys were sad enough; and he endeavoured to dissipate the gloom that hung over them, by ridiculing, very bitterly and humorously, the pretensions of the would-be member for Yatton—the presumed writer (who, however, Kate protested, without giving her reasons, could never have been Mr Titmouse) of the precious "Address." He partially succeeded. Both Aubrey and he laughed heartily as they went more deliberately over it; but Kate and Mrs Aubrey spoke very gravely and indignantly about that part of it which related to the Established Church and the Protestant religion.

"Oh dear, dear!" quoth Kate, at length, with a sudden burst of impetuosity, after a considerable and rather melancholy pause in the conversation; "only to think that such an odious little wretch is to represent the dear old—What would I not give to see him defeated?"

"Pho, Kate," replied her brother, rather sadly, "who is there to oppose him? Pickering told me, you know, that he should not go into the House again; and even if he felt disposed to contest Yatton, what chance could he have against Mr Titmouse's influence?"

"Oh, I'm sure all the old tenants hate the little monkey, to a man."

"That may be, Kate, but they must vote for him, or be turned out of"—

"Oh, I've no *patience*, Charles, to hear of such things!" interrupted his sister, with not a little petulance in her manner.

"Do you mean to say, that you should like to see a rival start to contest your dear old borough with Mr Titmouse?" enquired Mr Delamere, who had been listening to the foregoing brief colloquy in silence, his eyes fixed with eager delight on the animated and beautiful countenance of Miss Aubrey.

"Indeed I should, Mr Delamere," cried Kate eagerly; adding, however, with a sudden sigh, looking at her brother; "but—heigh-ho!—as Charles says, how absurd it is to fret one's-self about it—about a thing we can't help—and—a place one's no more any concern with?" As she said this, her voice fell a little, and her eyes filled with tears. But her little sally had been attended with consequences she had little dreamed of. Mr Delamere took leave of them shortly afterwards, without communicating a word of any intentions he might have conceived upon the subject to any of them. But the first place he went to, in the morning, was a great banker's, who had been appointed the principal acting executor of the Marquis of Fallowfield, a very recently deceased uncle of Delamere's, whom his lordship had left a legacy of L.5000; and 'twas to get at this same legacy that was the object of Delamere's visit to Sir Omnium Bullion's. For some time the worthy baronet—who had not then even proved the will—would not listen to the entreaties of the eager young legatees: but the moment that he heard of the purpose for which it was wanted, Sir Omnium being a very fierce Tory, and who had lost his own snug borough by the Bill for *Giving Everybody Everything*, instantly relented. "There, my fine fellow, sign *that*," said Sir Omnium, tossing to him an "I. O. U. L.5000," and drawing him a cheque for the amount: wishing him, with all imaginable zeal and energy, good speed. His eager excitement would not allow him to wait till the evening, for the mail; so, within a couple of hours' time of affecting this delightful arrangement with Sir Omnium, he was seated in a post-chaise and four, rattling at top speed on his way to Yorkshire. Sufficiently astonished were

Lord and Lady de la Zouch, when he presented himself to them at Fotheringham. Infinitely more so, when he named the object of his coming down, and with irresistible entreaties sought his father's sanction for the enterprise. 'Twas very hard for Lord de la Zouch to deny any thing to one on whom he doated as he did upon his son. Moreover, his lordship was one of the keenest politicians living; and as for elections, he was an old campaigner, and had stood several desperate contests, and spent immense sums upon them. And here was his son, to use a well-known phrase, indeed a *chip of the old block*; Lord de la Zouch, in short, really felt a secret pleasure in contemplating the resemblance to his early self—and after a little demur he began to give way. He shook his head, however, discouragingly; spoke of Delamere's youth—barely two-and-twenty; the certainty of defeat, and the annoyance of being beaten by such a creature as Titmouse; the suddenness and lateness of the move—and so forth.

More and more impetuous, however, became his son.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said Lord de la Zouch, "it strikes me that this extraordinary, and expensive, and hopeless scheme of yours, is all the result of—eh? I see—I understand. It's done to please—Pray, sir, how long, before you left town, had you seen Miss?"

"I pledge my word, sir, that neither Miss Aubrey, nor Mr, nor Mrs Aubrey—whom, however, I certainly saw the very night before I started, and conversed with on the subject of Mr Titmouse's address—has interchanged one syllable with me on the subject of my starting for the borough; and I believe them to be at this moment as ignorant of what I am about as you were the moment before you saw me here."

"It is enough," said his father, who knew that his son, equally with himself, had a rigorous regard for truth on all occasions, great and small.

"Well—I—certainly, we shall be laughed at for our pains; it's really a madcap sort of business, Geoffry; but"—Lord de la Zouch had given way—"I should not like to have been thwarted by my father on an occasion like the present; so, let it be done, as you've set your heart upon it. And,"

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he added, with a smile, "pray, sir, have you considered what I shall have to pay for your sport?"

"Not one penny, sir!"

"Ay!" exclaimed his Lordship briskly—"How's that, sir?"

Then Delamere told him of what he had done; at which Lord de la Zouch first looked serious, and then burst into laughter at the eagerness of old Sir Omnium to aid the affair. "No, no," said his lordship, "that must not stand; I won't have any risk of Sir Omnium's getting into a scrape, and shall write off to request him to annul the transaction—with many thanks for what he has done—and I'll try whether I have credit enough with my bankers—eh, Geoffry?"

"You are very kind to me, sir, but really I would rather——"

"Pho, pho—let it be as I say; and now, go and dress for dinner, and, after that, the sooner you get about your 'Address' the better. Let me see a draft of it as soon as it is finished. Let Mr Parkinson be sent for immediately from Grilston, to see how the land lies; and, in short, if we do go into the thing, let us dash into it with spirit. And hark'ee, sir—as to that address of your's, I'll have no despicable trimming, and trying to catch votes, by vague and flatteringing!"

"Trust me, sir! Mine shall be, at all events, a contrast to that of my—honourable opponent."

"Go straight a-head, sir; nail your colours to the mast. Speak out in a plain, manly way, so that no one can misunderstand you. I'd rather a thousand times over see you beaten out of the field—lose the election like a gentleman—than win it by any sort of *trickery*, especially as far as the profession of your political sentiments and opinions is concerned. Bear yourself so, Geoffry, in this your maiden struggle, that when it is over, you may be able to lay your hand on your heart, and say, 'I have *won* honourably'—'I have *lost* honourably.' So long as you can feel and say *this*, laugh at election bills—at the long faces of your friends—the exulting faces of your enemies. Will you bear all this in mind, Geoffry?" added Lord de la Zouch.

"I will, I will, sir," replied his eager son; and added, with an excited air, "Won't it come on them like!"

"Do you hear that bell, sir?" said Lord de la Zouch, moving away. Delamere bowed, and with a brisk step, a flushed cheek, and an elated air, betook himself to his dressing-room, to prepare for dinner.

Shortly after dinner, Mr Parkinson made his appearance, and, to his infinite amazement, was invested instantly with the character of agent for Mr Delamere, as candidate for the borough! After he and the Earl had heard the following address read by Delamere, they very heartily approved of it. Mr Parkinson took it home with him; it was in the printer's hands that very night, and by seven o'clock in the morning, was being stuck up plentifully on all the walls in Grilston, and, in fact, all over the borough:—

"To the Independent Electors of the Borough of Yatton.

"Gentlemen,

"I hope you will not consider me presumptuous, in venturing to offer myself to your notice as a candidate for the honour of representing you in parliament. In point of years, I am, I acknowledge, even younger than the gentleman whom I have come forward to oppose. But, indeed, for the fact of his being personally a comparative stranger to you, I should have paused long before contesting with him the representation of a borough on which he has unquestionably certain legitimate claims. The moment, however, that I read his Address, I resolved to come forward and oppose him. Gentlemen, the chief, if not the only ground on which I come forward is, that I disapprove of the tone and spirit of that Address, and hold opinions entirely opposed to all those which it expresses, and which I consider to be unworthy of any one seeking so grave a trust as that of your member of Parliament. As for my own opinions, they are in all essential respects identical with those of the gentlemen who have, during a long series of years, represented you, and especially with those of my highly honoured and gifted friend Mr Aubrey. Gentlemen, my own family is not unknown to you, nor are the opinions and principles which for centuries they have

"consistently supported, and which are also mine.

"I am an affectionate and uncom- promising friend of our glorious and venerable Established Church, and of its union with the State; which it is my inflexible determination to support by every means in my power, as the most effectual mode of securing civil and religious liberty. I am disposed to resist any further concessions either to Roman Catholics or Dissenters, because I think that they cannot be made safely or advantageously. Gentlemen, there is a point at which toleration becomes anarchy; and I am desirous to keep as far from that point as possible.

"I earnestly deprecate putting our Agricultural or Commercial and Manufacturing interests into competition with each other, as needless and mischievous. Both are essential elements in the national welfare; both should be upheld to the utmost: but if circumstances should unhappily bring them into inevitable conflict, I vow myself heart and soul a friend to the Agricultural interest.

"Gentlemen, I know not whether it would be more derogatory to your character, or to mine, to exact or give pledges as to my conduct on any particular measure, great or small, which may come before Parliament. It appears to me both absurd and ignominious, and inconsistent with every true principle of representation. One, however, I willingly give you—that I will endeavour to do my duty, by consulting your interests as a part of the general interests of the nation. I trust that I shall never be found uncourteous or inaccessible; and I am confident that none of you will entertain unreasonable expectations concerning my power to serve you individually or collectively.

"Gentlemen, having entered into this contest, I pledge myself to fight it out to the last; and, if I fail, to retire with good-humour. My friends and I will keep a vigilant eye on any attempts which may be made to resort to undue influence or coercion; which, however, I cannot suppose will be the case.

"Gentlemen, this is the best account I can give you, within the

"limits of such an Address as the
 "present, of my political opinions,
 "and of the motives which have in-
 "duced me to come forward; and I
 "shall within a day or two proceed to
 "call upon you personally: and in
 "the meanwhile I remain,

"Gentlemen,

"Your faithful servant,

"GEOFFREY LOVEL DELAMERE.

"Fotheringham Castle,
 "7th Dec. 18—."

Two or three days afterwards, there arrived at Mr Aubrey's, in Vivian Street, two large packets, franked "DE LA ZOUCHE," and addressed to Mr Aubrey, containing four copies of the foregoing "Address," accompanied by the following hurried note:—

"MY DEAR AUBREY,—What think you of this sudden and somewhat Quixotic enterprise of my son? I fear it is quite hopeless—but there was no resisting his importunities. I must say he is going into the affair, (which has already made a prodigious stir down here,) in a very fine spirit. His Address is good, is it not? The only thing I regret is, his entering the lists with such a little miscreant as that fellow Titmouse—and, moreover, being beaten by him.—Yours over faithfully and affectionately,

"DE LA ZOUCHE.

"P.S.—You should only see little Dr Tatham since he has heard of it. He spins about the village like a humming-top. I hope that, as far as his worldly interests are concerned, he is not acting imprudently. Our dear love to the ladies. (In great haste.)

"Fotheringham, 8th Dec. 18—."

This letter was read with almost suspended breath by Mr Aubrey, and then by Mrs and Miss Aubrey. With still greater emotion were the printed enclosures opened and read. Each was held in a trembling hand, and with colour going and coming. Miss Aubrey's heart beat faster and faster; she turned very pale—but with a strong effort recovered herself. Then taking the candle, she withdrew with a hasty and excited air, taking her copy of the Address with her to her own room; and there burst into tears, and wept for some time. She felt her heart dissolving in tenderness towards Delamere: it was some time before she could summon resolution enough to

return. When she did, Mrs Aubrey made a faint effort to rally her; but each, on observing the traces of each other's recent and strong emotion, was silent, and with difficulty refrained from bursting again into tears.

Equally strong emotions, but of a very different description, were excited in the bosoms of certain persons at Yatton Hall, by the appearance of Mr Delamere's Address. 'Twas Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck, (junior)—a middle-sized, square-set young man, of about thirty, with a broad face, a very flat nose, light frizzly hair, and deep-set grey eyes—a bustling, confident, hard-mouthed fellow,—who, happening to be stirring in the main street of Grilston early in the morning of the 8th Dec. 18—, beheld a man in the act of sticking up Mr Delamere's Address against a wall. Having prevailed on the man to part with one, Mr Bloodsuck was within a quarter of an hour on horseback, galloping down to Yatton—almost imagining himself to be carrying with him a sort of hand-grenade, which might explode in his pocket as he went on. He was ushered into the breakfast room, where sate Mr Gammon and Mr Titmouse, just finishing breakfast.

"My stars—good-morning! gents,—but here's a kettle of fish!" quoth Mr Bloodsuck, with an excited air, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; and then plucking out of his pocket the damp and crumpled Address of Mr Delamere, he handed it to Mr Gammon, who changed colour on seeing it, and read it over in silence. Mr Titmouse looked at him with a disturbed air; and, having finished his mixture of tea and brandy, "Eh—e-eh, Gammon!—I—say"—he stammered—"what's in the wind? Pon my soul, you look—eh?"

"Nothing but a piece of good fortune, for which you are indebted to your distinguished friend, Mr Phelim O' Something," replied Gammon, bitterly, "whose Address has called forth an opponent whom you would not otherwise have had."

"Hang Mr O'Doodle!" exclaimed Titmouse; "I, 'pon my precious soul, I always thought him a-a fool, and a knave. I'll make him pay me the money he owes me!" and he strode up and down the room, with his hands thrust furiously into his pockets.

"You had perhaps better read this

Address," quoth Mr Gammon, with a blighting smile, "as it slightly concerns you;" and handing it to Titmouse, the latter sate down to obey him.

"That cock won't fight, though, eh?" enquired Mr Bloodsuck, as he resumed his seat after helping himself to an enormous slice of cold beef at the side table.

"I think it will," replied Gammon, thoughtfully; and presently continued, after a pause, "it is useless to say any thing about the haughty intolerant Toryism it displays; that is all fair; but *is it* not hard, Mr Bloodsuck, that when I had written an Address which would have effectually"—

"Mr Phelim O'Doodle owes me three hundred pounds, Gammon, and I hope you'll get it for me at once; 'pon my soul, he's a most cursed scamp," quoth Titmouse furiously, looking up with an air of desperate chagrin, on hearing Gammon's last words. That gentleman, however, took no notice of him, and proceeded, addressing Mr Bloodsuck—"I have weighed every word in that Address; it means mischief. It's evidently been well considered; it is calm and determined—and we shall have a desperate contest, or I am grievously mistaken."

"E—e—eh? E—h? What, Gammon?" enquired Titmouse, who, though his eye appeared to have been travelling over the all-important document which he held in his hand, had been listening with trembling anxiety to what was said by his companions.

"I say that we are to have a contested election for the borough; you wont walk over the course as you might have done. Here's a dangerous opponent started."

"What? 'Pon my soul—for *my* borough? For Yatton?"

"Yes, and one who will fight you tooth and nail."

"'Pon—my—precious soul! What a cursed scamp! What a most infernal black——Who is it?"

"No *blackguard*, sir," interrupted Gammon, very sternly; "but—a gentleman every way equal to yourself," he added, with a cruel smile, "the Honourable Mr Delamere, the son and heir of Lord de la Zouch."

"By jingo! you don't say so! Why, he's a hundred thousand a-year," interrupted Titmouse, turning very pale.

"Oh, *that* he has, at least," interposed Mr Bloodsuck, who had nearly finished a tremendous breakfast; "and two such bitter Tories you never saw or heard of before—for like father, like son."

"Egad! is it?" enquired Titmouse, completely crestfallen. "Well! and what if—eh, Gammon? Isn't it?"

"It is a very serious business," quoth Gammon.

"By Jove—isn't it a cursed piece of—impudence! What? Come into *my* borough? He might as well come into my house! Isn't one as much mine as the other? It's as bad as housebreaking—but we're beforehand with him with those prime chaps at Gr——" Mr Bloodsuck's teeth chattered; he glanced towards the door; and Gammon gave Titmouse a look that almost paralyzed him.

"They'll bleed freely?" said Bloodsuck, with a desperate effort to look concerned—whereas he was in a secret ecstacy.

"Lord de la Zouch could not have entered into this thing if he had not some end in view which he considers attainable—and as for money!"

"Oh, as for that, ten thousand pounds to him is a mere drop in a bucket."

"O Lord! O Lord! and must I spend money too?" enquired Titmouse, with a look of ludicrous alarm.

"We must talk this matter over alone, Mr Bloodsuck," said Gammon, anxiously—"shall we go to Grilston, or will you fetch your father hither?"

"'Pon my soul, Gammon, those cursed Aubreys, you may depend on't, are at the bottom of all this!"

"*That* there's not the least doubt of," quoth Bloodsuck, as he buttoned up his coat with a matter-of-fact air: but the words of Titmouse caused Mr Gammon suddenly to look first at one, and then at the other of them, with a keen penetrating glance; and presently his expressive countenance showed that *surprise* had been succeeded by gloomy thoughtfulness——

A FOURTH CHAPTER OF TURKISH HISTORY.

THE WARS WITH THE MAMLUKES.

SCARCELY any period within the scope of recent history has attracted less attention from modern writers in general, than the two centuries and a half of the independent domination of the Mamlukes in Egypt and Syria. Notwithstanding the singular form of government under which these countries were then administered, and the historical importance of the events with which their annals abound, they have been uniformly neglected by the oriental students of Europe;—and though the gallant contest which the Mamlukes maintained in the last days of their existence against the French invaders, and their extermination in 1811 by the treachery of the present ruler of Egypt, have made their name familiar to us since the commencement of the present century, their ancient glories still remain unchronicled and unknown in the literature of the West, with the exception of a few pages in the various histories of the crusades, and a short sketch in the great work of De Guignes. Yet the *Grand Soldans of Babylon* (as the Mamluke sovereigns were termed by contemporary writers and travellers) were the acknowledged heads of the Moslem world, while the power of the Ottomans was yet in its infancy; it was by the arms of these warrior-princes, whose throne was both gained and held more frequently by the right of the sword than by hereditary descent, that the Mogul hordes of Jenghiz and his descendants were checked and finally repelled in the career of devastation and bloodshed which had overspread almost the whole of Asia during the first half of the thirteenth century: and at the end of the same century, the last relics of the Christian sway in Palestine disappeared before their attacks, and the fall of Acre in 1291, closed with a final scene of slaughter the bloody drama of the Crusades. At the zenith of their power, the realm of the monarchs of Cairo extended from the mountains of Armenia and Koordistan, to Yemen and Abyssinia; the holy cities of Mekka and Medinah acknowledged them as their protectors and sove-

reigns; and the senate of Venice courted by frequent embassies the potent alliance of the Sultan, whose armaments, issuing from the ports of the Red Sea, afforded zealous and powerful aid to the Moslem princes of Guzerat in their struggle against the encroachments of the Portuguese, the commercial rivals of the Adriatic republic. But this mighty fabric of empire rested, not on the arms and energies of the Arab population, nearly the whole of whose tribes were comprehended within its limits, but on the ferocious valour of a foreign militia, drawn from distant countries to maintain and defend the throne of a prince, who was equally with themselves an alien in blood and language from the people whom he governed: and when the Syro-Egyptian kingdom was incorporated by conquest with the dominions of the Osmanli sultans, the change was unfelt by the people at large, who merely exchanged the yoke of the Circassian Bey for that of the Turkish Sandjak or Pasha. But before we proceed to recount the incidents of the warfare, the event of which doubled the territory of the Ottoman empire, and united under the sceptre of the same sovereign, (though it failed in amalgamating,) the Turkish and Arab races of Western Asia, it will be necessary to give some previous details relative to the origin and organization of that remarkable body of men who so long held Egypt in thralldom, and whose discipline and manners are scarcely known except by the description of recent tourists, who viewed them long after the decay of their ancient predominance.

The word *Mamluke* literally implies one who is *possessed by*, or the property of, another; and the term (though popularly restricted in European parlance to the renowned corps whose rule in Egypt and Syria first gave celebrity to the appellation) appears, from a period soon after the first ages of Mohammedan history, employed to designate a military slave or armed household retainer. The Turkish guards of the caliphs of Bag-

dad (whose authority the seditions of these mutinous prætorians, during the reigns of Motawakel and his successors, mainly tended to subvert) were the first instance of a domestic force of this description; but the custom of raising Mamlukes to eminent dignities in the army and the state soon became prevalent throughout the East, particularly in dynasties of Tartar or Turkish origin. The sovereigns of these races, indeed, having themselves generally sprung from the Mamlukes of the antecedent dynasty, seem to have employed slaves of this description as their generals and ministers, in preference to free men of the conquered or even of the conquering nation. Originally selected for the appearance of valour or sagacity, and trained to arms under their master's eye, the Mamlukes of a despotic monarch were the most able and unscrupulous agents of his will; while, as they derived their existence and advancement from the sovereign alone, and were unconnected by ties either of birth or relationship with the country into which they had been transplanted, the power lodged in their hands was considered less likely to be turned against its donor, than if entrusted to nobles supported by alliances with each other, and presuming on their hereditary claims to distinction and authority.

But in the course of degeneracy and decay which seems inseparable from the history of the decline of an oriental reigning house, the Mamlukes of the falling race in whose hands the command of the provinces and the armies had been vested, often seized on the power which their feeble masters were unable longer to retain, and commenced a new empire, generally destined to be dissolved in a few generations by the same causes which had operated in the destruction of the preceding. Thus, at the close of the tenth century of our era, the warlike dynasty of the Ghaznevîdes in Eastern Persia occupied, almost as lawful heirs, the dominions which had fallen from the grasp of their own former lords, the princes of the exhausted and effete line of Saman: the Ghaznevîdes were in their turn supplanted by their vassals, the Turkish chiefs of the race of Seljook; and the sway of the mighty Seljookians themselves, after a long career of conquest and glory, was

overthrown by the arms of the Shah of Kharasm, whose ancestor in the fourth generation had been a Mamluke in the household of Malek Shah, the third sultan of the Seljooks; while Ak-Sankar Bouraki, another Mamluke of the same prince, laid in the provinces west of the Euphrates the foundation of a kingdom, which his grandson, the famous sultan Noor-ed-deen, extended over Egypt and nearly the whole of Syria, but which at the death of Noor-ed-deen fell almost wholly, according to the apparently inevitable law of Asiatic succession, into the power of his mighty lieutenant, the illustrious Salah-ed-deen (Saladin.)

Under the successors of Salah-ed-deen, the Ayoobite princes who divided and disputed the vast inheritance which he bequeathed to them, the Mamluke system received a degree of development and organization far exceeding the extent to which it had hitherto been carried, and the numbers of this domestic soldiery were augmented beyond all former precedent. But the famous corps of the *Baharite* or *maritime* Mamlukes, (so called from their having been originally charged with the defence of the coast,) owe their origin to Malek-al-Salah, or Nodjm-ed-deen, a grand-nephew of Salah-ed-deen, who became Sultan of Egypt A.D. 1240. In a war which he had waged in early life against his relative the sovereign of Damascus, the failure of Nodjm-ed-deen had been occasioned by the desertion of his troops, who went over in a body to the standard of his rival; his Mamlukes alone remained loyal; and this unshaken fidelity was deeply remembered by their grateful master. On his subsequent accession to the throne of Cairo, he erected a fortification on the Isle of Roudha, in the Nile, the custody of which was entrusted solely to his faithful slaves; and abandoning the citadel of the city, which had been the usual abode of the sovereign, he there took up his residence in the midst of his Mamlukes, from whose ranks all military offices were exclusively filled up, while their numbers were continually recruited by the purchase of many thousand slaves to be trained to arms, principally Kharasmiâns and Tartars of Kapechak, with whom the victories of the Moguls had inundated the slave-

markets of Western-Asia. The flower of Nodjm-ed-deen's force was composed of these hardy natives of the north, whose discipline and equipments far surpassed those generally attained by the loose squadrons of an Asiatic army; each division was constantly attached to the person of its commander, to whose *household** the individual Mamlukes were considered to belong; and under whose eye they were schooled in martial exercises and military evolutions; while a select corps, the number of which is differently stated at from 500 (Joinville) to 1000 (Makrizi), were more peculiarly on duty about the person of the Sultan, under the title of *haka*, or life-guards: these wore the badges or armorial bearings† of the monarch, embroidered in gold, on their appointments and banners, and had charge of the *tabul-khani*‡ or martial music, an indispensable appendage to Oriental royalty. The organization of this formidable alien gendarmerie, and the privileges with which they were invested, excited the suspicion and discontent of the native subjects of the sultan, and the historian Abul-Mahassen has preserved a warning addressed to him by a poet, that "in increasing the number of these Tartars, he would multiply the misfortunes of himself and his race, so that the divine protection could alone save them from ruin;" a prediction which, if not delivered after the event, was amply fulfilled in the succeeding generation,

by the death of Tooran Shah, the son of Nodjm-ed-deen, who perished in 1250 by the swords of the Mamluke hordes, who were irritated at his having concluded a treaty with Louis IX. of France, then his prisoner, without their advice or approbation.

Egypt was now in the hands of the Mamlukes, to be disposed of according to their pleasure; and, after several ineffectual attempts on the part of some of the chiefs to elevate a prince of Ayoobite blood to the nominal sovereignty, they solved the difficulty by electing one of their own number to the throne; and thus commenced the monarchy, or rather military republic of the Mamlukes, one of the most anomalous phenomena which the page of history presents. "A more unjust and absurd constitution," says Gibbon, "cannot be devised, than that which condemns the natives of a country to perpetual servitude, under the arbitrary dominion of strangers and slaves; yet such has been the state of Egypt above 800 years." And during the period which intervened between the death of Tooran Shah and the Turkish conquest, the throne of Egypt and Syria§ was almost constantly filled by monarchs who had been originally purchased in the slave-market, and who had risen, by valour or intrigue, through the various gradations of rank till within reach of the supreme dignity. A faint form of hereditary succession was indeed pre-

* It is frequent in the Mamluke annals to find different chiefs bearing the name of the officer in whose *household* they had served their noviciate, and who was, consequently, regarded as their original patron, appended to their own title as a distinctive patronymic; thus several of the Circassian sultans are surnamed Al-Dhaheri, from having been the slaves of Sultan Al-Dhaher Barkok.

† De Guignes. Joinville describes the cognisance of Fakhr-ed-deen, the Mamluke general killed at the battle of Mansooriyah, whom he calls "Scecedine, son of Seie." "This Scecedine was the most prized chieftain of all Paynimrie, and had received knighthood from the Emperor Ferris (Frederic II.):—his banner was in three bands or compartments; in one the arms of the emperor who had knighted him; in the second, those of the soudan of Halape (Aleppo); in the third, those of the soudan of Babylon." Most of the variations and devices of European heraldry were probably borrowed from the Moslem antagonists of the crusaders, or from the Moors in Spain.

‡ De Guignes, speaking of the Tabul-Khani, says, "les emirs sonnèrent des trompettes;" but the trumpet is not an Oriental instrument. Joinville correctly describes it as consisting of "*nacaires*" or kettle-drums.

§ Syria continued to be ruled by another branch of the Ayoobites, directly descended from Salah-ed-deen, for several years after the death of Tooran Shah; but this dynasty was overthrown by the Moguls under Hulaku-Khan; and on the expulsion of these invaders by the Mamluke sultan Khotuz, Syria, left without a lawful sovereign, became re-united, by lapse, to Egypt.

served; but if the son of a deceased sultan was proclaimed in the room of his father, he was, in most instances, only suffered to bear, for a few months, the pageant title of royalty, till the boldest or most ambitious of the emirs dismissed him to imprisonment or obscurity, to make way for his own assumption of the sceptre;—a change which was generally further facilitated by the minority of the heir; for the Mamlukes, from their first establishment in Egypt to their extinction, uniformly disdained, with a strange infatuation, to ally themselves with the women of the country, and delayed to form a harem till, from their advance in wealth and dignity, they could afford to import female slaves from their native Circassia. Thus the sons, born in the old age of the father, rarely attained sufficient maturity or experience, before his death, to maintain the stormy inheritance which he endeavoured to bequeath to them: and with the exception of Kalaoon, (thence called the *Father of Kings*,) whose descendants occupied the throne, with some interruptions, for ninety years, the most powerful of the Sultans failed to transmit their authority beyond a single generation. In the words of Volney, “the sword, the bowstring, or poison, public murder, or private assassination, were the fate of a series of tyrants, forty-seven of whom are enumerated in the space of two hundred and sixty-seven years.”

De Guignes and other writers have divided the history of the Mamluke kingdom into two dynasties, those of the *Baharites* or Tartars, and the *Bordjites* or Circassians; but this distinction is in fact merely nominal, as the same form of government and elective principle of succession continued throughout. The change in the composition of the Mamluke body, to which these appellations refer, was effected by Barkok, who pos-

sessed himself of the sovereignty in 1380, by dethroning the last of the race of Kalaoon, and in order to strengthen himself in his newly-acquired power, discontinued the importation* of the Turkish or Tartar slaves, from whom the force had been recruited since its first formation by Nodjm-ed-deen,† and supplied their place with his own Circassian and Georgian countrymen, who continued to fill its ranks till the destruction of the corps. This first Circassian ruler of Egypt was one of the most potent and politic princes of his age: and his state is described by the Arabic historians (Abul-Mahassen, Soyûti, &c.) as having far surpassed that of any of his predecessors: 5000 Circassian Mamlukes, besides those maintained by each of the emirs, were attached to the household of the Sultan himself: the expenses of their pay and maintenance amounted to 400,000 silver *dirhems* (about £10,500) monthly, besides 13,000 *ardebs* of corn for the provender of their horses. When the Sultan held his public audiences, on Mondays and Thursdays, to receive complaints and redress grievances, “the Cadhis of the four orthodox sects of Islam took their seats on his right, next to them the *nazir-al-khaznah* or high treasurer, and then the *mohtesib* or prefect of police: on the left of the Sultan sat the *dowadar-kebir* or principal secretary of state, followed by the *atabek* or commander-in-chief of the army: and the circle was completed by the *katibs* or registrars of the council:—if one of the *vizirs of the pen* were present, he was placed between the Sultan and the dowadar; but if he were a vizir of the sword, he remained standing at a fixed distance from the other officers of state. Two ranks of equerries, officers of the wardrobe, pages, &c. stood behind the Sultan on the right and left. At the distance of about fifteen cubits on each side were seated

* A treaty was concluded between Bibars, the third Baharite Sultan, and the Greek Emperor, Michael Palæologus, for the passage of Egyptian ships through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to the slave markets of Kaffa.—(Pachymer, lib. iii.) Among the gifts sent to Constantinople on this occasion, is particularly mentioned a giraffe or camelopard.

† Volney erroneously describes the original Mamlukes of Nodjm-ed-deen as “Circassians, Mingrelians, and Abasans:” all the Sultans who preceded Barkok were Tartars, with the exception, perhaps, of Hasam-ed-deen Ladjin, whom some authors state to have been a renegade Saxon knight.—(Art de vérifier les dates.)

the emirs who commanded a hundred men or upwards—and these formed the council; the emirs of inferior grade remained standing behind the emirs of the council; and without the circle formed by the Sultan and the emirs, stood the *hadjibs* or chamberlains, to hand in memorials, and introduce petitioners. The memorials were read by the *katibs* to the Sultan, who communicated with the cadhis on those which came within their province, and with the treasurer and the dowadar on such as concerned military affairs.* The publicity of this divan, the details of which are given by Soyûti from an author named Ibn-Fadlallah, contrast curiously with the inaccessible state customarily maintained by the Ottoman Sultans; and the numbers, and comparatively subaltern rank, of the military chiefs who were admitted to share in the debates of the council, prove that the acquiescence of the Mamluke body was considered in some degree necessary, in form as well as fact, for the measures of government.

The constitution, indeed, of this singular militia bore a much nearer resemblance, in many of its essential points, to those of the religious orders of knighthood, who were so often the antagonists of the Mamlukes in the battle-fields of Palestine, than to any other association occurring in the history of Islam. As in the brotherhoods of the Hospital and the Temple, the vacancies in their ranks were filled, not by the descendants of the former members of the order, but by perpetual infusions from the primitive source: the repugnance of the haughty Circassians to mingle their Caucasian blood with that of the Egyptians whom they held in abject bondage, was equivalent in effect to the statute of celibacy which bound the knights of the white and the red cross, and kept them equally isolated from the natives of the land of which they were the sovereigns: their education in the

households of the emirs or beys, and their promotion through various grades till they were emancipated and entrusted with separate commands, present a strong analogy, allowing for the difference of manners and religion, with the discipline which the junior knights were obliged to go through in the convents under the eyes of the priors and senior commanders, before they were allowed to assume the direction of a detached post or *commandery*; and the Sultan himself, elected by the voice of the soldiery, and controlled in the exercise of his authority by the jealousy of the great officers who had formerly been his equals, was less the direct and absolute sovereign of the country, than the grand-master, or responsible head, of the governing body. For even when the new monarch was the son of the preceding Sultan, the form of nomination and approval by the troops was still adhered to: and if no previous claim to the throne existed on the part of the aspirant, the ceremony of public suffrage was still more unequivocal, as the programme of one of these *diets of election*, quoted by Carlyle from an anonymous Arabic writer, sufficiently shows:—

“ On the day of assembly, (Friday,) the Mamlukes, the emirs, the cadhis, and the other magnates of the realm, having assembled *completely armed* at the gate of the citadel called Salsalet, the question was put to the soldiery whom they chose for their Sultan? and they responded with acclamations, Kansuh! Then the caliph,* the four cadhis, and other dignitaries, came forward and announced the election:—the citadel resounded with the clangour of kettle-drums and the shouts of the Mamlukes; and Azbek the chief of the emirs, after investing the new monarch with a khalat or robe of cloth of gold, raised over his head the canopy† of state, which was surmounted with the figure of a bird:—and thus was Kansuh elected and

* A branch of the Abbassides, after the destruction of Bagdad by the Moguls, had taken refuge in Egypt, where they assumed the title of caliph, and were recognised as the spiritual heads of Islam; but they possessed no temporal power or prerogative.

† The use of a canopy was one of the most exclusive privileges of royalty. We find from Ferishta that the founders of the various petty dynasties which divided the Dekkan, never considered themselves entitled to the august appellation of *Shah*, till they had been invested with the *canopy* by a prince of some reigning house of established royalty.

inaugurated Sultan, under the title of Malek-al-Dhaher, (the conspicuous prince.) When the ceremony was at an end, the hour of prayer had arrived, and the Shaikh-al-Islam, issuing from the citadel, read the *khotbah* in the great mosque, in the name of the Sultan Al-Dhaher."

The successive steps by which an adventurer from the valleys of the Caucasus mounted from the slave bazaar to the throne, are detailed by another oriental writer in a biographical notice of Sultan Inal, the twelfth of the Bordjites, who attained sovereign power A. D. 1454. "In early youth he had been purchased as a slave by Sultan Barkok, whose son and successor, Sultan Faradj, made him superintendent of his stables; he then became a man-at-arms (*Khask-hyat*) under one of the emirs, and was in due time advanced to the rank of an emir commanding 100 men. He next attained the grade of emir of the Tabul-Khani; and after successively holding the governments of Gaza and Roha, was constituted one of the *commanders of a thousand*, or emirs of the highest class. He was shortly afterwards invested with the dignity of dowadar or secretary of state,* which he exchanged for that of *atabek* or generalissimo; till he eventually seized the throne on the deposition of Malek-al-Mansur Othman." Of the offices here enumerated, the highest civil rank was that of the dowadar, who held in the divan, as above mentioned, the place corresponding to that of the Ottoman grand-vizir; the *atabek* (sometimes called *emir-al-kebir* or grand-emir, or *naib-al-sultanat*, lieutenant of the kingdom) was the supreme military functionary; and the other great officers of state, ("from whom," says Pietro Martyr, "the Sultan is practically elected, as the

pope is from the college of cardinals,") were the master of the horse, the grand-chamberlain, the high-treasurer, the chiefs of the different classes of emirs, and the *cadhi-al-cedhat* or chief of the law.

All these various ranks and gradations were distinguished from each other, with rigid accuracy, by their costume, and more especially by the form and volume of their turbans, which differed greatly from any of those worn in the present day. The common Mamlukes were clothed in white, and wore extremely heavy and closely folded turbans, of a woollen stuff mixed with goat's hair; those attached immediately to the household of the Sultan were distinguished by having their turbans particoloured, black at the top, and green below, while the head-dress of the *Korçans*, or stipendiary troops, and of the Mamlukes belonging to the emirs, was crimson. The turbans of the emirs of the second or third grade were of white linen, of ample dimensions, and folded in a conical form high above the head; but those adopted by the Sultan, and the twenty-four Beys or emirs of the Tabul-Khani, were so singular as to require a particular description. They consisted of from sixty to seventy ells of linen, part of which was wrapped round the head in numberless complicated plaits, while the remainder was so twisted as to project in front in the form of horns, the number of which, in the coiffure of personages of the highest rank, amounted to six:—in this case the two longest of these strange appendages, which were more than a cubit in extent, were placed "like the horns of a snail," as Pietro Martyr describes them,† between the four others, which were only a span long. The reasons assigned for the use of this ponderous

* His total ignorance of letters, which is recorded by several historians, does not appear to have been considered by the Mamlukes as any disqualification for this post! A similarly liberal view of the subject was taken by the knights of St John, in whose original statutes it was expressly enacted, that the *vice-chancellor* should be able to read and write, since it might be necessary to confer the office of chancellor, in consideration of his merits and services, on some knight not versed in these abstruse accomplishments.

† De Legatione Babilonicâ, lib. iiii. Most of the above details of Mamluke costume are taken from the work of this able writer, who visited the court of Kansuh-al-Ghuri, as envoy from Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, a few years before the fall of the monarchy. One of the grotesque turbans appears to be represented in the woodcut of Kansuh, in p. 531 of Knolles's Turkish History.

and inconvenient head-dress, according to the same author, were the comparative ease with which its habitual use enabled them to wear their battle-helmet,* as well as the grave and dignified demeanour which its bulk and cumbrousness imposed on the wearer, who could scarcely move his head without due circumspection under this preposterous burden. The Sultan was distinguished from the emirs of the first class, only by the long ends of the shawl of his turban, which were drawn through the folds, and floated over his shoulders, inscribed with his style and titles embroidered in gold.

We have been somewhat diffuse in this preliminary sketch of the institutions and ceremonial of the Mamluke regime, as well from their singularity and the paucity of notices existing relative to them at this period, as from the remarkable difference which they present, both in spirit and form, from those of the Ottoman empire, which we are accustomed in Europe to regard as the immutable type of all Asiatic monarchies, and with which they were now on the point of being placed in collision. The danger which impended from the formidable and increasing strength of the Osmanlis, had been early perceived by the sagacity of the rulers of Egypt. Barkok, the first of the Circassian sultans, had been wont to declare, in allusion to the attack with which he was menaced by Timur, that he feared not that *Kopchak cripple*, but that it was from the side of the sons of Othman that the true peril would come. It was not, however, till 1485, nearly ninety years after the death of Barkok, that the first encounter of the two empires took place. Till the latter part of the reign of Mohammed II. friendly relations had been constantly maintained between the courts of Cairo and Constantinople; and in 1435, a treaty of alliance had even been projected between

Mourad II. and Bourahai, for the purpose of jointly attacking in Persia the Sultan Shah-Rokh, son of their common enemy Timur: but in the last years of the conqueror of Constantinople, the jealousy of the Sultan Kait-Bey was awakened by the encroachments of the Turks on the petty princes whose dominions intervened between the Syrian and Anatolian frontiers, and who mostly acknowledged the Egyptian monarch as lord paramount; and the dispute thus originated was exasperated, at the death of Mohammed, by the succour and protection afforded in Egypt to the refugee Ottoman prince Djem-Shah, (the Zizim of European writers,) who, vanquished by his brother Bayezid II. in the struggle for the throne, had been welcomed with royal hospitality at Cairo, and supplied with the means of striking a second unsuccessful blow.† From this period, the two monarchies were placed in open opposition, and the boundary became the scene of frequent frays and skirmishes; till the detention at Aleppo of an Indian ambassador on his way to Constantinople, with the occupation by the Beys of Syria of several strongholds on the Turkish side of the Cilician desiles, at length drew from the Porte a formal declaration of war.

Of the minor dynasties whose possessions, as already mentioned, separated from each other the territories directly subject to the sovereigns of Cairo and Constantinople, the two principal were the Ramazan-Oghlu, the chiefs of the Turkman tribes which pastured their flocks in the plains at the foot of Mount Taurus, and were masters of the cities of Tarsus and Adana; and the princes of the family of Zulkadr, another Turkman race which had fixed itself to the north-east of the Ramazan-Oghlu, in the country marked in modern maps as *Aladukha*, a name corrupted from that of Ala-ed-dowlah, the last of the line who possessed

* "The chief and wealthiest of them used head-pieces; the rest a linen covering of the head, curiously folded into many wreaths, wherewith they thought themselves safe enough against any handy strokes; the common souldiers thrumd caps, but so thicke, as that no sword could pierce them."—KNOLLES.

† The subsequent adventures of this unfortunate prince have been narrated by various writers:—After his second defeat, he fled to Rhodes, and died at Rome in 1495, (after being transferred during thirteen years from one European sovereign to another,) from poison administered to him by the infamous Pope Alexander Borgia.

sovereign power. Over these principalities, the keys respectively of Karamania and Syria, it had been for some time the object of each of the neighbouring empires to establish their ascendancy; and their territories became, consequently, the theatre of war. At the commencement of hostilities, the Ottoman influence was in the ascendant, and Tarsus and Adana were garrisoned by the troops of the pasha of Karamania; but Ala-ed-dowlah, when on his march to join the Turks, was intercepted and overthrown by the Mamlukes of Syria; and this reverse was instantly followed by the march of the main Syro-Egyptian army under Azbek, *atabek* of Egypt, and Temruz, Bey of Aleppo, who forced the defiles of Sis, and overran Cilicia with such rapidity, that Adana and Tarsus were surprised and carried by assault before the Turkish commander could move forward to their relief. Ahmed-Pasha Herzek-Oghlu, one of the ablest lieutenants of the Sultan, whose son-in-law he had lately become, was now appointed serasker, or commander-in-chief, in Anatolia, and sent with fresh forces to the scene of action; but the provincial troops which he commanded were inadequate to sustain the impetuous shock of the Mamluke cavalry, and in a battle fought near the confines of Karamania, the Turks sustained a total defeat. Herzek-Oghlu himself, in a fruitless attempt to rally the fugitives, was unhorsed and taken, and sent as a trophy by the victors, with the horse-tails and banners which had fallen into their hands, to the feet of the Sultan at Cairo.

The captive general was honourably entertained by Kait-Bey, and dismissed, with a gift of a caftan of honour, as the bearer of propositions

of peace to Bayezid, who was exhorted by the Mamluke sovereign not to persist in shedding the blood of the *orthodox* believers, (the Turks and Mamlukes being alike Soonis,) but rather to co-operate with him in the deliverance of their Moslem brethren in Granada, where the last relics of Mohammedan empire were fast falling before the attacks of Ferdinand the Catholic. But these overtures, which were supported by a letter from the pontiff-caliph Motawakel, were rejected by the pride of the divan; and though hostilities were partially suspended during 1487,* the campaign of the following year was opened with extraordinary preparations on both sides. The *timariots*, or feudatory troops of Europe and Asia, led by their respective beglerbegs, were assembled under the command of the new serasker, Ali-Pasha, whose army was farther reinforced by 6000 of the *élite* of the janissaries and a formidable train of field artillery, in which the Mamlukes were entirely deficient; † while a fleet of a hundred galleys, under the command of Herzek-Oghlu, cruised on the coasts of Cilicia, to watch the movements of the enemy. For the encounter of this formidable array, the bravest chiefs of the Syro-Egyptian empire were mustered under the orders of Azbek and Temruz, and the armies met in the wide plains between Adana and Tarsus, August 17, 1488. The battle was contested on both sides with the obstinacy of troops unaccustomed to defeat; but the level character of the ground was favourable to the evolutions of the Egyptian cavalry; and the Anatolian feudatories on the right ‡ wing of the Turkish army were at length broken and put to flight by the irresistible onset of Temruz, who had made a

* A Turkish squadron was equipped in the summer of this year under Kemal-Rais, which ravaged the coasts of Valencia, and carried off considerable booty; but this appears to have been the sum of the aid afforded to the Moors by either of the great princes of the East.

† The offer of a Moor or Spaniard to instruct the Mamlukes in the use of the *Venetian missiles*, (as they called cannon,) had been proudly rejected, after deliberation in full council, by the sultan and the emirs, who declared that the lance and sabre were the true weapons of a warrior, and that an engine under which man perished by an invisible stroke, like the army of Abrahah in the War of the Elephant (Koran, chap. 105,) was worthy only of cowards.

‡ When the scene of action was in Asia, the post of honour was assigned to the Asiatic *timariots*; in the European campaigns, it was held by the European contingents.

wide circuit beyond the range of artillery, and fallen on their flank at the head of 4000 chosen horse. The European troops and janissaries still gallantly attempted to maintain the conflict; but they were enveloped and assailed on all sides by the victorious squadrons of the enemy, who pressed their retreat with repeated attacks till they reached the shelter of the mountain defiles. Such was the battle of Agadj-Tchair, (the *Plain of Trees*), by far the severest reverse which the Ottomans had experienced since the overthrow of the first Bayezid by Timur. Their loss in the action exceeded 20,000 men, including four pashas and several other officers of rank; and their camp, with the whole of their artillery, baggage, and military treasure, became the prize of the conquerors.

The discomfiture of the Turks in the field was followed by the defection of their Turkman auxiliaries, who threw off their vassalage to the Porte, and tendered their voluntary submission to the suzerainty of the Sultan of Egypt: a brother of the Prince of Zulkadr, who was commissioned by Bayezid to supersede his rebellious kinsman in the sovereignty, was defeated and sent prisoner to Cairo; and Karamania was invaded by the united forces of Azbek and Ala-ed-dowlah, who laid waste the open country, and besieged Kaisanijah, the capital of the province. The Ottoman territory in Asia appeared to be on the point of dismemberment; and Bayezid, roused by the murmurs of the janissaries and the people, who loudly attributed the continued ill fortune of the Turkish arms to the want of the auspicious presence of the Sultan, at length announced his determination to take the field in person for the defence of his dominions. But he was spared the fulfilment of this tardy resolution by the arrival of an embassy from Muley-Zakaria, king of Tunis,* who proffered his mediation, as the ally of both parties, to terminate a quarrel in which the arms of true believers were turned against one

another. By the intercession of the mufti, the good offices of the Tunisian monarch were accepted; and after a protracted negotiation, a peace was concluded at the commencement of 1491, by which the Egyptians were left in possession of their Cilician conquests, though, in order to soothe the Ottoman pride, the revenues of the ceded districts were declared to be appropriated to the support of the pilgrim caravans, and the sacred establishments of Mekka and Medinah.

The disasters of the war had demonstrated to the Turks that the Circassian chivalry of Egypt and Syria were far more redoubtable antagonists than any opponents whom they had yet encountered in Asia; and the pride of the Porte was sensibly wounded by the terms of the pacification; yet the treaty remained inviolate during the remainder of the reign of Bayezid, who, immersed alternately in debauchery and ascetic devotion, and harassed by the revolts and dissensions of his sons, had neither leisure nor inclination to engage in foreign wars, from which his genius and temperament were moreover naturally averse. But the phenomenon of an unwarlike Sultan had been hitherto unheard of in the Ottoman annals; and the discontent of the janissaries, who had already more than once manifested their dissatisfaction at the inactivity of their monarch, broke out with redoubled violence at the announcement that he had selected as his successor his second son Ahmed, a prince whose disposition resembled that of his father, and whose recent ill success against the Sheah rebels in Anatolia had given sufficient evidence of his want of military skill. Korkoud, the eldest of the three surviving sons of Bayezid, had likewise incurred the contempt of the troops by his addiction to literature and the fine arts; and it was to Selim, the youngest of the princes, whose ambition and fierce impatience of control had already twice led him into open revolt against his father, that the eyes and wishes of the janissaries were turned at this conjuncture.

* The dynasty of the Beni-Hafs, who claimed descent from the Caliph Omar, ruled at Tunis from the early part of the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth, when the last of the race was dethroned by the corsair Khair-ed-deen Barbarossa, who shortly after placed the kingdom under the protection of the Porte, as it has, nominally at least, ever since continued.

At the news of the popular movement in his favour, he hastened from Kaffa, where he had resided in exile, since his second rebellion, at the court of his father-in-law, the Khan of the Tartars; and no sooner did he appear at Constantinople, than the unanimous voice of the people and the army proclaimed the abdication of Bayezid (April, 1512;) and the dethroned monarch died shortly afterwards, (whether from poison or natural causes appears uncertain,) on his way to Demotica, which had been assigned him as a residence. Such was the first instance of the deposition of a sultan, in which the janissaries, who in subsequent similar revolutions disposed of the empire nearly according to their own pleasure, appear only as instruments of the ambition of a prince of the imperial family; and Selim, whose actions earned for him the well-merited epithet of *Yavooz*, or *Ferocious*, lost no time in securing the throne thus acquired through parricide, by the destruction of all the collateral branches. Korkoud was cut off by stratagem; Ahmed, who attempted to defend himself, was overpowered and put to death; all the nephews of the sultan, with the exception of a single youth* who escaped into Egypt, shared the same fate, leaving Selim and his only son (afterwards illustrious as Soliman the Magnificent) the sole existing male descendants of Othman within the circuit of the empire;—"and thus" (says the Turkish historian Solak-Zadah) "were the fundamental laws of the august Ottoman line (which may God strengthen and preserve!) duly enforced and executed, as is necessary for the maintenance of tranquillity and the security of the established order of succession."

The accession of a monarch of this

character inevitably implied the abandonment of the pacific policy pursued by Bayezid; and the changes which had taken place in the ever-fluctuating political aspect of Asia since the peace of 1491, presented a fresh and wide field for conquest and aggrandizement. During the century which had elapsed since the transient conquest of Persia by Timur, that country had been the prey of the marauding Turkman hordes, whose chieftains of various races contested in endless wars the possession of a city or a province:—a prince named Uzun-Hassan, of the Turkman family of Ak-Koinlu, or the *white sheep*, had indeed succeeded about 1470 in consolidating under his sway great part of the kingdom, but his power was shaken by a defeat which he sustained from Mohammed II., and, at his death, the old scene of anarchy was revived by the disputes of his descendants, none of whom inherited either his valour or his abilities. But, towards the close of the 15th century, the nationality of Persia was suddenly revived in full vigour by the impulse communicated to it by Shah-Ismael-Soofi, a young and gallant adventurer, whose ancestors (real or pretended descendants from the caliph Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet) had for several generations resided in the odour of sanctity at Ardebil, and who now started forth in the double character of the restorer of the Persian monarchy, and the apostle and defender of the *Shack* doctrines in religion. His efforts were seconded by the popular enthusiasm in his favour, which rose to such a height, that the epithet of *Kizil-bashler*,* or Red-heads, originally applied as a sobriquet to his soldiers, from the red caps which they wore, was adopted as a proud and national designation by the Persians:—his conquests and his tenets rapidly spread from province to

* Ala-ed-deen, son of Ahmed; he afterwards died of the plague at Cairo, or, as some Turkish accounts state, was killed at the battle of Merdj-Kabik.

* The Osmanlis are, in the same manner, often distinguished by writers of this period, from the colour of their turbans, as *white heads*—the Georgians and Lezgins as *black heads*—and the Uzbeks as *green heads*:—Sheibani, or Shahibek Khan, the famous leader of the Uzbeks, is called "*il Sophi della testa verde*," in the despatches of the Venetian ambassador relating the arrival of his head at Constantinople, whither it was sent by Shah Ismael, as an accompaniment to the embassy of 1511. Von Hammer considers this strange offering to have been intended as a bravado: but, according to oriental usages, it would rather appear as a politic acknowledgment of inferiority on the part of the Persian monarch, who, by thus laying at the feet of Bayezid the trophies of his victory, recognized him in some measure as his superior.

province: and the great victory which he gained near Hamadan in 1502 (only four years after his pretensions were first proclaimed) over Sultan Mourad, the last of the Ak-Koinlu who exercised sovereignty, is generally marked as the date of the establishment of the Soofi or Seffarean dynasty, which continued to rule Persia for more than 200 years.

But the effects of the extraordinary impetus thus given to the Sheah cause, and of the political character now assumed by its votaries, were not confined within the pale of the Persian territory. The flame of sectarian zeal spread into the Asiatic provinces subject to the Porte, and, in 1511, a general and furious revolt of the Sheahs broke out in Anatolia, headed by a leader whom the Turks termed *Shaitan-Kouli** (servant of Satan!):—and it was not till after gaining repeated advantages over the Asiatic pashas, that these fanatic rebels were at length crushed by the presence of the grand-vizir, who, as well as *Shaitan-Kouli*, fell in the battle. The relics of the faction fled towards the Persian frontier; but Ismail, unwilling to embroil himself with the Porte, punished their leaders with death as traitors against their legitimate sovereign, at the same time dispatching an embassy to Constantinople in order to excuse himself for affording an asylum to their meaner followers: and peace was thus preserved during the life of Bayezid. The consolidation of Persia under a Sheah prince was not, however, regarded by the new Sultan with the same indifference which had been shown by his father, and both personal and political motives concurred to inflame the hostility of Selim against Shah Ismail, who, in the short civil war which followed the dethronement of Bayezid, had openly supported the cause of Ahmed, and given a hospitable reception in Persia to his exiled adherents; and subsequently, in the anticipation of an attack from the vengeance of Selim, had solicited by a splendid em-

bassy, accompanied with costly offerings of slaves, treasures, and rare animals, the potent alliance of the Sultan of Egypt. But the throne of Cairo was no longer filled by the energetic Kait-Bey, whose reign of thirty years (a duration almost unexampled among the Mamluke rulers) had terminated in 1495:†—Kansuh-Ghauri, the reigning monarch, was too fully occupied in maintaining his precarious ascendancy over the turbulent beys, to hazard the chance of an unsuccessful war:—and the Persian envoys were dismissed with gifts and compliments. These indications, however, of a friendly intercourse between the courts of Cairo and Tabreez were intently watched by Selim, who was well aware that a cordial combination of these two powers, whose dominions covered the whole of the Ottoman frontier in Asia, might prove an effectual barrier to the Turkish arms in that quarter; and he accordingly resolved to crush the rising power of Ismail, before this formidable league should be matured.

The recent insurrection of *Shaitan-Kouli* had shown the dangerous progress which the Sheah faith was making in the Turkish provinces nearest the destined seat of war; and the precaution by which Selim sought to guard against the risk of co-operation between the sectaries in his own territories and their co-religionists in Persia, presents in its sanguinary cruelty an oriental parallel to the atrocities of the massacre of St Bartholomew. In pursuance of orders secretly issued to the different governors, 40,000 sheahs, of all ages and sexes, were slaughtered in one day; and after this dreadful extermination, (which is applauded by the Sooni historians as a meritorious act of justice against the heretics,) Selim addressed a manifesto to Shah-Ismai, in which the Persian prince is reproached as “a tyrant and usurper more accursed than Zohak, an enemy and persecutor of the *orthodox* faith, and a blasphemer of the companions of the prophet;”‡—and is commanded, on pain of annihilation

* His real name was Kara-Biyik, (Black Mustachio): but he had assumed the title of *Shah-Kouli*, or servant of the Shah, which the Turks travestied as above mentioned.

† Five Sultans had been dethroned, and three of them murdered, in the interval of five years between the death of Kait-Bey and the accession of Kansuh-Ghauri:—See Pietro Martyr for some details of this stormy competition.

‡ The three first caliphs, Abubeker, Omar, and Othman, whose legitimacy is denied by the Sheahs,

by the irresistible armies of the Osmanlis, either to abjure his errors and conform to the Sooni creed, or to descend from his usurped throne and resume the life of religious seclusion to which his forefathers had addicted themselves. This insulting missive was accompanied by the significant gifts of the *khirkhah* or torn robe, the scrip, and the staff, the insignia of the profession of a dervish; the onward movement of the Ottoman army, under the Sultan in person, immediately followed:—and thus commenced the war which laid the foundation of the inveterate religious and national hatred ever since subsisting between the Turks and Persians.

The event of the first campaign was decided, after the invaders had suffered severely from the wasted state of the country through which they advanced, by the battle fought at Tchaldærun, on the confines of Armenia and Azerbijan, Aug. 22, 1514. The victory was contested on both sides with all the fury of religious partizanship, and Ismail, who had never yet sustained a defeat, distinguished himself by feats of personal valour, which the Persian historians represent as almost superhuman; but his efforts were unavailing against the discipline and artillery of the Turks, and in attempting to retrieve the day by a last charge at the head of a select corps of cuirassiers, the king was wounded and unhorsed in the mêlée, and escaped with life only by the self-devotion of an attendant. The Persians were completely routed, and Selim entered Tabreez, then the capital, in triumph; and though his retreat to winter-quarters was incessantly harassed by his indefatigable enemy, the next year saw the important provinces of Diarbekr and Koordistan (the inhabitants of which were mostly Soonis, and disaffected to Ismail) annexed, almost without a blow, to the Ottoman empire; while the aged Prince of Zulkadr, Ala-ed-dowlah, atoned for his tortuous policy by the loss of his life and dominions, which were erected into a pashalic. The communication between Persia and Syria, except through the southern desert, was almost cut off by these new conquests of the Turks, which extended like a wedge between the dominions of Ismail and those of Kansuh-Ghauri, who, at last awakened to a sense of the danger

which menaced his Syrian frontier, remonstrated through an ambassador against the seizure of the Zulkadr territory, which he claimed as a dependency of the Egyptian empire; at the same time assembling an army of observation in the vicinity of Aleppo. The only answer which Selim returned to the Egyptian envoy was to the effect that, his master, instead of asserting a right to the honours of the coinage and the *khotbah* in the late possessions of Ala-ed-dowlah, would do well to prepare to defend these prerogatives of royalty in the states under his immediate rule; a sufficiently unequivocal indication of approaching hostilities.

The fierce ambition of Selim was unalterably bent on effacing, by a second Egyptian war, the memory of the repeated failures which had tarnished the lustre of the Ottoman arms during the reign of his father; and this resolution was fostered and encouraged by his ministers, who trembled for their own heads whenever the bloodthirsty and capricious temperament of their master should be deprived of occupation in war. Herzek Oghlu especially, in whose breast old age had not extinguished the hope of avenging his former defeat and captivity, laboured still farther to inflame the Sultan by often relating the taunts which, during his detention at Cairo, he had heard thrown out by Kait-Bey and his enemies against the routed Ottomans, and their haughty confidence in their own numbers and prowess. But an unexpected obstacle arose in the religious prejudices of the people and the soldiery, among whom it was a popular opinion that not only the misfortunes of the previous war, but the calamities which overtook Bayezid in his last days, were a Divine visitation for his attack on a race equally zealous followers with himself of the Sooni sect of Islam; and the janissaries, who two years before had hailed with joyous acclamations the order to march for the extirpation of the Persian heretics, loudly murmured at the command to turn their swords against a monarch of unimpeachable orthodoxy, the patron and guardian of the caliph and the holy cities! All the menaces of Selim failed to overcome their reluctance; and it was not till the scrupulous consciences of these military theologians had been

fortified by three successive fetwas from the mufti, who declared that the Mamlukes—by their alliance with the Persian Sheahs—by their allowing the intermarriage of Moslems and Giaours—and by their suffering coins inscribed with the formula of Islam to pass into circulation among infidels—had forfeited their claim to rank as true believers, and might lawfully be slain or made captive by the faithful—that the devout sons of Hadji-Bek-tash consented to follow the imperial horsetails from the Bosphorus to the rendezvous of the army at Marash.

The Egyptian Sultan had quitted Cairo early in the spring of 1516, at the head of 18,000 of his own Mamlukes, besides the Korsans or stipendiaries, and the household troops of the different beys; and after joining the Syrian troops, awaited the enemy near Aleppo, where a gallant army of 70,000 men was now assembled under his orders. But both dissension and treachery were rife among the chiefs; the perpetual jealousies and insubordination of the emirs had been dexterously fomented by the emissaries of Selim; and both Khayer-Bey, governor of Aleppo, and Jan-berdi Ghazali, one of the principal emirs of the Tabul-Khani, had been secretly found accessible to Ottoman gold; while the denunciation of their treason by the fearless and faithful Sibey of Damascus, (surnamed from his prowess Pehlwan or *the champion*;) were disregarded by Kansuh, who, warned by an astrologer against the designs of an enemy whose name began with S, had marked this valiant leader as the object of his suspicions. The Ottomans had already advanced to Aintab, when a last effort at negotiation was made by the mission of an Egyptian emir to their camp; but Selim, who had the previous year infringed the laws of nations by the execution of a Persian ambassador, was roused to violent wrath by the warlike equipments and martial bearing of the envoy and his suite, and furiously demanding whether there were no longer any men of the law in Egypt qualified for such a duty, ordered the instant decapitation of the whole party.

The attendants of the emir were massacred on the spot; and though the life of the envoy himself was spared at the earnest intercession of the grand vizir, he was sent back to the head-quarters of Kansuh mounted on an ass, with his beard and eyebrows shaved, and loaded with every mark of oriental opprobrium. The Mamlukes, indignant at the spectacle, clamoured loudly for battle; and on August 24, 1516, four days after the return of the luckless messenger, the two armies encountered each other on the plain of Mardj-Dabik, between Aintab and Aleppo.

The battle which decided the fate of Syria was, however, neither long nor obstinately contested. In the disposition of his army, Kansuh had formed the leading division almost wholly of the Korsans, and of those Mamlukes who had belonged to former sultans—a description of troops in whom he placed but limited confidence, and whose numbers he was consequently anxious to diminish by throwing on them the brunt of the battle, while his own Mamlukes and personal adherents were reserved at some distance in the rear for the final encounter. But this arrangement was productive of fatal results; the first line, led by the gallant Bey of Damascus, bore down with levelled lances, at the commencement of the action, with such rapidity and impetuosity, that the Ottoman order of battle, though protected, as usual, by a long line of artillery in front, was thrown into some confusion by the violence of the charge; but at this critical juncture the household troops, who formed the main body, ignorant of the hidden motives of the sultan, and indignant at being deprived of the post of honour which they considered as their right, refused to advance to the support of the Korsans, and quitted the field without striking a blow; while the corps already engaged, finding themselves deserted by their comrades, and galled by the heavy fire of the Turkish cannon, turned their horses, and joined in the retreat, which was speedily changed into a confused and panic-stricken flight.* Scarcely a thousand

* Knollen, with his usual propensity to exalt the prowess of the opponents of the Turks, gives an exaggerated account of the achievements of the Mamlukes, whom he represents as losing the victory only by the treason of Khayer-Bey; and Cauteмир goes

Korsans and Mamlukes (among whom was the brave Pehlwan Sibey) fell on the field of battle; but in the retreat they suffered severely from the pursuit of the Turkish horse, and the rout and demoralization of their army was complete: the emirs, collecting around them their *households*, sought by different routes to gain, in all haste, the frontier of Egypt, while their camp, with the immense treasures which it contained, was abandoned, without resistance, to the victors; and the triumph of Selim was crowned by the fall of the Mamluke sultan himself, who was found dead on the brink of a marsh, at a short distance from the scene of action, having either been overborne and trampled by the crowd of fugitives, or (as the Venetian reports given by Marini Sanuto state) having fallen in an apoplectic fit, to which his great age and corpulence rendered him liable, in the attempt to mount his horse without assistance. His head was severed from his body by a Turkish officer, who brought it as a trophy into the presence of Selim; but the sultan punished, by the degradation of the offender from his rank, the indignity which had been offered to the remains of a monarch, and directed their honourable interment on an eminence near the battle-field, where the tomb of the last Circassian ruler of Syria is still pointed out by the Arabs.

The victorious Ottomans marched from the scene of their triumph straight upon Aleppo, where the traitor Khayer-Bey, who now openly avowed his defection from the Mamluke cause, threw open the gates at their approach, and came forth in procession to salute the conqueror. Selim entered the city in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, who were indifferent whether the foreign yoke under which they were coerced was that of

an Osmanli or a Circassian ruler, and crowded with apparent alacrity to swear allegiance to their new sovereign. On Friday the sultan repaired in state to the *jami* or great mosque, where the imam read the *khutbah* in his name, with the dexterous addition to his titles, of "servant of the two holy cities"—a designation hitherto restricted to the Mamluke sultans; and Selim, who hailed in this well-timed phrase an omen of his future conquests, rewarded it by divesting himself on the spot of his imperial mantle,† which he threw with his own hands over the shoulders of the adroit flatterer. In the mean time, the detachments of the Turkish army were rapidly reducing district after district of Syria; the cities and fortresses from the frontiers of Anatolia to Palestine, despairing of resistance and hopeless of aid from the routed Mamlukes, submitted at the first appearance of the horsetails before their walls. Hamah, the former dominion of the historian Abul-Feda, was visited and occupied by the sultan in person, who advanced from Aleppo after a few days' sojourn. A number of the Circassian chiefs, in their flight from Mardj-Dabik, had halted at Damascus, where they collected round them a considerable force of Syrian Mamlukes, and attempted to make a stand, and to proceed to the election of a new sultan; but the approach of the enemy disturbed their tumultuous deliberations, and they hastily continued their retreat into Egypt, after confiding to an Arab emir, named Nasser-ed-deen, the defence of the city, the massive fortifications and ample magazines of which they hoped would check the progress of the invaders till the arrival of winter compelled them to retreat. But the commandant, who had been privately gained over by Khayer-Bey, yielded at the first sum-

even further, describing Khayer and Jan-Berdi Ghazali as passing over to the enemy with all their followers; and Kansuh, after performing prodigies of valour, and slaying numberless Turks with his own hand, as falling dead from exhaustion, unconquered and unwounded, in the midst of the fray!

† The *clothing of the Kaaba* (which appears always to have been considered as a proof of sovereignty over the Hedjaz—BURCKHARDT'S *Arabia*, i. 257) had been assumed by Kalaoun, the seventh of the Baharite dynasty, and constantly retained by his successors; the request of Mohammed II., shortly after the conquest of Constantinople, to be admitted to share in the pious task of repairing the aqueducts and fountains of Mekka, had been haughtily refused by the Sultan Khoshkbadem-al-Roumi,

mons; and, at the end of September, Selim took up his residence in the ancient palace of the Ayoubites, where he received the homage of the Druse and Arab sheiks, who flocked from all quarters to make their submission.

Thus was Syria absorbed into the wide-spread empire of the Ottoman sultans, of which it has ever since continued to form part, till in our days the ancient Syro-Egyptian kingdom of the Mamlukes has for a moment seemed on the point of re-establishment, with nearly its original extent and boundaries, by the successful revolt of a Turkish governor, the destroyer in Egypt of the last relics of the Mamluke corps. But notwithstanding the lapse of more than three centuries since the conquests of Selim, and the community of faith and government, no amalgamation has ever taken place between the Turkish and Arab races thus united under one sovereign; and the national antipathy which previously prevailed has con-

tinued unimpaired to the present day. Even where, as along the northern frontier, the encampments and pasture grounds of the Turkmans and the Bedowens are separated only by a rivulet or a narrow tract of barren country, the distinction is still as unequivocally marked as between their forefathers a thousand years ago, ere the Turkish name was known west of the Oxus: "and even the pronunciation and accent of the two languages have so little analogy that they always continue foreign to each other."—(*Volney*.) But the Arab monarchy of Selim was incomplete so long as the Mamlukes still remained erect and independent in Egypt: and no sooner had he provided for the temporary tranquillity and regulation of his newly acquired dominions, than the Ottoman columns were put in motion from Damascus in the depth of winter, and pressed forward through Palestine to encounter the enemy in their last stronghold.

LYRICÉ.

Those who were in the habit, some forty years ago, of wandering at the west end of London, must have remarked an individual frequently seen in St James's Street, about the hour when, the morning papers having been looked over, the clubs pour out their members into St James's Street and Pall-Mall. There and then groups were to be met with in all directions, composed of the most celebrated men of the day—when England possessed celebrated men—busily conversing on the proceedings of Parliament the night before, or which were to take place before another night had passed away. From the close of the American war, those groups were chiefly composed of the Opposition; for the unrivalled ascendancy of the greatest minister that England had ever seen, gave the Whigs the leisure for those conferences which the occupations of public life generally denied to the Tories, or their reliance on their great leader rendered unnecessary. There were to be met, from the hours of two to four, the *élite* of the Foxites, mingled occasionally with a few of the leading

peers and country gentlemen who formed the small neutrality of Parliament; there stood Fox, with his ponderous figure, good-humoured smile, and heavy step; Grey, grim from his cradle, perpendicular, and repulsive; Sheridan, with a face purpled over with claret—the stamp of his habitual excesses—astoozing form and neglected dress, but with an eye among the blackest, largest, and most beaming that ever was set in the head of man; Tierney, grave, sly, and with a look of inveterate subtlety, that might have established him as the most crafty of men, even before he had uttered one of his cunning syllables; Whitbread, short, strong, and broad-shouldered, the complete model of the brewer that he was, even to his pepper-and-salt coat, but with a countenance of singular manliness, and indicative of the John Bullism of his character; Wyndham, with the graceful figure, airy step, and handsome countenance that seemed made for courts—if the oddity, fantasy, and ill-fortune of his career had not left him in a state of oscillation between the Whigs and Tories, and,

like other pendulums, left him to swing while the hands in front were gaining ground at every move ; Dundas, who feared no one, and had a lively word for all, sometimes mingling with the circle ; for a moment throwing in his easy jest, and easily bearing its return, doubtless amused by the sense that he was the possessor of power, while they were but nibblers at the hook. There too was Jenkinson, with the profound brow that seemed surcharged with the secrets of an empire ; silent, if not sullen, and returning their salutations as cautiously as if a bow were a betrayal. There too, on his two huge legs, was the Duke of Norfolk, in his gray coat and black cape. Fluttering round and among those groups, was to be seen the individual to whom we have alluded—a man of remarkably expressive features, with a determined and even a stern air, which, however, frequently relaxed into a smile of the liveliest hilarity—his dress rather *negligé*, yet always that of a gentleman ; his step alert, and evidently formed by the drill ; and the whole man bearing evidence of one who had acquired the art of using his limbs on the parade of the Horse Guards. This was Charles Morris, the Whig Apollo, the volunteer laureate of the Opposition, of whomsoever it might be composed ; the head of the Beefsteak Club, and the leader of pleasantry wherever he appeared.

We shall now give some specimens of those flowers, or gems, or by whatever graceful nomenclature they are best to be described, which the bard offered upon the shrine of the muses. We are perfectly aware that Captain Morris has been charged with humiliating his talents to occasional productions, the reverse of honourable to his taste ; but, without defending these errors, it is only fair to remember that the extravagances of early life are not always to imply culpability in age ; that nothing is more common than to find obscure and vicious writers seeking security for their offences, by the protection of some well-known name ; and above all, that in the present collection—which, formed and authenticated as it is by the writer himself, is entitled to be considered as the *only one* by which he thought fit to represent his feelings, his merits, or his talents—he has not given a syllable to the public, which the

most refined delicacy could wish expunged.

Lyric poetry has never been a favourite with England, or it has been only a tolerated favourite. National talents every where have a strong connexion with the national temperament. English emotion is deep, powerful, and permanent. Our taste, perhaps, looking too much on the gloomy side of things, loves the force that is to be acquired by perpetual struggle of either mind or body. The labours of that political life, which involves all the higher ranks of English minds like a perpetual tempest, gives a certain portion of that vigour which is the fruit of toiling against the tempest. The effect of climate and manners is universally stamped upon national poetry. The French are the first of *chansonniers*. In the toils and terrors of their Revolution, they began to be poets ; but their vigour has died away in peace, and they are now again *chansonniers*, and no more. All the great poets of Italy rose in the time of her republican and warlike struggles. Dante was the creature of revolution ; Petrarch was a brilliant, though softer, emanation from that public flame which blazed out in Rienzi ; and even the pompous and glittering chivalry of Tasso found its existence, like the horse and olive of the rival deities of Athens, in the struggles for national supremacy. But the lyric poetry of later Italy is Horatian, and, like the verses of Horace, if it shows the elegance of courts, it betrays the polished debility of the national mind.

These volumes contain some exquisite Lyrics, charming developments of sensibility, and polished forms of thought. But our selections shall be chiefly from the more strongly marked portion of the work—sketches, sometimes of the ludicrous, sometimes of the natural, sometimes almost bacchanalian ; but at all times exhibiting the easy pleasantry of a poet, and the keen knowledge of a man of the world. The chief fault of those songs lies in their desultory nature ; but, without binding ourselves to quote the whole of any one of them, we shall quote merely those stanzas which please us best, and seem to give the happiest impression of the writer. Here is a song for that plague of London life, a day in the "gloomy month of November :"—

"Come, a toast!—'tis dismal weather,
Wine must clear this darken'd air;
Sunshine from the glass we'll gather,
Beauty's image slumbers there:
Bright in Passion's magic mirror,
Glow her charms when touch'd with
wine;
Venus wakes if Fancy stir her,
And her sweetest smile is thine.

"Like those icy clouds that blight us,
Reasoning sinks the heart with spleen;
But the sparkling goblets light us
Up to love's celestial scene—
Dreams of joy will there transport thee,
Hope in fair fruition shine:
Sweetly-varying visions court thee;
And a sip will make them thine.

"Take from me this truth, while drink-
ing—
Life looks best through Fancy's eye.
Measure not its charms by *thinking*,
Till its brighter aspects die;
Dive not in that sea of trouble
Where no sun on man will shine—
Love's at top, a precious bubble;
And a sip will make it thine.

"Leave to fate man's chequer'd measure,
Bless the mingled cup we drink;
With life's care still mix its pleasure;
Firmly hope and justly think.
Gay, 'midst earth's still shifting sorrows,
Dip the cypress wreath in wine;
Darken'd days have fairer morrows,
And a sip will make them thine."

All this is flowing and fanciful, the elegance of a polished *bon-vivant*, a "Carlton House" companion enjoying the burgundy of princes. But he now strikes a more sportive, yet not less harmonious string:—

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

"The worst of all nonsense that ever was
penn'd
To mock the vain wisdom that toils to
no end,
Is the cart-load of systems philosophers
plan
For earth and its tenant, for nature and
man.

"While they fruitlessly search with philo-
sophy's eye,
I take a good *glass*, and their purpose I
spy;
See it moved by a sympathy, every night
shown,
To help us along when we can't go alone.

"Don't you see, as we reel, the world reels
up and down,
She rolls in *her* fluid, and we in our own;
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Thus going together, we still keep our
ground,
And to-morrow, thank Fortune! are sure
to come round.

"Then, as to the matter that makes up
this ball,
We're all *spirit*, with us 'tis no *matter* at
all;
If 'tis *life*, keep it up—and if *dust*, as they
tell,
Why, before it flies off, let us sprinkle it
well.

"Some say that by water or fire it steers,
Talk of atoms and essences, orbits and
spheres;
But, let Newton, Descartes, and old Pto-
lemy doze,
As we push round our bottle's the way
the world goes.

"Then as to its age, let it be what you
please,
Either Heathen or Turkish, Gentoo or
Chinese;
It golden, or silver, or iron may be;
If it is but well *temper'd*, 'tis *metal* for
me.

"Then, on subjects where fools are as wise
as the sage,
When we've one we can fathom, why
should we engage?
Since Wit cannot clear it, why puzzle our
souls?
Let Time clear the *riddle*, while we clear
the *bowls*."

In the captain's early day, Whig-
gism was the fashion. All the nobil-
ity were Whig; with the exception
of the few immediately about the per-
son of the king, and the still fewer
who sincerely adhered to Pitt. All
the women of fashion were Whigs, at
least all the fashionable were; for
there is a line between the rank which
entitles to fashion, and the taste which
confers its renown. The great mi-
nister, who alone kept all the Whigs
at bay, was the object of universal
assault. On his lofty crest every
weapon of party poured a perpetual
shower. The powerful lance of Fox,
the sullen though feeble missiles of
the Greys, Courtneys, Wyndhams,
and all the second rank of Opposition;
the sparkling shafts of Sheridan, as
pungent as they were polished; and
the light arrows of pleasantry launch-
ed from the hundred hands of the more
nameless party—all fell on him, and
all fell in vain. He wore that armour
which nothing could penetrate; and,

when he retaliated, his sword was of a temper "that neither keen nor so-lid might resist its edge." In the great parliamentary contests, all gave way before him. But Opposition, having no hope of fixing any charge upon his public life, avenged itself in insinuating smaller scandals, when it whispered that the man whom neither the talents nor arts of the party could overcome, was often overcome by wine. Pitt's habits of seclusion gave an easy opportunity for charges which he took no trouble to refute, and the exhaustion of a mind and body, even in early life wearing themselves away in the public service, was readily exaggerated into the effects of indulgence at the table.

The well-known anecdote of his being fired at by the turnpike-keeper at Wimbledon, was a fertile source of pleasantry to the wits of Opposition. He had been dining with Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, and on his return on horseback, not finding the gatekeeper at the turnpike, had rode on without paying. His companions were in high glee, and though not likely to be engaged in a frolic, for they were Thurlow (then Chancellor) and Dundas, President of the Board of Control, they went on laughing at having thus evaded a tax. The turnpike-keeper, however, who evidently thought that it was no laughing matter, running out, called to them to stop; and finding that this produced no effect, had the folly or the frenzy to fire a carbine, loaded with slugs, after them. The fellow, probably to excuse himself, subsequently said, that he had mistaken them for a gang of robbers, who had lately committed some depredations in the neighbourhood. On this promising topic, Morris wrote a song in the Yankee style, which had vast popularity, and was among the cleverest things of its time:—

AMERICAN SONG.

" Sit down, neighbours all, and I'll tell a merry story,
About a British farmer, and Billy Pitt the Tory;
I had it, piping hot, from Ebenezer Barber,
Who sailed right from England, and lies in Boston harbour.

" This Billy Pitt is called Britannia's Prime ruler,
Though he be but a puppet, that's hung out to fool her;

But his name was a passport to let in older sinners,
So he deals out the cards that the knaves may be winners.

" Now it happ'd to the country he went, for a blessing,
And from his state dad to get a new lesson;
He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended—

Good lack! in such company, how his morals must be mended!

" This Harry was always a prime foe to Boston;

With bowels so greedy, they yearn'd for Hindostan.

If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and tar him,

With forty lacking one, too, I'd lam him, and I'd scar him.

" With their skins full of wine, and their heads full of state tricks,

Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of their late tricks,

He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,

And, both drunk as pipers, they knock'd their heads together."

The story then proceeds to say that they were benighted, lost their way, and at length stumbled upon a cottage:—

" Up sprily they march'd, while the fowls, in confusion,

Thought all their lives were aim'd at by this bold intrusion."

The countryman got up, and, putting a gun out of the window, warned them off the premises. Pitt tried his oratory, but in vain:—

" Now Billy began for to make an oration,
As oft he had done to bamboozle the nation;

But Hodge cried—' Begone! or I'll crack thy young crown for't!

Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues,
I'll be bound for't! "

Pitt failing, Dundas was called in, as usual, to his aid, but with equal ill success:—

" Then Harry stept up; but Hodge, wisely supposing

His part was to steal, while the other was prosing,

Let fly at Master Billy, and shot through his lace coat!

Oh what a pity 'twas it didn't hit his waist-coat!"

The whole concluding with a Yankee moral:—

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations ;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations ;
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown ;
And never lose your way, like the logger-heads of London."

This ballad was so well timed, that it made its way every where. In popularity, the moment is every thing. It was even quoted in the House, in Pitt's presence, by two such men as Burke and Sheridan. One night, Burke, in rather significant allusion to Sheridan's habits of intemperance, finished some sarcastic remarks on his political conduct, by repeating the lines,

"Solid men of Boston, banish *strong potations*—
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,"

to the great laughter of the assembly. But Sheridan, always ready, started up, and, in allusion to some presumed negotiation between Burke and the Ministry, happily answered, from the same ballad :—

"He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended—
Good lack! in such company, how his morals must be mended!"

Jenky (Jenkinson) was said to be the immediate channel of communication between the King and the Minister, and to be in some degree also Pitt's political adviser. Trimmer Hal was Harry Dundas, who, however unjustly, was charged with political latitudinarianism, though the chief defender of the Minister's measures in Parliament. The story in the poem is evidently varied from the true state of the case ; but poets have an original license to be as " picturesque " as they please.

But the poet could adopt a more finished style, and range through classic conceptions, in classic numbers, with equal feeling and elegance. The following is a copy of verses, in which he asserts his relationship to Horace, on the title of similarity of style :—

"Folks often quote me and my lays,
(A flattery I'm loth to refuse.)
As the sample best shown in our days,
Of Horace's manner and muse."

He then proceeds to establish the connexion of bardship, from the features of their career :—

"He shone—*bon-vivant*, 'tis confess'd,
Lived with all the first men of his day,
Was the charm of each care-shaded breast,
And the soul-waking star of the gay.
What I've been, my pen's relics must tell,
For entomb'd are the tongues of my time,
But, if spirits can feel, they know well
How I gladden'd their days with my rhyme.

"He was often in love, too, it seems—
A resemblance that hits to a hair ;
And he mingled, in sweetest extremes,
The joys of the flask and the fair.
Now all who've known me, must admit
The comparison faithful in this ;
For Bacchus and Venus still sit
Close link'd in my picture of bliss.

"He with friendship imperial was graced :
Here my muse had, like his, her reward ;
For the hand where a sceptre is placed,
Often met the plain palm of the bard.
He was calm, philosophic, and gay,
Chequer'd life with his glass and his pen :
Thus do I sit, and scribble away,
And, by turns, muse and mingle with men."

After observing that they had both been soldiers, and had alike retired, to indulge their love for quiet and letters ; he gracefully alludes to the philosophic spirit with which the Roman poet lived in happy obscurity, and the English one followed his example :—

"He sat out of Vanity's glare,
Untitled, undeck'd, and unplaced ;
He wish'd for no tinsel, to wear
In the bower which the muses had graced.

"Nor have I, fond of privacy's lap,
Though favour'd by Royalty's eye,
Sought a feather to stick in my cap,
Or a string on my button to tie."

Morris was a devoted lover of London. It was a part of the fashion of his time, to speak with affected contempt of the country. This style was as old as the time of Charles II. Charles's manners were French, borrowed from a court where the absurd policy of despotism had gathered all the nobles round the throne, and where the natural frivolity of the national character had aided the royal artifice, which thus separated the great landed proprietors from their tenantry. In heart much more a Frenchman than an Englishman, and copying the manners of that showy race, which, whenever it is not suffered to set the fashion

in war or negotiation, resumes its natural right, and sets it in the matter of cooks and tailors, he always turned the life of the country gentleman into contempt. But the expulsion of the worn-out dynasty of the Stuarts, and still more, the national triumph over France in the wars of William and Anne, partially restored the good sense of the nation. Natural taste revived, the country gentleman returned to the country, and employed himself in those natural and vigorous pursuits which at once give health and wealth; and from that period England dates the origin of that agricultural skill which has covered her unfertile soil with luxuriance, and filled her mountains and valleys with that garden beauty, which it required even the genius of a Milton to predict and praise. But the courtiers still laughed, and Chesterfield made himself memorable, by saying of some person whom he particularly disliked, that all the punishment he wished him was, "to be married and settled in the country." Town was the paradise of wits and poets; and to men of small income, without families or establishments, of easy habits, and finding their chief indulgence in the daily triflings of society, it undoubtedly offered a strong contrast to the weariness of country solitude; but with Morris the excuse was still stronger. The chief part of his life had been passed in London; the gayest part of it had been spent between Piccadilly and Pall Mall. He was a fly on the gilded chariot-wheel of the Carlton House world. He was a bird who sang in the royal cage, and could no more have sung, or perhaps survived, any where else, than the petted goldfinch could live, if turned out to find its fare among the hedge-rows. His poem, entitled the "Contrast," is a pleasant defence of his taste in this matter, and a gay caricature of the calamities of living out of the smoke of London. The poem is too long to be given in full; and, though every verse has its point, we must limit ourselves to extracts:—

"In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man,

"But the country, Heaven help us! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning till night;
Oh! it settles the spirits, when nothing is seen,
But an ass on a common, or goose on a green.

"In town, if it rains, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days?
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our ways.

"In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields;
Or go dawdling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree."

After playfully dilating on the miseries of a scene, which his muse rather unfairly invests in perpetual winter, and in which his only description is evidently that of a wet day, he gives a lively glance at the pleasures of town;—

"In London, how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are the treat;
Our morning's a round of good-humour'd delight,
And we rattle in comfort to pleasure at night.

"In the country, how sprightly! our visits we make,
Through ten miles of mud, for formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in our heads, but a ditch or a bog.

"In town, we've no use for the skies over head,
For when the sun rises, we're going to bed,
And as for that old-fashion'd virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

"Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, oh! a fine grove of chimneys for me,

"In town let me live, and in town let me die;
 For in truth I can't relish the country,
 not I.
 If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
 Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall!"

George IV. was too old when he came to the throne to give much animation to English society; growing infirmities had already unfitted him to enjoy the life of which he had so long been the leader; the bitterness of the party whom his long experience enabled him to know to the core, and whose ambition, once checked, was to be equalled only by their anger, disgusted him with public men; and his few years upon the throne taught him fully the royal lesson, of the joylessness of having nothing to hope for. But his earlier years exhibited an elegance, a spirit, and an ardour for cultivating the accomplishments of princely rank, new among English princes. We are by no means inclined to be his indiscriminate panegyrists; we know that there were painful circumstances in his career, blots in his history, errors of judgment, and vices of fashion, wholly injurious to the conception of a great, or even a good man. But we are to recollect the temptations of a rank which put all evil in his way; the necessary idleness of a life precluded from all political, military, and civil exertion; the total neutralization of his talents, in the midst of a people engaged in the most stirring crisis of the world; and, above all, his *associates*. With Fox, Sheridan, and the whole body of the leading Whigs constantly surrounding him—men whose boast it was, to plunge into every extravagance of high life—what could be expected from a prince, who fell into their hands a boy, and whose pecuniary embarrassments left him, broken down and helpless, in their hands, to the moment when he ascended the throne?—a moment of which he boldly availed himself, to spurn the whole tribe from him at once and for ever.

But he had an original fondness for the brilliant and sparkling portions of life, which, if he had been called earlier into the place of power, might have given a new character to British society. He loved the arts; he collected paintings; he was a tasteful

musician; and his knowledge of literature was classic and extensive. We are to remember too, that, brief as his reign was, and feebly as he was seconded by the habitual sluggishness of that heaviest of ministers, Lord Liverpool; yet he was the source of all the admirable improvements which have changed the face of a large portion of London, and that he gave the impulse to all those which are in progress; that he was the first who established a "Royal Academy of Literature," and endowed it with a thousand pounds a-year out of his privy purse—an endowment which the literature-loving Whigs took away under his successor, and whose loss, of course, cramped the efforts of a society which might, in a few years, have equalled the fame of the "French Academy" of Louis Quatorze, and collected within it the chief literary names of England and of Europe; and that he was the chief patron and promoter of the first attempt made to place historical painting in England on a national footing, and to establish a National Gallery. It is unnecessary to say, how important those objects are in a national point of view; or in what manner they have since been pursued. But those services must not be forgotten, when the memory of George IV. is to be brought into judgment with posterity.

Morris was a Whig, but he was a generous and rational one; and he could see and honour the public spirit with which the Regent preferred the people to a party, and abandoned the worthless companions of his idle hours, when he was called on to fulfil the duties of a throne. He celebrated this conduct in some bold and flowing lines:—

"When Europe, released from fierce
 Tyranny's away,
 Saw the dark Reign of Terror chased
 proudly away,
 While a demon, in mischief and madness,
 had shown
 That to seek others' ruin leads sure to our
 own;
 Let the heart of Old England, just, gen-
 erous, and brave,
 Keep the meed of that blessing her con-
 stancy gave.

"Though the deeds of all nations, with
 envious claim,
 On the tablet of Glory have blazon'd their
 fame,

Had the treasures of Britain not flow'd
in full tide,
All their glory had sunk, all their struggle
had died.
To the Prince of Old England loud be the
applause,
The mainspring of action, and soul of the
Cause.

"Yes! 'twas Britain's own prince, who,
with Valour's firm hand,
For the rescue of man pour'd the wealth
of the land;
And in spite of the malice that Faction
had hur'd,
Hath spread the blest mantle of Peace
o'er the world!
'Twas this strong British prop that sus-
tain'd the world's mind,
Till the Earth's bravest heroes struck
home for mankind."

But it is time to say a parting word of the writer of all those various verses. Captain Charles Morris had a kind of hereditary title to two pursuits, once closely allied—bardship and soldiership. His father was a captain, and a poet. He had also a collateral right; for his brother, Captain Thomas Morris, was also a poet, and a rather voluminous one. But the family fame has been eclipsed in his own; and, whatever might be the military laurels of his line, all its Parnassian laurels devolved upon his own head. Charles was one of four sons, and born in London. His father dying in his infancy, he was educated by his mother, an intelligent woman, who lived to the great age of 95. He entered the 17th foot at an early period, his brother being a captain in the corps, and the gallant regiment being almost a family one, three generations of his blood having served in it. The young officer went to America, where he served for some time, previously to the War of Independence. On his return to England, he exchanged into the cavalry, and obtained a commission in the Royal Irish dragoons. But his spirit, gay, courtly, and fashionable, evidently desired a closer intercourse with the town. He accordingly exchanged into the Life Guards, where he found the celebrated Captain Topham, then acting as adjutant, and as much distinguished for his attention to discipline, as he was afterwards for the pleasantry and eccentricity of his private life. This was exactly the intercourse suited to his taste. He was now in the midst of a circle of gallant

gentlemen, uniting the scholar with the soldier, and adorning their bold profession with the graces of accomplished life. In process of time he married a widow, the relict of Sir William Stanhope; and as war at this period had not yet shown his wrinkled front, and the routine duty of a regiment could not occupy much of his time, his original propensities flowed back upon him, and he plunged into poetry.

But a period soon arrived, in which politics occupied all minds. The struggles of Whig and Tory for power involved or interested every class of the community; and Captain Morris, always ardent and unhesitating, and captivated by the social manners of Fox, a leader eminently formed to please, poured out Whig verses with the rapidity, and not seldom with the power, of an enthusiast. But of this, too, there was an end. Fox, perpetually baffled, and become desperate, in his wild advocacy of the French Revolution, ran so far before even his own party, that he was left alone. All the manlier and better informed of the Whigs grew afraid to follow a leader, whose antics startled the sobriety of the empire. The question now was between England and France. The party was finally broken up, and Fox, with an affectation of disdain which he could not feel, and the consciousness of ruin, as a head of public council, from which even his subsequent momentary possession of power could not even restore him; abandoned Parliament, and declared himself to have abjured public life. All the chief Parliamentary Whigs now ranged themselves on the side of Ministers, for the national security. The principal private ones connected themselves more closely with the prince, for the sake of private friendship. Morris, whose habits had none of the bitterness of political strife, was now among the favourite associates of Carlton House, adopted the public feelings of the prince; and, when the final schism occurred with the Greys and Grenvilles, had no hesitation in making his choice between the prince and the party which had daringly professed its determination to rule. On this occasion he produced some of his bold and powerful songs. This connexion, too, ceased to exist. The misfortune of long life is, that it deprives man of all the associates who made its path pleasant, and leaves the

pilgrim to toil his way alone. The poet has some touching lines on this idea—written in advanced age. They are entitled—

FRIENDS ALL GONE!

"My friends of youth, manhood, and age,
At length are all laid in the ground;
As unt I stand on life's stage,
With nothing but vacancy round.
I wander, bewilder'd and lost,
Without impulse, or interest, or view;
And all hope of my heart is, at most,
To soon bid the desert adieu."

After making some general remarks on the regret with which all men of the world must look back on the errors of their career, he gracefully, and we think piously, closes with this stanza—

"But this derelict state of man's lot,
That fate to the aged ordains,
Bids the heart turn its hopes *where it ought*,
Nor seek worldly cure for its pains.
Thus I turn from the past and the lost,
Close the view my life's picture supplies,
And while penitent tears pay the cost,
Blot the frolics of mirth from my eyes."

In speaking of this writer, we by no means desire to place him in any very high rank of his own delightful art. He was not born to figure among the "*Dii majorum gentium*." But he was a man of a decidedly poetic spirit, which even in the habitual distractions of a town life could not be kept down; he was among the first, if not the first lyrical writer of his day; and though he may yield to some in richness, and others in fire, he has combined qualities which ought to transmit his name to the future generation.

In the same spirit are some fine lines on the Demolition of the Star-and-Garter Tavern in Pall-Mall, a hotel in which many of the most showy coteries of his time had assembled. The extinction of Carlton House, at the same time, seemed to him ominous of the end of his intercourse with London life. The lines are remarkably

tender and graceful. He first alludes to the ruins of the hotel:—

"Farewell for ever!—thus, then, falls at last
The roof where all my proudest days had past,
Where Mirth, enthroned in splendour,
held her reign,
And royal voices echo'd still the strain;
That roof, where minds with Life's high polish stored,
Still graced the banquets of her glowing board;
Where Wit and Wisdom mingled grave and gay,
And Reason join'd in Fancy's brightest play.
Farewell, farewell! a sad memento lie,
How Fame's lost lustre dims the sorrowing eye,
And bids the heart, long cheer'd by Fancy's beam,
Sink in sad languor o'er the fleeting dream.
Again farewell! for ill my sight can bear
Thy crumbling ruins, once so famed and fair."

In the Star-and-Garter Tavern, the chief fashionable clubs had their dinners, and among the rest the "*Dilettanti*," composed of the principal travelled noblemen and accomplished gentlemen of England. He then briefly touches on the overthrown palace of the prince, where he had passed so many delightful years:—

"Down falls the palace, too!—and now I see
The street, a path of deadly gloom to me:
And as I range the town, I sighing say,
"Turn from Pall-Mall, 'tis now no more thy way;
Thy once-loved shady side, oft praised before,
Shorn from Earth's face, now hears thy strains no more;
And where thy Muse long plied her welcome toll,
Cold Speculation *barters* out the soil."
Thus sinks the scene—thus proud emotions rest,
That fondly warm'd so long my flatter'd breast;—
Let me forget, then, till that fatal day,
Which awakes my timeworn frame, like thine, away."

HINTS TO AUTHORS;

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.

ON THE IMPRESSIVE.

I CLAIM no merit—my modesty is well known to all the world—but I merely mention the following facts, and leave an envious public to draw what conclusions it likes. At the request of the whole literary world I published a series of essays under the name of *Hints to Authors*, in which I endeavoured to obviate the difficulties that were usually supposed to attend original composition. I laid down rules for the attainment of all the beauties of style, whether elegant or sublime; and since the period of their appearance, it is, I flatter myself, impossible to be denied, that a very great change has taken place in the literature of my age and country. We have no “*Waverley Novels*” now, with their absurd adherence to nature and probability—no “*Gertrudes of Wyoming*” with their sickening simplicity—nor “*Mariners of England*” with their disgusting vigour and vulgar enthusiasm. No, thanks to my infallible rules for the concoction of novels and poems, we have — and —! I do not mention names—but I think I can see in the number of my recent disciples the burly countenance of a Mrs — and the bright soul-illuminated eyes of a Lady —. And yet only half my work is done. I shall not rest satisfied with my benevolent efforts till I have succeeded in making authorship universal—till there shall live no man, no woman, and very few children, who shall not have written a book. Oh! golden days of all-pervading taste and talent, when washerwomen shall be advertised for who can get up fine linen and romances,—and in short when my *Hints* (sold separately at half-a-guinea—see advertisement), instead of being restricted to a moiety of mankind, shall be addressed to the whole human race. In anticipation then of that happy period, let me proceed with so praiseworthy an undertaking, and macadamize the way to the very portal of the Temple of Fame. But first, as I have thought it right to sound in some small degree the trumpet of my own glory in announcing the success of my labours, let me also confess with shame and confusion of face, that there are some blinded and ignorant mortals on whom my advices

have positively no effect whatever. First among these is an individual, who, in defiance of every rule I laid down, has written a book called the “*Interdict*”—a novel in three volumes—without any French or foreign language in it whatsoever, and, therefore, which has no pretensions to the genteel—full of genuine, natural, hearty humour, and, therefore, lays no claim to the facetious—in short, a work that seems to belong to a very different school from any of which I have yet taken notice—and I therefore leave Mrs Steward to the congenial society of such people as Miss Ferrier and Miss Edgeworth.

Secondly, I wash my hands of Miss Ellen Pickering, whose “*Squire*” was written in defiance of all my rules, and whose “*Fright*” is also very different from the compositions of any of my disciples. *Thirdly*, I give notice, that I disclaim all connexion with a young person of the name of Max Wentworth, who talks like a gentleman without any apparent effort, and runs trippingly through his three volumes, as if he had cost no trouble to his author—a grievous fault;—for, unless you toil and struggle, and let people see how horribly difficult you find it to invent or support your characters and conversation, who, do you think, will give you any credit for it?—Therefore, above all things, be as stiff in your style as you can—show that every sentence is the result of hard thinking, and that your work is actually the produce of sheer unassisted fancy, and has nothing to do with your knowledge of life or power of observation. Read —;—that’s all. There is but one other preliminary I wish to mention before entering seriously upon my task; and that is, the infinite gratitude I owe to Mr Rowland Hill and the Penny Postage. One half of the letters I receive from parturient authors, would have lodged me very snugly in the Fleet at the ancient rate; for there is this very great peculiarity in my correspondence, that the farther people live from civilized life, and the fewer opportunities they have had of mixing in society, the more prolific they are in novels of life and

manners. Thus I have had numerous applications for hints towards the completion of "Peeps into Almack's," "Devonshire House," and other works of that description, from cattle-dealers in the Orkneys. "Metternich, or the fate of Europe," was sent up to me from a street in Glasgow called the Gorbals, with a request that I would be kind enough to insert the names of some streets and palaces in Vienna—and of the prime ministers of the various kingdoms with which Metternich had diplomatic relations. It was written in a gentle female hand, and was in most instances correctly spelt, unless where she had occasion to mention the names of any German towns, where she seemed always to have copied the medical guide of Dr Granville; and, in humble imitation of that literary Sangrado, to have spilt the consonants of the alphabet on them at hazard. Having now cleared my way, I proceed to the business of this paper.

The style of writing most sure of success in the present day is evidently the Impressive. One must think in italics in order to be popular; for plain matter-of-fact narrative, and even attempts at humour, or pathos, have no chance against the thrilling school. People don't like to have their feelings gradually interested by the skilful development of a character, or to be led on, step by step, to see the workings of some real human passion in people of real human flesh and blood—they prefer to have their feelings roused as by the bursting of a mine, and to have presented to them some combination of startling contradictions, such as a most honourable and highly religious murderer—a cannibal studying for the church—or an atheist made Lord Mayor. Since this is the public taste, all that I have to do, is to enable any one who likes to gratify it to the utmost. And, luckily, there is not the slightest difficulty in attaining the foremost rank in that style of composition.

First, with regard to the subject, let it be what is commonly called low; let your personages be the frequenters of gin-shops and the refuse of jails, but animate them with as noble and elevating sentiments as you can. It would be nothing very amazing to introduce a young nobleman with the sentiments and manners of a pick-pocket or a prize-fighter. Such instances are, unfortunately, not altogether unheard of in real life; but the triumph of your art will be to

reverse this state of things, and astonish the world with the presentment of some young Dutch Sam with the philanthropy of Howard, and the learning of Porson. Young ladies of every degree—the duke's daughter and the barber's—will consider the character delightfully natural and interesting; and ten to one the admiration will be warmest on the part of the high-born damsel. Perhaps the same profound ignorance that makes all the mysteries of high life so intensely fascinating to young ladies in country villages—to the wives of quiet respectable clergymen and unambitious squires—has the same effect on Lady Belinda with regard to the heroes and heroines of bridewells and tap-rooms. If you could manage to lay your scene in Portsmouth dock-yard, and fill your whole novel with convicts and nothing else, your fortune would be made. A benevolent parricide with chains on his legs would be a captivating subject, with a powerfully wrought description of an attempt to escape while the dockyard and ships in harbour had been humanely set on fire. This, with a few scenes from the interior of the hulks, the friendships and hatreds that diversify those horrible depositaries of virtuous theft and praiseworthy homicide, would be sure to sell your book, if you would be particular in following my instructions as to style. Never name any thing, however small or unimportant, without a strong epithet. If your hero, for instance, asks in some moment of enthusiasm for a glass of gin, call it "the horror-darkened cup of that appalling beverage." He drank a jug of beer—"He revelled in the foam-covered liquid—he swallowed it wildly, furiously—paused for breath—again sank his mouth, chin, nose into the gigantic tankard, and with a deep gulp of satisfaction, tossed the empty utensil into the fire, and with an appalling oath that shook the rafters of the crazy barn, shouted, "'Tis done, ha! ha! I've swigged it all—all—every drop, ha! ha!" You see at once the picturesqueness of the latter mode of description; and yet you will observe, after all, that it expresses exactly the same event as the first miserable sentence, namely, the fact of his drinking some beer.

In the next place, be very particular in your descriptions of scenery. Whenever you have occasion to introduce the moon, do it in blank verse,

but print in the usual type. It has a fine effect. The same principle applies also to general reflections, particularly on the uncertainty of life, the advantages of a disregard of law and morality, or other subjects of that kind. With regard to what a set of pedantic blockheads are pleased to call the "keeping" of a character, treat it with the contempt it deserves. Shew your versatility by painting the same character in a different light in every chapter. The contrasts between what the reader expects and what you describe, are great strokes of art. Thus, when you leave the hero at the end of the first volume in the act of making his dying speech at the gallows, be sure to open your second volume with the same hero mounted on a fiery grey, curvetting down Regent Street to the admiration of all beholders.

Your similes must all be drawn from the most solemn objects you can think of; and, above all things, be very copious in the use of the word *hell*. You cannot mention it too often. Infinity—eternity—blood—ocean, and abyss, are also to be scattered plentifully over every page—an unfinished sentence is sometimes very effective. A rigid adherence to these rules, with a plentiful disregard of grammar or probability, will enable you to take your place among the chief denizens of the Impressive Literature of England. I close this lucubration, as usual, with a specimen, to which I have given the taking title (though without the slightest connexion with the contents) of—JIGG SNAGG; OR, THE MODERN HYPERION.

CHAPTER I.—*The Dutch Clock—The Arrival.*

The wind, that had been blowing a hurricane of vast and overwhelming vehemence and impetuosity all day, had subdued its sullen mood, and only growled at fitful intervals, as if in anger at its prey having escaped it, at about twenty minutes past eight on Wednesday evening the fourth of December, seventeen hundred and five. Gust succeeded gust with fearful irregularity; momentarily, a wilder howl rose dismally amidst the lesser shrieks of the agonized elements, and suddenly a calm—dull, dead, motionless as an inanimate flake of moonlight—added a new ghastliness to the tempest by the very absence of the appalling noise which had hitherto

marked its power. Through the thick darkness that accompanied this wild war of nature, the traveller who should have passed the little wayside public-house, known to the few neighbouring rustics who frequented it by the name of the Brindled Bullock, might have descried a pale light east across the road from the upper portion of the window of the tap-room. The lower half was shrouded from external view by a thick red curtain, probably of dyed worsted, or some equally common material. The light flickered across the road, and illuminated the gable end of a low stable near the roof, while the door and all the contiguous parts were shrouded in impenetrable gloom. On this occasion the little tap-room was fuller than usual. Some farmers, who had been attending a large market held in a considerable town about fifteen miles to the westward, had put into the Brindled Bullock for shelter from the storm; and the astute cares of Jeremiah Bugles seemed to have reconciled them so perfectly to their compulsory imprisonment, that they showed no disposition to recede from their comfortable quarters in front of a blazing fire. The rest of the company consisted of a few of the usual frequenters of the house, who kept themselves modestly withdrawn from the vicinity of their superiors, and satiated their animal propensities with bread and cheese and a small modicum of ale.

The political state of England at the date at which our story commences was complicated and disturbed. The tyrannical conduct of Henry VIII., in pursuance of the league into which he entered against the liberties of both countries with the ambitious and mercenary Louis XIV. of France, had left a difficult task to his successor, the noble and imperious Anne. The war with the united republics of Holland and America exhausted the finances of the country, whilst a threatened invasion by the Neapolitans and Bohemians made even the most resolute tremble for the fate of Britain. Marlborough had not yet risen, like a sirocco fresh from the brimstone plains of arid desolation, to sweep into insignificance the banded armies of foreign and domestic foes. The thunderbolt lay sleeping, like a swan upon the waters of a lake. It was soon to burst forth in its desolating vengeance, and laugh, in the exulting spirit of its self-conscious omnipotence, at all the puny

efforts of its opponents. In these tremendous circumstances it is not wonderful that the conversation, even of the lower orders, was of a higher cast than might have been expected in more peaceful times. Men's minds were sharpened, as on a nether millstone, amidst the jarrings of so many varying elements, radiating to one centre from a common focus. Though dealing in corn and cattle, they were the countrymen of Clarendon and Chatham. Those names were a beacon to guide them in that stormy sea, over which brooded the darkness of a curse—a vapour as of men's groans. Oh! if the magic of a mighty name, the thrilling power that lives within its sound, were known to those who guide our country's fate, they would be loth to bury in oblivion the names of the great dead who live for ever!

"I am no friend to the finesses of diplomacy," observed Farmer Wiggins of Towcester, a large square-built man, in the ordinary dress of the period, high jack-boots with military spurs, a long silver-handled sword, buff doublet and Spanish sombrero surmounted with red ostrich feathers—"It hurts the delicacy of the moral sense, and seems to mescarcely in accordance with the eternal fitness of things." "Very true," replied a yeoman of about the same age, but more humbly appareled in slashed silk doublet and high-heeled shoes—"the same observation has frequently occurred to me: the vigorous prosecution of the war is undoubtedly our duty at the present time, and the only object of apprehension is, that the imposition of new taxes may give rise to popular discontent." "If they do not lay the impost upon hops," observed Jerry Buggles with a smile, "I shall have no objection to their fiscal regulations." "Hops!" interrupted one of the rustics, "methinks, Master Buggles, you may rest quite easy on that point, as much as I should if the tax were imposed on carriages and four." There was a loud laugh at this sally. "The knave!" muttered the discomfited landlord, "he seems to know I adulterate;" then speaking aloud, he said, "Gentlemen, if the thunder to-night does not turn the beer in the cellar sour, it will be a convincing proof of the excellence of the materials."

While this interesting and characteristic conversation was proceeding, the eyes of a good many of the guests

were attracted to the eccentric motions of the Boots attached to the establishment. He was a tall, sallow-complexioned man, of perhaps five or six-and-twenty years of age. There was something indescribably awful in the wild glance of the blood-shot eyes, which, from time to time, he cast on the window. It seemed as if they had grown red, from constant gazing on the glowing embers of infinity. Great whisks, of a hue rivalling that of molten lava, shook their shaggy magnificence over either cheek, and prolonged themselves to the very verge of his white and rigidly compressed lips. He leaped up from time to time, as if under the agency of some internal irresistible power, and gazed on the worm-eaten Dutch clock, which clucked, like a gigantic broad-faced hen over her numerous chickens, the minutes—"Not yet, not yet!" he uttered in a deep deprecatory tone, "Gracious Heavens! not yet!"

The spectators gazed on him in silent astonishment: some more courageous than the rest had even some thoughts of addressing him; but such is the power of vivid and intense emotion, that it repels the haughtiest spirit, and forces the proudest, the noblest, the wisest, to recede from it in involuntary awe. While the conversation was in this way at a stand still, suddenly, through the low wailings of the now-exhausted storm, a voice was heard at the outside, but so indistinctly as to make it impossible to determine what the precise words were, to which it gave utterance. Nearer it came, and nearer still, then clearly and distinctly, so as to be heard by every person in the room, the same voice exclaimed, "Boots, ahoy!"—

All held their breaths—not a muscle was moved—the individual thus alluded to cast one last glance at the face of the Dutch clock, smiled with an expression of infinite hallucination, and in a voice of thunder replied, "Coming, sir!"

He left the room, the company felt as if a dim haggard weight were lifted from off their oppressed bosoms. The farmers applied more lustily to their jugs of hot-and-hot—but their tranquillity was of short duration; a suppressed groan, which increased in vehemence till it finally rose into a shrill unutterable scream, was heard from the little stable across the road—

a sudden rush was made by the whole party to the spot, but nothing was discoverable by their minutest observation—the object of their admiration, the being who has been introduced to our readers as Boots, was nowhere to be found; the marks of horses' hoofs were recent upon the muddy road—but no one of the guests had perceived the departure of the stranger, whose voice they had heard. At last, round an angle of the wall, to which the light from the window of the tap-room did not penetrate, they saw a sight that froze their blood with horror. With folded arms, and head proudly elevated to the starless sky, they recognised the figure of a man—at his feet lay something—a black moveless object, so soiled with mud, that at first it seemed only an inequality in the soil. But one of the assistants, on putting his hand on it, found beneath his touch the lineaments of a human face—he shrieked with horror—a candle was brought, and held over the countenance thus discovered. It was ghastly pale, and deeply streaked with blood. "Murderer!" said one of the farmers, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the still motionless Boots.

He shook not—looked not—moved not—"Come!—to prison with him!" One stagger forward—then a reel to one side—a faint groan, and the individual thus addressed fell senseless on the wet and slippery ground.

CHAPTER II.—*The Recognition—The Meeting—The Struggle.*

It was with a bright rejoicing lullaby of buds and flowers, and sunbeams opening on the dewy lawn, that morning—fresh from the alumbors of eternity—arose next day at a very early hour. But the piercing light penetrating through the shattered window-shutters of the small kitchen of the Brindled Bullock, had no other effect on the group assembled round the table than to remind them that as their time for enjoyment was drawing to a close, they had better make the most of it. The great brown can was accordingly replenished without more delay, and a young man, with a severe recent wound on his forehead, whose pale and emaciated, but still noble and intellectual features, bore evidence to the effects of his libations, struck up the following song—

1.

Ye jolly pads, ye nimming coves, attend unto my lay,
The deeds I sing of bold Bob King, who clyed the shimming fay,*
His douser's nob with link was shog,† his birry was garown'd,‡
Both calf-skinn'd in the mackerel sauce,§ and so the thread was wound;
But Bob, he was a hero bold, and this was still his speech,
I'll hug the post or cross the pond,|| but curse me if I peach.
Then mizzle, boys, the tankard clink,
And swizzle, boys, tis good to drink,
Swizzle, swizzle, ho! ho! ho!

2.

It was one morn to take the air he mounts his gallant brown,
And trots away so sprack and gay north-west of Horsleydown;¶
His barkers** from his holster beds put out their muzzles black,
And his borer†† sharp swung in its sheath, and glitter'd athis back;
Bob's mind was turn'd to business then, and so he made his speech,
I'll hug the post or cross the pond, but curse me if I peach.
Then mizzle, boys, &c. &c.

3.

It chanced a grazier he o'ertook, his pockets fill'd with gold,
Says Bob, says he, "Your servant sir, if I may make so bold,

* Practised the thieving profession. † Mother's neck with hemp was stretched.

‡ His father was hanged.

§ "Calf-skinn'd in the mackerel sauce."—At the time of the plague of London, the prisoners' dock was covered with fennel, (the usual accompaniment of mackerel,) to prevent infection, and the custom has been continued ever since. "Calf-skinn'd"—sworn against by kissing the testament.

|| Be hanged, or transported.

¶ North-west of Horsleydown—Bagshot Heath.

** Pistols.

†† Dagger.

The nag you ride lifts well and fast, I'd like to try his pace,
I'll bet a crown my trusty brown shall beat him in a race."
"Done!" says the grazier—"Done!" says Bob, and then he made his speech,
I'll hug the post or cross the pond, but curse me if I peach.
Then mizzle, boys, &c. &c.

4.

"But hold," says Bob, "we'll do it square; my horse has won a plate,
And therefore it will not be fair unless he carries weight;
So hand me out your canvass bags, I'll ease you of the load;
I scorn to take advantage of a friend upon the road.
Come hand them out, be quick, be quick!" and then he made his speech,
I'll hug the post or cross the pond, but curse me if I peach.
Then mizzle, boys, &c. &c.

5.

The grazier he was stout and bold, and a sturdy "No" he said,
"Moy horse's bock wud never break gif I wur made o' lead."
But next minute by the merest chance a bullet punch'd his scrag,
And Bob's stout hand by accident pulled forth the canvass bag.
A grunt—a yell—the grazier fell! and Bob he made his speech,
I'll hug the post or cross the pond, but curse me if I peach.

Then mizzle, boys, the tankard clink,
And swizzle, boys, 'tis good to drink,
Swizzle, swizzle, ho! ho! ho!

While the applause with which this effusion was received shook the rafters of the apartment, a person, in whom it was easy to recognise the Boots of the preceding evening, whispered in a thrilling tone in the ear of the singer—

"So you came last night?"

"I did."

"I saw you round the corner of the stable, and knocked you into a swoond."

"Into a puddle you would say, ha! ha! ha!"

"Laugh not—you know not me—I have somewhat to tell you."

"Tell me now."

"No—sufficient that I know you—Theodore!"

"Ha! who calls? Who are you? Where have we met?" exclaimed the young man, starting up.

"Rest quiet," resumed the other in the same thrilling whisper as before; "knowest thou the gibbet on the blasted heath?"

"I do."

"There! to-night, as the moon crosses the blue arch of midnight. Fail not"—and again, he added, with a look in which the essence of impenetrability was powerfully developed—"Theodore!"

Who was he? by what means had he gained possession of what was evidently a profound secret? What use would he make of his knowledge? The young man held down his head while cogitating over these and other

similar enquiries. When he raised his eyes to where the mysterious being had stood, he was gone!

"Did any of you see him?" cried the young man. "Who is he? what is his name?"

"Whom do you mean?" answered a chorus of voices.

"The man who was here beside me this moment, with light-green eyes, blue lips, white whiskers, and red mustaches."

"Why, you must mean the Boots—him that brought in the beer just now."

"Ay, but his name? where does he come from?" still farther enquired the singer.

"That we know not," replied the other, who indeed was no other than Jeremiah Buggles, the jovial landlord of the Brindled Bullock himself. "He sometimes speaks as if he were of Yorkshire or Devonshire by birth; but we never enquired the exact site of his parentage. His name, however, is a common one, Methuselah Gubb"—

"Methuselah!" muttered the young man in a disappointed tone; "Methuselah—Gubb—I never heard it before! strange, very strange!" and gradually he withdrew himself from the circle, and seemed absorbed in his own thoughts.

It is a strange fact, and to the philosophic enquirer presents food for serious reflection, that by some strange concatenation of events, night almost always follows closely upon day. Not so surely does winter follow spring,

or summer melt mellifluously into the softening dawn of autumn, than gaudy day lays down his gariash length in the broad lap of our great mother night. The bright and twinkling stars that overhead hold silent revelry, and through that field (so deeply blue, so calm, and beautiful) whirl their free courses like some heaven-born steeds through the ethereal pastures of the sky—these—the eternal candles—burning on—on—on through countless ages—these outshine the gaudiest gala night of poor Vauxhall! they do indeed; and it was with some such sentiments as these floating through his brain, that the young man, whom we shall now, for the sake of perspicuity, call Theodore, pursued his way across the heath that lay about two miles to the north-east of the Brindled Bullock.

"This man certainly knows me," he said; "he knows my name, or, at least, one of the appellations I have worn—and when"—he gnashed his teeth as he spoke, and, as if afraid of continuing the train of remembrance into which his thoughts had fallen, he commenced whistling Lillibullero. But it was ineffectual. "When I called myself Theodore, there was still something good and pure remaining in my disposition. If I did wrong, I repented; if I robbed, I was sorry; but murder!—ha! murder!" and again he whistled Lillibullero.

"How beautiful she was!" he continued, "and how true and trusting!—Well, well! her beauty would have been on the wane by this time, for it is ten years ago, and she was just nineteen. At nine and twenty they are on the wrong side of the hedge. Hallo! who goes there?"

"A friend—good-night."

"Good-night—you can tell me how far it is to the gibbet?"

"Yes—I thought from your voice you were on your way to the gallows," said the man, who was dressed in a waggoner's smock frock; "and you see I wasn't very far out—about a quarter of a mile—a little to the right. Keep off the main road, which you will be sure to know by the rumbling of our caravans. We are carrying the menagerie to Bristol fair, and I have stept on a bit in front, to procure lodging at the next inn."

With thanks on the part of Theodore, and an exchange of good-night, they parted.

"That fellow seems a wit, by his talk about the gallows," muttered Theodore. "I've known the time, when, for half the provocation, his brains would have spoilt my cudgel."

Cutting across as directed, he soon saw the object of his search—a plain black beam dimly relieved against the now murky sky—but no one near. "He has deceived me—this Methuselah Gubb—and, if so," he added, with a grim smile, while he touched the point of a concealed dagger, "I'm afraid he won't live half so long as his namesake."

"This, then," he said after a pause, laying his hand on the upright post—"is the personified majesty of the law—the recording angel of our Acts of Parliament—a timber Thetis—a"—

"'Tis the gallows!" said a voice, and Methuselah Gubb stood before him.

"Well, to business!" exclaimed Theodore—"be sharp, or"—

"Or what?" almost howled Methuselah, looking closely into his face.

"Why, time's precious, that's all," replied Theodore—"you invited me to meet you here—I have accepted your invitation—say on!"

"Are you prepared to hear me? for there are words that would try the boldest—and I know them."

"What are they? I can hear them—speak."

"They are three—Theodore, one—aunt, two—and murder, three. Have you kept count?"

"You should have bethought you of pistol, four," cried Theodore, drawing a small blunderbuss, and cocking it in Methuselah's face—"you are a dead man, click!"

But ere the trigger had time to be drawn, the muzzle was seized by the infuriated Methuselah, and a dreadful struggle ensued. Both men were young and powerful, and life was the prize of the victor. The moon shed a grey and watery light upon the scene—not a breath was stirring, and all that broke the solemnity of that desolate heath and breathless midnight, were the frantic struggles of two desperate men. Writhing their bodies in every variety of fantastic attitude, with the one grand overmastering feeling of intense hatred swelling their hearts, they seemed to take note of nothing but the deep strife that devoured them. Victory sometimes inclined to the one, sometimes to the other—once

Methuselah was forced upon one knee; at another time, he had secured his antagonist's head beneath his shoulder; but while they were in this life-and-death struggle, a circumstance occurred which put an end to the engagement, and turned their thoughts into another channel.

CHAPTER III.—*The Course of the Wild Beasts—The Struggle—The End.*

"Stop!" cried Theodore, "something approaches us." And, in truth, there came upon the night-wind the baying of some animal proceeding at a furious rate, exactly in the direction of where they stood. The combatants paused and listened. They heard distinctly a loud impetuous breathing, mingled, at intervals, with a sort of subdued growl; but their ears could not catch the footfall of the animal that produced it, nor could their eyes perceive the slightest motion in all that illimitable expanse of bare and motionless heath. Nearer the sound came, and nearer. The two men retired behind the huge support of the gibbet, and waited in anxious expectation. At length, on the summit of a gradual swell of the moor, they detected the furious pace of some darkened object, on which the struggling moonbeams threw a ghastly uncertain light, and in an instant Theodore had climbed to the vacant arm of the gallows, exclaiming, "It is a tiger!" Methuselah moved not; and the animal thus indicated, scoured noiselessly and rapidly by, within a few feet of where he had stationed himself. Suddenly, from the top of the gallows, Theodore exclaimed, in a whisper, "A bear, a bear!" And with its wild unwieldy trot, but still progressing at a prodigious pace, came on an enormous black bear, beating its tusks together, as if in expectation of a fight, and from time to time turning its red eyes in all directions, but never for a moment relaxing its speed. A hyena, a jackal, and a jaguar next flew past in ghostlike silence; and then these burst forth, amid the stillness of the night, a roar so loud, so fierce, and so thunderous in its sound, that Methuselah started, for it came apparently from his immediate vicinity. "Ha! a lion!" whispered Theodore; "climb up hither, or you are a dead man."

"Never!" exclaimed the other, and waited patiently in his place.

But it was soon evident that the roar had been productive of some remarkable effects; for, from the extreme distance, sounded back a shrill cry, as if of defiance, and in a moment, breasting the upward heath, the stealthy step of the tiger that had formerly passed was recognised on its impetuous return. When it reached the gibbet it paused, and casting its eyes to the summit, fixed them instantaneously on the pale face of Theodore. It sat down and wagged its tail with slow circular movements, uttering short disjointed howls. Theodore, though in a state of intense alarm, did not lose his presence of mind. He pulled out the pistol which he had carried with him, and pointed it at the savage's head. But ere he had time to fire, Methuselah cried "Hush!—fire not!—the lion! the lion!" In less time than it takes to write these words, the lion had dashed forward, and, growling, tearing, and foaming, had thrown himself on the tiger, which resisted with a fierceness to be expected from its strength and courage. Methuselah climbed to the other arm of the gallows, to witness the combat more at his ease; and coming unexpectedly close to his antagonist, seized the pistol from his hand, and laughed with a grim satisfaction when he saw the powerlessness of his victim.

The battle that raged so fiercely below, seemed by sympathy to excite the bloodthirsty passions of the men. Rolling on the heath, which flew up beneath their paws, as they tumbled and struggled in their untameable fury, the tiger and the lion waged an unceasing fight. With teeth and claws—with high bounds over each other, and long fierce embraces, they sought each other's life—while above, on that most appropriate floor for the display of inhuman passions, the two men entered into a struggle as fierce and desperate.

"You don't remember me, then?" said Methuselah.

"No."

"Then I will refresh your memory. You recollect your aunt?"

Theodore started, and shook in every limb.

"I saw you do it! the knife flashed in my eyes—her blood flowed before me. I loved her—would have married her;—but you—parricide! wretch! murderer!—I have found

you at last—I have traced you ever since. I might have delivered you to the law, as I did your accomplice”—

“Ha!” exclaimed Theodore; “did she suffer?”

“Yes; your sweet Nancy; that beautiful young creature that trusted you till you betrayed her; that followed you till you made her cruel and guilty as yourself; that watched at the door on the night of the murder! I watched *her*, followed her, seized her, and, while you were absent for two years in a foreign country—and even there I had my eyes on you—I prosecuted her. She was condemned—she was hung in chains—you rest upon her now! Ha! ha! ha!”

Theodore shrunk in horror from the arm of the gallows; and, on looking down, saw the remains of a human skeleton, of which the bones, in many places, were held together by the iron chains which dangled from above. “You loved my aunt,” he whispered. “I—did—not—know—I”—

“Is she not beautiful?” continued Methuselah, not attending to the interruption. “See, there are her cherry lips—they were white with fear on the morning of her execution. This was her swanlike neck, so white and marblelike! Why don’t you put your arm round it? And her shoulders—they used to be plump and beautiful—won’t you stoop and kiss them, Theodore? Ha! ha! ha!—But come! ’tis time—wretch, that slew the loveliest woman the world contained!—murderer, that ruined the purest and most innocent! slave, that trembled now that punishment has overtaken thee!—Die!”

His grasp was on Theodore’s shoulder—there was no resistance—passive, yielding, thunderstruck—it needed no effort or exertion to push him from his place. Without a word, without a motion, down, down he fell. The contending animals with a wild roar parted for a moment, and closed instantaneously on the prostrate body. Life must have been extinct before he touched the ground, for not the slightest movement gave evidence of consciousness on the part of the miserable man. “Revenge! revenge! Ha, sainted Miss Mc’Gregor! I’ve executed the vow of vengeance I took when I saw the dagger of your nephew at

your throat—I have satisfied the longings of my heart for many years. The executioners of my wrath are howling over their prey! the messengers of my fury have come from their homes in the burning desert!” “You lie!” cried a hoarse voice, as Methuselah, swaying his arms about, was uttering these exclamations, agitated with the fury of an ancient Pythoness; “you lie! they’ve escaped from our menagerie—lend us a hand—so Nero! so, so, poor fellow!” The man, as he said this, advanced to where the animals, at the sound of his voice, had lifted up their gory heads, and were apparently listening. He then added, as if the force of custom were too strong to be resisted, “This here is the werry tiger that had an encounter in Africa, in the West Ingies, with Mr Dinlop. His name’s the famous Tippoo. Vy don’t ye come down and help, master? bless ye, they’re as mild as milk; they would not hurt a infant.” The man looked up at the gallows, but received no answer. The motions of Methuselah had ceased. He sat rigid as a block carved out of eternity! Others of the persons connected with the menagerie, now came up, the lion and the tiger with some difficulty were got into their cages, and then the principal man of the party climbed up to where Methuselah was seated. “Vell,” asked one of his companions, “can’t you get the gentleman to move?”

No answer.

“Vy don’t he speak?”

“He can’t,” said the man in a deeply agitated voice.

“Vy can’t he? vot’s the matter with him?”

“’Cause he’s valk’d!” replied the other, sliding down the post: and true enough, the perturbed spirit of Methuselah had fled in the agitation of that morning from its tenement of clay.

Next morning, when the grey sunbeams threw an unsteady verdure over the scene, the heath was parched and desolate as before; the gibbet still reared its appalling shadow over the plain, and at its foot were the fragments of the guilty Theodore, and coiled on one of its projecting arms, stiff, stark, and pallid, sat the motionless body of Methuselah. He was dead!

MOHAMMED ALI.

IN war, negotiation, and the eyes of all Europe turned upon an individual, can make him conspicuous, the Pasha of Egypt is among the most memorable men of his time. His ultimate fate is, like that of every other man, in the hands of fortune. His present rank may be dependent on the will of sovereigns; but let what will come of the future, he has secured the past. He has achieved an eminent station by talent, has sustained it by talent, and, whatever may happen to his sovereignty, is secure of his fame. Among his countrymen, he has had but one rival for these hundred years. That rival was Mahmoud, the late Sultan. But the intrepidity of Mahmoud was rashness, as his spirit of reform was innovation, compared to the steady courage and solid improvements of Mahommed Ali. In the dubious chances of all human things, the fortunes of the Pasha may perish, as those of so many other brave and sagacious men have perished; but when the convulsions of the waters shall have gone by, and the remnants of his wreck rise again to the surface, we shall acknowledge a power of genius, of personal daring, and of political dignity, which entitle his remains to rest even in the temple of European renown.

Mohammed Ali is an Albanian, and of no mean extraction. The common reports, which represent him as a beggar, a slave, or a porter at Salonica, are erroneous. He was the son of an officer, chief of the patrols that scoured the roads of the country. He was born in 1769, and educated by the governor of the district, who seems to have taken upon him the office of his father, who was dead, and who gave him a wife with some considerable portion. The governor then appointed him a collector of taxes, a situation which in the Turkish dominions is always connected with soldiery, the taxes being generally raised by the sword. For a while the young soldier combined trade with his profession; and, as tobacco is always a saleable commodity among the Moslem, he became a trader in tobacco; but he still felt his natural impulse, and, following it, he was sent with the Albanian con-

tingent of his district, in 1799, to join the troops of the Sultan. The invasion of Egypt by the French, under Napoleon, one of the most iniquitous and altogether the most absurd extravagances of that famous man, by arousing all the terrors, had called out all the resources of Turkey; and glorious to England as was the capture of the French army, it might have been more salutary for the Sultan if they had remained in Egypt. The neighbourhood of so restless an enemy would have kept Turkish vigilance alive. The necessity of being prepared to meet it in the field would have summoned the whole armed strength of Islamism; and the practice of a few campaigns would have taught them that dexterity which makes courage secure of triumph, and, in all probability, would have restored the ancient valour of the Turk, and re-established his empire.

The command soon fell into the hands of Mohammed. The son of the governor of Cavalla, a youth who had been put at the head of the detachment, had grown already tired of the campaigning, and retired to Albania. Mohammed now called himself Bimbashi, (Captain.) As the Turks were always beaten, Mohammed shared the natural fate, and in the first engagement lost the greater part of his men. But the gallantry of the soldier displayed itself; and, even in defeat, he attracted the notice of the Commander-in-Chief. Some subsequent services raised him to higher distinction; and in an expedition sent against the remnant of the Mamelukes, who, after the capture of the French, had ventured again towards Lower Egypt, he commanded a corps. His superior officer being either a dastard or a fool, suffered himself to be beaten, and then threw the blame of the defeat upon Mohammed. The Pasha, governor of Egypt, determined to execute Turkish justice upon him, which consists in cutting off the head first, and examining into the crime after; but Mohammed, on finding that the order was to attend him at night, and knowing how few returned from such interviews, sent to the Pasha, saying, that there was no hurry in the busi-

ness—that he would visit him next day—and that, “as his troops *had not been paid for the last three months*, he intended to take *them with him*, for the purpose of receiving it in person.”

However the viceroy might be exasperated at this evidence of knowledge of the world, he had no farther time to show his displeasure, for the Albanians in Cairo raised an insurrection, and drove him out of the city. Those were times when power was peculiarly coquettish; for in a few days the governor, who had been set up by the Albanians, and was therefore unpopular with the Turks, died by a shot from a carbine. Mohammed was now on the first step of his throne. His birth made him popular with the Albanians; his bravery with the Turks; and a certain rude love of justice, which appeared astonishing to the people in any man with a scimitar by his side, rendered him, if not popular, at least not hated by the Egyptians.

During this period he dexterously kept up a correspondence with the Porte; and having the advantage of telling his own story, and the still higher advantage of being able to tell it well, he contrived to be regarded as the chief defender of the Sultan's supremacy on the Nile. The Porte rewarded him with the title of Pasha. In Turkey viceroys are easily found, and a new viceroy was dispatched to complete the work of peace; but his first act in Egypt was to lay on new taxes. No act could be more fatal to popularity. He might have flogged one half of the inhabitants at the cart's tail, decimated the Turks, and sent the Albanians to feed camels in Nubia, with less chance of a murmur, than have made the multitude pay the arrears of their old taxes, much less advance new. An universal clamour arose around the unlucky viceroy. A shower of threats, denunciations, and curses rained upon his head. The multitude swore by their heads, that the only man who knew how to do his duty, or who had any bowels of compassion for the people, or any common sense in his brains, was the general of the Albanians—Mohammed the Merciful! The clamour at length arose to the height of demanding that Mohammed himself should expel the obnoxious viceroy,—a process which the gallant Al-

banian immediately commenced, by driving the viceroy into the castle of Cairo, and besieging him there. A succession of intrigues followed, during which the Turkish fleet anchored before Alexandria, the viceroy was ordered on board, and ultimately disappeared, whether by the course of nature, or that more probable course by which Sultans relieve themselves of obnoxious subjects. Mohammed himself fell under suspicion. Men of genius in Turkey must look to their own heads as well as those of others, and one of the Mameluke Beys was stimulated by the Divan to expel Mohammed from the government, if he could. But those were hard times for the Porte: Russia, always ready to plunge her fangs into the naked frame of the Osmanli, was evidently menacing war. The question now arose whether Mohammed the rebel or Mohammed the ally would be the more useful personage. The Sultan hated the usurper; but the difficulties of the state required the auxiliary. The result was, that an imperial firman arrived, appointing Mohammed Ali Pasha Viceroy of Egypt.

The expedition sent out by the Whigs in 1807, and failing, as all their expeditions were destined to fail, raised the Pasha a new step. The English put Alexandria into his hands, and treated him in some degree as an independent sovereign. The feebleness of the Turkish government had long left its remote dependencies either in a state of helplessness, or in a state approaching to separation. Egypt, in the hands of a sot or a slave, might have resisted the general tendency to revolt; but the ambition of its present governor took a different course, and Egypt rapidly assumed the appearance of an independent kingdom. It must be admitted that his intelligence as much as his vigour entitled him to success; his intercourse with Europeans had taught him the means of national wealth, and he had too much sagacity to despise them because they were European. He changed the old arbitrary mode of collecting the revenue, and substituted regular taxes for the uncertain rapacity of the Pasha. He restrained the insolence of the soldiery, while he improved their discipline; and, by a still more singular superiority to Turkish prejudice, openly disdain-

ing the barbarism of his countrymen, he cultivated the intercourse, the manners, and the alliance of the Christian nations.

But the Turk loves blood, and he loves it connected with perfidy. Like the lion or the panther, no sense of his strength prevents his loving to watch his prey in ambush, or to seize it by a spring. There was still one enemy which rendered his throne anxious, though scarcely insecure. The Mamelukes still existed, though few and feeble; the French invasion had shattered their sovereignty into fragments, but, to the jealous eye of Mohammed, even the fragments were formidable. He determined to extinguish even the last remnant of that once redoubted and brilliant chivalry. His contrivance for this purpose united the extremes of ferocity and treachery; but it was therefore only the more national.

In 1811, the Porte had conferred the rank of a Pasha upon his son Toussoun. The customary rejoicings on this occasion were made the pretext for a general reconciliation with the Mamelukes. They were invited to Cairo, where, on the 1st of March, the viceroy received them with the highest honours. After a short period spent in confidence, the Mamelukes remounted their horses to proceed to the banquet. A portion of the Pasha's cavalry headed the procession, which passed from the citadel towards the gates of the city; but as soon as the last horseman of this splendid corps, which consisted of 470 warriors, had left the citadel, the gate was closed upon them, and a heavy fire was opened in all directions upon their heads. The Mamelukes instantly galloped forward to the gate at the end of the narrow road in which they were enclosed. To their astonishment and horror, they found that it too was shut. They were now utterly without resource; many had fallen by the first fire of the troops, posted on the ramparts above. The rest vainly galloped backwards and forwards, firing their pistols, and attempting to reach the soldiers with their scimitars, challenging them to come down and fight like brave men, and cursing the perfidy of the Pasha. The scene is described as being dreadful. A few who had surrendered themselves in

the hope of saving their lives, were instantly sent to the executioners, who strangled them, and cut off their heads; the rest were shot down in succession, till the narrow road streamed with blood. Of the 470, but one was said to have escaped, and he by little less than miracle, leaping his horse from a height of thirty or forty feet from the rampart, by which he escaped across the plain. The rich dresses and arms of the Mamelukes amply repaid the soldiery for their share in the catastrophe: their heads were destined for Constantinople, and Mohammed Ali obtained at once the grand object of his ambition, and got rid of the grand object of his fears. The Porte acknowledged the act as one entitling him to its highest confidence; and now, reigning without a rival, he saw before him the full prospect of sovereignty. We have termed the act perfidious and cruel, and that it deserves both characters is undoubted; but it is equally undoubted, that the existence of the Mamelukes was wholly incompatible with the peace of the country.

This singular power formed the only complete instance of a military government in all history. The Asiatic empires were the despotisms of the sword: the Mameluke government was the republic of the sword. On the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, the Caliph surrounded himself with a guard; and, as he dared not trust the people, the guard was formed of strangers. It gradually increased, and finally usurped the government. It has been compared to the Prætorian guards of Rome—but the Prætorians were Roman citizens; and to the Janizaries—but they, though originally recruited from Christian slaves, transmitted their privileges to their children. The Mamelukes were always purchased slaves, chiefly from the regions of the Caucasus, brought into Egypt when children, adopted by some of the Beys, and trained to martial exercises. It was the law, which seems to have been seldom dispensed with, that the Beys should not regard succession in their own families; but that, every Mameluke being regarded as virtually the son of his chieftain, the inheritance should fall to the most distinguished soldier of the household. The Beys were twenty-four, each ru-

ling over one of the twenty-four provinces into which they had divided Egypt. This opening to ambition must have naturally excited all the talent of the young soldiery, and been a prodigious stimulant to their zeal, skill, and intrepidity. But as the nature of military domination is severity to the humble, as much as submission to a superior, the rule of the Mamelukes was the most violent, lawless, and iron tyranny of the world. In the advance of the Turkish arms, the Mamelukes were overwhelmed in the general rush of the waves; and the corpse of their principal chieftain, suspended from a gallows in Cairo, was the expressive emblem of Turkish conquest. But the Turkish polity, always fonder of conquest than of government, and rude as it is, yet knowing the hazard of altogether changing the accustomed forms of a country, left the Mameluke chieftains in possession of considerable power; appointed twenty-four of them, as has been already observed, to govern twenty-four districts of Egypt; and, on condition of their sending a contingent of 10,000 men to join the Turkish army in case of war, they were suffered to regard themselves as the actual masters of Egypt—levying taxes, coining money, and exercising all the general rights of sovereignty, yet under the central control of a Bey elected by themselves as governor of Cairo—the whole being finally under the government of a Pasha appointed by the Porte.

But a more powerful operator of change was to follow in the person of Napoleon. France had long fixed her eyes on Egypt as a colony, which was to give her the command of the Mediterranean,—to counterbalance the commercial wealth of England in her West Indian empire—to throw into her possession the highway between Europe and India—and to make the seizure the first step to the dominion of the world.

The French expedition to Egypt was as unequivocal an act of villany as any in the history of aggression. It was simple robbery, but on the largest scale; and never was violence more rapidly or more completely brought to shame. In little more than a twelvemonth, it was totally ruined. The first stroke of venge-

ance fell in the loss of the finest fleet of France, destroyed before Napoleon's eyes; the second came in the disgraceful repulse from Acre, when Napoleon himself commanded at the siege; the third was the loss of Malta; and the fourth the successive defeats of the army by the British, their capture, and the loss of the whole country to an inferior force. Of the whole French army which landed in Egypt, amounting to 40,000, the *élite* of France, flushed with their Italian victories, not a single soldier ever returned to his country, except as a fugitive with his fugitive general, or as a captive. In the interval, a still heavier infliction had been laid on France herself, in the loss of Italy and the havoc of her armies. In a single campaign her losses by the Russian bayonet were probably not less than 100,000 men.

But the commencement of her Egyptian campaign was successful against the irregular discipline of the Turks, and the naked bodies of the Arabs. The Mamelukes were a more vigorous enemy; but they wanted numbers. Not amounting to more than 3000 cavalry, and having neither infantry nor guns, they were unable to make an impression on the solid columns of the French; and, at the battle of the Pyramids, they were almost totally destroyed by the musketry and cannon. The remnant escaping into Upper Egypt, and becoming formidable again, on the departure of the French in 1800, were finally reserved to be massacred by Mohammed Ali; the cruel execution which took place at Cairo being followed by similar murders in the various provinces, until the last of the once-famed Mamelukes was in the grave.

Mohammed's first exploit now was one which had for its object to please the Sultan, in his capacity of "Father of the Faithful." The Wahabees had seized Medina; and the Moslems were in universal consternation. The Pasha sent an army, under his son Tousseou, which recaptured the birth-place of the "prophet," and with it a large quantity of gold and jewels, a portion of which Mohammed had the good sense to send, accompanying the keys of the city, to Constantinople. He now took advantage of his triumph as

a soldier, to exhibit as a saint. He marched to Mecca, did the honours of the place with great pomp, restored the reputation of his troops, which had begun to sink under the management of Toussoun, and fighting the battle of Barille, an engagement in which he taught the Arabs the superiority of either iron or gold in his hands, returned in new glory to Cairo—a hadgi.

The Upper Nile country had been the haunt of the fugitive Mamelukes; and Mohammed, determined to prove that none should resist him, had only put off the day of vengeance. He sent his son Ismael, at the head of an army, who swept the Ethiopians before him, took Lamaar, and was returning with his renown, when, unluckily quarrelling with a native chief, the bold barbarian resolved on revenge. The young pasha and his staff having gone to sleep in a house in the sheik's village, the chief and his followers surrounded it with combustibles at midnight, and set them on fire. Ismael and his officers rushed out, scymetar in hand, but they found the natives prepared: they were received on the points of pikes and swords, and of the whole number but one escaped. This act of desperate daring was revenged by a massacre, in which some thousand heads are said to have fallen.

From the period of his possession of the pashalic, Mohammed had exhibited an extreme eagerness to have an army disciplined in the European style. This is the only Moslem *mania* which is not new. The sultans had been pondering on it for a century. But they had never succeeded. In every instance the attempt had raised murmurs—in some, insurrections; and even the partial success of Selim and his brave vizier, Bairacter, had cost Selim his head, and blown the viceroy's limbs to all the winds of heaven. Both the Sultan Mohammed and the Viceroy of Egypt at last raised armies disciplined in the European style; and it is now discovered that neither of their armies is good for any thing but to be beaten by each other. It is perfectly probable that the genius of the Asiatic soldier is not fit for the European discipline; that nature has made him for a different style of tactics; and that, though he may march, and form, and fire, by hard drilling, in the manner of the West, his spirit deserts him

under the hands of the sergeant, and he fights like an automaton. Nothing can be more certain than that neither Egyptian nor Turkish troops can now face European battalions. Yet this was not so a century since, nor even half a century. The Turkish troops, who had never felt the rattan, fought long and boldly, on the banks of the Pruth and the Danube, against the finest troops of Germany and Russia. The Spahis and Janizaries had neither French nor Italian masters, and yet they beat the picked battalions of Joseph and Catharine in many a furious fight; and even when defeated, they came to the field again with fresh ardour, and kept the enemy at bay, like lions before the hunter. In those days the German was happy if the Turk did not hunt him over the frontiers of Hungary, and no Russian ever dared to set his foot across the Danube.

If the gallantry of our Indian army is to be brought against our theory, the answer is obvious. The sepoy has British officers. He is not left to Indian indolence or incapacity. His regiments are constructed on a British framework. He has British habits, British soldiiership, and British pay, constantly to sustain him. But this is a wholly different condition of things from that of the Asiatic or African soldier knowing nothing of our system but the drill; from the officer knowing nothing of tactics but his book of French or Prussian manœuvres; and from the universal negligence, lassitude, and reluctance, with which active western habits are adopted by the man of the East when left to himself. But it is also forgotten that the discipline of Europe consists in much more than putting troops under arms on the parade, or moving them in line or column in the field. The regularity of the soldier's pay is the very first element of discipline; and narrow as is often the pay of the continental soldier, its regularity atones in a great degree for its narrowness. But the idea of regularity belongs not to the Oriental in any one transaction of his existence. The soldier's pay is constantly in arrear; when it comes it comes like a surprise; when it is withheld, no one can tell when, or whether it will ever come. This dispirits the soldier, dislocates all discipline, and turns an army, however disciplined,

into a mob of plunderers; however loyal, into murmurers; and however brave, into runaways and deserters on the first opportunity. The true matter of surprise is, that the Asiatic or African can ever be brought into the field, unless by the prospect of plunder.

But the martial spirit is vivid, bold, and desperate in the Oriental, when the secret of awaking it is found. The rush of the Turkish cavalry was once utterly irresistible. The Arabs still occasionally fight with the most frantic courage. With nothing but the short sword and the shield, those naked heroes rush hand to hand, throw themselves on the bayonet, and seem utterly to defy death. The troops of India, under their native princes, have often fought like troops of tigers, incapable of being conquered till the spear was in their hearts. Europe, with all her iron barons, was swept before the Saracen horsemen; and to this hour the native valour of the Circassian tiller of the ground, fights the enduring battle against the Russian, shoots down his disciplined battalions, storms his fortresses, and keeps the mighty empire of the north still bleeding. If some great leader should arise again in Asia—a man of genius, superior to the follies and feebleness of his time, able to breathe his own spirit into the soldiery, and relying only on the native power and instinctive daring of their ardent and excitable temperament, and priding himself on his scorn of Europe;—if a Mahomet, with his fiery enthusiasm; a Tamerlane, with his vast and magnificent ambition, or even a Hyder Ali, with his stern subtlety and indefatigable activity of enterprise—were to show himself on the Asiatic scene even now, it is not impossible but he might sway the balance of empire towards the East once more.

The success of his arms in the Ethiopian campaign, seems to have decided Mohammed Ali on commencing his new system of discipline. He applied to Dravetti, the French consul at Alexandria, to send him an officer fit for this purpose. The Frenchman recommended a countryman of his own, (of course,) and the camp of instruction at Esneh was put under the command of Colonel Seve, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and now Solyman Pasha.

This camp, which was afterwards removed to Assouan for the purpose of being near the frontier of the Pasha's territory, was originally composed of the black prisoners taken in the Ethiopian campaign. The whole corps was subsequently divided into regiments of five battalions of 800 men each, a number of Egyptians and Arabs having been sent to join them, each regiment thus forming a brigade; and the whole being disciplined, and constructed on the model of the troops of France. In three years the camp amounted to twenty thousand men. Their first service in the field began in 1824 against the Wahabees, who had again threatened the conquest of Arabia. The change of costume made the Wahabees despise them, and those gallant fanatics accordingly exposed themselves to be beaten. They were outmanœuvred and beaten, after a daring but brief struggle.

Mohammed was now advancing to higher objects, and his fame began to excite the jealousy of the Sultan. The Greek war seemed to afford a happy opportunity of employing a neighbour at once so clever and so dangerous, and of trying a new force on the field which had been so unlucky to the Turks. The promise of converting the Morea into a pashalic for his son Ibrahim, which would be equivalent to adding Greece to Egypt, was the temptation, and in 1825 Ibrahim landed in Greece at the head of 17,000 Egyptian troops. Against this force the Greeks, divided, without a leader or without a piastre, could make no stand, and fortresses and troops gave way at the first shock. Old and New Navarino instantly fell. Three skirmishes, which the bullets blazoned into three pitched battles, decided the fate of the "Sons of Liberty," and within a few months Ibrahim was master of the Peloponnese. In the next year he crossed over to the continent, attacked Missolonghi, the headquarters of the patriots, and after a long and gallant resistance, broke his way into the unfortunate town. But this career had now begun to awaken alarms in European courts, and Ibrahim was peremptorily ordered by the triple alliance to return to Egypt without delay. The Egyptian general at first utterly refused, then hesitated, then attempted to negotiate, and would probably have been glad to

make his way quietly home, when some unaccountable rashness on the part of the allies hurried them into the "battle of Navarino;" that fruitless action, which so long bore the name of the "untoward event," (a name given by the highest military authority in existence,) and whose immediate result was, to strip our ally, the Ottoman, of his whole fleet, and leave him thenceforth at the mercy of Russia. In the latter part of 1828, Ibrahim returned to Egypt; the pashalic was a dream, and the establishment of Greece as a separate power was decided.

In this expedition, the Pasha had gained nothing but fame. Yet fame was now to him every thing. He had not been beaten. Even his fleet, unwisely attacked at anchor, where ships are batteries, and where seamanship is out of the question, had fought steadily and long. His troops had conquered every thing which they had approached; and the Pasha began to be looked on as the true champion of Islamism. Mohammed's reforms, too hastily urged, had diminished the popular faith in his supremacy, and it is not improbable that visions of more than Egypt and Pashalics began to rise before his daring and ambitious eye. A sudden and slight event promised to give them reality.

The escape of some Arab slaves from Egypt into the pashalic of Saida, produced a demand for their restoration. Some pecuniary transactions, left unsettled by the Syrian pasha, gave additional urgency to the demand. But Abdallah, the pasha, haughtily refused to give satisfaction on either point, and Mohammed answered by ordering a strong body of troops to march to Acre. The dispute came before the Sultan, who, embarrassed by the reports of Bosnian tumults, and unwilling to break with a vassal who might so easily make himself independent, adopted Mohammed's quarrel, and even sent the few ships which he had to assist, or probably to watch him, on the coast of Syria.

In this campaign we have a remarkable evidence of that rapidity of decision and keen sagacity which have so long characterized the Pasha.

It may fairly be presumed, that whatever assistance the Sultan gave to the half-rebellious attack on Syria,

was of a most reluctant kind; and accordingly the Ottoman court no sooner heard a rumour of the suppression of the tumults in its European territories, than it dispatched an immediate order for the return of its fleet. But the clever Pasha was not to be checked in his operations by this open mark of imperial distrust. Though it was already winter, a dangerous season for operations on the Syrian coast, he instantly hurried on his armament; and such was his adroit activity, that his army, with Ibrahim at its head, had disembarked in Syria before the messenger of the Divan, who bore the order to suspend all operations, could arrive in Alexandria. Thus Ibrahim had managed to begin the attack on the Syrian Pasha, which was virtually an attack on the Turkish territory, under the declared sanction of the Sultan himself! Let European diplomacy hide its diminished head after this. But all was not finished yet.

Mohammed had remained in Alexandria. The Turkish envoy was received with all due distinction. Mohammed listened to the despatch with the deepest reverence; but, in return, observed, that nothing could be more unfortunate than that he had not received it earlier; for, said he, "The expedition to reduce the rebellious pasha of Syria to the obedience of my lord the Sultan, has already sailed, and is probably so far on its way, that, if your excellency will but wait a few days, you may have the pleasure of bearing the keys of Acre to Constantinople. The envoy was astonished; but seeing the object of the wily Pasha at once, boldly demanded an explicit reply to the question, "What is it that you really require from the Sublime Porte?" The answer was characteristic and capital, though perhaps diplomacy never exhibited such candour before.

"My object," said Mohammed, "is, to keep what I have got—In a few days Acre must be mine—If the Sultan consents to my keeping it, I shall stop there—If he refuses, I shall take Damascus—If Damascus be granted to me, there I shall stop—But, if it be not, I shall take Aleppo—If the Sultan will not grant it to me—then—who knows—Allah kerim—God is merciful!" Of course, Constantinople would have filled up the

blank. But Mohammed left it safely to the envoy's imagination. The effect was fully produced, at least, in his mind; for on his return to the Divan, having probably seen the vastness of the Pasha's preparations, as well as the vigour of his intellect, he advised concession and peace. But Mahmoud, who had not seen either, was indignant at the proposal, and ordered him to be thrown into chains. It is thus that Turks obtain advice, and reward wisdom.

But this bravado was speedily at an end. Courier on courier came rushing to the seraglio, with news of the advance of Ibrahim. Every despatch brought intelligence of some additional success. Tripoli fell, almost without resistance. Osman Pasha, hastily advancing to check this tide of invasion, was beaten, horse and foot, and forced to fly to the mountains for his life. Finally, Abdallah Pasha was driven into Acre, and this citadel of Syria was surrounded by the Egyptian troops, and doomed, soon or late, to inevitable surrender. The Divan was in consternation, and well it might; for if Mohammed Ali had not, for once, made a false step, and forgotten that the rebel's sword, once drawn, must always aim at the heart, he might have long since sat down in Constantinople. At this period, neither Russia was prepared to *interpose*, nor any other European power prepared to defend. There was not a ship equipped in any sea of Europe, except the Baltic. The attention of the courts had been drawn away by diplomatic triflings among Swiss, Belgian, and Dutch; and in a fortnight from his time of crossing the Taurus, Ibrahim might have been riding in triumph to the mosque of Santa Sophia.

Some remaining veneration for the Ottoman dynasty, or some unnecessary fear of doing too much, and going too far in the road of victory, checked the viceroy in his ultimate object; for there can be no doubt that his "Allah kerim" was profoundly significant. But his son followed the call of fortune with unabated gallantry. Acre alone retarded him; and this fortress, which he ought to have masked, and left to famine, detained him for *eight months*! not surrendering until May 1832. Being at length, however, disengaged, he now rushed

forward again: in June, took Damascus; and pushed on to the assault of the Turkish army, which, too late for every thing but ruin, had just descended from the mountains.

We now come on classic ground. Ibrahim forded the Orontes towards its head, taking up a position on the shore of lake Tatli Gukul, a little to the southward of the plains of Homs. On these plains, the last of the great Roman emperors had fought the last of the Syrian sovereigns; the brazen legionaries of Aurelian, against the light-armed cavalry and rapid archers of Zenobia. In July 1832, the Bedouin horsemen brought intelligence of the approach of the Turkish army. Shortly after, it was seen advancing in three heavy columns, the whole cavalry and infantry amounting to twenty-five thousand men, under the command of the Pasha of Aleppo. But Ibrahim was already prepared in infantry, with six guns, forming the centre, flanked by two heavy corps of regular horse on the right, and another strong cavalry force, combined with irregular Arabs, on the left. The Turks rushed on with great impetuosity, but they lost many men by the fire of the cannon; and the Bedouin cavalry, taking advantage through some slight disorder, rushed with tossing spears, and wild and loud shouts, upon the flank of the column next them. The fault of all Asiatic troops lies not in their want of courage, but their want of steadiness; and the fault of their discipline is, that they know neither how to retreat nor how to rally. After the first fire, it is generally a mere chance whether they will rush forward on the enemy, or backwards on their own baggage; and when they are once fairly repulsed, every man seems to think his duty done for the day, and that his only business is to escape from the field. The repulse of one Turkish column produced the retreat of all; and the retreat was no sooner commenced, than it turned into a flight. Every thing was left on the ground—arms, artillery, and baggage. Ibrahim followed his success, again beat a detachment of the Turks, and took Scanderoon, and Antioch, memorable for having been the place where Christianity first received its name, and distinguished in the days of the crusades, and generally in every other remarkable

period of Syrian history. But he had still one great battle more to fight, before he could throw the Turkish army *hors de combat*. The Ottomans now fell back into Asia Minor, and drew up their troops at Koniah. Ibrahim, flushed with victory, and aware of his superiority to the Turks, passed the defiles of Mount Taurus, and pouring down into the plain, attacked the grand vizier on the 19th of December 1832. The Turks fought better than in any other period of the campaign; but the generalship of Ibrahim, at the head of troops accustomed to victory under his eye, was not to be vanquished by the inexperience of the Turkish commander at the head of an army of recruits. Ibrahim's cannon and cavalry again broke up the Turkish lines, and the whole army was put to the rout, with the loss of its cannon and ammunition, leaving the vizier prisoner. There was but one prize more to be gained; the defeat had levelled the last barrier of the empire, and its intelligence had scarcely reached the capital, when it was followed by the still more tremendous announcement that Ibrahim was in full march to Constantinople.

The Sultan, who had occasionally exhibited such remarkable energy, and unquestionably possessed both talents and courage, seems to have been then in the commencement of that long disease which finally laid him in the grave. His efforts to repel the Egyptian advance were few and feeble; and if Constantinople had been left to his defence, its keys must have been speedily sent to join those of Acre; but there was a protector at hand—a formidable one in every sense of the word. The Emperor of Russia offered his assistance to defend the Ottoman, and as a first step sent one of his officers with Halif, formerly capitan-pasha, to the Viceroy, to enter into negotiations. On their arrival at Alexandria, the sagacious Viceroy, who saw that the blow was missed for the present, immediately expressed his readiness to come to terms; but, in the mean time, the hazard had come closer still. Ibrahim had pushed forwards as far as Brussa, and the Sultan, now fully aroused by the double fear of an insurrection in his capital, and of seeing the Bosphorus crossed under the walls of the seraglio, hastily sum-

moned the Russians to his aid. The Russian fleet, awaiting but this signal, instantly weighed anchor from Sebastopol. But the news of the armistice having at length reached Ibrahim, he halted, and the capital breathed again. A treaty was now formed by the suggestion of Roussin, the French ambassador, offering the pashalics of Acre, Jerusalem, and Tripoli, to the triumphant Viceroy. But his reply was instant and contemptuous. He asked, "Whether this was all that was to be given as an indemnity for the expense of his campaign, a recompense for his services to the Porte, and an atonement for his injured honour?" To all further negotiation he answered by sending an order to Ibrahim to march without delay to Constantinople. The Russians were now called for once more, and 20,000 of their troops, under Count Orloff, took post at Scutari to defend the Asiatic shore.

Such are the fates of empire; yet among the casualties of modern Europe, this was the most extraordinary. Among the metaphorical race of poets and orators there has been a fondness for comparing the life of empires to the life of man, and finding in the infancy, maturity, and decay of human life, some shadowing of the condition of national power. Thus we are pathetically told that the most flourishing country has a certain point of prosperity, beyond which all must decline by the course of nature. But the argument is altogether fallacious. There is no analogy between individual life and national power. Further than that, they both are susceptible of increased vigour. There is *no instance* in modern Europe of the ruin of any great state, with the single exception of Poland, which, from its elective monarchy, its habitual dissensions, and the general dislocation of its government, was rather to be looked on as a vast moral quagmire than a solid government. And yet the greater number of those European kingdoms have been established for a thousand years; and there is not one of them at this moment more likely to perish than it was a thousand years ago. Even in the ancient world, the fall of empires bore no similitude to the gradual decay of nature. Some perished in their full strength by the folly or frenzy of a royal desperado,

who roused the vengeance of a powerful neighbour ; others were broken up by the sudden rebellion of great chieftains, who created separate sovereignties. Thus some perished like a king in the field, others like a king stabbed by his domestics ; but in neither case the sufferer, up to the moment of extinction, having prepared for ruin, by losing any important portion of his habitual vigour.

We express this the more unhesitatingly, because we find this unhappy analogy turned of late years to dangerous purposes. Thus we are constantly told that England is on the point of undergoing the inevitable decay assigned to all empire ; that her monarchy has run its course ; and that the only hope of restoration is in the total change of the principles and forms of government. On the contrary, we say that the old foundations are still solid enough for the noblest and loftiest superstructure ; that though trees may bud at one season and lose their leaves at another, or men may acquire strength from their cradle to manhood, and lose it from manhood to the tomb, there is no more reason to conclude that empire must decay, than that the ground on which its cities stand must be annihilated. If England is not immortal by nature, she may be made immortal by circumstance, like our first parents. She may forfeit her supremacy ; but if she has the will she has the power to live. The tree of immortality is before her eye.

The presence of the Russian army protecting the Porte, should be a fearful omen to the Sultan. If the future is to be read by the human eye, that protection will finally be possession ; and though long intrigue, and possibly desperate wars, may precede the seizure, yet the Mahometan sovereignty in Europe draws to its close.

The Sultan, scarcely less embarrassed by the presence of his protectors than the advance of his enemies, made another effort to negotiate, and sent a messenger to Ibrahim's headquarters, offering the pashalic of Aleppo in addition to his former proposals. Ibrahim demanded the district of Adana, and, in the mean time, continued his march. Turkey was now in the deepest state of depression. On the one side was the victorious army of Ibrahim, marching straight to Constantinople ; on the other the menacing

guardianship of the Russian battalions. The haughty spirit of the Sultan was now reduced to despair. Determined to free himself from both his terrors at once, even by the deepest sacrifices, by a convention with Mohammed Ali, on the 5th of May, he gave up Adana, with the whole of Syria ; and by a convention with Russia, of the 8th of July, so much talked of since as the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, he entered into a treaty offensive and defensive, by which the Sultan stipulated to shut the Dardanelles against the armed ships of all other nations, on the demand being made by Russia. This treaty naturally excited the strongest dissatisfaction of England and France, against whose fleets this arrogant and unjustifiable stipulation was palpably made ; but it must be acknowledged, that the insult was not ill deserved by either, for they had left the Sultan to his extremity ; and though both had ships of war within sound of Ibrahim's cannon, some singular wavering of council, or some extraordinary blindness to the first principles of policy, indisposed both to interfere.

Mohammed Ali now regarded himself as sovereign of Syria : his army gradually retired from Asia Minor ; but they halted at Adana, and diligently fortified the passes of the mountain, under the direction of European engineers. It was evident that he never intended to give up this conquest : this was in 1833. It may be asked, What was the government of India then doing ? Why did it not protect the Sultan, protest against this formal dismemberment of the Turkish dominions, and avail itself of the close alliance with France, to drive the Pasha back into Egypt ? The most sufficient of all answers is, that England was governed by the Whigs, a race of men who, particularly when in opposition, are the most clamorous, and when in power the most supine ; who, desperately heroic when heroism costs them nothing but words, become timid when any thing is to be done ; and who, having no other principle than love of place, instinctively shrink from any act of energy by which it can be endangered. Thus Turkey was left to its fate, Syria was left to be absorbed by Mohammed Ali ; and after having suffered the Russians to cut off one horn of the crescent in Greece, and the Pasha to cut off another in Egypt, have finally placed the country in the

situation where it has been necessary to go to war, even at the hazard of plunging us into hostilities with the most ambitious, powerful, and vindictive of European nations. The Syrians had changed masters, and were rejoiced at the change; but this was a joy that did not last long. Mohammed Ali, though the most extraordinary of Turks, is still a Turk; and the name implies as much suffering on the part of the people as supremacy on that of government. He compelled them to pay new taxes, and rigidly enforced the old. The Sultan had seldom laid on a new tax, and the people generally contrived to cheat him of half the old. They suddenly discovered the difference between the pressure of a vigorous government, and the lazy burden of an enervated one. The moral of King Log and King Stork was never more amply verified. The country was in a state of clamour from end to end; but large bodies of regular troops held possession of the towns. The rural population is always ineffective, when left to itself; the casual bursts of violence were suppressed by the hands of the police, and the bastinado effectually accomplished what on a larger scale the bayonet might have attempted in vain. But the law of Mahometan sovereignty is always, to make power the measure of extortion. In an unlucky hour for himself, the Pasha inflicted the conscription upon Syria. This, the most violent severity of European governments, naturally assumes a new violence in countries where, as in Egypt, Syria, and the western provinces of Asia, there is no military caste; where military life offers nothing to the multitude but wounds and privations; where every man, being a tiller of the ground or a trader, is torn away from a habitual occupation, and where wars being totally unconnected with national feelings, or individual honour, success is without rational triumph, while failure gives over the individual to either death in the field, or final and utter beggary.

The flame so long smothered, yet so amply fed, at length burst forth. In 1834, the whole mountain country was in a state of ferment. Many of the villages took up arms; the detached troops of the Pasha were daringly attacked, and the ranges of Lebanon, always inhabited by a bold and inde-

pendent race, the Druses, chiefly Mahometan, with something of Christian freedom, the Maronites, chiefly Christian, with something of Mahometan ferocity, poured down into the plain, and a bitter though brief struggle ensued. Another enemy, and one of a remarkably formidable order in such a contest, now came into the field. The Bedouins, from the country lying to the east of the Jordan, advanced into Syria, and their cavalry threatened the Egyptian communications in every quarter. Ibrahim, boldly resisting, yet embarrassed by the multitudes of this sudden rebellion, now concentrated his forces in Jerusalem, where he was speedily besieged. The crisis now became dangerous, and the Pasha himself, always ready to throw himself forward where danger existed, hurried to Syria. The powerful force at whose head he marched, and still more his own talent and decision, changed the face of affairs; the mountain tribes shrank from an encounter with the troops of the most distinguished general in Asia; money of course was not spared by the politic Pasha, and the insurrection gave way. But the seeds of revolt were too widely sown, to be extirpated by a single success. A sudden insurrection broke out in the north of Syria. The revolted were finally suppressed; but this victory tempted the Pasha to a measure which made reconciliation impossible. He issued an order for disarming the whole population, an order which the mountaineers set at defiance, and the inhabitants of the plains, resented as the keenest aggravation of tyranny. As a final act necessary to the completion of his conquest, the Pasha sent an expedition against the chief of the Druses, the Emir Bechir. A force of 12,000 men under Ibrahim was dexterously concentrated in Lebanon. The Emir, nearly ninety years old, and unsuspecting the object of the movement, was forced into submission, and his people were largely deprived of their arms; but this act, which could have been but partial at least, laid the foundation of universal hostility—a hostility which has since so effectively exhibited itself, and contributed so largely to the recovery of Syria.

The insult to the Emir was deeply felt, as he is a *Shereef*, or descendent of the prophet, and is of the noble

Arab family of Shehab. Even to the Christian world he assumes some degree of interest, from the vague tradition, that his people are descendents of the Crusaders, who, after the successive invasions of Syria, settled in the country. But the religion of the Druse, if a religion at all, is Mahometan, though the Emir is said to have been a Christian for some period : and the conjecture derives confirmation from his intending to fix his future residence at Rome.

The hand of power now fell with redoubled heaviness upon the Syrians. The young men were carried off to serve in the pasha's forces. Many contributions were laid on the villages found guilty of disaffection, and the whole vast province was placed under the strictest military surveillance.

The difficulties of the sultan's government had left Syria to its fate, and the able and ambitious pasha was allowed the full exercise of virtual sovereignty. The year 1835 closed with a statesmanlike and well imagined attempt to secure this important possession to his line for ever. Mohammed sent an official note to the governments of Austria, France, and England, in which he had the strong effrontery to state the value of his services to the Sultan, the importance of rendering Egypt independent, as a support to the Turkish empire, and the interest which European cabinets ought to feel, in putting him forward as an obstacle to the encroachments of Russia. The English ambassador at the Porte exhibited the strongest opposition to this proposal. It fell to the ground ; the bold spirit of the mountaineers again raised a revolt, attacked one of Ibrahim's officers in February 1837, and swept him before him into Damascus ; but the whole Egyptian army, with Ibrahim at its head, now marched against him, and the gallant mountaineers were driven back once more among their fastnesses. The active spirit of the pasha, having thus gained the glory of conquest, looked for its prize in another direction. From time immemorial, Abyssinia, though one of the poorest countries in the world, has been supposed to be a repository of gold. The pasha, whether for the purpose of lulling the jealousy of the European courts, or of actually obtaining treasures which were essential to his ambition, ascend-

ed the Nile with a small body of troops, and braving the difficulties of the route, and the hostility of the barbarians in his march, reached the country of reputed gold. There he found none ; but he obtained the object of spreading his fame—of proving to the native powers that no distance could secure them from his arm, and, probably, of indulging an excursive and ardent mind with the sight of countries which even in Africa are the especial seat of fable. The expedition was, at least, an extraordinary effort of bodily vigour in a man of seventy. The gallant old man shared the hardships of his meanest follower, encountered the dews of the night and the heat of the day, like a cannon driver—is said to have acted as pilot in some of the unexpected difficulties of the navigation—and on every emergency, exhibited those daring and efficient qualities which make power a natural possession.

But war waited him on his return. The sultan, indignant at the loss of Syria, excited by the notorious spirit of disaffection among his people, when urged by that daring but rash determination which characterized him in both peace and war, suddenly rushed into hostilities, to the astonishment of Europe, and the alarm of all those who knew the value of Turkey to the balance of power. His proclamation of the 8th of May 1839, pronounced the pasha and Ibrahim deprived of all right, title, and possession, and appointed the Ottoman general governor of Egypt. The Turkish army under the seraskier, Hafiz Pasha, marched upon Syria, drove in the advanced posts of the Egyptian army, and with a rashness worthy of the age of barbarism, and utterly inconsiderate of the danger of bringing raw recruits into direct collision with a powerful and disciplined army, commanded by a favourite and distinguished general, the seraskier precipitated himself upon Ibrahim. The consequence must have been foreseen by all but the ignorant as desperate seraskier. He was utterly and almost instantly defeated. The defeat was total, and the empire of the Ottoman, if in that hour it had depended solely on its own strength, must have perished without another blow. It was cloven down in the battle of Nezib : it has now been lifted from the

field, in the arms of that country which alone seeks neither its wealth nor its territory. The protection of England has saved it from perishing on that field where its last army was broken; and the struggle which shall yet inevitably extinguish Mahometanism in Europe, and shall begin by storming its citadel, the Ottoman Porte, is delayed for a time. The details of this memorable encounter will fill an important page whenever the history of the Turkish "Decline and Fall" is to be written.

The campaign began on the 27th of May 1839. On that day the seraskier fell upon the advanced guard of the Egyptian army, which, having orders to retreat after some skirmishes, retired to join the main body under the command of Ibrahim. But the Turks, having advanced thus far, now exhibited the indecision which, in military affairs, is a sure forerunner of defeat. Ibrahim, who had hitherto stood on the defensive, now advanced in his turn. The sultan's army seems to have been divided, leaving the cavalry without either infantry or artillery. Ibrahim, taking advantage of this singular oversight, immediately attacked with that arm of which they were destitute, and to which they, of course, could make no return. Sending forward his artillery, he commenced a heavy cannonade on the Turkish horse. After suffering under this fire for some time, the cavalry fled at full gallop in the direction of their main body, leaving their provision waggons, and even their military chests, behind them. The next day, June 21st, saw a similar encounter. The Turkish cavalry were met again; but the same extraordinary manœuvre was practised; for they advanced in two separate divisions, by two separate roads. Ibrahim again brought up his artillery, and after a heavy cannonade again broke them, completing their defeat by a charge of his cavalry. The Turks, on this occasion, had brought guns with them, the whole of which, amounting to fourteen, were left on the field. On the 25th, Ibrahim arrived in sight of the Turkish army. In this instance, again, the battle was chiefly fought by the artillery. Ibrahim's weight of fire speedily bore down the Turkish artillery. After standing this fire for three hours, the whole Turkish army

broke up from the field of battle. The charge of the pasha's cavalry completed the ruin. Every thing was lost; standards, guns, and ammunition. Ibrahim's despatch to the pasha was nearly as laconic as Cæsar's. It was this:—

"The Turks are dispersed; they have left behind them every thing, besides six thousand prisoners."

We feel almost a gratification in saying that Sultan Mahmoud was spared the knowledge of this final blow. He died on the 30th of June 1839, before the intelligence of the defeat reached Constantinople. Mahmoud, if a tyrant, was such by the vice of his empire. He was a high-minded, bold, and able sovereign by nature. If his attempts to restore the power of his diadem, by renovating the spirit of his people, were too hasty for complete success, they still were the attempts of a lofty spirit, eager in the right, but betrayed by most inevitable ignorance into the wrong. If his massacre of the janisaries was at once cruel and impolitic, an act which startles all European feelings, and which was among the sources of that debility which will finally make the Ottoman empire among the "things that were," it is to be remembered, that in this violent vengeance he was only adding the catastrophe to a national tragedy, of which the history of the last hundred years had been giving the successive acts; that the question was between his own head and those of the janisaries, and that the whole was a paroxysm of government, which might have ended in the destruction of the empire, if it had not been concluded in the fall of its rebellious and terrible soldiery.

But justice is not done to the memory of Mahmoud, if we forget that he laboured to introduce, into the whole administration of the most unlicensed and remorseless despotism that the world has ever seen, a principle of humanity new to its nature; that he was the first sultan who seems to have prohibited the horrid slaughters of the seraglio; that in his reign there are few or no instances of the savage custom of murdering the high officers of the government on their removal from power; and that we know of no instance in which he adopted the common atrocity of strangling rich sub-

jects in order to obtain possession of their property.

To these recollections we are content to postpone all his reforms of troops, of administration, and of the ancient Tartarian manners of his people—though in such reforms, if he exhibited occasional haste, it is unquestionable that he also exhibited striking boldness and originality, an ardour of improvement, and a superiority to prejudice, altogether extraordinary in the man of a nation which prides itself in its disdain of the wisdom of the West. But we regard the effort to mitigate the system of blood, as his first title to fame. That system was the especial characteristic of the Turkish despotism. Blood was its appetite; the ravage of human life, its declared and even coveted distinction; one of the sultan's hereditary titles is "*The Manslayer*;" one of his personal privileges is, that he has the right to put to death thirteen men a day without assigning any reason. Instant beheading was the established penalty for every error of the first officers of the empire. Our assertion is, that the man who thus interposed his authority against the very maxims on which that authority was founded, must, under any circumstances, be memorable. But the man who *first* interposed that authority, in the lapse of centuries, must be regarded as an illustrious innovator in the cause of humanity.

By the death of Mahmoud, the Turkish empire had been sunk to the lowest point of depression. It seemed on the verge of total dissolution: it had lost a sovereign of great intelligence, spirit, and even of popularity, though his measures had often produced murmurings among the people. His sceptre had devolved into the hands of a boy; the last army of the empire had not been merely overthrown, but extinguished; Syria had been added to Egypt, and his rebellious vassal already threatened the last territory of the Sultan, Asia Minor, and his last refuge, Constantinople. As if to give the last blow to the tottering throne, the Turkish admiral, within a fortnight of the death of Mahmoud, sailed from the Dardanelles, and surrendered his whole fleet to Mohammed Ali. The crisis seemed fully come.

If we are to be told that Turkey could not perish while the jealousy of

the European powers acted as a safeguard over its existence, we are to recollect how unsubstantial must be that national existence which depends merely on the policy of strangers, how easily that jealousy might have been compromised by a compact, and how striking a precedent might be found in the partition of Poland for the division of Turkey. But there was one party present which has never betrayed an ally, which abhors wars of ambition, and which, forming the grand safeguard of the weak, incurs and defies the hostility of all the grasping, the violent, and the perfidious. The question which then arose was, and still remains, of the most complicated nature. We shall attempt to give an outline of its features.

The first enemy to be dreaded was Mohammed Ali; for his army was already in movement, his religion and abilities made him popular with the Mahometans, and his ambition openly pointed to the seizure of the throne. To check him was therefore of the first importance; and England, as the ancient ally of Turkey, and bound to her alike by policy and by treaties, issued her orders that he should proceed no further. Russia was the next enemy, and a still more potent one than the pasha, but evidently waiting for the operation of time. Mohammed Ali declared that, if an English fleet appeared on the coast of Syria, he would instantly advance towards Constantinople. Russia declared, that if he did, she would throw an army into the capital, and take the empire under her protection. To prevent this formidable result, the courts of London and Paris agreed to send a fleet to force the Dardanelles, and prevent the march of the Russian army. To obviate this direct collision, Russia now despatched an envoy to England, disclaiming the design of exclusive protection, and professing that its object was alone the integrity of the Turkish empire. In this naked proposition, France immediately joined with England. But diplomacy is a delicate art, and foreign diplomatists delight in exhibiting its subtleties. It was soon found that France and England assigned a different meaning to this integrity. With England, it was the plain unreserved meaning of securing Turkey against all hostile

interference, whether of Russia, Egypt, or any other power. With France, it was found to be limited to Russia alone, while it allowed the retention of his conquests by the Pasha of Egypt. The causes which produced this singular and suspicious exception in favour of the rebellious subject of the sultan, are still secret, for the French ministers have loftily denied all purpose of the future annexation of Egypt; though no topic has been more familiar to the French journalists, and though the whole tribe of journalists still declare its possession essential to the supremacy of France in the Mediterranean. Europe was at length compelled to awake. France had evidently begun to form projects incompatible with the general security. In the midst of profound peace, she suddenly raised her armies to eight thousand men; her Minister of Marine demanded a supply of four millions sterling for the equipment of her naval force; ships of the largest class were dispatched with the utmost rapidity to join her Mediterranean fleet; the dockyards were filled with workmen; a naval conscription was ordered, the fortifications of Paris were laid down on the most gigantic scale, as if France was preparing for a war with the world; and every journal, however obscure, was turned into a popular trumpet, challenging all nations, but sending out its bitterest defiance against England. The great continental powers now took the alarm, and a treaty of close alliance was signed in London between Austria, Prussia, Turkey, and England, for the complete integrity of the Turkish empire; a treaty to which the French Minister was invited to accede, but which, on his declining the offer, was signed without him, (July 15th.) All France was instantly in an uproar. The good fortune of France in possessing a monarch with more honesty than his minister, and more sense than his people, was never more apparent than in the consequences of this important transaction. The French Minister declared that the signature in the absence of his ambassador was an affront to the whole nation: less a desperate breach of diplomatic etiquette, than a direct determination to make France the object of universal hostility. It was in vain that the English Minister utterly

denied all such intentions, declared that the great purpose of England was general peace, and proved unanswerably that M. Guizot had been made officially acquainted with the existence of the quadruple treaty, and been even asked to sign it. But the French Minister was resolved on being in a rage: he was determined not to be pacified; and the whole swarm of French scribblers were in a flame. War was threatened from hour to hour; a proposal was made in the French Cabinet to send the Toulon fleet to raise the blockade of Alexandria; to increase the army, already of 880,000 men, by 150,000 more—measures which must have instantly produced an actual collision. The national bitterness which has never forgotten Waterloo; the boasting which hopes to revenge what it has suffered, by threatening what it will do, poured out its whole miry stream against England. It was proposed instantly to build 200 steam-boats for the express purpose of invading "*perfidie Albion*." All was to be bloodshed and battery. The Thames was to be seized; London to be captured by a *coup-de-main*, and laid under contribution, or burned, we forget which. England was to be conquered without delay, and either turned into a French department or a desert. On this point, we believe, the high authorities who settle the fate of nations in the streets, had not altogether made up their minds; but, at all events, it was to feel the terrible penalty of having "insulted French honour," and to be sponged from the mass of independent nations.

In the midst of all this clamour, the fleet of England proceeded steadily to execute its part of the quadruple treaty, by the expulsion of the Egyptian army from Syria. The British force was a small one; unquestionably smaller than ought to have been employed on an operation of such importance. But it only gave one of those noble evidences in which our history abounds, that the gallantry of our soldiers and sailors can scarcely be tasked too high. The fleet, with about 1500 marines on board, and unaided but by two Austrian frigates, instantly swept the whole Syrian shore; in some instances driving out the Egyptian garrisons by fire from their guns, in others, storming them

by throwing their sailors and marines on shore. Beyrout, the headquarters of Solyman Pasha, the Frenchman, Ibrahim's second in command, was stripped of its fortifications by a bombardment, which left it open to the Turks. Sidon was assaulted in the most dashing style by Commodore Napier and the young Austrian Archduke at the head of their crews, and 3000 men were made prisoners. Napier then advanced into the country in command of a small miscellaneous force of English, Austrians, and Turks, attacked a strong division of the pasha's troops posted in the mountains, first out-manceuvred and then out-fought them, taking some thousand prisoners, Ibrahim's green standard, and dispersing the rest. Then summoning the mountaineers to arms, he actually shut up Ibrahim and his malu body in the mountain country, where he would probably soon have been compelled to fight at a ruinous disadvantage, had not a still more brilliant achievement been prepared to crown the honours of this brief, but admirable campaign. We allude, of course, to the capture of Acre, which has filled Europe with astonishment at the daring, power, and gallantry of the British fleet, and which all competent judges of military affairs unhesitatingly pronounce the most extraordinary exploit of modern warfare.

The defeat of Napoleon at the head of the army of Egypt, after fifty-two days of open trenches, and opposed only by a feeble garrison of Turks, and the crew of Sir Sidney Smith's ships *Le Tigre* and *Pompee*, had fixed the eye of the East upon Acre as the key of Syria. Its siege by Ibrahim in 1832, a siege which cost him eight months, showed its power of resistance, and increased the interest attached to its possession. Its capture by the Egyptians had decided the fate of Syria. From that period, it was made the grand depot of all the stores, guns, and munitions of war, prepared by the pasha for those dreams of conquest which had so evidently dazzled his daring and adventurous mind. He had fortified it with a care suited to its importance, had repaired the old works, and raised new, under the direction of European engineers; armed the ramparts with heavy guns of the newest and best description; and garrisoning it with

6000 picked troops, under the command of a Polish officer, who had taken the turban and title of a pasha, ranked it as the citadel of his new kingdom, and impregnable.

On the 2d of November the fleet under Admiral Stopford, consisting of nine sail, with the two Austrian frigates, and a Turkish ship of the line, approached Acre. A summons had been already sent to the commandant, which was contemptuously rejected. On the 3d, at three in the afternoon, the fleet stood in and opened their broadsides. Before six the fire of the garrison was wholly beaten down; and the sailors and marines were about to land and storm, when intelligence was brought that the Egyptians had fled. By daylight the allied flags were waving on the walls, and all who survived were prisoners, to the amount of nearly 4000 men.

We are as unwilling to exaggerate British gallantry by foolish boasting, as we are to depreciate it by the pitiful attempts in which the French journalists are now indulging, to depreciate every British achievement. But we are content to stake the whole merit of this success on the judgment of the French themselves, before the operation. We ask, was there one of them which believed that Acre could possibly be taken by any force exhibited by the British in the Levant? Or was there one of them which was not *astonished* (and we use the word in its strength) at the result; at its rapidity, at its completeness, at the little loss of life which it cost: and at the new evidence of all but irresistibility which it gives to British action?

We assert that there was not a man in France who would not have scoffed at the idea that Acre could be taken by the British fleet in the Mediterranean; still less that it could be taken in three short hours. We know that the journalists now attribute this extraordinary capture to the explosion; but this is a mere pretence. It is notorious that the explosion did not take place until the batteries on the ramparts had almost wholly been silenced: in fact, the fire of the ramparts had been almost wholly overwhelmed from the beginning, as is evident from its having cost the British not more than fifty killed and wounded. No part of the works is said to have been affected by the explosion, nor any injury

done, except the melancholy loss of life in the Egyptian battalion in reserve in the neighbourhood of the magazine.

But we regard this exploit in even a higher point of view than its rapid demolition of hostile resistance. English warfare has been always honourably distinguished for its avoidance of all waste of life. It was for Napoleon to boast, that he and his school were "generals of ten thousand men a-day;" to talk of men as "the counters of a grand game of chess;" and adopt as the maxim of a hero, that where success was to be purchased, the quantity of blood was the least important part of the bargain. We have no doubt, that there have been officers in the French army to whom the life of the soldier was as dear as to the Englishman; but nothing can be more notorious than the existence of this maxim, which grew out of the Republic. The naval actions of the English have been always remarkable for the comparatively small loss of life with which they have been gained; and in the estimation of the country, this has always formed a principal feature of the public triumph. The loss at Acre was the smallest ever known in an affair of such magnitude; and, decisive as the victory was, we should regard it with increased congratulation, from its offering a hope that war (if such must come) may yet be carried on with diminished sacrifices to humanity.

On this important subject we shall give a glance at the losses in the principal actions since the beginning of the great war of the French Revolution.

In Lord Howe's action of the 1st of June 1793, there were twenty-six sail of the line engaged, with 17,000 men. The total of the killed and wounded amounted to 1078.

In Lord Bridport's action of the 23d of June 1795, there were fourteen sail of the line, with 10,000 men. The killed and wounded were 144.

In Lord St Vincent's action there were fifteen sail of the line, with 10,000 men. The killed and wounded were 300.

In Lord Duncan's action, October, 1797, there were sixteen sail, (including two 50's,) with 8000 men. The killed and wounded were 751.

In Lord Nelson's battle of the Nile, 1st of August 1798, there were four-

teen sail, with 8000 men. The killed and wounded were 895.

In Lord Nelson's attack on Copenhagen, 2d of April 1801, there were eleven sail of the line and five frigates, with 7000 men. The killed and wounded were 875.

In Lord Nelson's battle of Trafalgar, 21st of October 1805, there were twenty-seven sail, with 17,000 men. The killed and wounded were 1524.

In Lord Exmouth's attack on Algiers there were five sail of the line and five frigates, with 5000 men. The killed and wounded were 818.

The difference of losses in those engagements is to be accounted for in general by the circumstances of the conflicts. But the attack on the Algerine batteries inflicted the severest loss of the whole, in proportion to the number of men engaged—it was little less than a fifth. The action at Acre cost least of all; and the value of this distinction is overbalanced by the fact, that it evidently arose, not from accident, but from increased skill. The precision to which the British gun practice has been brought within the last few years, was here tried for the first time in reality, and its effects were to drive the enemy from their defences almost in the very commencement of the battle. The daring with which the ships were brought up within scarcely more than pistol-shot of the walls, had been often equalled by the British; but the coolness, steadiness, and precision with which those enormous guns were worked, is described as a new feature in naval war. The fire from the Admiral's ship is said to have amounted to eighty broadsides, poured in at the rate of one every two minutes, and the fire of the Commodore's ship, the *Powerful*, was scarcely less than volcanic. The whole establishes a new era in the assault of fortresses from the sea. Some attempts have been made to place the battle of Navarino on a rank with the capture of Acre. But that battle was in every sense an "untoward event." Though it did not diminish the naval laurels of England, it added nothing to them; and no man ever supposed that a fleet of nine English ships, even without its French and Russian allies, would not be more than a match for the fleets of Egypt and Turkey, huddled up in a small bay, and acting merely as so many blockhouses. Even the victory

was imperfect; for, though the greater part of the enemy's ships were burned, a portion of them finally reached the ports of Egypt, with no less than 5000 Greek captives on board. The action cheered no one. It was regarded as rash in its conception, incomplete in its execution, and "untoward" in its consequences. Of the gallantry of the admiral and his crews there could be no doubt—they fought like Englishmen—but the national feeling, on the whole, was regret; the European influence was unfortunate; and, to this hour, the dismantled state of the Turkish empire is the penalty of Navarino. On the contrary, the capture of Acre has been followed by the most practical results. Ibrahim has retired with his army; Syria has been restored to the Sultan; the pasha of Egypt has sent in his submission, and the peace of Europe has been secured—at least until some new frenzy of France shall challenge the world. If the batteries of Acre had sunk the British ships; or, if the fortress had resisted for the fifty-two days, or half the fifty-two days, that she baffled Napoleon, we should have been at this moment plunged into a French war. Neither the moderation of Louis-Philippe, nor the knowledge of M. Guizot, could have restrained the volatile and capricious fury of the nation. A fleet would have been long since dispatched to the relief of Acre, and the troubles and terrors of the old Revolutionary war would have come again in tenfold darkness to cover Europe. Well may humanity rejoice in this triumph of the British arms.

Mohammed Ali is now seventy-one years old; his stature is undersized, and his figure, though some years ago thin, straight, and formed for

activity, is now rather stooped, and corpulent. His physiognomy is, as might be expected, intellectual. He has the high Asiatic features, the lofty forehead and aquiline nose, with the flexible brow, so strongly indicative of quick changes of thought and passion. Till very lately, he took more exercise than is usual with the Mussulman, and could vault on his horse. He is fond of receiving travellers, whom he overwhelms with questions relative to their country, their objects, and their opinions of Egypt. His attempts to establish manufactories, to introduce the European discipline, and fix European traders in his territories, are sufficient proofs that he is superior to the habitual prejudices of his nation. As a warrior, he is probably the ablest existing in the East; his troops have never been conquered where he was present; and he has often reinstated their affairs, when they have been beaten under his sons. His conquest of Syria exhibited the talents at once of a statesman and a soldier; and this conquest would evidently have been the foundation of still larger conquest, but for the powerful interposition of England. Alone, he extended his dominions from Senaar to the Taurus, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, thus embracing both the kingdoms of the Ptolemies and the Seleucids, with an extent of territory far beyond the limits of both. It is to his honour, that, oppressive as a military government must be, his sceptre has been but seldom dipped in blood—that he has made travelling safe in his dominions—exhibited a law of impartial justice,—and, in all the tumults of a distracted throne, has protected unhappy Palestine.

THE CHEW TRAGEDY ;

BRING A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE DOINGS OF JOHN MEEK'S MAGPIE.

At a pleasant village in Somersetshire,
That boasts of a parson, attorney, and squire,
There lived a stout butcher, with plenty to do—
And no wonder—the name of the village was Chew !

With a flourishing trade, not to do things by halves,
He kill'd, Tuesdays and Fridays, sheep, bullocks, and calves,
That the people of Chew might chew, all the week round,
Beef, mutton, and veal, at sixpence a-pound.

Thus every one minding his own special business,
Not perplexing their brains with political dizziness,
Folks were all well to do, and brought things to this point,
That the times at Chew-Magna were not out of joint.

So as people increased, and increasing demands
Were made, by an increase of mouths, for new hands,
This butcher was forced a new 'prentice to seek,
And took one from the parish—poor puny John Meek.

Now this John Meek was a fatherless boy,
Had been fed by the parish, and known little joy ;
Was sad in his aspect, of delicate frame,
And as meek in his nature as Meek in his name.

But John had a heart—and as feelings long pent,
Like springs of pure fountains, will find out a vent—
So the boy, in the lack of all human direction,
Upon a poor Magpie had set his affection ;

And whatever John thought, or whatever John said,
Whether listless or doing, or up or a-bed,
This Magpie had cunning and sense to have wit to,
And often he said and as often thought ditto.

Thus, being the friend and companion of John,
This Magpie in learning got wondrously on,
And so learnt the Queen's English 'twas thought very few
Spoke it better—at least in the township of Chew.

Now this John Meek never could for his life
Bring his mind with his hand to the use of the knife,
And the cutting of throats of, and cutting up, sheep—
When not eating the mutton—cut John very deep.

So, as often the carnage around him was flowing,
John look'd at his Magpie, who look'd quite as knowing :
" Now that's what I call bloody work ! " said John Meek,
And so said the Magpie, as plain as you speak.

But we now must leave Meek and his Magpie awhile,
And try to assume a more tragical style ;
To tell the disasters brought on by three snobs,
Whose names were Dick Piper, Tom Pitts, and George Hobbs.

The season was winter, and frost on the ground,
And the prentices' nolyday week was come round;
When they think it their glory to kick up a row,
And do as much mischief as time will allow.

So when these three snobs had long troubled the town,
Had tripp'd young women up, and push'd old women down,
Not to let their vile mischief go down ere the sun,
They went off to the country—all three—with one gun.

Thus with popping at sparrows and larks in the tillage,
Tomtits in the hedges and cats in each village,
At a horse that was blind, at a sow and a ewe,
Behold them arrived at the precincts of Chew.

Now the butcher close by to an orchard had built
A shed for his sheep, where much blood had been spilt;
And there John Meek's Magpie sat perch'd on a tile,
And saw the three snobs getting over the stile.

George Hobbs held the gun, and a gun is a thing
At the sight of which magpies take instantly wing;
So, with a short jump, and just keeping his tail in,
The Magpie adroitly pops over the paling.

But a poor tame redbreast had come to the shed,
As daily he did, by John Meek to be fed,
With his large patient eye, which, if robins could speak,
Meant, "Do ye come hither and feed me, John Meek!"

But that rascal, George Hobbs, when the redbreast he sees,
Creeps close by the hedge, almost down on his knees,
And pokes through a hazel, that keeps it from bobbing,
His gun, with the muzzle quite close to poor Robin,

Determined to kill—so, long from this rest,
He takes a sure aim, and the trigger is press'd,
Then bang went the gun, up ran Piper and Pitts
To pick up the bird—that was blown into bits.

But the Magpie, well knowing the danger was o'er,
Jumping up, was soon perch'd on the tile as before;
And facing the snobs, gave his tail a queer jerk,
And said, "That's what I call bloody work, bloody work!"

Away scamper'd Pitts and away scamper'd Piper,
As if their last steps were pursued by a viper;
George Hobbs stood aghast—" 'Twas old Nick or a witch!"
And, closing his eyes, threw his gun in the ditch.

His eyes being closed, terror painted a figure,
A black-horned monkey (enormously bigger),
With two saucer eyes, each as large as a moon,
And flames from his mouth—and it nigh made him swoon.

But he soon made a start, for he felt that his legs,
As he broke through the hedge, were fast stiff'ning like pegs;
And the Magpie flew after the frighten'd delinquent,
Who dropp'd, in a swoon, in the orchard propinquent,

With but sense enough left to believe that Old Nick,
As the Magpie perch'd on him, had dealt him a kick;

And the words, "bloody work!" in his ears rang like thunder,
He thought from above, so he fairly knock'd under,

And rose not again ;—and thus died George Hobbs,
The victim of terror, a warning to snobs
Who slaughter God's creatures for holyday fun,
With Old Nick behind them, as sure as a gun.

Now, some hours after, John Meek going round,
Saw the body of Hobbs lying dead on the ground ;
Ran to Chew—told the folks—they the coroner—who
Soon summon'd a jury the body to view.

Alas, the poor Robin had no "crowner's 'quest!"
Yes ;—who feedeth the ravens that cry from the nest,
Without whom not a sparrow shall fall to the ground,—
He enter'd a verdict, with Hobbs it was found.

The jury were puzzled ;—"The lad's dead, no doubt,"
Said the coroner ;—"how, 'tis your place to find out ;
The surgeon, you hear, though he's nigh stripp'd the hide off,
Swears he can't find a hole or a wound that he died of.

"Now, gentlemen jurymen, this cannot be
A case, you perceive, of *felo-de-se* ;
Against that supposition you'll find there's this hitch,
The gun lately found—mark me, found in the ditch !

"For no man has an arm, or so long, or of strength,
To shoot himself dead at a hundred yards' length ;
We must therefore conclude—at least I do for one—
That who kill'd this here lad was who fired that there gun.

"Suspicion then falls on the witness, John Meek ;—
He found—and perhaps he had not far to seek—
And the gun on his premises clearly was found ;
And I don't think there's much in there being no wound ;

"For a gun-shot's a wound, not like one from a pole,
That oft closes again without leaving a hole ;
And a bullet may fatally enter one ear,
And escape through the other and never appear."

Now the mother of Hobbs, who in search of her son,
Had heard at Chew-Magna a murder was done,
To Chew-Magna had come ; and burst in like a fury,
At the moment the crowner directed his jury.

She there knew her son, and with sighs and with sobs
Declared him the son of his father, one Hobbs,
Shook her fist at poor Meek, where he stands in bad case,
Saying hangdog and gallows were writ in his face !

If this did not satisfy juries, what would ?
For this parental instinct was argument good ;
So the verdict condemn'd, as the law authorizes,
John Meek to be tried at the ensuing assizes.

But here the bold Magpie, who hearing the din,
And missing John Meek, at the window look'd in,
Now finding it open, flew down on the body,
The moment the crowner was stirring his toddy.

The man stood amazed—'twas so like an appeal—
 A new inquest, thought he, and 'tis held by the De'il.
 And the coroner jump'd from his chair as he heard,
 "Bloody work, bloody work!" and "you rogue!" from the bird.

So now, while the constable's taking off John,
 The parson is putting his surplice on;
 For Hobbs must be buried—and from the church door,
 The Magpie hops on, the procession before.

Whereat Hobbs's mother had scream'd, as beseems,
 But oft curiosity overcomes screams:
 So she stared at the bird, and thought, Heaven forsake her!
 If he war'n't all the world like an undertaker.

And in sooth he *was* like, with his white scarf around him,
 So whilst at the grave, she cried "Drat him, confound him!"
 He gravely look'd in, and straight open'd his beak
 With, "Oh, here's bloody work come again for John Meek!"

Now this was enough to provoke any saint,
 Thought the mother of Hobbs, and determined to faint;
 And the surgeon of Chew with his lancet is ready,
 When Maggie cries out, "Cut her weasand, boy, steady!"

These butcher's directions for killing a sheep,
 Pick'd up by the bird, made her take such a leap,
 That she knock'd down the surgeon, and terrified flew,
 And never again set her foot inside Chew.

We haven't quite done, for we cannot leave Meek
 In his prison, with none in his favour to speak;
 What, none! is there none a kind countenance lends?
 A poor parish boy has not too many friends.

Yes one—the good butcher has taken a journey,
 And has taken the Magpie, and fee'd an attorney;
 He has taken the bird, because poor John Meek
 Shouldn't want a companion to whom he might speak.*

Alas, the poor boy! we must leave him in jail,
 With the Magpie his solace, to hear him bewail;
 And the bird catches up all his prayer and defence,
 At least all the words, and perhaps half the sense.

And there must we leave him rehearsing his part,
 And lest *he* should forget, Maggie learns it by heart;
 And who learns by *heart*, if not always the wiser,
 Will prove in the end on't the better adviser.

'Tis now the Assize—but we spare the digression,
 Or else might describe the judicial procession;
 Suffice it to say, every limb of the law
 Feels the legal delight of protruding his claw.

* The jailer of Shepton-Mallet says, that since the silent system has been adopted, no Magpies have been admitted into his prison. This may throw some doubt on the chronology of this poem.—DEVIL.

The judge takes his seat, knits his brows, and looks grim,
Then bows to the sheriff, the sheriff to him;
Reads the calendar—lifts up his eyebrows—"Odds bobs!
What! a murder! One Meek here has murder'd one Hobbs."

But here we must pause—so the charge we omit—
Law is too vast an engine for our small wit;
And justice rides on in her Juggernaut car,
And John Meek now holds up his hand at the bar.

He looks very pale—with one hand in the breast
Of his waistcoat, that Maggie finds snug as a nest;
And now Counsellor Quirk, for the prosecution,
Is making a speech in his best elocution.

Poor Meek is amazed at the crimes put with skill in,
And could not conceive he had been such a villain:
And, his reason confounded, he almost forgot
If he had committed the murder or not.

Then Counsellor Quirk crush'd his brief in his fury,
And, dashing it down, thus concludes to the jury—
"Now this progress of crime you never will check,
If you do not hang up this John Meek by the neck."

At these words the poor boy, where all trembling he stands,
Lifts up to the judge both his eyes and his hands;
And the Magpie, now feeling how loosen'd his cord,
Put his head out, and cried "Not Guilty, my Lord!"

Then towards the jury, with hop and a jump,
He perch'd on the table, first cocking his rump,
As if in disdain, upon Counsellor Quirk,
And utter'd, "Now that's what I call bloody work!"

Then taking new flight, pluck'd the judge by the sleeve,
And perch'd on his cushion, and cried "a reprieve;"
And added, while sideling his lordship to nudge,
"Upon a poor boy, have mercy Lord Judge!"

Just then rush'd the butcher in court with Tom Pitts,
To prove Hobbs's firing the gun and his fits;
But the court, e'en the jury, from roof to the floor—
And the judge scarce refrain'd—were all in one roar.

'Twas "Hurrah for John Meek!" with uproarious accord,
"Hurrah for the Magpie—not guilty, my lord!"
E'en Quirk swore with laughter, while pushing his bag by,
He'd give up his briefs to Counsellor Magpie.

And the good-humour'd judge said, with whimsical stress,
That Mag was a homicide nevertheless,
And a shilling fine to the Queen must be found—
So he'd make him a present of twenty pound.*

* This has been doubted—a barrister, who was in court at the time, was questioned upon the point, and replied—"What! L.20 from a lawyer!—Incredulos odi."

Then the sheriffs and all the fine folks of the county
Bestow'd upon John their affectionate bounty ;
And the ladies waved high their white kerchiefs, a sight
That John thought would lose him his life, for delight.

Thus the boy that was dragg'd to the town in a cart,
In a far better manner was seen to depart ;
He return'd in a coach, and the people ran after—
John grinning, Mag chattering, mob roaring with laughter.

The Queen, when she heard what the Magpie had done,
Kindly gave him a pension—but paid it to John :
That pension was praised, and because, we presume,
Of his magpie connexions, not peck'd at by Hume.

And, moreover, the Queen would have Maggie at court ;
But his language was not—said a Special Report—
Not *always* more pure than the water of Thames is,
And therefore not fit for the Court of St James's.

That the good folks at Chew also made an averment,
That Mag. should not quit them for any preferment ;
And ask'd the commissioner—ay, to his face—
If there could be at court an unoccupied place ?

That the butcher was piqued, for Mag's language, he knew,
Was much on't his own—and good English at Chew ;
So he roar'd with a tone very noisy and gruff—
“ What ! hasn't her Majesty magpies enough ? ”

Thus simple John Meek by his bird was protected
From being hung up by the neck and dissected :
And finding himself set up, new spec and span,
From a butcher's poor 'prentice became “ a made man.”

So the parson of Chew, and the squire, and attorney,
Whether going to church, or on speed of a journey,
To a bird of such parts to pay reverence due,
Always take off their hats to the Magpie of Chew.

THE VENTA OF ARMENTIA.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CARLIST WAR IN SPAIN.

At the foot of a ridge of mountains which intersects the south-eastern corner of the province of Alava, is situated the dirty little town of Peñacerrada. Placed on the top of a small hill or knoll of earth, and tolerably well fortified, it nevertheless changed hands several times during the late civil war, being on the verge of the Christino territory, and bordering on the debatable ground, subject to the incursions and alternate temporary occupation of both parties. This, added to the circumstance of the town being commanded by a rising ground at a short distance, and to the negligence of the Queen's generals in frequently leaving insufficient garrisons or untrustworthy governors, was the cause of its being twice taken by the Carlists, although on both occasions they were allowed to retain their conquest but a brief space, before it was wrested from them by their opponents.

The traveller, who, in happier and less dangerous times than Spain has of late years enjoyed, may have rambled through the Basque provinces, will perchance remember the picturesque road that runs due south from Vittoria to Peñacerrada. If he has passed along it on a thirsty summer's day, he can hardly have forgotten that about midway between the two towns stands a large country inn of somewhat barn-like appearance, but which few travellers pass without draining a cup of the excellent Rioja wine that is found within. The *Venta of Armentia*,* for such is the name of this roadside hostelry, if it cannot boast of very refined accommodations, has at least the advantage of a situation of perfect beauty. The ground slopes down from the door to the banks of the little river Aya, which murmurs over its bed of bright yellow sand and divers-coloured pebbles, as it hastens through a grove of mingled sycamore and elm to throw itself into the Zadorra, one of the tributaries of the mighty Ebro. On the right the eye glances through lofty trees over

wide and verdant pastures, interspersed and varied with clumps of wood; the front commands a view of the chain of blue mountains that bounds the horizon. On the left of the house, the road to Peñacerrada passes over a rustic wooden bridge, the ground, for about a mile before and after reaching the *venta*, rising on the eastern side of the road to the height of twenty or thirty feet, fringed at the top with heath and yellow broom, whilst the brier rose, the honeysuckle, and wild vine, clothe with their tangled festoons the entire side of the acclivity.

These advantages of position had, however, little value in the eyes of Pablo Quintanar, the landlord of the *venta*, who would gladly have exchanged them for the more substantial benefit of a thriving business, or for immunity from the exactions to which he was daily subjected by Carlists and Christinos. For, being in the neighbourhood of various fortified posts of both parties, the *venta* was rarely a week without receiving the visit of some detachment of troops or party of guerillas; and the politics of mine host were sufficiently doubtful to furnish both liberals and royalists with a pretext for drinking his wine, ransacking his hen-roost, and emptying his larder, without making that return in lawful coin of the realm to which innkeepers are accustomed to lay claim. Many persons thought it strange that Pablo had never seen fit to make the declaration of his political opinions which would have secured to him protection from one of the two contending parties. He had neither wife nor child, and was moreover somewhat of a philosopher in his way; and although sometimes roused to anger for a moment by the brutality and extortions of an undisciplined soldiery, he soon resumed the sort of sullen apathy and indifference which usually characterized him, and under which he concealed his real feelings. That these feelings were keen, and that his attachment was warm to the

* *Venta* is the Spanish term for a country inn.

cause he considered the right one, will perhaps be seen in the sequel.

The civil war in Spain had lasted nearly three years, when towards the close of a fine summer evening, a traveller rode his horse into the shallow water opposite the door of the venta of Armentia. The horseman, although not in uniform, was apparently a military man, his dress and accoutrements being those that had been adopted by many who took a very active part in the intestine commotions of the country. His loose jacket of black lambskin was fastened down the front and at the collar by silver clasps and chains, and a scarlet *boina* or cap, with a large tassel of gold twist on the top, was brought forward over the eyes, in order to protect from the August sun so much of the face of the wearer as was not already covered by his large whiskers and mustaches. Round his waist was a leathern belt supporting a heavy cavalry sabre, and from under the flounce or cover of his holsters peeped forth the butt-ends of two pistols. His horse, a dark bay with black mane and tail, and displaying great bone and power, was white with sweat and foam, and his blood-stained sides appeared to have suffered severely from the huge double-rowelled spurs that were attached to the heels of his rider. The reason of the punishment the animal had received was apparent so soon as the cavalier, after barely allowing him to dip his nose in the stream, forced him up the sloping bank and regained the high-road. The poor beast had lost his two fore-shoes, and had evidently been afterwards ridden far and fast; for his hoof was worn down to the quick, and he was distressingly lame. In fact, it seemed impossible he should proceed a mile farther in the state he then was, and of this his rider appeared aware; for having reached the road, he again halted and cast a somewhat anxious glance around him, which changed to an expression of doubt and hesitation as his eye rested on the countenance of a man who was lounging at the door of the venta. This personage returned the gaze of the stranger with perfect composure, then removing his cigarito from his lips, and puffing out a volume of smoke through his nostrils, he walked deliberately up to the traveller, and laying his hand on his horse's mane, gave him the good-evening by the name of

Don Antonio. The first impulse of the person thus addressed was a slight movement of the hand towards his holsters; but this was instantly checked, and nodding carelessly and somewhat scornfully in acknowledgment of the salutation, he uttered the question, "Me conoces?"—"Do you know me?"

"Sí, Señor," was the reply; "I have reason to remember your worship, and also Don Martin, were it only for the bright gold ounces your last visit cost me."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger; "is it there the shoe pinches, honest Pablo? Methinks the lapse of a twelvemonth, and the depredations of some score of Carlist guerilla parties, might have driven the loss of the paltry coins from your memory. But I forget," added he, resuming the scornful smile which for a moment had been replaced by one of good-humoured frankness, "I forget that the visits of the accursed faction are rather acceptable than otherwise at the venta of Armentia; and, if all tales be true, they are more productive of profit than of injury to the worthy Pablo Quintanar." And with a jerk of the rein, and a smart application of the spur, he endeavoured to make his wearied steed resume his march. The gallant horse lent himself willingly to his master's wish, but the short halt had cooled and stiffened him, and increased his lameness, and he had not advanced twice his own length, when the pain of his worn-down hoofs caused him to stumble and fall under his rider. Don Antonio was in an instant on his feet, and, muttering a deep curse, drew a pistol from his holster, and applied it to his horse's ear, but at the same instant his arm was seized by Quintanar.

"Spare the good horse, Señor!" said the innkeeper; "and however bad an opinion you may entertain of me, place confidence in me for once, and I swear by the blood of Christ to do my utmost to save you from the peril in which you stand."

"What peril do you mean? and how can I place confidence in a spy and a Carlist?" angrily demanded the other.

At this insulting interrogation, the blood rushed into the face of Quintanar, his features worked with violence, and for a moment he seemed to hesitate whether he should persist in his offer of assistance; but the struggle

was short, and the better nature of the man prevailed. "Señor Capitan," he said, in a deep hurried tone, "time is precious, if you value your life. You have already seen that I know you to be one of Zurbano's officers, and, as such, a prize of no small value to the Carlists. For what reason you have thought proper to risk your neck by passing alone on this road, where the whole of your free company would not be too much for an escort, I know not. This morning a score of Carlist cavalry passed the venta with the intention of visiting the villages between this and Vittoria, and I heard them say that they should return by the same road to-night. Between this and Trevino is a picket of infantry, and not half a league to the left are two farm-houses, in which a company is quartered. Your horse is knocked up, your progress in every direction cut off; for even if you return to Peñacerrada, you are almost sure to meet some straggling party of your enemies, who, like the wolves, prowl by preference after nightfall. Trust yourself to me, and I will save you, although I hazard my life by so doing."

Antonio Perez was a Navarrese by birth, and commenced his military career towards the close of what, in Spain, is called the *Guerra de la Independencia*, but which, to English readers, is better known as the Peninsular war. He entered the service as a private dragoon, and at the peace, being only a sergeant, and seeing little chance of obtaining the epaulette, he took advantage of some reductions in the Spanish army to obtain his discharge. In 1823, he served under Mina, and rose to the rank of lieutenant; and seven years afterwards was one of the small force which, under the same chief, made an abortive attempt to raise the liberal standard in Spain. The intervals between his periods of service were filled up by various adventures, not all, it was said, of the most creditable description; and when the civil war broke out in 1833, Perez had made himself a reputation as one of the most daring and successful *contrabandistas* on the whole line of the Pyrenees. In the course of his illegal traffic he had become acquainted with Zurbano; and when the latter, shortly after the commencement of the war, raised a free corps, Perez joined him, and, in consideration of his skill and intrepidity, was soon promoted

to be second in command. Although more than fifty years old, he had lost not a whit of his strength and activity, and men of any age would have found ample employment if opposed to the sinewy arm, stout heart, and cool head of Martin Barea's lieutenant. On the present occasion he had been on leave of absence at Logroño; but having been informed that morning that his chief, who was at Vittoria, meditated an expedition, he had started by the shortest road, in order to arrive the same night, regardless of the risk of passing through a country infested by the enemy. By this rashness he now found himself exposed to the almost certainty of being taken by the Carlists in whatever direction he moved, with only the alternative, nearly as dangerous in his opinion, of confiding in the assurances and good faith of Quintanar.

There was little time, however, for deliberation, and, after a moment's pause, he accepted the innkeeper's offer. "Beware," added he, "of playing me false: you may betray me; but, before I die, rest assured that I shall find a shot or a stab for my betrayer."

Pablo made no reply to the menace, but occupied himself in getting the crippled horse on his legs, and leading him into the stable, in a dark corner of which he left him, after placing in the manger an abundant feed of barley. The saddle and bridle he removed, and placed under a heap of dried fern, which was piled up in a corner to serve as litter for the cattle, and then led the way up the ladder, which, as in most *posadas* of an inferior sort in Spain, went directly from the ground floor inhabited by the beasts, to the upper story inhabited by human beings. Entering a large gloomy-looking room, he pulled aside an old-fashioned oaken bedstead, the head of which, carved in a fantastical manner, rose to the height of six feet from the ground, and concealed a recess in the wall, sufficiently large to admit a man in a sitting posture. Into this recess the innkeeper caused Don Antonio to creep, and then supplied him with a loaf of coarse bread, a jug of wine, and half-a-dozen sausages smelling strongly of garlic.

"The cavalry that went by this morning may return at any moment," said he; "you do not want light to eat and drink, and you must be con-

tent to be shut up here till they have passed. As soon as I can do so with safety, I will release you, and after midnight I trust you will be able, without much risk, to proceed on your march, and to reach Vittoria before daybreak."

Without giving time for a reply, he restored the bed to its former position, and, descending the stairs, resumed his paper cigar and his lounging posture at the stable-door.

The lad and the decrepid old woman who composed the whole of the domestics of the venta, being at some distance in the fields, Quintanar supposed his interview with the Christino officer, and the subsequent entry of the latter into the house, to have been unobserved by human eye. He was not aware that, during the conversation outside the venta, a head, covered with a blue *boina*, had been cautiously raised above the bushes on the bank which overhung the road. A moment's glance had been sufficient for the keen eye of the lurking Carlist; and he again concealed himself, and lent an attentive ear to the conversation on the highway, to which he was near enough not to lose a word.

The sun had completely set, when the stillness of the summer evening was suddenly broken by the tramp of horses, and five-and-twenty Carlist lancers rode up to the venta, and shouted lustily for wine. After much swearing and thumping at the door, accompanied by numerous epithets not at all flattering to Pablo Quintanar, admittance was at last afforded them by that worthy, whose countenance assumed a most chapfallen expression, when the subaltern commanding the party declared his intention of passing the night at the venta with all his men. Remonstrance would have been worse than useless; so Pablo, who had removed Don Antonio's horse to a small shed in rear of the house, gave up the stable to the new comers, furnished them with corn and straw, and then proceeded to make preparations for supper in the kitchen. This arrangement, however, was not agreeable to his peremptory guests, who, having unbridled and fed their horses,

had been amusing themselves by rummaging every corner of the house, and orders were given to remove the supper-table into the room in which Don Antonio was concealed. This was reluctantly done by Pablo, and the Carlists, placing themselves on chairs, benches, tubs, and such other seats as the poorly-furnished venta afforded, commenced a furious attack on the coarse provisions placed before them, and an equally fierce one on a pig-skin of Navarre wine. Their conversation ran chiefly on their morning's foray, in the course of which they had had a skirmish with a picket of the Queen's troops, and was plentifully garnished with such profane and blasphemous oaths as proved that, although their device might be, "*El Rey y la Religion*," the respect they bore to the latter was but scanty.

Their appetites were somewhat appeased, and their devotion to the wine-skin increasing, when a Carlist infantry soldier entered the room, and, advancing to within a few paces of the table, carried arms to the leader of the party, who enquired whence he came, and what he wanted. "*Mi alferéz*,"* answered the soldier, "*this man*," and he pointed to Pablo, who had just entered, "*this man is a spy and a traitor*. Not two hours have elapsed since he afforded shelter and concealment to the *negro*† *Perez*, the lieutenant of the infamous Barea."

"*You lie!*" interrupted Pablo, with perfect *sang-froid*; "*there is not a living creature in the house, except the two servants and these señores, nor has there been all day.*"

"*It will soon be seen who is the liar*," retorted the other. "*For the future, most worthy Pablo, when you hold a conference on the high-road, make sure beforehand that the bushes have not ears; and when you conceal a Christino in your house, close your windows, lest the opposite bank should have eyes.*"

As he said this, he advanced to the bed, and pulling it on one side, discovered *Perez* crouched down in his retreat like a tiger in his lair, with a cocked pistol in either hand, and his naked sabre lying before him. Two

* *Alferéz* is a sub-lieutenant, equivalent to our cornet or ensign.

† *Negro*, black—a name given by the Carlists to the Christinos, in return for the word "*factions*," applied by the latter to the former.

Carlists fell by the rapid discharge of his fire-arms; and seizing his sabre, he seemed for the space of a second to be about to plunge it into his own breast. He would probably have done so, and thus have avoided being taken alive; but the clamour in the room, and the thickness of the oak planks around him, had prevented his distinguishing the sense of the conversation that had passed; he saw Quintanar standing unharmed, and apparently at liberty amongst the Carlists, and doubted not that it was he who had betrayed him. The desire of revenge overcoming all other considerations, he bounded with uplifted weapon towards the innkeeper; but before he could attain his object, a dozen men threw themselves upon him, and after a desperate struggle, he was subdued and pinioned. Pablo also, after having been sufficiently ill-treated to satisfy Don Antonio that he had no part in his capture, was bound until the cords cut into his wrists; and, on his attempting to remonstrate, he received a blow across the face from a sheathed sabre, which caused the blood to gush from his nose and mouth. The soldiers would gladly have revenged on both the captives the death of their comrades slain by Antonio's pistol-shots; but were restrained by their officer, who thought the prisoners of sufficient importance to be submitted to a higher authority than his own.

Before daylight, the Carlists were in the saddle, and on their road to the headquarters of their squadron, bearing with them the two prisoners, who were led by cords fastened round the middle, each end of which was held by a lancer. The venta had been sacked of every thing that could be carried away, the furniture broken, and the doors and shutters, which did duty as windows, beaten off their hinges. Don Antonio's horse was left behind, being too lame to pro-

ceed, but his arms and saddlery were placed on the two riderless troop-horses, and even his clothes had been taken from him and divided amongst the men, being replaced by others old and shabby. His handsome fur jacket was strapped over the holsters of a sergeant, his *boina* had been taken as a trophy by the leader of the party, and a private soldier had exchanged his worn-out shoes for the boots and spurs of the unfortunate captive.

The detachment set off at the sort of amble which is the favourite marching pace of Spanish cavalry;* and with which the two prisoners were compelled to keep up, under pain of being stimulated by a prick from a lance point, administered by hands that were not likely to be particular as to the depth of the puncture. Under this rough guidance we will for the moment leave them, whilst we observe what is passing on the same day and at the same hour under the walls of Vittoria.

The dim grey twilight which precedes the dawn, had just begun to appear, and at about half musket-shot from the gates, a body of troops were drawn up on a piece of stubble, in readiness to start on a foraging expedition. They consisted of about a thousand infantry and fifty horse, a sufficient force, in the absence of any large masses of the enemy from the immediate neighbourhood, to scour the road for four or five leagues, and collect the straw from the adjacent farm-houses and villages. The officer appointed to command galloped to the front of the line, the word was given, and the troops filed out of the field, and proceeded on their march. In the uncertain light, the grey coats and dark green forage-caps of the men gave a gloomy appearance to the column, which might have been taken for some huge black snake winding along the road. In a short

* Spanish horses, which receive from nature an elegant form, great speed, and powers of endurance, are generally spoiled by being badly broken in. No care is taken to give them good paces, and the consequence is that not one in twenty can either walk or trot. They are either on a graceless fidgety amble or at full gallop, and on hard level ground they go fast; but no ditch or hedge must intervene to bar their passage, for they have no notion of leaping. A Spaniard when mounted is usually aiming at display, to attain which end even when standing still he galls his horse with the spur, and checks him with a severe bit, thus keeping him perpetually on the fret. Spanish cavalry on the march, instead of adopting the alternate trot and walk of our dragoons, go at a clumsy amble, at which they keep up the whole day.

time, however, a splendid sunrise enlivened the scene, and caused the musket barrels to glitter again. The men, who at first had been silent and sleepy, seemed to derive spirits from the cheering rays, and the general silence was exchanged for that mixture of noisy chatter and monotonous singing which generally characterizes a Spanish regiment on the march. A hundred yards in advance of the battalion, the troop of light cavalry rode gaily along, whilst in their front were a dozen or two *guias* or guides,* who, acting as a sort of *enfants perdus*, examined such places as might have afforded cover to an ambuscade, and kept a sharp look-out on all sides to guard against surprise.

A foraging party offers but little interest, and it is unnecessary to dwell on the proceedings of this one. After the usual searchings in barns and out-houses—after enforcing the services of a number of bullock carts, to the great discomposure of their owners, and seizing a quantity of forage, to the still greater annoyance of the peasants, who were ill-pleased to exchange the produce of their labour against a promissory note of her most Catholic Majesty, by no means likely to be payable at sight—after much wailing of women and grumbling of men, and hard words in Basque and Spanish—the object of the foray had been accomplished, and the hay and straw required had been sent into Vittoria under escort. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the troops had advanced as far as they could do without risking a serious skirmish, which was not the intention of the expedition. To their left front rose the ancient castle of Guevara, and immediately on their right was the village of Alegria, in which three or four companies of the Carlists were habitually quartered; but they had evacuated the place on the approach of a superior force, and had retired to a small hamlet about a mile off, whence in case of necessity they could retreat under the guns of Guevara. The Christino troops were ordered to halt, in order

to give them half an hour's repose, before commencing their march back to Vittoria. Videttes had been placed, the cavalry had dismounted, and the infantry piled their muskets, when an alarm was caused by a small party of horse, which was observed coming along the road from Vittoria at a canter, followed at a short distance by a couple of hundred infantry. The Queen's troops immediately stood to their arms, skirmishers were thrown out, and half-a-dozen dragoons sent to reconnoitre. They returned, after having approached the advancing party sufficiently near to distinguish their character. "They are Francos of Zurbano's corps," said the corporal when he came to make his report, "and the officer riding at the head of the cavalry is young Don Martin!" The arms were again piled, haversacks opened, and dram-bottles uncorked. The colonel and several of the officers had assembled round some cold provisions brought by their servants; and at the same time that they administered to the cravings of hunger, caused by the exercise and bustle of the preceding ten or twelve hours, were conjecturing the probable causes of this sortie of Zurbano's troop. After various suppositions they passed to a discussion of the merits of the free corps, and jests and remarks, not very flattering to Don Martin, his officers, and men, were bandied about; for the Spanish line being somewhat jealous of the dare-devil courage displayed by the free companions, not unfrequently avenged themselves by sneering at their deficiencies in discipline, and propensity to plunder. It was in the midst of a roar of laughter, caused by some witticism of this description, that a horseman bounded through a gap in the hedge, nearly riding down one of the laughers, and pulled his horse up short in the very midst of the group. The appearance of the new-comer was in the highest degree singular. Mounted on a black Andalusian, upwards of fifteen hands high, was a boy, who at a few paces' distance would

* The "*Gulas*" or guides were light infantry generally employed on advanced guards and perilous services, and selected on account of their activity, courage, and intelligence. General Cordova, when commanding in chief the army of the north, had a company or two of them who always accompanied him, and were composed principally of Carlist deserters. Espartaco afterwards increased their number, and formed them into regular battalions, which still exist.

have obtained no notice, unless perhaps he had excited some wonder how so diminutive a lad had contrived to perch himself on so large a steed. Seen nearer, however, it was easy to discern that it was no ordinary urchin, who, with a sabre nearly as long as himself buckled at his side, a light lance slung on his right arm, and the silver epaulette of a cornet of cavalry covering his left shoulder and falling nearly to the elbow, had intruded in so unceremonious a manner on the party of officers. His low stature, which did not exceed five feet English, and his slender frame, were those of a boy of twelve or thirteen; but his features, although pale and delicate, and without a sign of beard, had a character of fierce resolution befitting a veteran. His limbs, although slight, were nervous and wiry; his dress was a short green jacket and scarlet overalls; and his *boina*, which was brought very forward on the forehead, threw a dark shade over his face, from out of which his eyes gleamed like live coals. A bright red spot was on each cheekbone, the effect probably of excitement, or of the sharp pace at which he had ridden; and as he stared haughtily, almost savagely, round the circle into which he had broken, he presented as pretty a specimen of a budding guerrilla chieftain, as could be met with even in Spain. Such was Don Martin Zurbano, the younger son of the well-known partisan of that name.*

"Que es esto, Señorito?" was the first question of the astonished colonel; "what means all this violent haste, and lack of ceremony? Have the Carlists taken Vittoria, or what other important event has caused this sudden outbreak on the part of your worship and band?"

"The matter is this," replied the boy, without paying attention to the sneering manner of his interrogator, and speaking in a voice which, although shrill as that of a child, was

so piercing and energetic in its tones that it seemed to command attention: "Antonio Perez, my father's lieutenant, was last night carried off by the factious from the venta of Armentia. A spy brought us the intelligence at noon to-day, and also that the detachment which surprised him had been ordered to take him to Guevara, that the rebel who commands on the lines of Alava might stare at him before he was shot. From the road they took they cannot have passed Alegria as yet, nor will they, now you are close to it; but they will go through yonder hamlet on your right front, and I have come out with what men I could muster to cut them off."

"In doing which, you will have an excellent chance of being cut off yourself," replied the colonel. "In the very hamlet you point out, are nearly five hundred of the enemy, and you do not appear to muster more than half that number."

"Thereabouts. Some of our men were on escort duty, and others in the wine-shops; and as the case brooked no delay, I came out with those who assembled at the first sound of the trumpet. My father too is ill, and in bed, or he would have been out with us. But, colonel, you will surely aid me with part of your force, since the enemy muster so strong?"

"Not so fast, young sir," replied the officer. "My orders were to collect forage, and not to risk the loss of men, or even of cartridges, unnecessarily; and, since you have come thus far to rescue your comrade, you must carry it through with your own men, or else give up your intention, which is in truth rather Quixotic."

Young Barea did not deign to reply, but made a gesture of contempt; and, turning his horse, galloped back to the road on which he had left his cavalry halted. The infantry had just come up, and he addressed himself to a grim-looking old soldier who headed them,

* This high-spirited, and really extraordinary lad, who, at the period alluded to above, was only fifteen years of age, and cornet of cavalry, served under his father's banner during the whole of the war, and distinguished himself on numerous occasions. He was remarkable for his headlong courage, and deadly hatred of the Carlists. An excellent horseman, and possessed of natural talents for guerilla warfare, he was entrusted with the command of men at an age when most boys are under the ferula of a schoolmaster. He has since shot up into a more manly stature and appearance, and before the close of the war had arrived at the rank of captain, at which grade, however, he is not likely to remain stationary, should opportunities be afforded him of meriting further advancement.

his own command only extending to the cavalry:—"The poltron who is in charge of the battalion refuses to act, alleging that he has no orders. He says there are five hundred Carlists in the village; but his fears have doubtless exaggerated the number, and were there a thousand I will save Perez or die." And he was about to lead his handful of cavalry forward, when the other, whose age gave him rather more prudence than was to be found in the hot head of young Martin, checked him.

"We have somewhat more than a mile to the village," he said; "the first turning on the right leads directly to it. Advance quietly up the lane—I will divide the infantry on the flanks; and, when within a hundred yards of the houses, we'll charge with the bayonet, whilst you at the same time can make a rush with the lancers."

The words were hardly uttered when the eager boy was off at a trot, scarcely attending to the advice that was shouted after him to be prudent, and let the infantry get well up before he charged. He moved up the lane, however, at a tolerably steady pace, and soon saw the infantry divided into two small and compact bodies, moving rapidly over the fields on his right and left, whilst a line of skirmishers replied to the sharp fire which was opened from the hamlet so soon as the Christinos came within range. At about two hundred yards from the nearest houses, the lane made a bend, and then leading onwards in a straight line, allowed Zurbano to see what was passing on a sort of plaza, or open space, in front of an old convent. A picket of horse and company of infantry were formed up, whilst two or three mounted officers, one of whom appeared to be of rank, were superintending a military execution. Two men, bareheaded, and with their arms tightly pinioned to their sides, were

placed on their knees opposite to a firing party. Some confusion was apparent amongst the Carlists when Zurbano's cavalry came in sight, its approach not having been previously visible to them, owing to the narrowness of the lane, which was fringed with trees, and tall hedges.

"Perez! Perez! a ellor!"* cried, or rather screamed young Martin, the instant the above scene burst on his view, and, driving his spurs into his charger, he dashed at a mad gallop over the deep and broken ground, closely followed by his men. Notwithstanding their furious speed, they had scarcely got over a quarter of the distance between them and the enemy, when the fatal word "*fuego*" was heard, quickly followed by the rattle of a dozen muskets; the two prisoners fell on their faces, and the Carlists, giving a hasty and ill-directed volley, were in full retreat out of the village. Martin followed closely on their track, and no quarter was given to those who came within reach of his or his men's lances. The infantry, which came up a few moments later, joined in the pursuit of the flying enemy, who were chased with great loss close under the walls of Guevara. Nearly sixty slain Carlists paid for the deaths of Perez and Quintanar, whose bodies were carried to Vittoria, and there interred. Colonel Zurbano, on learning the death of Perez, paid the tribute of a soldier's grief, short but sincere, to the memory of a daring officer and a faithful follower; and long after the incident we have narrated, he was known to remember and regret the irreparable loss he had sustained in Pablo Quintanar, who had rendered him invaluable services as an unpaid spy, prompted only by his attachment to the cause he had in secret espoused, and for which he so often suffered. His memory is still cherished amongst the hardy partisans of the late war.

* A ellor!—at them!—the usual charging cry of the Spaniards.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, AND RUSSIA.*

THERE is a result, which a better acquaintance with the history of existing nations, and the continually growing experience of statesmen, are daily making more plain to the generality of mankind, and which is not without importance at the present moment, when Europe is only just free, if indeed she actually be so, from the danger of a general war:—it is this, that international alliances can never be firmly based, and never become lasting, unless, in addition to ties of mutual interest, they be cemented by mutual sympathies of national ideas, and mutual resemblances of national character. The diplomatic history of all modern times will inevitably lead the careful student to a conclusion of this nature, and the examination, not always a very interesting one, of the endless family compacts by which modern Europe has partially been brought into the form it now assumes, will show how futile attempts have generally been to bolster up fictitious amities between people of opposite nations, and to make links for tribes of men, whom the differences of language, religion, morals, and political systems have rendered any thing but apt for association. Many a devastating war has been set on foot, and myriads of peaceable mortals have been plunged into the extremities of physical and moral evil, as much without their knowledge as against their will, merely with the object, on the part of their rulers, to force the formation of affinities which never would have taken place of themselves, or to set on foot combinations which succeeding generations have hastened to set aside. Alliances may no doubt be established by force, and maintained for longer or shorter periods by principles of national honour, or feelings of national interest; but they do not, in such cases, add much to the strength of the people between whom they exist: on the contrary, they are causes of uneasiness, of secret jealousy, and of public expense: nor is an alliance with a nation of widely different ideas and wishes, though apparently advantageous, of half the real utility that one

with a related or fellow-thinking people commonly tends to produce, even amidst unequal or disadvantageous conditions.

The attempts to amalgamate the French and the Italians on the one hand, or the French and the Germans on the other; the endeavours, under our Plantagenets, to keep France and England under one and the same sceptre; or, at a later period, the experiment of an European monarchy, which Napoleon tried in vain to complete—with all the wars by which they were attended, will be fresh in in every one's recollection. These attempts, and others of a similar nature, failed altogether, so many elements of impossibility did they involve in the conditions which such political problems always require to be satisfied: but there are numberless others which, from their failure not having been so glaringly evident, though they have been nearly as wide of success, have not been so obvious to succeeding generations: and it is only when the unexpected occurrence of some curious anomaly takes place, that the long dormant cause is searched for and found. Such instances are those of Austria and Italy, Turkey and her Albanian provinces, England and Ireland, the Dutch and the French Netherlands, &c.,—instances where deep-seated national antipathies, and an innate dissimilarity of races, taking its origin in the night of remotest tradition, have perpetuated, to the present day, heart-burnings and political troubles, to the total extinction of which no proximate limits can with any probability be assigned. It is true that time, the great healer of all human woes, may produce such changes in national character as to render two totally distinct tribes not only nearly similar to each other, but even sympathetically allied: just as, on the other hand, it may split a great family into two or more portions, which become more dissimilar and more hostile the longer the separation lasts. Thus the national antipathy between the Saxon and the Gael has become nearly effaced in the north-

* 1. DE LAMARTINE. *La Question d'Orient*, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

2. DE LAMENNAIS. *Le Pays et le Gouvernement*. 1 vol. 8vo.

ern portion of our island; that between the Saxon and the Cymri in the west; while the hatred between the Saxon and the Erse, though cooling down through secular periods, has been sufficiently fanned by bad government of past centuries on the part of the conquerors, and by bad conduct on the part of the conquered in the present, to keep smouldering on, even to the days in which we live. If ever there was an apparently unnatural separation between two portions of a great people, torn asunder by casual political circumstances, that of the schism between Great Britain and the United States was one of the most contrary to what might have been supposed possible: and yet, partly from circumstances of place, partly from admixture of the North American settlers with people of all nations, the dissimilarity between these two branches of the English family is increasing every year; and, if ever the language of either should become much modified, they will probably constitute distinct types of the human race in future ages. France, by dint of unwearied efforts at centralization, and by the activity of her government, especially previous to the Great Revolution, has succeeded in amalgamating the various provinces conquered by Louis XIV. with those subjugated by his predecessors. Austria, too, retains under her sceptre the Teuton, the Hun, the Bohemian, and the Pole—and that, too, without much difficulty; whereas she is forced to hold his own stiletto at the Italian's throat, and to use force, and even intrigue, to effect what by legislative prudence and political honour she has succeeded in doing in her transalpine dominions. In the Spanish peninsula the Ibero-Goth has extirpated, or is amalgamated with the Moor, and keeps under an unwilling yoke the Basque; at the same time, however, the Gothic family has split into two tribes that, with kindred languages and similar ideas, hate each other with the antipathy that only a Portuguese or Spaniard can know, and, if nature admitted it, would rend the Lusitanian slip from the continent, and place the Atlantic at least between them.

Were a nation perfectly free to make its own alliances, there is no doubt but that it would be drawn towards those people with whom some previous ties of family similitude existed:—but this is not often the case: when-

ever it does so occur, however, it is an opportunity too precious to be lost, and, from its importance to the future welfare of a state, should never be neglected. To apply this to the present circumstances of England with regard to Europe, we wish distinctly to advocate the formation of those alliances, and the encouragement of those political connexions which have moral sympathies and natural inclinations to back them, in preference to those which have for a longer or a shorter time been founded on reasons of political expediency, and present few more benefits to be hoped for in future days:—we intend to recommend the friendship and alliance of the northern nations of this quarter of the world, in preference to those of the southern,—those of the Teutonic and Slavonic, rather than those of the Gallic and Gallo-Roman tribes. In so doing, we beg it may be distinctly understood, that the absence of a political leaning to close friendship, does not imply a desire for political hostility:—all that we desire to urge is this, that it is better for England and Englishmen to associate themselves with the north-erns, until ameliorations of political institutions and national character shall render a closer union with the south-erns more desirable than it is at the present moment. It is a dreadful extremity alone that can justify a recommendation to hostility; but common prudence will, at all times, constitute a sufficient apology for a preference in the forming of friendship.

Great Britain is essentially a member of the northern portion of Europe, not more by its geographical position than by the origin of its inhabitants, and by all the physical characteristics that constitute what is termed a nation. Her language, or rather her various tongues and dialects—the ethnical distinctions of her people—their spirit of maritime enterprise, and their coolness and sobriety of character, constitute numerous points of resemblance between them and their relations of the Teutonic family. The same sort of similitude, only different in degree, exists between the English nation and the inhabitants of ancient Scandinavia; it is probably more close, in many points, than that with regard to the Germans, especially in a sturdy spirit of freedom, in maritime skill, and in what may be termed home-feelings. And again, there is also a like-

ness, though a more remote one, between the English and the western tribes of the Slavonic race. Whatever may be the kind and degree of affinity naturally existing between Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia, the ties that unite them have been drawn much more closely by the political events of the last half century, and these nations have had to form a powerful and a holy union on a memorable occasion. On the other hand, the southern nations of Europe, allowance being made for the admixture of Gaelic and Celtic elements in their composition, are now, whatever they may have been in former ages, of a very distinct moral if not physical type, and, taken as a class of mankind, present much fewer points of affinity with the English.

The origin and structure of their language—their comparative want of independent feelings—their deficiency in maritime and commercial enterprise—and the impetuous rashness by which they are more or less marked—all these points, from whatever causes they may have arisen, draw a strong line of distinction between the two families. Without dwelling on the advantages or disadvantages of the two sets of characteristics, and without at present indicating the good or bad qualities that co-exist in any of these nations, there can be no doubt of the fact as to Europe being mainly divided into great classes—the northern and southern; and we maintain that the natural position of England is in the former rather than the latter division.

During the middle ages—during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and especially during the eighteenth, the wars that England waged on the continent of Europe were mainly against the southern; while the alliances she made, the good effects of which still endure, were with the northern. This circumstance, caused in no small degree by affinity of races, has linked the national existence of England much more closely with that of her German and Scandinavian friends than with that of her Gallic and other neighbours; it was from this cause that the epithet of a natural enemy came to be bandied about from one side of the British Channel to the other, and that anti-Gallic feelings existed with considerable intensity in England, till towards the end of the

last century. At that period the French Revolution found too many advocates and admirers among the misguided portion of the British public, and a sort of esteem for the French nation was springing up, when the true character of that people became developed amid the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and their unjustifiable aggressions successfully aided the honourable and right-thinking majority of Britons in coercing the evil-disposed at home, in checking the infection of Gallomania, and in making that glorious stand for the liberties and moral good of Europe, which is one of the brightest spots not only in the national history of our country, but even in that of modern times. The national feelings throughout the last war were strongly and decidedly turned against France, and were as much excited in favour of Germany, of Sweden, of Holland, and of the southern victims of French ambition; the peculiarities of the northern people were fully developed; and on the Holy Alliance being formed, the God of victory gave it that rapid success for which the justice of its cause and the noble use made of its powers so well entitled it to hope. At the end of the great war, few advocates of an alliance with France could be found in England, whereas Germans, and subjects of the great power on the north-east of Europe, were received with open arms whenever they came. Since that period, proximity of situation between France and England, the existence of mutual commercial interests, and the frequency of personal intercourse, have greatly removed asperities of national feeling on the part of the English; and political occurrences since 1830 have given a still stronger impulse to a certain portion of our fellow-countrymen to make up to their French neighbours. It is true, that this softened feeling on the part of England has not been met with corresponding cordiality on the other side of the Channel; and that national antipathy, and even national hatred, exist there as strongly as ever: the stretching out of the hand of friendship has been entirely on the side of ourselves: the hand has been shaken, if at all, only in a cold, heartless manner, by those to whom it was proffered; and they now would be anxious to reply with blows, if they had the means and the spirit to strike. The advantage of the intercourse has

been entirely on the side of France ; English capital, English improvements, and English manners, have flowed into the country, and the civilization of the French has thereby received no small impulse ; while, on the other hand, little French capital has found its way into Great Britain ; few improvements, except in the arts, have been derived from thence ; and even within the last few months the French Government has opposed the granting of such fair concessions as might lead to the conclusion of an honourable commercial treaty : add to which, that the contagion of French political dogmas has not spared the British public, and a portion of our lower and manufacturing population have thence derived some of the wild and mischievous notions that cannot but end, if unchecked, in their own ruin. The intercourse of England with the German and Scandinavian nations—and it is a providential circumstance that it should have been so—has kept on undiminished, perhaps has been slowly augmenting, and has ever found appreciators and admirers among the nobler and more intellectual ranks of Englishmen. The sober, good sense of our Teutonic brethren, their practical progress in all the arts and sciences, in national prosperity, and in well-founded national happiness—all this has been esteemed as it deserved by the better portion of our fellow-countrymen, and has served as a counterpoise to what might otherwise have been the disastrous influence of France. During this period, however—that is to say, since 1815—the interests of England, falsely so called, and her oriental policy, much misunderstood, added to the efforts of the friends of France in the Legislature, have led part of the British nation to entertain the most childish and exaggerated apprehensions of the aggressions of a great nation far removed from our own shores, and the junior in standing of the leading European powers. The most strenuous efforts have been made to originate and maintain national jealousies and bad feelings between the English and the Russians ; the most extravagant misrepresentations have been circulated of the acts and political intentions of that power ; and the unthinking portion of British politicians, (by far the majority, that is to say,) have been taught, whatever their opinions on

home subjects might be, to consider Russia as the great northern Mammoth, ready to swallow continental Europe at a gulp, and to pick its teeth with the bones of England. Nine out of ten of the political chatters that make up the falsely so-called *Liberal* party, and not a few Conservatives, have brought themselves to that pitch of political strabism, that they consider “the Autocrat of all the Russias” as the actual incarnation of the mythological giant, whose defeat and slaughter by our old friend Jack amused the days of our infancy ; and even in the Legislature, there are few of our gravest senators who can bring themselves to discuss Russian policy with any thing like fairness ; while declamations against Russian tyranny, Russian ambition, and Polish misery, form a ready clap-trap topic whenever political humbug is scanty at home, and agitation finds itself at a discount.

In the persuasion that the consideration of the present positions in which France, Germany, and Russia stand towards England, and the pointing out of the good and evil that may be expected from our alliance with any of these nations, will tend to remove prejudice, and favour the progress of truth, we proceed briefly to examine the actual influence that they are calculated to exercise on our own country. We begin with France.

It should never be forgotten, though it is too much lost sight of, that France is a country still suffering from the moral and political evils of her great revolution, the severe judgment which centuries of mismanagement on the part of government, and misconduct on the part of the aristocracy and the clergy, brought on that unhappy country. That dreadful moral disease has left behind it the germs of future mischief seated in the heart's core of the nation, to bring forth their pestilential fruit from time to time. The symptoms of the ancient malady are renewed at various epochs, and a healthy condition of the nation is probably still far removed. The forms of a republic exist no longer, but institutions based on republican ideas subsist in unmitigated tyranny ; the social and moral degradation entailed by the overthrow of all religion still goes on, though a feeble church is nominally established, inadequate to the people's wants : the absence of an improving spirit, and the want of

habits of strenuous industry, brought on by that state of political affairs, which made the mob lords of misrule, still hang as dead-weights upon the commercial and manufacturing efforts of the provincial population: while the centralizing system, joined to that of pecuniary equalization, exposed the whole country to the electrical excitation of whatever political party happens to have succeeded in the last scramble for place and power. The old aristocracy having passed a suicidal sentence on themselves since 1830, by tacitly withdrawing from the political scene, and the new self-created aristocracy being in the full swing of political intrigue; the people suffering under the accumulated evils of harsh republican laws, fiscal rapacity, legislative extravagance, and the unchecked action of executive power; the depositaries of power holding their authority on the doubtful title of a successful usurpation, and maintaining their slippery footing only by juggling the multitude out of that share of the regal spoils which they greedily promised; all this keeps the French nation in such a state of feverish excitement, that for the last ten years it has had the responsible advisers of the crown changed every seven months, has had the head of the state shot at five times, has had its annual expenditure increased every session, and at length when, by the bad faith of a profligate minister, it has incurred the responsibility of attempting to set the whole world at war, it has found in the accounts of the treasury a deficit of *thirty-two millions sterling!* The example of such a nation cannot be honourable for England; its friendship cannot be desirable. The republican notions of France have worked quite enough misery in that country; they have caused far too much legal oppression to its people, for us to make any importation of them into our own island, to add to the profligacy and the folly of our Radicals or our Chartists. We want to borrow nothing from the centralizing system of France, to encourage propensities and experiments of the same kind, which many of our Whig statesmen are known to entertain—misery enough, and more than enough of political degradation and debility, is produced by the equalization system in France, to give us any desire for superadding it to the openly avowed intention of the Radicals, and no-property boys on our own

side of the water:—our own aristocracy have been too much attacked by the illiberal portions of the press and the legislature, that we should wish to see their mischievous efforts at disorder encouraged by the example or the communications of the French popular party:—we see nothing in the political system of France, nothing in her political ideas, that we should be inclined to adopt at home: we know of nothing in matters of government in which we have not an immeasurable superiority. The extreme jealousy of France in commercial matters and international trade, is not a good subject of contemplation or imitation: it is true that French manufacturers are forced to take English goods and English materials to a considerable extent; but it is with extreme unwillingness, and only amid the loudest protestations from the press against the encroaching and *monopolizing* (!) spirit of Great Britain:—our own merchants and manufacturers, are far too fond of imposing duties and premiums to their own advantage, and of crying out against any similar favour being granted to the agriculturists, that we should try to give them any lift in their one-sided policy, by cutting a leaf out of the French commercial code; and our own experimenters are quite numerous enough, without our trying to increase them by any additions borrowed from French speculators. In moral and social matters, the state of political affairs in England for the last ten years has not so much added to national morality, to the good feeling, the habits of order and contentedness of our middling and lower classes, that we should be justified in recommending an infusion of French *deism* or French *probity*:—we have Socialists and Owenites enough, without inviting any French Fourierist, or Babeufite, or St Simonian to come and initiate us in their amiable mysteries:—we have not too many respecters of property among our working classes, to render any increase of their folly at all to be wished for: our criminal law will not be mended by any precedent from the barbarous and atrocious condemnation of Madame Lafarge: in all these points we have nothing, absolutely nothing, to wish to imitate from the French. In our relation with other countries, we conceive that the conduct of England can never be benefited by any turning aside to walk in the paths of France: that country,

smarting under the recollection of recent quailing before the other powers of Europe, and anxious to acquire, by no matter what means of violence, the might in Europe which its change of system in 1830 has justly deprived it of, is tormented by an itching for war, from which Great Britain is fortunately exempt. From the narrow views, too, which it takes of continental policy, and from its absolute want of consideration for the quiet and comfort of other nations, it is always ready for public mischief; and with the false notion, that it cannot lose but must gain in a general struggle, there is nothing that the mass of the idle portion of the nation—the idle, talking, and though idle yet the actuating portion—desires so much as a time of general trouble. In all this, we have nothing to respect, nothing to imitate. We have far too long experienced the excellent effects of our old institutions of all kinds, and our modern attempts at legislative improvement have been too little satisfactory, that we should go to look for examples of good in a nation that has so completely broken down in her political experiments as France. Hints to avoid evil, and notices of sunken rocks to be steered clear of by our political bark, we may indeed find in plenty among our Gallic neighbours;—they who have worked out the problem of a republic built on the ruins of a monarchy to its ultimate consequences of military tyranny and political abasement—they who are now engaged in driving “the monarchy of the middle classes” into the ditch from which it will never again rise. Would we see what is to be expected from the overthrow of an ancient landed aristocracy, a project much recommended in England three or four years ago, we should enquire whether the French people have become more free in reality by having done so, than they were before they began? and whether all the feudal usages to which they were subjected in former days, were heavier drawbacks on their exertions, than the innumerable exactions of the fiscal and legal authorities now are?—We should ascertain whether the people were not more protected against the tyranny of supreme authority by their natural lords, than they now are against the unshielded action of the law? Whether modern municipal councils, mayors, and prefects, are less subservient to the crown or the minister, than the

bailies and councillors of former days?—What is the difference between a *lettre de cachet*, and a writ of preventive imprisonment, with trial before a packed jury?—And which is the best, voluntary enrolment, a moderate army, and the respect of foreign nations, or military conscription, an immense permanent force, and the distrust and dislike of all neighbouring people? Our Radical legislators, if they considered or cared for the results of their theories, and their actions, could not do better than look at the ills under which France groans; and test their principles by practical examples ready made to their hands.

What is really good in France, should be admired and imitated by us as carefully as what is bad should be shunned. Thus, the spirit of public forbearance in matters of social opinion and conduct—a spirit that has survived from before the great Revolution, and prevents much of that malicious uncharitableness which sectarian differences and fanatical enthusiasm have brought to such a fearful pitch of intensity in England—a spirit of scientific and literary industry, which would do honour to the learned classes in any people, and a generally diffused love and respect for the fine arts;—these are points in which we need not fear to imitate the French; but from anything that originates in their democratic or irreligious opinions, we should hold ourselves widely aloof.

To advert briefly to the Germans: we know of so few bad points in their national character—taking all the Germanic tribes as members of one vast family—that there is no small difficulty in singling them out. The nations that occupy the centre of Europe, have not been subjected to such a tremendous social disorganization as the French;—they have not been revolutionized; and they have not had the bad effects of such political maladies developed among them. As for faults arising from a democratic tendency, they have none. There are a few wild-headed men among them, no doubt, but much fewer than among ourselves. It is not for us to apprehend political contamination from Germany; on the contrary, it is for the Germans to be afraid of it from us—and they are so. The German legislators, who are sincerely anxious for the welfare of their fel-

low-citizens, look with suspicion on the political quacks and agitators that obstruct our public assemblies; they are afraid of the influence of their opinions; and they regard us as dangerous only in an inferior degree to the French. We are bound to admit, on the other hand, that some of our best and wisest statesmen blame the Germans for carrying out their monarchical and aristocratical ideas rather too far; but it cannot be denied, that from the good feeling prevalent throughout the German states, and from the reciprocal kindness of manner that subsists between the governors and the governed, there are no people practically more happy, or more mildly ruled. Whether we look at the dignified but *paternal* sway of Austria, at least on the northern side of the Alps, or at the highly enlightened and *fraternal* dominion of the Prussian monarchs, as well as at the good-natured simplicity of most of the smaller governments, it is impossible not to feel respect and good-will for German politicians. In their social relations we have nothing to lose by close contact with them. The inhabitants of Vienna, it is true, are not to be ignited in some of their practices, especially in the higher walks of life; nor is the prevalent love of gambling to be apologized for any more in the Germans than it is in the French;—still they are a sober steady set of people, with as little harm in them as most others; and they will stand a very fair comparison with their Anglo-Saxon brethren. The heads of the Germans are apt to run a wool-gathering both in religious and philosophical matters; but these are subjects rather above the plain comprehensions of us unsophisticated islanders; and by the time our German friends come to understand each other, or themselves, we shall probably be able to pick out the good part of their systems for our own benefit. We should certainly avoid the wild dreaminess of their mystical systems; but their patient and laborious spirit of research, their thorough-going determination of diving to the bottom of all matters scientific, literary, or political, and their faculty of linking together their results in lucid systems and practical plans—all this calls for an Englishman's unqualified admiration. The warmth of their religious feelings, whatever their denominations

may be, and the tolerance universally practised by all sects towards each other, constitute two of the most amiable and the most valuable features of the German character. It will be long in England before we have either so much true piety among us, or so much real charity.

The Russians, a hundred years ago, were only assuming their station among the civilized nations of Europe; but, though their empire has been gradually on the increase, till in its unwieldy extent it occupies no small portion of the globe, apprehensions of their influence in Western Europe, and of their possible aggrandizement, were not generally entertained till after the late war. Russia was certainly a first-rate power at the end of the last century, and had her due weight in Europe;—but the public press respected her; and it has only been within the last five-and-twenty years that she has been pointed out as the bugbear of England, the colossus of the north, and the incubus of the world. Russia has done very little to justify the extraordinary virulence of prejudice that exists against her; and if the circumstances under which she has been and is at present placed be fairly considered, most of the accusations brought against her will fall to the ground. When, by the defeats of the Tartars, and the first conquests over the Ottomans, Russia found herself assuming the stability and consistency of an European rather than an Asiatic power; and when, after the defeat of the Swedish madman, and the efforts of the great Peter, she had definitively assumed a befitting station among the Christian and civilized nations of the world, the immense extent of her territory, however rude and scanty its inhabitants, and however loosely some parts might cohere, forced her to adopt an almost exclusively military policy, and to be ready to wield her arms for defence not less than for aggression. That she should have obtained the Finnish provinces of her northern territory, the Lithuanian and Polish districts of her middle frontier, and the countries conquered from Turkey on her southern, is not to be construed into the working of a more restless ambition than has possessed other nations, when the peculiar circumstances of the populations, both conquering and conquered, are taken into account;

and when we reflect that foreign conquest and aggression were considered, at that time, to be legitimate objects of pursuit by all nations in the world. It is true that similar occurrences could not now take place in Europe, without exciting reprobation; and the great partition of Poland showed that the sense of civilized nations as to the true principles of national law and public justice was much ameliorated:—we do not say that such aggressions were devoid of ambition, and were not in many points indefensible; but we assert, that any other nation placed under the same circumstances as Russia then was, would have acted in the same manner. France, which attempted universal robbery under Napoleon, and England, which has taken such wide steps towards the subjugation of the Eastern Indies, cannot with good consciences fling any reproaches of ambition against Russia. The position that this great power has at length made for herself is this, that she occupies the wide chasm between European civilization and Asiatic barbarism: that she unites under her sway numerous Christian tribes more or less civilized, who are thrown in contact on her frontiers with some of the wildest and most warlike of the uncivilized and heathen people of Asia: and that, as a necessary consequence, the war of knowledge against ignorance must go on, and the bloody amalgamation must be made, which has ever been the fate of large divisions of mankind when they are thrown together in physical contact, though wide from each other in moral cultivation. As for the last troubles in Poland, or the war still going on against the Circassians, it is sufficient to observe that subsequent events in the first case, and many co-existing ones in the second, are to be alleged in justification of the conduct of Russia. It is now well known that it was only the false-grounded agitation produced by the empty boastings of French Liberals after the events of July 1830, that put ideas of revolt into the heads of the misguided Poles. They had few causes for discontent, and no real ones for revolt: and had it not been for the aggressive spirit of French republican propagandism, the Poles would have gone on improving under the just and merciful dominion of the Czar. Doubtless the heroic deeds of that unfortunate people en-

title them to the admiration of Europe for their individual courage; but had not Russia repressed that revolution, had she not thereby boldly and determinedly come forward to put an immediate check on the pernicious influence of French opinion and French example, every constituted monarchy in Europe might at this day have been degraded into a republic; and France, that is to say, the mob of Paris, would have assumed the dictatorship which Russia is accused of wishing to possess. The use made by Russia of her victory on that occasion, reflects great credit on her spirit as a nation: no rebellion of the same magnitude and danger, was ever followed by fewer vindictive measures—to no subjects who had so violently rejected the authority of government, was the confidence of the monarch ever so speedily restored. Poland is now once more in the path of order and happy obedience, and is destined to attain that vigour by consolidation with the Russian empire, which, in an isolated condition, she never could have hoped for. These fortunate results are due chiefly to the personal good qualities of the emperor—one of the most honourable, enlightened, and amiable princes that ever filled an European throne; and they have also been greatly promoted by the moderate but firm conduct of the eminent statesmen who are at the head of affairs in the Russian empire. With regard to Circassia, Russia has exactly the same excuse that England has with the Asiatic tribes on her north-western frontiers, and a far better one than the French can allege for their conquests in Africa. It is indeed much to be wished that an amicable arrangement could be come to in the Caucasus, and that the great work of peaceful civilization should be allowed to proceed: it would be far better for western nations to offer their good services to effect such a settlement, than to waste their temper and their reason in idle exclamation, against “the inordinate ambition of Russia.”

The inhabitants of the immense Russian empire comprehend so many distinct tribes, that they may call themselves the cousins, if not the brothers of the rest of the human race: it is difficult, therefore, to say with what precise portion of them an affinity to the English people exists. Of this, however, there is no doubt, that

the inhabitants of Russia proper are not at all likely to become similar to the southerners, according as they get more and more civilized: while it is no less true that the upper classes, and especially the high nobility of Russia, will bear a most honourable comparison for their really good qualities with the corresponding classes of any country. The high refinement and the multifarious accomplishments of Russian nobles and Russian statesmen and diplomatists, entitle them to universal respect wherever they are known: and the conduct and character of the members of the imperial family, their elevated generosity of spirit, their unaffected simplicity and goodness of heart, their courage and their princely bearing, place them very high indeed among the royal houses of Europe. It is far better to cultivate the friendship of, and to form an intimate alliance with, a young and vigorous power like Russia, with her various populations promising to distinguish themselves in all the branches of human skill and industry, imbued too with an uncorrupted spirit of respect for constituted authorities, than to endeavour to curry favour with a power which has thrown itself into the descent of political degradation, and the subjects of which have more of the elements of disorganization than of improvement among them; while, from their innate spirit of restless discontent, they cannot but continue for a long time to be causes of annoyance and distrust to their neighbours. Russia is likely to become not only a producing, but also a manufacturing country—and that too on a scale which the world has as yet no notion of: the moral, the social, and the civilizing influence which she in her turn will some day exercise on the world, cannot but be immense; she must become a commercial as well as a political power; and if her progress be only as sound as it has hitherto been rapid, the limits of her moral and physical strength will be difficult to be assigned. The energies and the efforts of such a nation as this, are much better objects for Englishmen to contemplate, than those of the degenerate nations of southern Europe. Britons may strengthen their national character, and add new spirit to their own by associating with northern allies: whereas the company of degenerated southerners, who are already

in the period of national decline, can only tend to weaken and corrupt their best principles.

On the other hand there is infinitely more good-will towards England among the Germans and the Russians, than among the French or any other people of southern Europe. Our brethren of the north admire the manly and straightforward spirit that characterizes us, whereas our neighbours in the south regard it only as insolence and pride: the former, like ourselves, know that a people are only then happy when every individual is kept in his proper place, and that the force and dignity of a country depend intimately upon the good order and regularity preserved among its inhabitants: the latter, on the contrary, are restlessly trying to realize theories of equality, and are hastening by internal divisions to make themselves at once debilitated and contemptible. The Germans have always been our right hearty good friends and relations; the Russians are equally willing to become our warm allies and supporters, whether in arts or arms; the French on the contrary are now more jealous of us than ever, and hate us with a hatred that is the fiercer from its having been long pent up or diverted from its purpose: they not only proclaim themselves our national enemies, but they glory in it.

This will be seen more clearly if we advert to the present state of the Eastern question, which in real fact is that of the peace of Europe, or rather of the preponderance of the well-disposed and the orderly over the brawlers and *brouillons* of this quarter of the world. Russia, whatever it may please democratical writers and hunters after cheap popularity to assert as to her unbounded spirit of aggression and intrigue, has shown rare moderation towards Turkey ever since the conclusion of the general peace in 1815. The advantages given her by her arms she has not abused; her territory has not been unduly aggrandized; her claims on Turkey have been neither excessive, nor harshly enforced. She has always stood by the Sultan as his ready and consistent friend; and though, from the mere circumstance of locality, she must feel a nearer interest in the fate of the Turkish empire than the western nations of Europe, while, from the relations that have long subsisted between the two people, she is in the

position of a powerful and respected friend rather than of an equal and indifferent ally, no act has yet been committed by her that can at all warrant the accusation of usurpation and illegitimate protection which have so commonly been thrown out against her. If Russia has played the part of an usurping protector towards Turkey, France has done it much more towards Spain, Austria towards southern Italy, and England towards Portugal. Ever since the formation, however, of the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, Russia has done anything but gain ground with the Porte: she has taken no unfair advantage of the clauses, secret or patent, of that compact; and she has allowed it to expire without seeking to renew her advantages in any way that can give umbrage to the rest of the great powers. With regard to the late phases of the Turco-Egyptian question, the acts and the diplomacy of Russia have been more open and straightforward than those of any other European power perhaps ever were before. Her enlightened statesmen saw the true bearing of the question, and knew wherein the real balance of power in Europe consisted: they were fully aware of the intrigues of France, and of the secret intentions of the anarchical party in that country to support the pasha at the expense of the sultan; they proposed the coalition of the great powers for the equitable adjustment of that quarrel, which France would have been only too glad to turn into a source of universal mischief; and they had the signal honour of devising and effecting the union which has been crowned with such decided success. It is no small credit at the same time, we are bound to confess, to the administration of our own foreign department, that it should have been in such accurate information concerning the real condition of Syria, and the actual strength of the pasha, as to have at once discarded the false and insidious assertions of the French abroad, and the admirers of French alliance at home: it does England honour, that while she has acted in a perfectly straightforward and honourable manner towards France, she showed that she estimated her friendship at no more than it was worth. We hail the treaty of the 15th July as one of the most happy events of modern diplomacy, and we trust that the good feeling it has produced between British

and Russian statesmen will become universal, not only between the two governments, but also between the two people. During the recent operations in Syria, Russia has stood aloof in a manner that has at once astonished and silenced her detractors: she held a moderate naval and military force ready at the summons of her ally the sultan: she gave the most frank and cordial assurances of her disinterestedness; and in the short course of warlike proceedings, which have terminated in the submission of the rebellious pasha, she has not fired a single gun in defence of the Ottoman flag.

What has been the conduct of France in this affair? It has at length transpired, by the public declarations of her ejected and disappointed Ministers, that the *liberal* party of that nation have all along been the secret advisers and stimulators of Mehemet Ali; that they have blinded and deceived him with exaggerated statements of their own power and intentions, in the same way as they deceived Poland to her ruin. It is pretty evident to whoever can add two and two together, that the French admiral at the mouth of the Dardanelles connived at, if he was not secretly instructed to favour, the treachery of the Capitan-pasha and the delivery of the Ottoman fleet. It is *proved* by papers found in the French Foreign Office after M. Thiers's dismissal, that he was secretly encouraging Mehemet Ali to reject the mediation of the four powers, at the very time that, in his official notes to the British Cabinet, he asserted that he was doing the contrary. While France was acting thus, she was launching out, through all the organs of her press, in the most violent invectives against the Punic faith of England, the rapacity of Russia, and the imbecility of the two German powers. M. Thiers, with the profligacy of a republican *parvenu*, said openly, in certain Parisian *salons*, that he would set on foot a system of propagandism against Germany and Italy. He has not denied this fact when taxed with it in the Chamber: and one of his colleagues has openly admitted, in a public debate of the Deputies, that it was the intention of his Cabinet to effect a temporary (permanent?) occupation of the Balearic islands. There has never been an instance within the present century of

such dishonourable and profligate diplomatic conduct on the part of any Government as that of which M. Thiers's administration has been proved guilty in the face of all Europe. His Cabinet has, however, been playing almost as false a game towards the French nation as towards foreign powers; for it has excited the worst passions of the worst portion of the people—the political mob of the capital—and has not hesitated to compromise the safety and the industry of the quiet industrious populations of the provinces, in order to please the hungry and rapacious crowd of expectants of all kinds with which Paris is infested. Fortunately for the sake of France, the manufacturing and commercial classes have taken the alarm; and now that the inadequacy, not only of their military and naval preparations, but also of their “sinews of war,” (we allude to the deficit of thirty-two millions sterling, while in a state of peace, be it observed,) has been brought to light, they will derive from these circumstances additional arguments to prevent a conflagration.

One of the men who had the courage to come forward at a time when all the rest of the nation—or rather a noisy part of the nation—were blustering about war, was M. de Lamartine. This gentleman, whose poetical powers are generally esteemed more highly than his political lucubrations, had nevertheless been long enough in the East, and had acquired a sufficiently accurate view of the true interests of France with regard to the rest of Europe, to see at once through the shallow pretences set up by the men in office; and he published, as early as September last, three very remarkable letters, under the title of—“*La Question d'Orient, La Guerre, Le Ministère,*” in which, with great lucidity of thought and force of expression, he explained the actual state of the case as it is now known to all Europe. He pointed at the fallacy of attempting to maintain that the integrity of the Ottoman empire would be best preserved by a partial dismemberment; and he showed the insincerity of the assertion, that France had been duped and insulted by the Four Powers. He demonstrated the policy of rescuing the oppressed population of Syria from the tyrannical exactions of Mehemet Ali; and

he urged his country to come frankly forward, admit her mistake, and make an amicable coalition with the other arbiters of European destinies. Fortunately for France, similar views were entertained by the honourable and enlightened statesman who then filled the office of her ambassador in England; and on the formation of the present Cabinet, the only course of policy that the country could safely pursue, was at once courageously avowed and acted on. It is most earnestly to be hoped by the friends of France that this policy will continue to receive the cordial support of the legislature, and that similar counsels, systematically persevered in, will ultimately bring that country within the limits of social reason and public honour.

We confess, however, that, on looking calmly at the present condition of France with regard to the rest of Europe, we see in it many causes for apprehension, and that we can assign no probable limits to the existence of such causes. The extraordinary virulence of enmity against England, and against all regularly constituted governments, which broke out in France at the end of last summer, and has since continued unabated among a considerable portion of the nation, is a most fearful element of trouble, that will probably endure for a long time. France, it should be remembered, is a military republic, with an arbitrary government at its head; actuated, on the one hand, by an overweening idea of self-importance and a thirst for extra-territorial aggression; and on the other, by a cordial detestation of its supreme authorities and the reigning dynasty, by whom it feels itself to have been politically swindled; a passion for the extension of the frontier to the Rhine, and the obtaining of a preponderance in Italy; with a strong but indefinite wish for revenge against Russia, on account of Poland and Moscow, and an earnest desire to humble England in any way that may be possible: such is the prevailing notion of the best foreign policy for France entertained by nine-tenths of her talkers: (we say nothing of Spain, nor the *mistake* of England in making the Quadruple Alliance;) while with regard to home policy, the people, disgusted with their burdens, and with the corruptions of the system by which

they are governed, falsely imagine that in an extension of the popular method of government, as they term it, they shall find a remedy for the evils of which they complain. The present King of France stands exactly in the position of an Italian *podesta* of the middle ages,—of one of those successful usurpers, who, called in by the people of some state to free them from the oppression, real or fancied, of their governors, cajoled them with the fairest words, and in the end established a tyranny far more corrupt and insupportable than that which he was summoned to remove. The people are more or less of this opinion; and the feelings of the nation for Louis-Philippe vary from cool disaffection to cordial and virulent hatred. He lives with the sword of Damocles over his head, and maintains a hollow and precarious sway over a fickle and dissatisfied people:—it is true, that from a sense of his own interest, and also from a knowledge of the positive weakness of France, the King is averse to war, and is for the maintenance of *La paix à tout prix*; but let any sudden combination bring the noisy and profligate party into power again, let the infirmities of age, or the more steady aim of a new assassin's hand, affect the existence of Louis-Philippe, and the whole edifice of the present Government of France will come down with a crash and a dust that will surprise the unthinking portion of Europe. There is every reason to expect that a war of aggression on the part of France will then immediately ensue; she will then have her military and republican propensities uncontrolled; and it should be remembered, *a military republic is always an aggressive power*. She will commit some act of insult or hostility against one or other of the European states, and will justify them in taking measures for the final abatement of such a nuisance.

The present language of the French press, which is of the most insulting and opprobrious kind towards England in particular, and the other great powers in general; the wild doctrines of universal levelling preached up by the Republican party, with the Abbé de Lamennais at its head, and the no-property writers at its tail—doctrines which we know to be on the spread, and language which we see is approved rather than reprobated—these show

what Europe will have to expect from a change of dynasty, and almost from a change of ministry in that inflammable country. We have no doubt that the allied powers of the north—Russia, Austria, and Prussia, that is to say—will behave with becoming prudence and firmness whenever the day of trial arises; and we most earnestly hope that England will be prepared to act with them, and so consult its best and highest interests, rather than make the same mistake which she did in 1830, and approve of revolutions abroad that may run very near to produce corresponding changes at home. There will be no safety for Europe, no security for her permanent peace, until the aristocratical element is restored in France to its due share of influence and authority; but to effect this, the whole constitution and even the territorial division of the country must be altered. Should such a measure become desirable in the event of a general war, the allied powers will be fully justified in treating France with a high hand, and in taking such ample securities for a better order of things in future as they might and ought to have done in 1815. France must either hasten to become a strictly commercial and agricultural country, laying aside her views of propagandism and foreign aggression—a thing we believe utterly impossible,—or else when she next goes to war she must expect, notwithstanding the fortifications of Paris (!) to see her territories roundly clipped, and her political organization remodelled. Meanwhile, since France, to use a common expression, *a mis le marché dans nos mains*, and since her people are openly manifesting their antipathy for the English not only as a government but as a people, we think that we are fully justified in not coinciding with the babblers about the advantages of a fraternal alliance with the *Grande Nation*, but rather in strongly urging the propriety of entering into closer and more congenial bonds of friendship with the nations of northern and eastern Europe, between whom and ourselves there already exist strong similarities of habits and feelings, and for one and all of whom the widely-tempered forms of aristocratic, religious, and monarchical government are as the sheet-anchor of hope, and the polar star of policy.

AFRICA.

A NEW expedition has been fitted out, to make its way up the Niger, and try once more to open a communication with the interior. To expeditions of this order, and confined to this purpose, we believe that the English nation will cordially give its consent. African civilisation, the hope of giving the advantages of European knowledge, arts, and comforts, to the millions of our fellow men who cover this vast central portion of the world, would be among the most natural, justifiable, and philanthropic purposes that could animate the efforts of a great and humane people. Africa, too, contains what would amply repay our labours; vast mineral wealth, a boundless variety of those products which add to the enjoyments, the food, and the power of man. Immense regions hitherto unexplored, and lying under the very latitudes where natural fertility might have the finest conceivable advantages; all these would amply justify the most lavish national exertion, even if we had no higher objects than pecuniary profit. But the opportunity of introducing intellectual light into the primeval place of intellectual darkness; morals into the centre of habitual barbarism; and Christianity, with its social wisdom, its lofty energies, and its imperishable rewards, into the very den of savage passions, and cruel superstitions, would be an object, in itself, nobler and more illustrious, than all that could ever be achieved by human ambition.

None can more willingly give credit to the intentions of the first advocates of African freedom than ourselves. The trade was a national crime; though its horrors had long been so little known, that its criminality was not felt by the nation. It is to the infinite honour of England, that the actual condition of this dreadful traffic was no sooner fairly brought before the national eye, than they were met by the national reprobation. But the topic was too tempting to Whiggism, sectarianism, and to the bitter restlessness of religious and political schisms of all shapes, to be adopted in the spirit of real reformation. It flourished in fiery harangues, it rounded the paragraphs of declaimers

against all authority, it served as a new and showy bait for popularity among the worn-out or the desperate contrivances of parties of every origin, of every shade of discording principle, and every project of national evil. Wilberforce, an honest man, and sincere in his labours, must have often been astonished to find himself followed by the rabble who figured in the early days of the controversy. He doubtless shrank from their personal intercourse. But it is a notorious fact, that in England every revolutionist instantly adopted the clamour of a "negro advocate" as a part of his profession, and that in France, the Assembly, stained with the king's blood, had no language too strong for their abhorrence of "negro sufferings." Marat, Danton, Robespierre, the whole generation of those half fiends, whose only maxim of political regeneration was massacre, were "abolitionists;" and the whole tribe of their admirers in England followed their example. That many manly and pure minds were among the early abolitionists, is fully acknowledged; but that the question was seized on by others, who regarded it merely as a cheap display of humanity, a dashing exhibition of feelings that cost them nothing but words; and a lucky opportunity of lavishing insult on all monarchies, the British included, is as perfectly clear as any other matter of history. All the sectaries raised a general chorus. Every sanctified cobbler who longed for an easier trade than shoe-mending, harangued on the "Slave Trade." The tabernacle resounded; the tub groaned forth; every little disturber in a village, longing to find his obscure nonsense in a newspaper, instantly got up an address; and every profligate politician, eager to work his way into Parliament through the sewers of faction, made it the theme of his rabble oratory.

We now have the most public declarations, that all the old abuses are at this moment in action fifty-fold; that the sea is covered with slave ships; and that the wretched beings who have fallen into the hands of those sons of Mammon who traffic in human flesh and blood, are subject

to miseries more startling than ever. But what is the remedy proposed by those persons? A new establishment, or set of them, on the African coast. In fact, a repetition on a larger, and therefore a more destructive scale than those which have already failed. There are to be factories, and of course governors, and secretaries, and all the other paraphernalia of colonial governments. We do not charge the proposers of those happy inventions with intending to manage their patronage. Of their intentions we know nothing, though of their machinery we know much. But we are fully convinced that no such scheme will ever succeed in civilizing Africa. The attempt has been made for almost a couple of centuries; surely a sufficiently long time for an experiment. Sierra Leone, that latest, most systematic of trials, has been an acknowledged sepulchre of European life. The obvious fact is, that no settlement on the coast of Western Africa, where the pestilence of the hot and humid soil has not more corrupted the air than the habits of the slave trade have corrupted the people, offers a rational hope of success. It is clear that every enterprise in that quarter must be abortive; and we again assert that nothing but the most desperate rashness or the most reckless disregard of that wise economy which ought to superintend the great revenue of Christian benevolence, can longer urge the public to efforts which carry in their nature the seeds of national misfortune.

But we are not left to the authority of rumour. The Parliamentary returns settle the question. As if the fiat of nature, as well as the laws of morality, stamped the slave trade with an especial abhorrence, and found for the traffic of fiends a spot not unworthy of them, the whole slave coast is perhaps the most deadly of all the swamps of the globe. A return presented to Parliament no further back than February last, and which has been republished in the *Times*, gives the following detail of those wretched settlements. Nothing can be more frightful:—

“The existing British settlements in Western Africa are scattered over a line of coast, which, from St Mary’s on the Gambia west, to Fernando Po eastward (situate beyond the mouths of the Niger)

is about 2000 miles in extent, and consequently presents considerable diversity in climate, soil, surface, and geological structure; *but every where exhibits the same remarkable hostility to the European constitution.* The most uniform and characteristic feature of the climate is its excessive humidity, which may be estimated from the fact, that more rain fell at Sierra Leone on two successive days (the 22d and 23d of August) in 1828, than falls in Britain, upon an average of years, *throughout the whole year.*”

A remittent fever, which seizes every body here, soon settles the question to most, and the remainder are probably invalids for life. Then follows a melancholy bill of mortality:—

“The whole number of white troops employed at the various settlements on this coast, from 1822 to 1830 inclusively, was 1685. Of these no less than 1298 fell a sacrifice to the climate, and died in Africa during those eight years. The remaining 387 were invalided to England in various stages of the disease; 17 of them died on the passage home; 137 were discharged as unfit for further service on account of disorders; 140 more were discharged as unfit except for garrison duty; and 33 only, out of the whole original number of 1685, were reported as capable of doing further service.—The impossibility of maintaining white troops in such a climate being thus demonstrated, the garrisons have, since the end of 1829, consisted entirely of blacks, with the exception of a few European sergeants.”

We now shift the scene to another station, which is but another wholesale sepulchre:—

“Of all the settlements, the most north-westerly, and, in point of situation, the most insalubrious, is that upon the river Gambia. The town lies on a low, marshy island, covered with rank vegetation, which in the hot season produces offensive effluvia. Of 199 men sent to this deadly swamp in 1825, in two detachments, the earliest of which arrived at the latter end of May, 160 were dead before the 21st of December. In the next year, 200 more Europeans were sent to supply their places; and of these 116 perished, and 33 were disabled for life within the first six months.

“Cape Coast Castle, the principal station upon the Gold coast, might have been expected to be more healthy; it is situated upon a rock overlooking the sea, with a valley and hills covered with forest behind it, but without any swamps in the

neighbourhood. Yet here, on the average of four years, from 1823 to 1826 inclusive, two-thirds of the white troops died annually, and few lived to complete an entire year in the settlement. In 1824 the deaths nearly equalled the mean strength of the garrison."

Now comes the chosen spot of the "philanthropists;"—the settlement which was to relieve Africa from the scandal of insalubrity, and exhibit to Europe the unanswerable proof that the slave-trade was to be vanquished in its centre, by the cargoes of civilization annually sent out by the party here:—

"The position of Sierra Leone is, to all appearance, advantageous. Within the limits of the colony itself there is nothing to account for its insalubrity; it is a mountainous peninsula, with a gravely soil, and seems to be protected by nature from all extraneous sources of disease, except in one direction. As far back as 1792 the annual mortality among the white colonists and soldiers averaged a fourth of their number. This continued to be the proportion among the European troops during the nine years previous to 1819. During the eighteen years, from 1819 to 1836 (both inclusive) the annual loss was, upon the very lowest estimate, more than one-third of the garrison. When the mortality was at its highest, in 1823 and 1826, more than three-fourths perished."

Nor is there any refuge in the supposition that this mortality was caused by the reckless habits of the soldiery, (chiefly convicts.) Of course, recklessness and dissipation, stimulated by hopelessness of escaping the diseases of the place, might increase mortality. But it appears that the blow was nearly alike on all, be their character or care what it might:—

"Out of twelve sergeants sent to the coast in 1822, who were selected for promotion from detachments in the Isle of Wight, on account of their good conduct and character, and six more who followed them in 1823 (making together eighteen) only one survived in 1824. Upon an average of seventeen years, down to 1836 inclusive, the number of commissioned officers who died annually were as 209, and of those who were invalided as 197 to 1000. On an average of twenty-one years, previous to August 1825, the mortality among the church missionaries at Sierra Leone (a class of persons whose habits may be supposed to have been peculiarly favourable to health,) was annually in the ratio of ten per cent."

So much for the land—we now come to the sea. The islands are found as deadly as the continent:—

"At the Isles de Loss every circumstance which could warrant a reasonable hope of exemption from the deadliness of the climate, happened to concur. The islands are lofty, rocky, free from swamps, destitute of vegetation, and from three to eight miles distant from the land. A detachment, consisting of 103 recruits, voluntarily enlisted at Chatham, were located here in 1825. 'They are described' (we quote the words of the report) 'as being generally men of good character, exemplary conduct, and with little inclination to inebriety; in which, however, had they been ever so much inclined, they had no opportunity of indulging, as spirits could not be procured in the island. *Had there been a possibility of Europeans enjoying health on this coast*, this was the station and these were the circumstances under which it was most likely to be attained. The following record shows how miserably that expectation was disappointed.' Before eighteen months had elapsed, sixty-two of these Chatham recruits were dead, and twenty-one more invalided, leaving only twenty of the whole detachment in Africa."

"Similar details are given of other stations, as Accra and Fernando Po, which, from the deceitful promise of the external face of the country, or from difference of geographical situation, (Fernando Po being a mountainous island, of moderate size, separated from the continent by a strait twenty miles broad,) had raised an expectation that Europeans might settle there with comparative safety. Every thing conspires irresistibly to establish the conclusion, that the universal climate of those parts of Africa where the slave-trade is carried on, is, by an insuperable law of nature, fatally deleterious to all European constitutions; and so far from there being a presumption that it would prove less so upon advancing further into the interior, all the experience we have goes to show the contrary."

But now comes the question, which the philanthropist-politicians are constantly ringing in our ears—"Is Africa to be left to perpetual slaughter and slavery?" We distinctly say—no. But we as distinctly say, that we do not expect its rescue from either by the hands of this party. We think that all their principles have been blunders, that all their experiments have been ignorant, and that their failure was not a fatality, but a natural consequence. To men capable of being taught by experience, it would be seen that Africa is not to be civilized

by beginning with the corrupt, desperate, and ferocious villains who line the western coast, and live by the traffic of slaves for gin and gunpowder. The reformer who begins by preaching to the jail, begins at the wrong end. The only salutary change on the coast must come from the centre of the country, and that centre must be purified and stimulated, not by the suggestions of factors and traders, nor even of itinerant secretaries, but by the calm and irresistible conviction of the Africans themselves, arising from infallible facts. It is with high gratification that we see such a teaching already in progress. The settlements of England, in South Africa, offer to the whole population an evidence of the value of English habits, laws, morals, and industry, which will in coming times form the great source of solid African civilization. Of course, we admit that this great work is not to be done in a day. There are many features, even in those settlements, which require extensive amelioration; but it is there alone that the change of Africa from evil to good must be established. Our colonists there are spreading over a vast extent of country, and every where are changing the desert into a garden—every where spreading comforts unknown before—every where filling the solitary hills and valleys with the fertility, the arts, and the enjoyments of Europe. In fifty years more, the Cape colony will be one of the noblest appendages of the British crown; in a century, it will be a mighty empire; and whether dependent or separate, it will be an object on which even the debased and fallen mind of the African cannot look without astonishment—without a sense of the causes which have raised this magnificent fabric of dominion; nor without an involuntary, and therefore invincible, approach to its civilization.

Again and again we must protest against all attempts to proceed by establishments on the western coast. There is a palpable prohibition of nature meeting them in the teeth; they are obviously fatal to European existence. The experiment has been made in all directions; and wherever it has begun, it has suddenly finished in the churchyard. Pestilence is the solemn and terrible barrier of the shore. But even if the experiment were shifted to the central regions of

Africa, we should find that the means proposed by those London coterias are wholly *unsuitable* to their object. They propose to proceed by trading factories; those factories to be attended by schools for the young, and missionaries for the mature. We pronounce unhesitatingly, that these instruments, valuable as they are in civilized intercourse, are not merely inadequate, but injurious, where they are to be brought into direct collision with barbarism. Trade, the most powerful human means of sustaining established civilisation, is singularly hazardous to it in its infancy. All that the savage desires from trade is gin to make him drunk, and gunpowder to make him powerful. No matter what else it may offer; those are all that the savage will take; those are all that the native slave-dealer on the African coast has ever taken in a traffic of a couple of hundred years. Of course we do not speak of a few trifles of European finery, a scarlet coat, or a bale of linen. But his demands are, "What muskets have you got? And what liquors can I get for my cargo of slaves?" The character of the Europeans in general who will eventually be employed, (for the first embarkation may be orderly,) will undoubtedly exhibit but little of that moral excellence which recommends virtue in person. And so it has always been in the intercourse of the mere trader with the savage. What was the civilization effected by the French traders among the American Indians? The Indians barbarized the traders. What were the favourite commodities? Rum and gunpowder. Thus it was, and thus it will be, so long as the appetites of the savage are to be the profit of the trader. Lessons of virtue will be laughed at where the black merchant and the sailor have more pressing matters to settle; and all that we shall derive from new attempts at colonization will be the loss of valuable lives, tempted away from England by their own dreams of cheap land, or worked upon by the arts of landjobbers, the whole resulting in that melancholy suffering which we should scarcely regret if it fell upon the heads of the deluders alone.

We do not doubt the sincerity of many among those who have made themselves prominent in those speculations. But we have no faith in their common sense. We assert that

establishments like those which have failed along a coast of a thousand miles, cannot be taken as the model of others with any rational hope of success; and we say, that by much the wiser plan would be to abandon the whole of the existing settlements at the same time with the project of new ones.

But it is with other feelings that we look to our actual progress in the south. There we have planted our foot, never to be retracted, and we exult in this, not for its aggrandizement of the empire; not for its addition to our wealth, nor its opening to our population; but for its inevitable and incalculable uses to Africa itself. We are strongly inclined to believe, that for this especial purpose this vast and magnificent portion of the earth has been given to the trusteeship of England. The Dutch possessed the Cape for a hundred years, and yet in that time never advanced beyond a few miles from the shore. Our settlements now extend over a space as large as England, with every variety of soil, every species of fertility, the serenest sky, and some of the noblest and loveliest landscapes in the world. And this mighty settlement is spreading still. The land before is in its virgin state, its fertility unexhausted, its mineral wealth unwasted, and its boundaries only the equator and the ocean.

We are fully aware that the system is not perfect yet, that the natives continue to plunder cattle from the border, and that the English complain, according to the habits of man, of the want of those comforts which even at home they found beyond their reach. But these are only whispers in the general and regular cheer of public prosperity. The Colonists are increasing in number, wealth, and activity. The mail-coach is running, the steam-boat is sweeping along, the gas-light is blazing, and the press is animating, informing, and exciting, where but twenty years ago there was nothing but savage nature or more savage humankind—the desert and the antelope; the swamp and the Hot-tentot. As the settlements advance

towards the east and north, they will find a still richer country and a bolder shore, an ocean bordered with harbours and a soil of tropical luxuriance. All this increase may be the work of time, but time will produce its work. Still, in our view, the noblest trophy of all, will be its effect on the whole barbaric region. Every part of those great, neglected, or fallen countries of the east and south, seems to be preparing for some illustrious change. The present commotions in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, have been so little at the disposal of merely human impulses, that we may not unjustly attribute them to something higher. The sudden and general contact into which Mahometanism throughout all its kingdoms has been brought with the Christian nations, is at least an extraordinary circumstance, and one peculiar to our time. The Turk, the Arab, the Egyptian, the Algerine, in the north; the tribes of the south, the Circassian, the Persian, the Affghan, and the Tartar, have all been forced by unexpected events into either collision or confederacy with the European. And yet though war in some instances has been the instrument—and perhaps the contact could have been effected by nothing less—it is remarkable that perhaps in no period of the world has that fiery storm been so much restrained in its devastation, the thunderbolt so “checked in mid volley,” the lesson given with so little penalty to mankind. But, to the British settlements in South Africa, we look for the most perfect, because the most regular, conversion of the barbarian to civilization. There the grand experiment of British laws is going on among a British people; our language, literature, and principles will be exhibited there, undebased by the pursuit of pecuniary gain, unalloyed by the habits of rude and low adventurers. The barbarian will see our tribunals in their purity, our manners in their gracefulness, our government undegraded by the sordidness of irresponsible authority, and our religion in the form of the noblest and purest church that has ever thrown light upon mankind.

THE SPEECHES IN THUCYDIDES.

Much misconception prevails on the subject of ancient oratory. When the eloquence of Greece and Rome is the theme, two great names arise out of the darkness of ages, as embodying to our conceptions all that is excellent in that glorious art. We are in the habit of looking back to Demosthenes and Cicero as those who have "sounded all the depths and shoals of honour" in the difficult achievement of carrying men captive by the power of language; and as models for the young aspirant who aims at victory in intellectual debate, we are apt to think that these two stand not only prominent but alone. Yet we doubt not that the greater number of those who talk most familiarly of these illustrious dead, know little of their peculiar characteristics, and, deceived by the common verdict of mankind in their favour, fancy that in their speeches will be found all that the highest triumphs of oratory can accomplish; and that, therefore, to imitate them is to ensure success. Ignorance is ever fond of generalizing, and cannot use the faculty of discrimination. Hence it is that we find extravagant praise or censure issuing from the lips of those who have but a superficial knowledge of the subject on which they speak. Like men of imperfect vision—who are mistaken in their estimate of objects, because they cannot distinguish their shades of colour or differences of form, and have only a confused notion of something graceful or beautiful or sublime before them—the sciolists of literature are unable to separate the good from the bad—to sift the chaff from the wheat—in the writers whose merits they undertake to appreciate. Hence it is that we always find popular idols held up to our admiration as beings of faultless and superhuman excellence. The vulgar cannot bear to see calm judgment preparing her weights and scales, and are indignant to think that what is so beautiful should be submitted to the knife of the critical anatomist. As a proof of this, we may instance the common opinions as to the merits of some of the greatest writers of former times. Those who are least

intimately versed in their productions, having been accustomed from their youth upwards to hear their names quoted with reverence, and their sentiments cited with applause, regard them at last with so superstitious a feeling as to palliate their most obvious imperfections, or perhaps deny the existence of any imperfections at all. It was much in this spirit that so many of the ancients looked upon the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* not only as absolutely free from faults, but, devoutly believing that the Father of epic poetry must have had an intellect of gigantic dimensions, regarded his poems as a sort of repository and encyclopædia of all knowledge. So with respect to our own Shakespeare—how difficult it is to convince many of the possibility of inconsistency and false taste in any of the plays of that mighty master!—how impossible to make them feel the force of the very just and sober judgment of Dr Johnson, that "Shakespeare with his excellences has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit!"

In the same manner, men are led away when they talk of the ancient orators. Without giving themselves the trouble to analyse their speeches, and discover the distinctive features which secured for each a reputation for a particular excellence, as well as note the absence of many of the requisites for a composition at all approaching to perfection, they think and speak of them as masterpieces which contain all that eloquence can supply for the attainment of her high and noble ends. We are persuaded that comparatively few know wherein consists the great excellence of Demosthenes as an orator. But, before we proceed, it will be better to premise a few remarks:—

There are two kinds of oratory. The one local—passionate and transitory, admirably adapted for the attainment of a particular end in view, by working upon the feelings and persuading the will of the multitude—thoroughly objective and unideal in its character, and as intended for the purposes of the moment, making use

of such arguments as are popular and easily apprehended, though sophistical and illogical. The other philosophical, calm, and permanent—comprehensive in its views, laboured in its demonstrations, and imaginative in its character—influencing the will through the understanding, rather than the understanding through the will, and elucidating principles rather than occupying itself with results.

It is easy to see that the former is the kind best adapted for securing the purpose of the hour, and producing a sensible and immediate effect. In every popular auditory the majority consists of men who possess that excitable state of feeling which is too impatient to wait for the slow process of ratiocination, and eagerly seizes upon topics which appeal to the passions rather than the judgment. This is a truth of which all demagogues know well how to appreciate the importance. In them, indeed, public speaking too often assumes its most degraded form. Destitute of the higher qualities of mind, confused in their ideas by the mists of prejudice and ignorance, and incompetent or unwilling to follow out, in reasoning, their principles to their legitimate applications, they appear upon the stage of life as panders to the follies, the vices, and the crimes which too often disgrace the acts of an irrational multitude. But we would by no means be understood to contend, that the first of the two kinds into which we have divided oratory is solely applied, or applicable, to a bad purpose. It is a weapon for good as well as for evil; and when used by men who are wise enough to appreciate, and honest enough to admit, the evils of popular licentiousness, may become an instrument in their hands of beneficial and effective power.

Now we maintain that the eloquence of Demosthenes falls under our first division, and is strongly marked by its characteristic features. The word which Longinus uses to describe his idea of its nature, is one of the happiest that could be selected. He talks of the *ἰσχυρὸς* of Demosthenes—a Greek word for which “energetic force” or “nervousness” seems to be the most appropriate translation. In examining the torrent eloquence of this great orator, we are struck with the

almost total absence of any thing like philosophical or general reflection. Few sentences occur which remain to mankind as a *maxime usque*, applicable at all times, and in all political societies, because embodying principles of abstract truth. Hence it is that of his speeches which have come down to us, few contain maxims of political wisdom that can be disjoined from the peculiar occasions, and special emergencies which he was endeavouring to meet. Principles of government are not there propounded and discussed. Springs of action are not assigned and traced to their consequences—remote effects are not deduced from certain though unapparent causes. Let it not be thought that we are insensible to the merits of Demosthenes as an orator—we are only anxious that those merits should be distinctly understood, and not confounded with others which, for his purpose, he could well afford to do without. No one can read a page of that fiery eloquence without feeling his spirit burn within him, and confessing how resistless must have been its force when rolling like thunder over the heads of the Athenian multitude. Every chord is touched—every passion played upon—every sympathy awakened—quick, startling, and abrupt, he appeals to every consideration which could move the most easily excited populace in Greece. If he has to crush an opponent, he deals blow after blow with terrific force, and language seems to fail under the withering power of his indignant eloquence. If he wishes to animate the sinking spirit of his countrymen, he pours around them the flood of their ancient glory, and swears by the souls of those who fell at Marathon, that victory shall be theirs. Impatient of detail, and unwilling to entangle himself and his audience with the intricacies of circumstantial facts, he launches forth the arrows of invective, and by a sarcasm and a sneer, breathes out the intensity of contempt which he feels, or affects to feel, for the conduct he is holding up to reprobation. Another great feature of his oratory is, the irresistible conviction it leaves upon the mind, of sincerity in the speaker. It is impossible to believe that he is not thoroughly in earnest, and this is one of the most essential requisites in an orator who wishes to

persuade. He fully realizes the truth of the precept given by Horace:—

“ Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.”

But our intention at present is not to analyse the eloquence of Demosthenes so much, as to use it as an illustration of the first of the two kinds into which we have divided oratory.

As the best example of the second, we would instance Burke. Endowed with a mind which could grasp the universe, and revelling in the luxuriance of a prodigal imagination, he stood upon an intellectual eminence from which he was enabled to throw his clear-sighted vision over all the varieties of human institutions—on every subject he sought to enucleate principles, and then with unerring sagacity point out the progress of their development. Too proud in the consciousness of truth to resort to sophistry, and too confident in his own boundless resources to stoop to the petty tricks of inferior minds, (except indeed in one memorable instance, the dagger-scene, where being inconsistent with himself, he signally failed,) he presented for the acceptance of his audience grand and sweeping maxims of political wisdom, the truth of which he so powerfully demonstrated as to make it matter of wonder how any could remain unconvinced and unpersuaded. Sometimes, indeed, the eagle wings of his imagination carried him too far; but still his flight was ever towards the sun. His speeches embrace not only the practice but the science of governments; and now that the occasions that called them forth have ceased to exist, and the tumults and passions in the midst of which they were uttered have died away, they remain as manuals for the statesman, and treasures for the philosopher. Like Cassandra of old, he was fated to be disbelieved by the party whom he stretched forth his arm to save from the abysmal depths of revolutionary fury; and yet his warnings were as oracular as those of the Phrygian prophetess. For him, coming events did indeed cast their shadows before, and he knew well how to predict what those events were which would assuredly follow: because he reasoned from cause to effect, in the spirit of true philosophic induction; and drew, from the depths of human nature itself, the

principles which guided him to his conclusions.

We have thus far spoken of Burke, because we believe him to be the most perfect example of the philosophical orator. There is, if we may so express it, a vitality in his speeches which renders them as enduring as the language in which they are expressed. They are, to a great extent, condensations of political experience, embodying views of society, which it is of the last importance for the practical legislator to study and understand. Amongst the ancients, few of those who studied speaking as an art, carried the spirit of philosophy to the *bema* or the rostrum. Perhaps amongst the professed public speeches which time has spared us as the compositions of the *rhetors* of antiquity, those of such men as Isocrates and Lysias, who were paid to write them for the use of others, approach most nearly to the particular kind of eloquence which we have last discussed.

But there is another class of speeches totally different, in their nature, from these hired labours of the advocate, on which we think it may be useful to be somewhat more copious in our remarks. These are the specimens of oratory which we find interspersed in the histories written by the ancients, and our present intention is to devote ourselves principally to those which occur in the history of Thucydides. Lord Chatham is said to have recommended this author and Demosthenes as those whom the youthful orator should study, in preference to all others, if he sought to arrive at excellence in his art. Demosthenes himself had anticipated this opinion with regard to Thucydides; and it is a well-attested fact, that he transcribed the work of that historian eight times with his own hand. We do not hesitate to say, that we hardly know where we could find a more useful exercise of mind, than in an attentive perusal and intelligent examination of the speeches attributed, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, to different soldiers, orators, and statesmen. As to how far they were the actually delivered sentiments, the *ipsissima verba* of the different speakers, Thucydides himself, informs us that his intention was not to aim at verbal accuracy, or even general sameness of expression; but,

to translate his own words,* "with regard to strict accuracy in reporting what was said, it was difficult both for me to remember what I have myself heard, and for those who from various quarters brought me information. But I have attributed speeches according as it appeared to me likely that the speakers would have delivered them on emergencies as they arose, keeping as closely as possible to the spirit and tenor of those which were actually delivered." This, then, is the nature of the speeches in Thucydides. They are orations adapted by the historian to the occasions on which he introduces them. At the same time, they have a substratum of fidelity, and represent with tolerable exactness the views and arguments of those into whose mouths they are put. But, without the ingenuous confession of the writer, it would have been easy to decide that they were not the offspring of particular emergencies, and addressed in the shape in which we read them to the rude soldiery or tumultuous *ecclesia*. The speeches which occur in the History of Livy are declamatory and popular enough to have been really uttered at the time, and by the persons there represented; but several circumstances concur to make us abandon such a supposition. Thanks to the deep research and far-sighted sagacity of Niebuhr, we now know how much of the stately fabric of Roman history, as it grows up in the immortal work of Livy, is the creature of his imagination—shaping, combining, and modifying the scanty materials which early antiquity supplied, and in the true spirit of Roman patriotism making every incident subservient to the great object of his idolatry, an increase of the greatness of the Eternal City. And when such is the case with important facts, can we doubt that his own exuberant genius framed for his own purposes such speeches as best suited the character and pretensions of his work? Besides, the utter impossibility of his having any access

to records of what was publicly spoken in the earlier periods of the Republic, (for in those days there were no shorthand writers at Rome,) proves that by far the greater number are pure fictions; and that of the rest, the meagre and scanty skeletons of tradition have been clothed with flesh and sinews by the creative intellect of the historian. Their origin is betrayed in the praise of Rome, and every thing that is Roman; and the writer, in his eagerness to eulogize his country, too often forgets the dramatic propriety which requires the speeches to be consistent with the character and situation of the speakers.

Of a very different stamp are those which we meet with in the pages of Thucydides. So little was he carried away with a spirit of undue partiality for Athens and her institutions, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in his elaborate parallel between that historian and Herodotus, accuses him of a spiteful malignity towards his native city, as though he took a morbid pleasure in narrating the defeats and losses which the Athenians sustained, in revenge for their ungenerous treatment of himself by condemning him to exile—a sentence so common against the most illustrious citizens, that Cicero speaks of it as "*id quod optimo cuique Athenis accidere solitum est.*"† This charge of unfair resentment cherished in the breast of Thucydides against his countrymen is utterly without foundation; but truth may be a libel, and too often in the history of the Grecian states does the faithful recorder of events appear as a calumniator. Thucydides lived in one of the most remarkable periods of Grecian history, and he has left us an imperishable record of the views, objects, failures, and successes of the various states then engaged in the longest and fiercest struggle that had yet convulsed his native country. In his narration of events he strictly confines himself to the province of a relater. He seldom adds any comments of his

* Χαλκίον την ακρίβειαν αὐτὴν τὰν λιχθὲνται διαμνημονεύσαι ἢ μοι τι ἢ αὐτὸς περὶ αὐτῶν καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ποῦν μοι ἀπαγγέλλουσιν· ὥς δ' αὖν ἰδοῦναι μοι ἴκαστοι περὶ τῶν αὖ παρὸντων τὰ διοῖσα μάλιστα κεν, ἰχομένη ὅτι ἰγγυτάτα τῆς ζυμπαῆς γίγμεται τῶν ἀληθῶς λιχθὲντων οὕτως κρηται.—Thuc. i. c. 32.

† De Oratore, ii. 13.

own, except when, as in his masterly account of the horrors which civil war had poured out upon Corcyra,* the thought of the ruin which jarring and selfish strife had brought upon unhappy Greece, forces from him the language of indignant sorrow. The practice which later writers introduced of mixing up their own opinions with the statement of facts which it is their office simply to record, had not yet commenced, and it is not in the narrative, but the speeches of Thucydides, that we must look for the opinions of this grave and judicious writer. Fully to enter into the spirit of these latter, we must remember the birthplace and events during the life of the historian. He was a native of Athens—"a citizen of no mean city," "the eye of Greece; mother of arts and eloquence"—of small extent and scanty population, and yet one which has influenced the destinies of mankind. Her inhabitants were lively and intelligent to a degree of which we, who live in a grosser clime, can scarce form a conception;—and this it will be requisite to bear in mind, if we would rightly appreciate the character of Athenian oratory. Their keen perception of the beautiful, exhibited itself in their philosophy, their poetry, their sculpture, and their architecture. Every free citizen was born to a glorious inheritance, and was surrounded by objects which, while they gratified his vanity, purified and refined his taste.

Proud in the consciousness that his native town was one of the leading states of Greece, and that he individually was one of the arbiters of her fortunes, he identified himself thoroughly with her interests, and felt that the ends of his own ambition were best served when her greatness was most advanced. The prosperity of his own city bore much more immediately upon the comfort and happiness of a Grecian citizen than we are apt to think, from the fact that, beyond its walls, he had no country on which his patriotism could expand itself, and the small territory of Greece, with whose general welfare that of his particular state ought to have been identified, was occupied by enemies too often as irreconcilably hostile as if they

had nothing in common with himself in name, language, and religion. Such an appeal, therefore, as that of Pericles, when he defended himself before his countrymen, who at that time were, as Thucydides tells us—*πανταχοῦ ἐν τῇ γῆν ἀπὸ τοῦ καθίστασθαι*—on the brink of despair—must have come home to their feelings with no ordinary force—*καλῶς μὲν γὰρ φερόμενος ἀπὸ τοῦ καθ' ἑαυτοῦ, διαφθερόμενος τῆς πατρίδος οὐδὲν ἦσαν ξυμπολλυτὰ κακοῦχον διὰ τὴν εὐτυχίαν πολλὰ μάλλιν διασώζεται.*†

Thucydides lived in the zenith of Athenian power. He was forty years of age at the period of the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war; and Athens, since the Persian invasion, and foolish conduct of Pausanias, which alienated the inferior states from the Lacedæmonian interest, had gradually, during the fifty years which had elapsed, been attaining the great object of her ambition, the *ἡγεμονία*, or lead in Greece.

Ἀθηναῖοι τὰν τε ἀρχὴν ἐγκρατίαν κατιστήσαντες, καὶ αὐτοὶ ἐπὶ μεγάλῃ εὐχρηστῇ δυνάμει.‡ Her natural advantages and resources are ably stated by Pericles in the first book, and in the chapter of the second where Thucydides introduces that illustrious Athenian, as strongly urging his fellow-citizens to retire from the open country within their walls, and not risk the issue of the war on the chances of a battle. Her naval force was the finest in the world. Her colonies and dependent cities were numerous and wealthy, from which there accrued a yearly revenue that averaged 600 talents. Her treasury in the Acropolis contained 6000 talents of coined silver money, besides a large quantity of gold and silver, which, in the shape of sacred offerings and ornaments, was laid up in the temples, and estimated at the value of 500 talents of gold, and which Pericles told his countrymen might be employed without sacrilege in cases of emergency for the defence of their native land. The heavy armed force and cavalry were likewise numerous and well appointed.

Such was the condition of Athens at the outset of the Peloponnesian war—a war in which she would as-

* Thuc. iii. 82, et seq.

† Ib. ii. 60.

‡ Ib. i. 118.

§ *Φόρου ὑπῆνοι.*

surely have triumphed if the great statesman who alone seemed able "to wield the fierce democracy" had lived, or her giddy and unthinking populace had been content to follow out the wise policy which his prudence had foreshown. But the curse of democracy was upon her, and she became the sport of the eddying passions of the multitude. Throughout the whole of the instructive history of this period, while we admire the courageous spirit and untiring energies of the Athenian people, we blush to see them, with all the versatility of a mob, yielding to the will of the demagogue of the day, and at one moment, in obedience to the brawling and brutal Cleon, voting the massacre of the hapless citizens of Mitylene, and at another responding with loud acclamations to the ambitious views of the young and hot-headed Alcibiades. Here lay the weakness of Athens. Within her walls democracy ran riot. "The many" were her absolute masters, and revelled in the exercise of uncontrolled and irresponsible power. On the stormy waves of popular applause the favourite of the hour rode triumphant, and the people did his bidding with reckless alacrity. Hobbes has defined democracy to be "an aristocracy of orators, interrupted only by the monarchy of a single orator;" and this applies with peculiar aptitude to the Grecian republics, and pre-eminently to Athens. Nature had been prodigal to her inhabitants in intellectual gifts. They were as quick-witted and intelligent as they were wayward and capricious. The poet and the orator had no difficulty in making them apprehend the drift of any allusion. On the stage no innuendo was ever lost to the ear of the multitude, and the slightest reference to the public men and measures of the time was unerringly caught, though masked by the broad humour and licentious wit of Aristophanes.

The character of the Athenians is brought out by Thucydides in strong contrast with that of their rivals the Lacedæmonians; and we know no passage in the ancient writers where so lively a description is given of the distinguishing features of those two

leading states, as in the speech* of the Corinthian legates when urging upon the Lacedæmonians the necessity of espousing their quarrel with Athens. The whole oration is valuable, as throwing light upon the different fortunes of the two republics, resulting from their very different lines of policy; but we have in a few words a masterly sketch given of their opposite temperaments and characters. It is such an analysis of national character as we ought to be thoroughly acquainted with, if we would rightly understand Grecian history. Athens and Sparta were rivals and enemies. Democracy and oligarchy scowled hatred on one another. Both were evil, and both contributed to ruin Greece.

When such was the character of the audience, we may cease to wonder at the nature of the speeches which were addressed to them, and can understand how the sharpened arrows of eloquence never missed their mark. We may believe that less of the refined logic and elaborate reasoning which we find in the orations of Thucydides is the work of the historian than at first view would seem likely, and from the remarks which have been premised, we may be better able to appreciate their worth.

But if the superficial student of Greek literature thinks that the speeches which occur in the history of the Peloponnesian war are within the sphere of his comprehension, he is mistaken. They are difficult in no ordinary degree. Cicero himself says of them, "*Ipsæ illæ conciones ita multas habent abditasque sententias, vix ut intelligantur.*" We know few specimens of the Greek language in which it is frequently so impossible to be quite sure of the correct interpretation, and in which it is so hopeless in many instances to reconcile the construction with the known idioms of the language. They ought to be the study of the statesman; and yet they are accessible only to the scholar, and too often they are abandoned to the pedant, who is too busily occupied with the husk to pay much attention to the kernel. It is a matter deeply to be regretted, that so much of the spirit

* Thuc. i. 69.

and beauty of the ancient classics should be lost to many of those whose critical knowledge of the language is most exact. It is lamentable that by the youth of Britain, the glorious relics of the literature of Greece and Rome should be so frequently known solely with reference to academic reputation, and that microscopic accuracy should be so often attained at the expense of a liberal and instructive acquaintance with the spirit of the past. Those who are so careful about syllables think little of "the mind, the music, breathing" in the words, and are content with the dry bones of antiquity, instead of the living and informing soul. This is an old complaint, and has been well stated by Casaubon in his masterly preface to Polybius—a piece of composition which we recommend to the serious attention and study of every young classical scholar.

We would not be misunderstood. We have already deprecated the idea that shallow scholarship can essay to master the difficulties of the Greek language; and without an intimate and well practised knowledge of its constructions, and the peculiar force of some of its words in their most subtle significations, passages whose sense is so interwoven with the context as to be necessary for its elucidation, must remain a sealed book to the man who has not taken the pains to acquire minute and critical knowledge. We do not undervalue the labours of the grammarian and philologist—the latter of whom has of late appeared as one of the most useful auxiliaries in the cause of truth and knowledge; we only wish to point out that there is something above and beyond these, simply in themselves, which is to them what the body is to the clothing; what the building is to the bricks and mortar employed in its construction. Let our public schools inculcate upon the young the necessity of sound and accurate scholarship—for they have to rear the sapling—but let our universities remember that language is but the vehicle of thought, and that from them we expect to see fruit "good for the use of man" growing upon the tree.

One reason of the difficulties which

perplex the student in perusing the History of the Peloponnesian war is, that Thucydides was eminently a thinker. His sentences are not written *currente calamo*, nor are they such as he who runs may read. Few writers have compressed so much matter into so small a space. Bacon has said that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." That of Thucydides is of the last kind; and to be relished, the appetite of the reader must be vigorous and healthy. The indolence of mankind is the great obstacle to the acquisition of useful knowledge. Two thousand years ago it was said by the historian, οὕτως ἀταλαιπύργος ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ ταῖς ἱστορίαις πολλοὶ τρεποῦνται*—and the complaint may still be made. In his speeches, grammatical accuracy is necessary to apprehend the argument—although at times the sentences violate the idiom of the language—and careful attention to interpret the difficulties of construction. He does not affect the epigrammatic and caustic brevity of Tacitus, who, in his constant anxiety to be terse, frequently becomes obscure. That writer seems to have been oppressed with the nature of the events and characters which his pen recorded, and to have shunned a more ample delineation. Conscious of their depravity, he conveys by innuendo and sarcasm the opinion he had formed, but did not choose more openly to express. In the use and force of dis-junctive prepositions, whereby his own sentiments are expressed in the latter clause of his sentence, he has no rival but Gibbon. He is close and reserved from deliberation and choice. And we confess we see a kind of congruity between the subject and the style. Like Rembrandt, he appears at first sight to have concealed his portraiture; but if we examine the picture, we find every lineament distinct and intelligible. He did not merely chronicle events. He propounded political aphorisms, which, even in our day, have a living application. But still we are not blind to his faults as an author. His sententious maxims are too elliptical; and, in supplying a

* Thuc. i. 20.

sense, there is too often a danger of mistaking his meaning. It is a style which few can imitate with success, and when unsuccessful it becomes affectation.

Thucydides is the second of the Greek historians, in point of time, whose works have come down to us; and he had to make use of a language whose strength had not yet been developed. Plato had not enriched it with his magnificent and gorgeous diction, and proved its wondrous flexibility. Herodotus had indeed preceded; but for his lively and garrulous gossip, a far meaner language would have sufficed. Another difficulty is occasioned by the fondness which Thucydides displays for antithesis. We hardly know any writer in whom so many instances of false antithesis are to be found. This is a species of bad taste which is very likely to mislead the reader, who sees words put into apparent opposition between which there is no real repugnancy. The point and brilliancy which such a mode of writing seems to confer, is like the golden apple of Hippolyte, and too often tempts the writer from his course. Few can handle it with success. Perhaps Junius is the best example of the power with which it can invest language. In Thucydides, however, it is frequently a mere jingle of words, or interchange of expressions, which, though opposed in form, are the same in substance. Again, he is frequently very negligent of construction; and, while we are upon this subject, we may take the opportunity of protesting against the spirit which actuates so many of the commentators, especially the German. They appear to study the Greek language with the conviction, that every ancient writer observed rigidly and unerringly the rules of composition. They cannot fancy such a thing as an error in idiom; and unless every passage appears in the manuscripts from which the text is taken, framed according to critical square and rule, they assume that there has been some error on the part of the copyist, and exhaust their invention in devising emendations. But why should we not suppose, that in many cases the ancients themselves violated the laws of strict grammar, as we know is the case with some of the best of our own writers? Why should we fetter them

so tightly in the chains which we have ourselves forged out of their own remains? We are not now speaking of passages, where, in the original state, the meaning cannot be made out. Such are a fair field for critical sagacity. It is evident that the writer did not wish to be unintelligible; and therefore we are bound to suppose that there has been some corruption of the text, and in this case conjectural emendations are not only legitimate but necessary. But we confess that we have no eye which is grievously offended at an awkward construction when the sense is clear, and would in general much rather admit that the passage was originally faulty, than place it upon the Procrustean bed of a commentator, to be cut and pared until it suited his fastidious taste.

Now, Thucydides abounds in anacolutha. He begins a paragraph weighty in sense and argument, and frequently forgets at the end of it what construction he had used. The hypothesis of his sentence sometimes wants an apodosis. It seems as though his words were overcharged with matter, and, while struggling to convey his meaning, were unable to confine themselves within the laws of grammatical propriety. That these are faults must be at once conceded; but when we admit them to be so, much of the apparent difficulty vanishes. Instead of wasting our time in a fruitless attempt to reconcile solecisms with the received canons of grammar, we should look upon them as instances where the writer has been careless in his use of language, and proceed at once to an attentive consideration of his meaning. These faults, in the style of Thucydides, occur principally in his speeches; and of these the young student ought to be made aware. His narrative is, in general, clear and unembarrassed. It is only when the historian assumes the tone of the philosopher that he becomes obscure; and this obscurity is not so much real as apparent. A little familiarity with his idiom suffices to make the sense plain, except in a few passages which have cruelly tormented the ingenuity of commentators. But we must repeat what we have before urged, that no one can hope to appreciate and enjoy the lessons of political wisdom which are scattered so largely throughout this inestimable history—no one is competent to derive

his full share of the instruction which was there intended for posterity, who has not taken the pains to make himself a sound and accurate scholar. It was a sense of this which dictated the words of the epitaph in which Thucydides is made to say—

Εἰσι γὰρ οὐ παρρησίᾳ βάρη—

one great advantage to be gained from an attentive study of these speeches is this. We shall then see the kind of arguments which swayed the minds of the Grecian multitudes. We shall know the motives displayed which resulted in actions of which the massacre at Mitylene and the defeat at Syracuse were part. We shall learn a salutary lesson, speaking trumpet-tongued, of the evils of democratic power. We shall gain an insight into the characters of the leading men of those times, and know something of the contexture of their minds from the counsels they

recommended. We shall be taught to appreciate the worth of such creeping reptiles as Cleon—men who live by popular excitement—whose trade is “agitation,” whose element is confusion—and who array the passions of the multitude against the good and great men whom posterity will delight to honour. We shall find in these orations the most valuable commentary upon the excellences and defects of the Grecian republics, and be better able to understand their social economy. We have in them the deliberate opinions of a profound thinker and careful observer upon contemporary events during the most interesting period of Grecian history—and these ought to be studied with attention by the practical statesman, and not left to the ignorance of the schoolboy, or the syllabic accuracy of the academician preparing for his degree.

WIT AND WISDOM.

AN ALLEGORY.

Translated from an Ancient Greek Palimpsest.

WISDOM was the daughter of Knowledge by Reflection: Wit was the son of Genius by Mirth. From an early age they were designed by Jupiter to be united in marriage; and the songs of the Fates predicted, from their union, the most signal benefits to gods and men. Both of the children were very beautiful, and their attractions increased with their advancing years, though distinguished by a harmonious contrast of character, corresponding to the difference of their mental dispositions. The beauty of the girl was majestic and severe, yet sweet and serene; that of the boy was ardent and joyous, yet noble and intelligent. They were fond of each other's society, as if conscious that each stood in need of qualities abounding in the one but deficient in the other; and it was evident that, if knit together by a firm and confiding love, they would be elevated to excellences which they could not singly attain, and preserved from errors to which they would separately be liable.

So desirable an event, however, was opposed by conflicting factions among the gods. Momus, the maternal uncle of Wit, had little relish

for the society of Wisdom or her friends, except for the purpose of laughing at them: and he was supported in his views by Venus, Mars, and Bacchus, who, liking to amuse themselves with Wit, and being averse to seriousness or sobriety, had no wish that their favourite should be spoiled by a matrimonial connexion, particularly with so demure a lady. On the other hand, Minerva, who had always taken a peculiar charge of Wisdom, was desirous that her ward should either, like herself, follow a life of celibacy, or at least form a graver connexion than that which was likely to be found with Wit and his relations. Juno adopted the same sentiments, partly from being too proud to appreciate the powers of Wit, and partly from making it a rule on all occasions to take the opposite side of the question from Venus. These different parties, though at variance with each other in their tastes and objects, concurred cordially in resisting the marriage of the young people; and Jupiter hesitated to follow his own inclinations in the face of so formidable an opposition.

Apollo and the Muses were the

only celestials who supported Jupiter in his original purpose. They knew that the pair were fitted for each other; that their difference of character presented merely a varied aspect of the same good sense and good feeling; and that their individual tendencies, qualified and heightened by mutual admixture, would produce that long sought-for compound of pleasure and instruction, which was required for enlightening the minds of men and enlarging the influence of the gods. They took every opportunity, therefore, of bringing Wisdom and Wit together; and the hours which were thus passed, appeared to the lovers, as well as to the friendly eyes that beheld them, to be productive of the most sincere and exalted delight. Their interviews, however, were few and transient, and were often rudely interrupted by those who opposed their union; till at last the rigour and animosity of the partisans on each side so greatly increased, that all hope of happiness for the young persons seemed to be at an end.

The effect upon each of them was serious and striking, but different in its external indications. Wisdom seemed to sink under the blow with patient submission, and some of her persecutors began to hope that she might ultimately be induced to accept of the addresses of Dulness, an illegitimate relation of her own, who had been particularly urgent in his suit, since the exclusion of Wit. She repulsed him as well as she could; but it was apparent that his constant company was exerting an unhappy influence on the best powers of her heart and understanding. Wit, on the other hand, seemed to give himself up in desperation to the worst associates of his uncle Momus, who led him into wild excesses and absurdities, making use of his name and talents to promote their own ends, and sparing neither things human nor things divine in the wantonness of their levity.

Jupiter submitted for some time to the impieties practised under the sanction or in the name of Wit. But matters were at last brought to a crisis. A set of scoffers, who had long called in question some of the gravest truths of social and religious obligation, became encouraged by impunity to direct their ridicule against a man commissioned by the Muses to diffuse

among the human race the best lessons of piety and virtue. Their efforts were at the same time employed to depreciate the merit and magnanimity of a patriotic struggle among the nations of the earth against an impious tyrant, and to pluck from the brows of a heaven-born hero the laurels that he had won in the cause of liberty and the gods.

These excesses of insolence produced a speedy revolution of opinion in Olympus. While the Muses were loud in their complaints against the assailants of their worthiest servant, Mars felt offended by the dishonour offered to his favourite son, and to the achievements which he had assisted him in accomplishing. Minerva began to see that Wit, thus separated from Wisdom, was obstructing the principles which she wished to promote; while the exertions that Wisdom might have made to counteract the mischief, were paralyzed by the benumbing influence of the torpedo who was always at her side. Jupiter, at the same time, became seriously afraid that the cause of rightful supremacy was in jeopardy, and that a new and dangerous race of Titans might spring up to undermine his throne. He, accordingly, summoned Wit to his presence, and having ascertained that, although he had been led into bad company, the youth's principles were uncorrupted, and his attachment to Wisdom unchanged, he resolved that, without delay, the destined union should take place. The nod that announced this irreversible determination shook Olympus from its centre to its circumference, and the shock was perceived by the celestial inhabitants with awe and acquiescence.

The nuptials of Wit and Wisdom were celebrated in Heaven with all the pomp and festivity befitting the event; and in due time the couch of the spouses was blessed by the birth of a lovely daughter, in whose features and expression it was easy to see the blended beauties and virtues of her happy parents.

The name-giving of the infant was a second occasion of rejoicing in Olympus, and was attended by all the gods and goddesses, who brought for the little stranger the richest and choicest gifts that they could severally bestow. The object of such universal bounty might appropriately have been called Pan-

dora; but the appellation was thought to be inauspicious, from having already been borne by one whose means of benefiting mankind had been so lamentably frustrated. After due consideration, the name of *MAGA* was given to the child, as implying at once the perfection of power, intelligence, and fascination.

The mind of the youthful *Maga* unfolded itself rapidly under the genial influence of her heavenly patrons, and it soon became necessary to appoint some instructor and guide, who should train her faculties and direct her pursuits. The discovery of a proper person for this purpose was a subject of peculiar care to Jupiter, who brooded over it with such intense meditation that it visibly affected his health and spirits. He was one day seized with a violent headache, which became so excruciating as to remind him of what he had suffered immediately before the birth of *Minerva*; and *Æsculapius* having been called in, gave it as his opinion that the pain proceeded from a similar

cause. *Vulcan* was accordingly sent for in his obstetrical capacity, and attended with his axe, while the assembled deities awaited the event with anxious curiosity. Their surprise was great when they saw leap from the head of *Jove*, not a youthful goddess, armed with shield and spear, but an old man, beautiful in his grey hairs, and beaming with the fire of mental vigour, who leaned upon a crutch, and wielded in his hand a roll of papyrus. Upon questioning him as to his purpose and dispositions, they saw that he was destined to be the guardian of their young favourite; and, being found in all points duly qualified, he was installed in his office with universal applause under the name of *Christopher North*.*

With what pleasure and profit to mankind his task has been performed, and with what success *Christopher* and his charge have baffled, even with their own weapons, the enemies of *Jupiter* and the *Muses*, is not necessary to be told to any of the admirers of *MAGA*.

SCOTTISH MELODIES.

BY DELTA.

OLD SCOTLAND'S LAMENT.

I.

Oh! for the souls of our ancient men of might!
 For the Douglas, for the Randolph, and for the Wallace wight!
 For the Bruce, whose sweeping curtel-axe hew'd down our foes like grain!—
 Since Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!
 In danger's hour on mount and moor the Fiery Cross was seen;
 Our banner was St Andrew; our badge the Thistle green;
 That badge was borne across the field, while blood fell down like rain,—
 But Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!

II.

Bleak and bare our hills may be, and barren though our shore,
 Yet every glen its hut had then a valiant heart that bore;
 From Southern Tweed to John o' Groat's, 'twas every inch our ain,—
 But Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!
 Learned then our Clerks were all, and lofty the Laws,
 That to the Peasant and the Peer made each alike their cause;
 It was then we had a King and Court, and a Country a' our ain,—
 But Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!

* We have ordered, through our neighbours the Marshalls, a lot of cameos representing this interesting subject, and hope soon to hear that every female bosom in the empire bears the image of "The Birth of Christopher," as it already does the impression of his precepts.

III.

We were proud though we were poor,—our mountains were our own;
 We bore the Flag of Freedom up, and lowered it to none!
 But our Friends betray'd the rights for which our Foes had striven in vain,—
 And Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!
 Look to our ruin'd towers on every crested hill—
 Although decay'd by storm and raid, they breathe defiance still;
 Through halls where Lords and Ladies swept, now sweep the wind and rain,—
 And Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!

IV.

Where is the Bruce's crown? It decks another land!
 Where are our Chieftains now? They seek a richer strand!
 The bearers of the Fiery Cross now mourn beyond the main—
 That Scotland never can be Old Scotland again!
 Gone are the gallant hearts that kept our foes at bay;
 And gone are all the broadswords that gleam'd on battle-day;
 "Our hearts are dust, our swords are rust," and our lament is vain—
 For Scotland can never be Old Scotland again!

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

I.

Night now descends with gloomy shadow,
 Mantling chill November's sky;
 Oxen low from the cheerless meadow,
 While the shrieking mew sails by.
 Above the bending willows,
 Across the foaming billows,
 The wild breezes rush, and howl with dreary moan!
 Alas! they speak to me
 Of one beyond the sea,
 Who, had but Fortune smiled,
 And our sad fate beguiled,
 Had not thus left me mournful and alone!

II.

Clear Beacon-light of changeful ocean!
 Oft—how oft, at closing day,
 Here have I sate with fond devotion,
 Gazing as 'twere my woes away?—
 Ah! that thy breath could borrow
 From this true heart its sorrow,
 And waft all my prayers o'er yon dim and restless sea,
 To that far land, where dwells
 One, who all else excels;
 And bid him, at this hour,
 When Mem'ry has most pow'r,
 Turn to the far gone past—and think of me!

THE PEACE-MAKER'S PANACEA: OR, OPEN QUESTIONS.

A NEW SONG.

AIR—*When the hys come hame.*

COME all ye wrangling Liberals, give ear unto my song,
 A method new I'll tell to you to make the weak be strong :
 Whate'er dispute or difference among us there may be,
 We'll leave the question open, boys, and then we can agree.
*O then we can agree, boys, we surely can agree,
 We'll leave the question open, boys, and then we can agree !*

Some bellow for the ballot-box, our freedom to regain,
 Some swear that soon the wished-for boon would prove the nation's bane :
 How these could work in harmony 'twas difficult to see,
 But leave the question open, boys, and then they can agree.
*O then they can agree, boys, they quickly can agree,
 We'll leave the ballot open, boys, and then they can agree !*

My heart is sore that now no more our watchword is the Bill ;
 Some rave and storm for more Reform, some feel they've had their fill.
 Yet both of these at once to please no puzzle brings to me—
 Just leave the question open, boys, and thus they can agree.
*'Tis thus they can agree, boys, harmoniously agree,
 Just leave Reform quite open, boys, and thus they can agree !*

The Church or Crown to see put down, would fill some hearts with joy,
 And not a few the Peerage too are eager to destroy ;
 Some cravens in our company would keep up all the three,
 But leave the questions open, boys, and then we shall agree.
*O then we shall agree, boys, how well we shall agree,
 Leave Church and State wide open, boys, and then we shall agree !*

Some wish for war, that near and far our conquests may increase,
 Some, loath to fight though in the right, prefer a shameful peace ;
 But what's the point of policy where thought should not be free ?
 So leave the question open, boys, and then we shall agree.
*O then we shall agree, boys, at once we shall agree ;
 If peace and war no longer jar, we always shall agree !*

Our ship goes through the water well, with all her canvass spread,
 When hark ! a cry of danger nigh—a rock is right a-head.
 Contending clamours urge her course to windward and to lee,
 But leave the question open, boys, and then we can agree.
*O then we can agree, boys, contentedly agree ;
 Tho' ship and crew the day may rue, at least we shall agree !*

I've somewhere read, or heard it said, ere Whigs reform'd the land,
 A house divided 'gainst itself can never hope to stand :
 The idle tale is old and stale, and wiser men are we—
 We leave all questions open, boys, and thus we can agree.
*O thus we can agree, boys, can pleasantly agree ;
 Leave every question open, boys, and all may thus agree !*

Then come, ye jolly Liberals, whate'er your creeds have been,
 Your voices raise the Whigs to praise, and rally round the Queen.
 Whoever hate the Tory tribe, or love the penny fee,
 May leave all questions open, boys, and cordially agree.
*We'll cordially agree, boys, we'll cordially agree ;
 For black and white may thus unite, and fiercest foes agree.*

M. THIERS'S FOREIGN POLICY.

THE Pasha of Egypt has submitted—the Soult-Guizot Ministry has a respectable majority in the French Chambers—and thus the immediate prospect of a war in Europe has passed away; but the interest and the influence of the discussions which threatened to lead us into a war have not passed away. We feel that we hold the blessings of peace by a far more slender tenure than we had hoped and believed; a new scheme for adjusting the balance of power has been announced; new principles of international policy have been avowed; a new system of morals has been introduced into the diplomacy of Europe; an army of nearly a million of men was to have enforced these new doctrines at the point of the bayonet; and all this, because M. Thiers—ex-editor of a French newspaper, a successful writer of revolutionary history, and late Minister for Foreign Affairs in France—was offended that England, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey, did not adopt his opinion rather than retain their own as to the precise amount of the Turkish territory which the sovereign of Turkey should assign to the Pasha of Egypt as his government. This must sound to the ears of sober men as something too absurd to be easily credible; nevertheless it is strictly true. For this cause alone, so far as it is possible to discover from his own statements as minister, M. Thiers was ready to hazard a war with all Europe. Turn it as we may, it is impossible to extract from his official statements any other ground of quarrel than this—any other pretext for the measures he proposed to adopt, which led directly and almost inevitably to war. Then, it will be asked, had France guaranteed to the Pasha of Egypt certain limits, beyond which his government, as a vassal of the Sultan, should not be reduced? Not only had no such engagement been contracted with the Pasha; but France had formally pledged herself to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, which the Pasha was avowedly endeavouring by force to dismember. Were all the other powers of Europe conspiring to set aside some previous promise or engage-

ment to France—to violate some existing treaty? Far from it. They were only carrying out to their legitimate results, engagements to which France herself was a party. Were they trenching on any pre-existing rights of France? No; they were only aiding a sovereign to enforce over a rebellious vassal rights of sovereignty which France herself did not pretend to question. But they may have been secretly concerting measures to exclude France from her share in an enterprise which, it is admitted, was but the performance of previous engagements to which France was a party! Quite the reverse. She was repeatedly invited to join the other powers—concessions were made to her wishes, for the purpose of inducing her to join; but she declined the proposals. Was any insult offered to France? Her government never pretended that France had been insulted by any one of the allied powers, and neither recalled any one of its ambassadors, nor suspended its diplomatic intercourse with any one of the courts. Had M. Thiers any reason to suspect that the allies intended to seek any accession of territory, any exclusive advantage to themselves? Not the smallest: for the allied powers had solemnly pledged themselves neither to seek nor to acquire either the one or the other. Could there be any reason to suspect that they contemplated ultimate hostilities against France? Far from it. Not one of them armed—not one of them prepared for war. France alone augmented her army, and assumed an attitude of defiance and of menace. Was there any thing in the nature of a coalition formed for such an object, so new and so dangerous, that France or any other power had a right to denounce it, and to arm to oppose it? France herself was the first to suggest, and the first to endeavour to form a similar coalition for the same purpose. Was M. Thiers, then, but the tool of a sovereign, ambitious and warlike, seeking the fame of a conqueror, and therefore eager to pick a quarrel? The King of the French is one of the most prudent as he is one of the ablest of sovereigns; and his

whole efforts, since he was raised to the throne, have been directed to the maintenance of peace abroad and tranquillity at home. Far from encouraging the policy of his minister, he has dispensed with his services, at some hazard to himself, rather than allow M. Thiers to follow out his views to their inevitable result.

But, if the reasons assigned by the French Minister are so obviously inadequate to account for the line of policy he thought proper to adopt, there must have been some secret, some unavowed motive for his conduct. We are of opinion that there was; and we think that, in the statements he has made to the Chambers since he has ceased to be minister, we find indications of what these motives were, sufficiently intelligible to explain them. But it will be necessary first to trace briefly the history—the rise and progress of this Eastern question.

The state of things out of which the recent discussions on the Eastern question arose, had their origin in the invasion of the Turkish province of Syria by the Pasha of Egypt. Taking advantage of the shock which the Ottoman empire had received from a disastrous war with Russia, and of the discontent which the reforms of the late Sultan, and the belief that he was subject to Russian domination in his councils, had excited in the Mahometan population of Syria, Mohammed Ali rebelled against his master. The Porte seeing its armies defeated, its fortresses taken, and finding its remaining military means insufficient to resist the armies of the rebel Pasha, which were advancing on Constantinople, applied to its allies for assistance, and, first of all, to England. But at that moment Great Britain, whose fleets were employed at the Texel and in the Tagus, had not a single ship of the line in the Mediterranean, and believed herself unable to afford the Sultan the assistance and the protection he required. France had already begun to entertain a tender feeling for the Pasha of Egypt. He was surrounded by officers who had served in her armies, and she sympathized with the successes which he obtained chiefly by means of their military skill and gallantry. She had coveted Egypt, and, having failed in her attempts to acquire it by conquest, she desired to possess a do-

minant influence in the councils of its governor. The Sultan turned to Russia for aid, and a Russian army, promptly sent to defend Constantinople, encamped almost under the walls of the city, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus.

England and France, justly alarmed for the consequences of the step which their own denial of aid to the Sultan had rendered inevitable, set about arranging the differences between him and the Pasha. Russia refused to take any part with the other mediators, or even to discuss the question of the limits which should hereafter divide the subordinate government of the Pasha from the rest of his sovereign's dominions; but determined to maintain her military position at Constantinople till the Pasha should have withdrawn his army within the territory, whatever it might be, which should, on the conclusion of an arrangement, be assigned to him as his government. By the mediation of England and of France, matters were adjusted. Syria and Candia were added to Egypt, and with Arabia, and Mecca, and Medina—the holy cities of the Mahometans—formally consigned to the government of Mohammed Ali, subject to the payment of a stipulated tribute.

Thus was Turkey, whose integrity France and England had long declared to be necessary to the balance of power in Europe, by an arrangement concluded under their mediation, virtually divided into two hostile powers. This was a grievous error or a great misfortune. No man who was acquainted with the East believed that harmony could exist—that peace could be preserved between the sovereign and his subject in the relative positions in which they had been placed. No man could doubt that the victorious vassal must become the rival of the sovereign he had humbled; or that the sovereign would eagerly seek for an opportunity to retrieve his tarnished reputation, and to re-establish the authority he had lost.

On the retreat of the Egyptian army, Russia withdrew her troops from the Bosphorus; but then it transpired that she had taken advantage of the necessities of the Sultan, and of the presence of her army, to obtain from him a treaty of defensive alliance, now known by the name of the Treaty

of Unkiar-Skelessi. To this treaty were annexed secret articles, which assigned to Russia alone the protection of Turkey, and the power to close the Dardanelles. The evil results of the course they had taken, were now more fully appreciated by England and by France. They protested against the secret articles of the treaty, declaring that they would act as if these had not existed; and they received for answer, that Russia would act as if their protest had not existed.

This state of things involved two great and obvious evils. Turkey had been placed under the sole protection of that power, of whose views in respect to her, the governments which considered her integrity and independence essential to the balance of power, and necessary to the tranquillity of Europe, were naturally the most jealous; and the creation of a rival power under the Pasha of Egypt, by dividing her against herself, had not only diminished the Sultan's power of resisting foreign aggression, both by directly reducing his means, and by giving him two distant frontiers to defend instead of one; but it had also placed him in more humble dependence upon his protector, and promised to furnish occasions which otherwise could not have arisen, for the active interference of Russia, and the presence of her troops in his dominions. Yet this is the very state of things, to perpetuate which M. Thiers was inclined to make war upon all Europe.

From this time forward, though France and England continued to act in concert, their views had begun to diverge. France had begun to seek, in the exercise of her influence over the government of Egypt, a compensation for that which Russia had acquired at Constantinople, and, in the support of this power, a counterpoise to that which Russia was supposed to have permanently secured to herself by her intimate alliance with Turkey. She had not, it is true, abandoned the principle of the necessity of maintaining the independence of Turkey; that is, its existence as a separate state in Europe under the reigning dynasty: but she was preparing to give a new interpretation to her declared intention to maintain its integrity—she was reconciling herself to the idea of seeing it exist in fragments, and of seeing those fragments under

different or opposite foreign influences. France had not avowed these views; on the contrary, she appeared to act in concert with England, whose views had a different tendency. England, sensible of the evils resulting from the condition of Turkey—from her division, and her dependence on Russian protection—desired to see her strong, united, and emancipated from the exclusive influence of any one foreign power; but, regarding as a primary object the maintenance of the repose of Europe, she determined to exert all her influence to preserve things as they were, rather than hazard the consequences of a collision between the Sultan and the Pasha; she determined fairly to try the experiment, and to endeavour to draw from the Pasha of Egypt the support to the Sultan which he has been represented as able and willing to afford. When, in spite of her exertions to bring about a sincere reconciliation, dissensions arose between them, she announced to both, that he who should strike the first blow would be regarded as an enemy to the peace of Europe; and, aided by other governments, succeeded for a time in restraining them from actual hostilities. At length, Mohammed Ali collected a numerous army near the frontiers of his government in Syria, and this movement was regarded as a hostile demonstration by the Porte. At the same time, the agents of the Pasha were found intriguing with the Arabs of Mesopotamia, subject to Bagdad; and an Egyptian force, penetrating through the heart of Arabia, violated the territory of that pashalic from the south-west, and occupied the town of Graine, at the mouth of the ancient Palacopas. The Sultan was thus forced to prepare the means of defending himself against menaced hostility on one side, and against actual invasion on the other. Mohammed Ali had now also openly announced his intention to assert his own independence, and by these acts of contumacy and of aggression had violated the agreement between him and the Sultan, which had been arranged by the mediation of England and of France.

The army of the Sultan crossed the frontier, and the Pasha, trusting to the ignorance which prevailed in Europe of his proceedings in Arabia, boldly declared that the Sultan was the ag-

gressor—an assertion which M. Thiers has confidently repeated in his correspondence. The battle of Nezib, in which the Turkish army was routed, and the death of the Sultan Mahmoud, which occurred before intelligence of this defeat could be communicated to him, seemed to have completed the disasters of Turkey; but the measure of her misfortunes was not yet full. Her fleet deserted to the rebel Pasha, not without some grave suspicions that the French admiral had connived at the defection.

The experiment of maintaining in harmony, or even in peace, these two rival states in one empire, had been tried, and had signally failed. The avowed objects of all the powers of Europe had been the strength, the integrity, the stability, and the independence of the Ottoman empire. The result was dismemberment, degradation, and disaster; defeat of her armies, defection of her fleet, and dependence on Russia for protection. Europe, and especially England, was called upon to repair her previous error. The treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi had not expired; the same emergency which had before carried the Russians to Constantinople seemed to be on the point of recurring; Russia had, by treaty, been constituted the avowed protector of Turkey. The advance of Ibrahim Pasha would have been the signal for another occupation of the capital by Russian troops, and probably for the renewal of former engagements, which might, perhaps, have perpetuated the exclusive protection of Russia. England and France endeavoured to arrest the march of the victorious army of Egypt; and France, as the power to which the Pasha most leaned, and in whose views towards himself he had the greatest confidence, interfered most efficiently to dissuade him from pushing his advantage, and thereby forcing Europe, which could not submit to see Turkey destroyed, at once to declare against him. She was desirous to prevent the Pasha from furnishing a pretext for a second occupation of Constantinople by a Russian army, and preferred arresting him in the midst of his success, to hazarding the consequences of a measure which, in the event of his advance, she knew to be almost inevitable. So important did it appear to France and to Eng-

land that Russia should not be permitted alone to assume the protection of Constantinople, and to occupy so important a position, that the propriety, in that event, of forcing the Dardanelles was discussed between them. M. Thiers asserts it was proposed by England, and rejected by France; other members of the French Government assure us it was proposed by France, and rejected by England. By whichever it was proposed, the fact of its having been discussed at all, is sufficient evidence of the importance attached by both to the preservation of the Turkish capital from exclusive military occupation by Russia, and to the control of Mohammed Ali's movements, which threatened to furnish a pretext for such a proceeding.

Though the Pasha agreed to keep his army within the frontiers of his own government, he refused to restore the Turkish fleet; and he had formally and officially intimated his intention to declare himself independent. But the representatives of England, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, at the court of the Sultan, by a collective note announced to the Porte the determination of their governments to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, of which Mohammed Ali had formally declared his intention to effect the actual and permanent dismemberment. Thus all the powers who had concurred in making that communication to the Porte, were at direct issue with the Pasha.

Russia, justifying herself, no doubt, on the ground of her defensive alliance with Turkey, of the permanent interest she had in maintaining the tranquillity of a neighbouring state, and in preserving her relations with the Porte, did not conceal her intention to interfere. The danger of permitting the intervention of Russia alone between the Sultan and his vassal, was felt by all Europe; and there was little reason to hope, if Russia proceeded alone to act on her avowed intention, that the peace of Europe could be preserved. England, Austria, and Prussia had only one object in view—to preserve the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and the tranquillity of Europe, of which they considered that integrity and that independence as necessary conditions. But France had other interests at stake. While she sought,

in concert with the three powers above named, to exclude Russia from Constantinople, and had pledged herself to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, her sympathies, her hopes, and her wishes were not the less directed to Egypt and to Syria. She was opposed to the occupation of Constantinople by Russia, and still more to the march of a Russian army into Asia Minor, not merely because it might bring a formidable rival to the shores of the Mediterranean, and disturb the balance of power in Europe unfavourably to her; but also because it would shake the authority of Mohammed Ali, and threatened to destroy the hopes she had indulged of profiting by its permanent establishment. She desired to see Turkey rescued from the exclusive protection of Russia; and yet she dissuaded her allies from depriving Mohammed Ali of the power which had rendered that protection necessary. She considered it dangerous, as it certainly was, that Russia should be permitted to retain the exclusive protection of Turkey; but then she evinced a desire to place herself in a similar position with respect to Egypt and Syria. Still she never declared her wishes: on the contrary, her government professed its entire adherence to the principles asserted in the collective note of the Five Powers.

England had from the first declared her conviction, that the only reasonable solution of the question—the only arrangement which promised security to Turkey, or repose to Europe—was the restoration of every thing excepting Egypt to the immediate government of the Sultan. The French government admitted that this would be the most desirable of all arrangements, but refused to co-operate with the Allies in effecting it; first assigning as her reason, that naval means would be inadequate to effect the object contemplated, and that the march of an European army into Turkey, for the purpose of driving Mohammed Ali out of Syria, would be more dangerous to the independence of Turkey and to the peace of Europe, than the present state of things between the Sultan and the Pasha. At a subsequent time, however, France shifted her grounds of objection to the plan—abandoned her own principle of the danger of resorting to force—expressed her readiness to

co-operate with the Allies in coercing Mohammed Ali if he should reject certain proposals which she suggested, and acknowledged that her real difficulty was not that which she had hitherto put forward, but one which arose from domestic considerations;—that is, from the opposition any such measures would encounter from a large party in France. But finding that she could not persuade the Four Powers to agree to an arrangement, which, by her own admission, might require the employment of force to effect it, and which, if effected, would have left matters in nearly as bad a state as before, on the 27th September 1839, the French government officially communicated its plan, in opposition to those which had successively been proposed to it by the Four Powers; and when we compare that plan with the principles which the French government had maintained, and still continued to profess, it certainly does require some ingenuity to reconcile them.

Lord Palmerston, in his note of the 31st August, refers to a despatch from Marshal Soult of the 17th July 1839, which was communicated officially to the Four Powers;—to the collective note of the 27th July 1839, signed by the representative of France, as well as by those of the other Powers, and presented to the Porte; and to the speech of the King of the French to his Chambers in December 1839—and says:—"In these documents the French government declared its determination to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire under its present dynasty, as an essential element of the balance of power, and as a security for the preservation of peace; and it also asserted in Marshal Soult's despatch its resolution to oppose, by all its means of action and influence, every combination which might be hostile to that integrity and independence." Yet, in little more than two months after the gallant marshal had penned this comprehensive and unequivocal announcement of the views and intentions of France, the French government proposed, as a means of securing the integrity and independence of Turkey "that Mehemet Ali should be made hereditary governor of Egypt, and of the whole of Syria, and governor for life of Candia, giving up nothing but

Arabia and the district of Adana. The French government, however, did not say that it knew that Mehemet Ali would consent even to this arrangement; nor did it declare that, if he should refuse to accept it, France would join in coercive measures to compel him to do so."

"To this plan," (says Lord Palmerston) "of course her Majesty's government could not consent, because it would be even more objectionable than the present state of things; inasmuch as, by giving Mohammed Ali a legal and hereditary title to a third of the Ottoman empire, which he now only occupied by force, it would at once be a virtual, and would at no distant time be a real dismemberment of that empire."

But the French proposition involved another absurdity, which Lord Palmerston does not notice. To give up Arabia and to retain Syria, was virtually to retain both. The French government could not be ignorant that, so long as Mohammed Ali retained both Egypt and Syria, it was folly to talk of the Sultan's holding Arabia. The whole amount of concession, therefore, which the French government desired to see Mohammed Ali make to his sovereign, was the immediate surrender of Adana, and the reversion of Candia on the death of the Pasha; in return for which the Sultan and his allies were expected to consent to the formal and legal dismemberment of Turkey.

We leave it to the French diplomatists to reconcile their declared intentions with the manner in which they proposed to effect them.

Here the negotiation with France ought, perhaps, to have ended. "But her Majesty's government, in order to prove its anxious desire to come to an understanding with France on these matters, stated that it would waive its well-founded objection to any extension of Mehemet Ali's authority beyond Egypt, and would join the French government in recommending to the Sultan to give to Mehemet Ali, in addition to the Pashalic of Egypt, the administration of the lower part of Syria, provided that France would engage to co-operate with the Four Powers in coercive measures if Mehemet Ali should refuse this offer."

"This proposal, however, was declined by the French government; and that government now declared that it

could not possibly co-operate in any coercive measures against Mehemet Ali, and could not therefore be a party to any arrangement to which Mehemet Ali should not spontaneously consent."

It was now sufficiently obvious, that whatever might be the views or wishes of the French government, France was determined to do nothing towards adjusting the differences between the Sultan and his subject, which could in any wise tend to improve the position of Turkey; and that, if the integrity of the Ottoman empire was to be preserved, it must be without the intervention of France, or even in opposition to her wishes.

She had increased more and more the distance which separated her from the Four Powers, while they had been advancing towards her; and she had put it beyond all doubt that she valued more the strength and stability of Mohammed Ali's government, than she did the integrity of the Ottoman empire, which she had engaged to maintain. But hitherto she had contented herself with refusing to co-operate in any coercive measures against the Pasha of Egypt.

This was the state of things when M. Thiers came into office. He had been at the head of the new government about two months, when a fresh overture and a new concession to the wishes of France was made through M. Guizot. To the lower part of Syria it was now proposed to add the fortress of St Jean D'Acre, to be held for life by Mohammed Ali. But at the same time it was intimated that neither England nor Austria would consent to recommend the grant of hereditary tenure to Mohammed Ali, in regard to any part of Syria; and M. Guizot was informed that this was the utmost extent to which the Four Powers could go in the way of concession, in order to obtain the co-operation of France, and that it was therefore their last offer.

It will be recollected that this was a negotiation between the Four Powers on the one side, and France on the other, for the purpose of arranging the terms on which France would consent to co-operate with them, in obliging Mohammed Ali to evacuate certain portions of the Sultan's territory which he held by force, and in coercing him if necessary. It was not

a negotiation with Mohammed Ali, to know what would satisfy him. The question was not what he would agree to give up, but what the Sultan and the Five Powers of Europe should permit him to retain. It was a negotiation based upon the collective note by which the Five Powers had announced their union, for the purpose of adjusting this question, and in which they had called upon the Sultan to abstain from any separate negotiation with Mohammed Ali. This was, therefore, a question which France had to decide for herself on its own merits—on her own view of what was just and expedient—and calculated to effect the objects which the Five Powers had originally united to accomplish. But what was the course pursued by M. Thiers? He immediately communicated this new proposition to the Pasha of Egypt, consulted with him as to the propriety of accepting it, and ultimately rejected it because the Pasha had rejected it; thus making common cause with Mohammed Ali, without having given any warning of his intentions, and at a time when he left Turkey and the Four Powers, who were negotiating with France for her co-operation, to believe that the French government might still be induced to co-operate with them, in consideration of the concession they had made to her wishes. That there might be no doubt of the perfect understanding between the French government and the Pasha of Egypt in their opposition to the views of the Four Powers, M. Thiers rejected the proposal that had been made to France, on the express ground that "Mohammed Ali would not consent to any division of Syria, unless compelled thereto by force. That France would not co-operate in the employment of force against Mohammed Ali for such a purpose; and therefore France could not be a party to the proposed arrangement." But this was not all. The French ambassador at Constantinople secretly endeavoured to persuade the Sultan to disregard the advice of the Five Powers—of which France herself was one—to abstain from any direct negotiation with Mohammed Ali, and to make no arrangement with the Pasha without the concurrence of the Five Powers; and "earnestly and repeatedly pressed the Porte to negotiate directly with

Mohammed Ali, and to make an arrangement with the Pasha, not only without the concurrence of the other Four Powers, but under the single mediation of France, and according to the particular views of the French government"—that is, in direct opposition to the views of the Four Powers. M. Thiers, so long as he was in office, denied the truth of this statement; he even instructed the French ambassador in London officially to deny it; and he affected great indignation when he learned that his negation of the fact had not been believed: but since he has been out of office, if his speeches have been truly reported, he has not only admitted the truth, but he has attempted to justify the proceeding. Of the fact there can be no doubt; yet this same M. Thiers has the folly to talk of France having been deceived by England, and to speak loftily of making every sacrifice to maintain the honour of France!

France had thus separated herself from the Four Powers, by attempting to negotiate, under her own exclusive mediation, an arrangement of the differences between the Sultan and Mohammed Ali, which was entirely opposed to the views of the Powers with whom she had united herself for the purpose of effecting that arrangement—she had separated herself from them, by uniting herself with Mohammed Ali in opposition to the interests of the Sultan, and in furtherance of the dismemberment of Turkey; and she had perhaps still more effectually separated herself from them, by attempting to do these things in secret, while she was professing a desire to co-operate with the other Powers for the arrangement of the differences between the Pasha and his sovereign. M. Thiers did not even leave to himself the shelter of the subterfuge, that the policy of France had been changed with the change of her ministry. If he had decided on extricating France from the embarrassment of all concurrence with the other Powers in their future proceedings, it was his duty to have announced that decision to them. If he proposed still to negotiate with them, for the purpose of endeavouring to discover some middle course on which they could agree to co-operate, what could be more dishonest than to preserve the semblance of such a negotiation, while he was endeavouring to circumvent

them by secret negotiations at Constantinople and Alexandria?

On the 28th of April, M. Guizot, the ambassador sent to England under M. Thiers's government, wrote to the Turkish ambassador in London: "The undersigned has the honour to inform H. E. the ambassador of the Sublime Porte, that in conformity with instructions he has received from the King's government, he is ready to seek, (*rechercher*,) with the representatives of the Courts of Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, the best means to bring about in the East an arrangement which may put an end to a state of things so contrary to the common wish of the Five Powers, and to the interests of the Ottoman Porte."

M. Thiers was therefore, through the ambassador of his government in England, leading the Porte and the Four Powers to hope, that some plan might be devised by which France should co-operate with them for the arrangement of these matters; and the way in which he set about effecting this object was, to enter upon secret and separate negotiations to render such an arrangement impossible, to disconcert their plans, to dismember the Ottoman empire, to place the Sultan at the feet of Mohammed Ali, and to encourage the Pasha, by assurances of the concurrence of France in his views, to reject such proposals as he knew the Four Powers, on behalf of the Sultan, intended to propose to him. And yet he pretends to say that England separated herself from France suddenly, unexpectedly, unaccountably, deceitfully. But M. Thiers flattered himself that his intrigues had not been discovered, and he affected still to be carrying on a negotiation for arranging a perfect understanding between France and the Four Powers as to the means by which, what he still represented as their common objects, were to be accomplished. He had rejected what had been announced to him as the ultimatum of England and the Powers that acted with her; but he had the folly to imagine that England would not separate herself from France, even after France had separated herself from England.

But M. Thiers, in his extreme cleverness—as clever men who are not very honest will sometimes do—out-

witted himself. He believed, and was led to believe by some who ought to have known better, that the popular feeling in England in favour of the French alliance was so strong, that whatever might be the views of France in regard to this Eastern question—however widely they might differ from those of the British government—he had only to maintain his ground, and prosecute his own scheme; for that no British minister could venture to hazard a separation from France on this or any other question, without being overthrown and routed by the indignation of the people of England. "We have been told that Russia, desirous to put England and France at variance, fostered these delusions in the mind of M. Thiers; but though Russia has many sins to answer for, and though the bear is every where a dangerous animal, we are not inclined to think it was the Great Bear that misled M. Thiers on this occasion. We rather think it must have been some cub of our own rearing." However this may be, there is little doubt that M. Thiers was deceived—that he permitted himself, notwithstanding the warnings that had been given, not only that the Four Powers had determined to make no further concessions to France, but that they had decided to proceed without the co-operation of France, if that could not be obtained on the terms they had proposed—notwithstanding the course he had himself taken at Alexandria and at Constantinople, so obviously leading, if discovered, to an immediate decision on the part of the Four Powers to proceed at once with the measures, the execution of which was only suspended because they hoped to induce France to co-operate in carrying them into effect—notwithstanding all these things, M. Thiers, we verily believe, was deceived—but deceived only by his own vanity and folly, and those of his friends.

Lord Palmerston calmly pursued his course, neither irritated by the chicanery of M. Thiers nor dismayed by the secession of France. He knew that there was no Englishman of any class whose opinion was worth asking, who would not have rejected with scorn any proposal to truckle to a foreign power, or who would be influenced by considerations of party to oppose what he conscientiously be-

lied to be for the honour and the interests of his own country and of Europe.

England had at all times regretted the position in which Turkey had been placed since Mohammed Ali had occupied Syria. Believing that the independence and the integrity of that empire, which was acknowledged by all to be necessary to the tranquillity of the world, had been perilled by the ambition and the rapacity of that chief, she desired to see him restrained within limits consistent with the repose, the security, and the freedom of action of the Turkish government; and feeling that the force of public opinion in Europe, and the weight of the alliances which the influence of that opinion had enabled her to form, put it in her power to do a great act of justice, and to replace the affairs of the East in a position which all parties had united in considering desirable, if attainable; she set her seal to the work, and on the 15th July the treaty was signed, which defined what were to be the future relations of the Pasha of Egypt with his master—which decided that the quarrels between them, whatever inducements any particular power might have to foment or to perpetuate them, should not continue to be a constant source of irritation and of alarm to Europe—that the Ottoman empire should cease to be under the protection of only one power, and should in future have for its guardians all the powers who were interested in maintaining it—that the people of Syria, weary of the tyranny under which they had been groaning, should be restored to the milder sway of the sovereign, their desertion of whom they had expiated by years of misery and degradation—and which, above all, exhibited to the turbulent spirits, whom nothing but anarchy could please and nothing but rapine could satisfy, an union of nations mightier than all the rest of the world combined, ranged in defence of justice, of order, and of general security and peace. United, it is true, but for a special purpose, yet proving the possibility of such an union, whenever the repose of the world should be threatened, or when the restlessness of the ambitious, or the excited passions of licentious men should again call them together to protect the peaceful, the in-

dustrious, and the good, against the aggressions of the violent, the rapacious, and the unprincipled.

M. Thiers found, when it was already past remedy, that he had played a game too cunning to be wise—that he had left to France neither allies to support her, nor the consciousness of having acted a high and generous part to sustain her. He felt that he had degraded the gallant and chivalrous nation, over whose destinies he presided for a time, to the level of his own petty proceedings;—without the calmness of courage, he hurriedly prepared for war—without the firmness of virtue, he shrank from the contest. He failed even in that moment of enthusiasm to identify himself with the exalted amongst his fellows; and having proved himself unequal to the emergency, slunk back to lead the crowd of revolutionary demagogues and mercenary adventurers, to which, notwithstanding his eminence as a writer, and his success as a politician, it is obvious he had always belonged.

We compare, with a pride unabated by any paltry distinctions of party, the whole conduct, character, and bearing of the British Minister, as exhibited in these transactions, with those of the Minister of France. It is not the superior judgment and talent displayed, though that is sufficiently conspicuous. Neither is it the loftier, the more dignified, or, to use an exclusively English expression, the more gentlemanlike tone of his proceedings, though that too is remarkable; but it is the more exalted morality, the higher standard of honesty and truth, which marks the difference not only in the men, but in the nations which are to judge them.

On the 27th of June, M. Guizot intimated to Lord Palmerston that M. Thiers had rejected the ultimatum of the Four Powers, on the express ground that it was not agreeable to Mohammed Ali. On the 15th July, the treaty was signed. On the 17th, it was communicated officially to M. Guizot, for the information of his government; and as soon as it was known in France, M. Thiers and his organs shouted their war-whoop, which was echoed back from all parts of the country. The revolutionary press, whose mutterings, like the rumbling in the depths of a volcano, had for some time been giving portentous

warning of evil to come, exploded in an eruption of mud and filth, heaping upon England and every thing English, a profusion of the most opprobrious abuse; and the foremost, the foulest, the fiercest, and the most false, were the organs of M. Thiers, the French Minister, which could not have the excuse of ignorance to palliate their malignity. Every artifice was resorted to, every bad feeling was appealed to, for the purpose of inflaming the passions of the multitude. The people of France were told that they had been insulted, that their interests were endangered, that they had been deceived, deserted, and betrayed by England, and that the Four Powers had united chiefly for the purpose of degrading France to the position of a second-rate power. For a moment the majority of the French nation seemed to be deceived by the clamour, and the cry "to arms," became all but general. The English families residing in France were hooted, insulted, and threatened with violence by the populace; some unoffending individuals were actually pelted in the streets, only because they were English. Fresh levies were ordered—credits for large sums of money were opened—the military and naval arsenals, cannon foundries, and powder manufactories, were actively engaged night and day in preparing the army and the navy of France for war. Paris was to be fortified, and the work was commenced. Cavalry horses were purchased from all quarters, and the army was to be raised to nearly a million of men. The navy of France was at that time supposed to be stronger in the Mediterranean than that of England, and it was loudly called upon to vindicate the honour of the country, by attacking and destroying the British fleet. *But this was before the fall of Acre.* Europe looked on for some time in astonishment at the tumult—at a whole nation apparently converted into a frantic mob—and as it was hardly possible to believe that so much excitement could have been produced without provocation, men began to doubt whether some grave insult had not been offered, or some serious injury inflicted upon France. They doubted whether peace could now be preserved, because they imagined that there must be some cause for war.

Then came the explanations—France

declared her desire to maintain peace and the balance of power, but continued to prepare for war. She complained of not having been allowed another last opportunity to join the allies; but did not renounce the views which had made that union for the objects in question impossible. She renewed her refuted arguments against the course which the Four Powers had decided to take, and declared that she was no longer pledged to use her moral influence in furtherance of the objects of a treaty in which she had no part. She complained of no insult, of no injury, of no rights invaded, of no principles established or admitted principles violated. She contented herself with objecting to the plan of the Four Powers exclusively on the ground of the difficulty and uncertainty of its execution, and the dangers which she apprehended from these causes, not to France—not to Mohammed Ali—but to Turkey, and, as an *ultimate* consequence, to the peace of Europe. In her first communication, therefore, after the signature of the treaty, she took precisely the same ground she had taken before. She introduced no new element into the discussion. She put forward no new ground of difference with the Four Powers; the only change in their relative positions was this, that they had actually signed a treaty which they had given her to understand they would conclude without her, if she continued to retain the opinions which she avowed she did retain. There was therefore no obvious cause for all the excitement of the people, or the virulence of the press, or the warlike preparations of the government of France. Having repeatedly been warned, that if the cooperation of France could not be obtained, the Four Powers would proceed without it; if she had intended in that event to arm, she ought unquestionably to have given notice of that intention; and the Four Powers had a better right to complain of their having been unprepared for the course France had taken, than she had to say that she was unprepared for the conclusion of the treaty; for she had been informed of the probability of that event, and had given no intimation of any intention to assume a warlike attitude if it should occur. But she had done something else. She had made it plain that her real objects were differ-

ent from her avowed objects. She had made it impossible to believe that her sole object, or even her main object, was to maintain the integrity and the independence of Turkey; for it was impossible to believe either that the plan she proposed would conduce to that result, or that she could be so much deceived as to imagine that it would. No doubt could remain that her government conceived it had an interest in securing to Mohammed Ali his power and his possessions, which could not be founded on a desire to maintain the integrity and the independence of Turkey; because the means by which that interest was to be maintained or established were incompatible with either, though it must have been regarded as more valuable to France than both. She had thus given the only intelligible ground of suspicion, and she added to it the only comprehensible cause of offence that had been given in the course of the whole proceedings, by making covert attempts to frustrate the objects of the Four Powers in the midst of a negotiation, which she carried on professedly for the purpose of devising some plan which all could agree to aid in accomplishing.

If all hope of coming to any understanding with the Four Powers was avowedly at an end, then she can have no right to complain that she was not again invited to join with them before the treaty was signed. If, on the other hand, she entertained a desire, and thought there was any hope of coming to an understanding, she could have no right to attempt by secret means, and pending the negotiations, to carry out her own views in direct opposition to those of the Four Powers; but they had an undoubted right, when they discovered these proceedings, to assume that all negotiations with France to obtain her co-operation were useless—that to remove them would be insincere and undignified—a mere mockery—that they had in fact been terminated by acts of her own government, so unquestionable in their moral character, that her Minister, while he remained in office, never ventured to avow them.

The warlike preparations of France were carried on with increasing energy and activity, and it became obvious that M. Thiers had excited passions he could not control—that he had put in motion a power he could not re-

strain. But it was also questionable whether he desired to restrain it. He had been carried into power on the rising tide of popular excitement, in opposition to the wishes of the sovereign, who submitted to a constitutional necessity when he called upon him to form an administration. He was aware that not only the Court, but the great mass of the most intelligent and the most respectable of the French people were opposed to him; and, seeking to strengthen himself against these influences, he bid higher and higher for the support of the revolutionary party—of all the turbulent and the discontented—of all who were the enemies of established order and peace—till at length he found that he must either prepare to go to every extremity they might demand, or to lose the hold he had on the only part of the nation that adhered to him. The whole scheme of his government had, from the first, been founded on keeping alive popular excitement, by reviving revolutionary associations, and reminiscences of the military successes of the empire. With this view, he had devised the scheme of bringing to France the body of Napoleon. He fancied that, by flattering the vanity of the nation, and by setting himself up as a leader of the people, as the representative of the revolution and the eulogist of the empire, he could identify himself with the love of glory which is inherent in the nation, and thus perpetuate his own influence, and control or overawe the Court, and become a sort of little substantive power in Europe. But M. Thiers had neither the position nor the talents which were required to play the game he proposed to himself. He imagined that, when he produced a great movement, he was exerting a great power; he forgot that the evidence of real power is not so much to produce as to control a great movement, and to direct it to the accomplishment of great objects. He had indulged in dreams of grand projects in various quarters, and had fancied that, by his superior diplomacy alone, he could counteract the plans for the pacification of the East, which his predecessors had been content with rejecting as not suited to the views of France. Finding his intrigues discovered, his diplomacy unsuccessful, the Four Powers united by a formal treaty,

and their plan of operations matured, he fancied that by assuming a threatening attitude—by preparations for war on a great scale—by exciting the spirit of military enterprise, and the hope of conquest in France, he could overawe the more cautious of the Four Powers, and break up the coalition. He did not perceive that the preparations he was making, and the re-appearance in France of that spirit which had carried war into every kingdom, into every district, almost into every hamlet in Europe, could not fail to make the Four Powers unite more closely for their own defence; and that of all the means he could have devised to give permanence to that alliance, and to place it in opposition to France, not merely on the Eastern question, but more permanently for the protection of Europe against the spirit which France was evincing under the excitement he had produced, none could be more effectual than those which he desired to employ. This was one of the fundamental errors of M. Thiers's policy—an error if he desired peace, a more fatal error if he desired war.

Another fundamental and essential error in M. Thiers's policy, which we may notice here, was this, that it was founded on an exaggerated estimate of Mohammed Ali's moral influence and military force. M. Thiers, however, is not responsible for having originated that error. Count Sebastiani was under the same delusion; but M. Thiers made it the foundation of his policy. All his calculations were professedly founded on the erroneous assumption, that not only could Mohammed hold out until the spring, but that the result of the contest was doubtful, and that time would therefore be given, and opportunities afforded him, by the protracted resistance he had encouraged the Pasha to make, to break up the coalition; or, if that should be impracticable, to give such countenance and support to his protégé in Egypt, as with the menacing attitude France had assumed, and the doubtful result of the contest, might have enabled the French government to interpose with effect. Admiral Stopford and Commodore Napier, with their sailors and marines—the most unceremonious of diplomatists, destroyed this speculation.

The delusions caused by the course M. Thiers had taken, and by the lan-

guage he had held through the press of Paris to the French nation, were partly dispelled by the publication of Lord Palmerston's note of the 31st August. That note gave so clear and so full a statement of the whole course of the negotiations; so fully vindicated England from all the charges which had been brought against her by the war party in France; and exposed so temperately and with so much delicacy, but at the same time so unequivocally, the doubtful and tortuous course of the French policy, especially of M. Thiers's proceedings—that men looked amazed to find how visionary was the fiction which the press of Paris had imposed upon the French nation. People began to ask, what all this clatter meant—what possible ground for war the government of France could find in this treaty, or in these negotiations. They felt that nothing but a determination to have war at any price, could lead France to seek in these proceedings a pretext for war; and that, if the alliance with France could only be preserved by permitting her to domineer over Europe, it could not be purchased at such a price, valuable as they had been wont to consider it. But they felt, too, that its value was diminished in proportion to the insecurity of the tenure by which it was held; and they perceived, with pain and sorrow, that adversity had not tamed, and that prosperity had not soothed the restless spirit, ever prone to aggression, which had made one of the most enlightened and powerful nations of the earth a source of renewed anxiety to all around her—which seemed to make her unfit for peace or for tranquillity—the disturber of the repose of Europe—the bane of its peaceful prosperity and of her own.

M. Thiers's note of the 8th October, in answer to Lord Palmerston's of the 31st August, was an epitome of the French Minister's character—clever, but not profound—displaying courage where there was no chance of opposition;—it abandoned the only ground on which there was any difference of opinion, for it left Mohammed Ali's claim to Syria to be decided by the fate of the contest which had then commenced.

But it laid down a new principle; for it assumed that the present condition of the Pasha of Egypt is essen-

tial to the balance of power in Europe; that is, that the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire is essential to that balance of power to which France had already declared that the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire was essential. This is merely following out the error of the position M. Thiers had maintained all along; viz. that Turkey would be strengthened by being divided into two hostile powers. "But the opinion of the Turkish government," says Lord Palmerston, "which may be allowed to be a competent judge in this matter, has for some time been, that the continued existence of Mohammed Ali in his present state of military power, and with his hostile intentions towards the Sultan, is incompatible with the internal peace and integrity of the Ottoman empire, and destructive to the independence of the Sultan as regards his relations with foreign powers; and undoubtedly the experience of the last few years has too fully shown that the opinion is not unfounded."

It must be quite unnecessary to point out the pettiness of M. Thiers's attempt to seem bold, when he declares that France will not permit Mohammed Ali to be deprived of Egypt, although the Sultan had announced that the Pasha was deposed; for he acknowledges in the next sentence, that he had received from some of the Four Powers, and we now know that he had received from England, an assurance that this measure was not contemplated, and that the announcement of the Sultan was not intended to be carried into effect, if Mohammed Ali submitted.

It is needless to follow M. Thiers through all his subsequent inconsistencies. He had already pressed his war policy as far as his sovereign thought was consistent with the preservation of peace; and when he desired to push it further, the King of the French refused to accede to the Minister's proposals, and a change of government was the consequence. The new ministry, at the head of which were Marshal Soult and M. Guizot, gave, in these two names, the most satisfactory pledge to Europe, that henceforward the policy of France would be fair and honourable—that every effort would be made to preserve peace abroad and

tranquillity at home—and that the passions of the multitude would no longer be regarded as the chief political engine of the government. But the question still remained to be decided, whether this new ministry would receive the support of the majority of the French Chambers. That question has now been decided in their favour; but we confess that we regard the long debate which led to that result, as one of the most interesting and alarming that has ever occurred. We do not now enter into the enquiry, whether M. Thiers's real views are to be deduced from his public professions while he was minister, or from his subsequent confessions when out of office; but that he should have hoped to strengthen himself in a public assembly of what we must presume to be a fair representation of the most intelligent classes of the French people, by announcing that he had acted with insincerity throughout his whole administration of the affairs of the nation;—that when he appealed to the treaties of 1815, he secretly intended to have violated them—to have seized the Rhenish provinces of Prussia and the Balearic Isles of Spain;—that when he declared France to be disinterested in the course she had taken on the Eastern question, his real opinion was quite the reverse; for that he believed she had an instinct which led her to desire the establishment of a great power in Egypt and Syria, that she might exercise a dominant influence in its counsels;—that when he professed a desire to preserve peace, he was only trying to gain time until the spring, that he might be the better prepared for war;—that when, in his note to Lord Palmerston, he pretended to leave Mohammed Ali's right to Syria to be decided by the fate of the contest then carried on, he meant the reverse of what he said, and had no intention of leaving it to be decided by the result of that contest;—that, though he had not considered the Treaty of London as an insult while he was Minister, he regarded it as a gross insult to France, now that he was out of office:—that this open profession of public profligacy and bad faith should in his opinion have been calculated to gain him additional support in the French Chambers, ought to the French nation, and especially to the French

Chambers, to be one of the most humiliating facts that ever was recorded. To us and all the rest of the world it is one of the most alarming. Is there then in France a powerful party which can approve, and in the Chambers a large section which can applaud, such sentiments? The fact is undoubted, and the inference is inevitable. If that party should get into power, Europe can find security in nothing but in her armies. From such men, professions and promises would be but empty sounds, and treaties but waste paper. But we have too much respect for France, to believe that she can ever again desire to have her national honour intrusted to their keeping. We cannot believe that a nation which, whatever may be the errors or the weaknesses of its character, is pre-eminent for its intelligence, its gallantry, and its chivalry, will continue, when the excitement produced by misrepresentation has passed away, to countenance, still less to identify itself with, delinquencies which would have disgraced a Chinese mandarin, or a petty chief in the deserts of Africa. We thank God no British Minister, either in or out

of office, dares to propound such doctrines to the British Parliament; and melancholy and distressing as is this spectacle which the French Chambers have afforded, while such statements were not only listened to, but cheered, we derive from it this consolation, that in whatever else the French nation may excel us, we, at least, can claim this superiority, that no man in England would venture, even in private, to defend a disregard of public faith and principle, even far less profligate than that which has been applauded by nearly one-half of the French Chamber of Deputies. Europe will appreciate the difference, and we verily believe, that we have gained more by the high principle and morality which has characterized the proceedings of the British nation and of its government in these discussions, than even by the brilliant success which has attended our arms in Syria, where the British navy has shown the world that peace has but added to its power, and that whenever war may call it into action, it is ready and able, as heretofore, to assert for England the dominion of the seas.

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HISTORY OF FRANCE.

BY MONS. MICHELET.

We have already noticed two of M. Michelet's works, his "*Memoirs of Luther*," and his "*Origines du droit François*." On those occasions we endeavoured to describe the character of this author's mind, and by so doing to account for the fact, that with immense erudition, with an imagination powerful enough not merely to sustain and to quicken, but really to wing the weight of his learning, with a style peculiarly rhythmical and varied, so much so as to escape entirely from the cold prim propriety and polished point of French prose almost into all the graceful fluctuations and transitions of blank verse, and with an animation in his descriptions well-nigh lyrical, he has, despite these rare qualities, failed to gain a general popularity, and is only fully appreciated by the few.

Further to explain the cause of his very limited success with the public, we must mention that M. Michelet's intellect is cast completely in the mould of the German school of literature. Of that literature, however, the prominent feature is the prominent vice, which pervades and surmounts all its excellences, and divests them of their proper virtue. Philosophy, poetry, history, metaphysics, are all mixed together—made to interpenetrate one another, by writers of this school. Because there are links of sympathy, so to speak—abstruse relations, between all these things, these authors would, to borrow an image from music, regard them all but as variations of each other, and

play them all together as one grand piece of orchestral harmony. Hence confusion, a confusion rich in original thoughts and perceptions, is the distinguishing feature of this literature.

To express the same remark in other words; the intellect, we would say, of other nations, in its graver pursuits, is *classifying* or *separative*; that of Germany is *collective*. German authors, for the last half-century, have been driving together, from all points of the compass, the most diverse, deep, curious, and unsorted matter. The circumscriptions by which every distinct subject has been hitherto surrounded, they would break through; and, having set no new limits to mental excursions and enquiries, all that they think, all that they feel, all that they write, has a width and multiplicity of view about it, that is perfectly bewildering. They may have, and we are persuaded they have, in all their speculations, an inward consciousness of, and passion for truth; but this consciousness, and this passion—if it cannot reach its object, handle it, discriminate it, measure it, even if erroneously, at all events *distinctly*—constitutes, with reference to religion, *fanaticism*, and with reference to philosophy, *mysticism*. *Mysticism*, then, is the word that describes the German genius.

We are not disinclined to think, nevertheless, that this school of literature, vicious as in its present state it is, may become, in process of time, more valuable than the purer school which it aims at superseding. It may,

it is not improbable, furnish a platform whence new progress, almost new discoveries, in moral philosophy may be made. The old moulds of thought being broken up, new ones more comprehensive may be formed. When Lord Bacon appeared in the world, the whole domain of mind was in the utmost disorder, though wildly and luxuriantly prolific. Much the same sort of disorder in moral questions, seems at this more enlightened period about to emerge; and as the great man we have just named set confusion in order formerly, so perhaps some new Bacon—one of those stupendous intelligences who, amidst immense new complications, can see and grasp new wholes, and arrange them into parts and divisions—may, when the modern confusion has gained its due height, arise to perform the same work on it. We say this, because we have observed that the mysticism of which we have spoken is not confined to the land to which it owes its recent origin, but has more or less affected the mind of all advanced nations; and because it is evident that the philosophy, not scientific but moral, which has been ascendant since the sixteenth century, is universally felt to be not *large* enough. Whether with respect to the history, or the politics, or the social life of the actual age, its measure cannot measure any one of them. Whilst, then, we repudiate the German literature in its present vagrant, adventurous, breaking up, intermingling processes, as vague, resultless, and perfectly unsatisfactory, we look forward to its future developments with some degree of expectation, that out of them new intellectual prospects, as clear and fair as they promise to be extensive, may expand.

These observations arise naturally out of the perusal of M. Michelet's volumes. They possess all the characteristics of the German school which we have briefly described, and more especially one which gives to that literature much of its prospective value. M. Michelet's work *widens* greatly the domain of history. Instead of confining himself to the limits of former historians, in narrating events, and depicting the salient action of society, he has included within his design literature, religion, law, art, language, manners, and opin-

ions. He has besides made an effort to seize what may be called the poetry of social life, and to put upon it a philosophic significance. Those subjects—such as chivalry, under its most romantic aspects, superstitious habits and practices, legendary lore, costume, and all that is pictorial in communities—which historiographers have hitherto handed over to poets, he would regard as his prime historic matter. And doubtless these subjects in the history of *man* should occupy a prominent place; in the history of politics, of the movements of states, however, they have hitherto occupied no place at all. To give, then, to the historic canvass amplitude sufficient to embrace, as it were, the story of human nature as well as of national affairs, is surely a noble tendency of the mind. More than a *tendency*, the attempt to do this cannot yet be called. Michelet and his German contemporaries have not accomplished their purpose. They hardly, in fact, discern it. The feeling of their purpose is on their works, but not its execution. The material with which they would deal is so subtle, so full of spontaneous ignition, that it is most difficult, if not impossible, to analyse it, to reduce it to principles, or to bring it under any classification. The consequence is, that, in their treatment of it, they appear but to delineate the eccentricities of humanity. Sketchy pictures form all the result of their labours. Pictures of this kind, lavishly interspersed amidst graver and more stately details, abound in M. Michelet's volumes; and under them, these details—the old staple substance of history—are sometimes wellnigh hidden. They are, as it were, imbedded, or imbowered, in a thick foliage of fanciful conceptions. Indeed, in the work before us, the grand march and sequence of prominent events are touched upon, rather than dwelt upon; or, to soften this expression, we would say that M. Michelet has written a dissertation upon French history rather than a history of France.

His work we pronounce to be, notwithstanding, a highly original, yea more, a most delightful production. The historic muse of our author is not, it is true, arrayed in a robe of sober grain. Her tread is not firm, her gait and demeanour are not equal and collected, she wears a parti-co-

loured vest, her movements are gracefully wavering, and her glances—keen, quick, and bright—strike at once such a multitude of objects that they can fix steadily on none. Sometimes, too, she indulges in harlequinading caprices; but her usual port has a native tastefulness and spirit beyond the reach of academic art.

But a few extracts will show the peculiar merits and defects of M. Michelet's volumes better than any farther remarks we could offer. The first we shall give by way of a personal introduction of the author to our readers. He is about to narrate (which he does with brilliant rapidity) the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar; and the mention of that hero's name provokes the following little outbreak of personal feeling, which exhibits strikingly the character of his mind and the poetic elevation of his sentiments:—

"I have spoken elsewhere," he says, "of this prodigious Cæsar, and of the motives which decided him for so long a period to quit Rome for Gaul, to exile himself from his country, that on his return he might be its master. Italy was exhausted, Spain unmanageable; to subject the world, Gaul was to be subdued. Would that I had seen that pallid, bloodless face, blanched, not by age, but by the debaucheries of Rome; that delicate and epileptic man, marching under the rains of Gaul at the head of his legions; swimming across our rivers, or dictating on horseback, whilst his secretaries were carried in litters by his side, four or six letters at a time; agitating Rome from the depths of Belgium; exterminating two millions of men on his route; and conquering, in the lapse of ten years, Gaul, the Rhine, and the Northern Ocean!"

The above extract is characteristic of our author; the next will be found equally characteristic of his work. He is passing in review the different races and influences from which the French nation results. To any one else this subject would be dry, heavy, and laborious. By him it is treated as lightly and gracefully as eruditely, though we cannot say that he probes and analyses the deep subject he has in hand.

"Different systems," he thus writes, "have been resorted to, to explain the origin of the French people. Some deny altogether any foreign influence. They insist that France owes nothing to the language, to the literature, and to the laws of the nations who have conquered her.

Nay more, if it depended on them, they would make us believe that our origin is the origin of the whole human race. Le Brigant and his disciple, Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of the republic, derive all languages from the Bas-Breton: intrepid and patriotic critics, it was not enough for them to emancipate their country from slavery, they would also give her the dominion of the world. Historians and legists are less presumptuous. Nevertheless the Abbé Dubos denies that the conquest of Clovis was a conquest, and Groseley affirms that our common law is anterior to Cæsar.

"Other enquirers, less extravagant perhaps, but holding the same sort of exclusive and systematic view, refer everything to tradition, or to the several importations of commerce and of conquest. According to them, our French language is a corruption of the Latin, our law a degradation of the Roman or Germanic law, our traditions a simple echo of foreign traditions. They give the half of France to Germany, the other half to the Romans, and leave her nothing of her own. They would make it appear that those great Celtic populations, of which ancient writers speak so much, were a race so abandoned, so disinherited by nature, that they have been swept away without leaving a trace behind. That Gaul—which armed five hundred thousand men against Cæsar, and which continued so populous under the Empire—they tell us, has disappeared altogether; that it was dissolved by the intermingling of the Roman legions and the bands of Clovis. All the French of the North, they say, are of German descent, though there is so little German in their language. Gaul, they maintain, has perished, body and spirit, like Atlantis. All the Celts likewise have perished; or if any few of this family of men remain, they escape not the severity of modern criticism. Pinkerton will not allow them to repose even in the grave. This man is a true Saxon, brutal against the Celts as England is against Ireland. He will not allow them any distinctive qualities, any original genius. All gentlemen, he upholds, descend from the Goths (or Saxons or Scythians, with him the same thing.) He proposes in his amusing fury that a professorship of the Celtic tongue should be instituted, in order the better to mock at Celtic pretensions.

"It is not possible to make a choice between these two systems. History and good sense alike repel them both. It is evident that Frenchmen are not Gauls. Vain would it be to search among us for those large, fair, supple bodies,—those infant giants who amused themselves by

burning Rome. On the other hand, the French genius is profoundly distinct from that of Rome or Germany.

"Incontestable facts cannot be rejected: no doubt our country owes much to foreign influence. All the races of the earth have contributed something to this Pandora box.

"The original soil which has received all, is that young, soft, pliant race of Gaëls, fiery, sensual, fickle, prompt to apprehend, prompt to diadain, ever in pursuit of novelty. Here then is the primitive element, the perfectible element.

"To such children severe preceptors were necessary; and from the south and from the north the rigorous instruction came. Thereby their mobility was fixed, their softness hardened and fortified, reason was added to instinct, and to promptitude reflection.

"In the South first appeared the Iberians of Liguria and of the Pyrenees, with all the roughness and cunning of mountaineers; then came the Phœnician colonies; and long afterwards the Saracens. The South of France assumed early the mercantile genius of the Semitic nations. The Jews, in the middle ages, found themselves in that region quite at home. From the north descended, at a very early period, the obstinate Kymries, the ancestors of our Bretons. This race, not to pass in vain over the earth, erected monuments—the Needles of *Loc-maria-ker* and the Lines of Carnac, rude, mute stones, which posterity understands not. The druidism of the Kymries spoke of immortality; but contained no principle of social order for the present life; it indicated barely the moral germ that is in the barbarous man, as the plant sprouting up from under snow tells of the dormant life of nature. The genius of war was still ascendant. The Bolgs rushed down from the north, and a hurricane swept over Gaul, Germany, Greece, and Asia Minor. Exuberant and prolific seed-tides of life ran, and spread, and inundated Europe. In Gaul, the warrior society of the clan prevailed over the sacerdotal society of druidism. The clan, however, is represented by its chief, by a man.

"But society really begins when man devotes himself not to man but to an *idea*, and, first, to the idea of civil order. The Roman surveyors (*agrimensores*,) came behind the Roman legions, to measure, to portion out into acres, to set within artificial limits, according to their ancient oriental rites, the colonies of Aix, of Narbonne, and of Lyons. The city entered into Gaul, and Gaul entered into the city. The great Cæsar—after having disarmed the nation by fifty battles, and by the slaughter of several millions of men—

opened his legions to Gallic soldiers, and brought them in triumph as victors into Rome and into the senate. They there learned what civil equality was, under a military chief; they there acquired their levelling genius, which they will retain for ever.

"Great has been the accumulation of races in our Gaul. Races on races, people on people, Kymries, Phœnicians, Iberians, Greeks, Romans, and last of all Germans. But having said this, have we described France? Not at all. France has *made herself* out of these elements, from which any other result might have arisen. The same chemical principles compose oil and sugar. Principles being given, all is not given; the mystery of a separate special existence remains. The action which this primary existence puts forth on, and the action it receives from, surrounding elements—this constitutes national character, and this is the subject which history has principally to develop."

The above passages may be considered as a fair specimen of M. Michelet's gravest manner. To one already well read in history, the bird's-eye views of this author have a certain charm; but to a student, his aeronautic flights over wide subjacent historic landscapes are unsatisfactory and giddy in the extreme. We will endeavour, however, to abstain from critical observations, and in lieu of them will give descriptive extracts and curious bits from the work before us; which, if we mistake not, it will be found singularly pleasant to peruse. Nothing can be more graphic, poetic, and grotesque, than the following pictures of various districts of France.

"It has been often said that Paris, Rouen, and Havre form but one city, of which the Seine is the principal street. Take your station a little to the south of this magnificent street, where châteaux neighbour châteaux, villages villages; cross the Lower Seine at Calvados; and from Calvados direct your course towards the Channel; and, whatever be the richness and fertility of the soil, towns become rarer, general cultivation more neglected, and pasture grounds more frequent. The country is already serious; it will presently become wild and melancholy. To the proud châteaux of Normandy succeed Breton manor-houses. The costume of the natives seems to follow and comply with the change of architecture. The triumphal bonnets of the women of Caux—which announce so loftily the daughters of the conquerors of England—

widen towards Caen, flatten at Villedieu, and at Saint Malo take a divided form, sometimes like the wings of a windmill, and sometimes like the sails of a ship. At Laval, coats of sheep skin commence. The forests here thicken, the solitude of La Trappe, where the monks lead a life of black monotony; the names of the cities, Fougères and Reunes, (both signifying fern;) the dark grey waters of the Mayenne and of the Villaine, all express the dismal rudeness of the region.

"Yet it is here we will begin our survey of France. The eldest daughter of the monarchy, the Celtic province, merits our first attention. From her we shall advance to the old rivals of the Celts, the Basques, or the Iberians, not less obstinate in their mountains than the Celts are in their plains and marshes. Thence we shall pass to the mixed countries of the Roman and German conquests, and thus shall have studied geography in its chronological order, and have travelled at once through space and through time.

"Let us now throw a rapid glance over Brittany. At its two entrances it has two forests, the Norman forest and the Vendean forest—two cities, Saint Malo and Nantes, the city of corsairs and the city of slave-dealers. The aspect of Saint Malo is singularly ugly and sinister. Its costumes, its points of view, its buildings, have a dingy stagnant look about them. The town, rich, dull, and murky, appears like a nest of vultures and screech-owls—sometimes peninsular, sometimes an island, according to the flux or reflux of the tides: filthy and fetid rocks, but a few bands high, where sea-weed and rubbish are entangled and putrefy, surround it. In the distance is a coast of lofty white angular rocks, cut sharp as if by a razor. War-time is the good time for Saint Malo: its inhabitants rejoice in war. Their chief amusement is to look from their black battlements, through their telescopes, upon the sea, and to watch the vessels riding or sailing upon its heaving bosom.

"At the other extremity of Brittany is Brest, a capacious port, and strong. On it is impressed the conception of Richelieu, and the hand of Louis XIV. At once an arsenal and a dungeon—a hulk for galley slaves, is Brest. Cannons and vessels; armaments and munitions of war, the force of France, is accumulated in an ocean corner of France; in a close haven, where the sojourner can hardly breathe, between two mountains burdened with immense constructions. When you traverse this port, it is as if you passed in a little barque between two shadowing ships; it seems as if the enormous masses were advancing on you, and about to enclose

you. The general impression is grand, but painful. The harbour is a prodigious effort of strength—a defiance hurled at England and at nature. The galleys and the chain of the galley slave infect the air. It is just at this point where the sea, escaping from the constraint of the British Channel, dashes with so much fury against our coast, that we have established the great depot of our navy. Certainly it is well guarded. I have counted a thousand guns there. But if it is difficult to enter, it is often dangerous to quit this port. Many a vessel has been lost at the bar of Brest. The whole coast is a burying-ground. About sixty vessels are wrecked there every winter. The sea is English; it loves not France; it breaks our ships to pieces, and chokes our harbours with sand.

"Nothing can be more gloomy and formidable than this coast of Brest; it is the extreme limit, the point, the prow of the ancient world. Here the two enemies are face to face, the earth and the ocean, man and nature. One should see her, the bedlamite, when she is furious. What an insurrection! How she hurls and heaps her monstrous waves against the point of St Matthew—fifty, sixty, eighty feet over the land; their foam sprinkles the church where matrons and virgins are at prayer. But even when there is a truce, when the sea sleeps, who can pace this funeral strand, without exclaiming inwardly,—*'Tristis usque ad mortem.'*

"But then there is what is worse than wrecks, what is worse than tempests. Nature is atrocious, man is atrocious, and they seem to understand each other. When the sea casts any broken vessel on the coast, the inhabitants, men, women, and children, rush towards their prize. Never imagine that you can stop these wolves. They would pillage tranquilly under the fire of the gendarmerie. It is said, even, that they are so impatient for shipwrecks, as to have often caused them, by attaching a lighted torch to a cow's horns, and thus, by this moving beacon, drawing vessels upon the rocks!

"Let us now sit down on the formidable point of Raz, a mined rock, three hundred feet high, and whence we may command a prospect of seven leagues all around us. This may be called the sanctuary of the Celtic world. The land which you perceive beyond the bay of Trépassés, is the Isle of Sein, a dismal sandbank, without trees and almost without shelter; a few families live there, poor and compassionate, who aid the shipwrecked all the winter months. This island was formerly the fabled abode of the sacred virgins, who distributed foul and fair wea-

ther to Celtic mariners. There they celebrated their murderous orgies; and sailors, far out at sea, heard, with a shudder, the noise of their barbarous cymbals. This islet was, according to tradition, the cradle of Myrddyn, the Merlin of the middle ages. His tomb is on the other side of Brittany, in the forest of Broceliande, under the fatal stone where his Vyvyan lies enchanted. All those rocks which you see, are engulfed cities; there is Douarnenez, there is Iss, the Breton Sodom; those two crows which are constantly seen winging heavily their way along the coast, are no other than the souls of King Grallon and his daughter; and those wallings, which might be mistaken for the mournful sounds of winds jostling among rocks, are, in truth, the moanings of the shipwrecked, demanding burial."

We must give one more extract from M. Michelet's chapter on the geography of France, from which the above picturesque descriptions are taken:—

"It was at St Florent," he says, "there where a column has been raised to the memory of the Vendean chief Bonchamps, that in the ninth century the Breton Nomenoe, the conqueror of the Northmans, erected his own statue; it looked towards Anjou, towards France, which he regarded as his prey. But Anjou prevailed. A grand feudality reigned over this docile population; whilst Brittany, with its innumerable minor nobility, could not wage war or make conquests. The *Black City*, Angers, bears not only in its enormous castle, and in its Devil's Tower, but even in its cathedral, the feudal character. This church of St Maurice has its walls decorated not solely with images of saints, but with those also of knights armed *cap-d-pie*; but their arrows are, some broken, others ornamented, and others naked, thus expressing the incomplete destiny of Anjou. Despite her fine site on the triple stream of the Maine, and so near the Loire, that its waters are coloured by the soil of four provinces, Angers has fallen to sleep. It is enough to have, in her day, united under her Plantagenets, England, Normandy, Brittany, and Aquitaine; to have afterwards, under her good René and his sons, possessed and disputed the thrones of Naples, of Arragon, of Jerusalem, and of Provence; whilst her daughter Margueret supported the red rose against the white, and Lancaster against York. They sleep also to the murmurs of the Loire, the cities of Saumur, and of Tours, the capital of Protestantism, and the capital of Catholicism in France; Saumur, the

little kingdom of the preachers of old Duplessis-Mornay, to oppose whom their good friend, Henry IV., built La Flèche for the Jesuits. The chateau of Mornay, and its prodigious 'Dolmen,' make Saumur still an historic city. But grander historic recollections belong to the good city of Tours: it has its tomb of St Martin—the asylum, the Delphic oracle of the olden times of France, where the Merovingians came to consult the fates—where that great and lucrative pilgrimage was established, in defence of which the Counts of Blois and Anjou broke so many lances. Mons, Angers, all Brittany depended on the Archbishopric of Tours. Its canons were the Capets; the Dukes of Burgundy, of Brittany; the Counts of Flanders; the patriarchs of Jerusalem; and the Archbishops of Mayence, of Cologne, and of Compostello. There money might be minted as at Paris; there silk and precious tissues were early fabricated; and there also sweetmeats and spices—which have made Tours and Reims the cities of priests and of sensuality, equally celebrated—were confectioned. But Paris, Lyons, and Nantes have injured the industry of Tours. The sun and the languid Loire are also to blame. Labour seems to be against nature in the indolent climate of Tours, of Blois, and of Chinon, in this country of Rabelais, so near the tomb of Agnes Sorel. Chenonceaux, Chambord, Montbazou, Langeais, Loches—all favourites, male and female, of our kings—built their chateaux on the banks of the river. This region is the region of 'laugh and do nothing.' The verdure is as bright in Autumn as in May—the fruits and foliage how abundant! If you look from one side of the river to the other, the opposite bank seems to be hung in the air; the crystal waters reflect it, as from the sky. The clear sand—the willow drinking from the stream—the poplar, the aspen, the walnut tree—the scattered islets intermixed in the moving current—and in the distance flocks of trees, whose heads only appear, pasturing peacefully, as it were, on the lazy land! Soft and sensual provinces! It is here, indeed, that the idea of making woman the queen of monasteries, and of living under her, in voluptuous obedience—a blending of love and sanctity, might well occur. Thus, never had an abbey the splendour of that of Fontevrault. More than one king has desired to be interred there. Even the fierce Richard Cœur de Lion bequeathed to this sanctuary his heart. It would find rest, he might think, in the soft hand of woman, and under the prayers of virgins."

Being in the vein of extracting, we shall go on and take various odd and

pleasant passages from the volumes on our table, reserving such remarks as have occurred, and may occur to us in the course of our transcriptions, for the conclusion of this paper. We have already said that M. Michelet sometimes indulges in harlequinading caprices; and the following quotation, forming a striking contrast to the preceding one, will justify this assertion. He is describing England, and his description is so *grandiosely* absurd, that it has made us exceedingly merry, and will doubtless have the same effect on our readers. Here it is:—

“I will not, nevertheless, deny that this odious England is a very great nation. Her face is towards Europe—towards Dunkirk and Antwerp. All other countries, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, and France, have their capitals in the west, towards the setting sun. England, alone, the great European ship, her sails bellying to the winds, has her prow towards the east, as if to brave the whole world; *unum omnia contra*. This extreme land of the old world, is the heroic land, the eternal asylum of bandits, of men of energy. All those who have ever fled servitude; Druids persecuted by Rome; Gallo-Romans expelled by barbarians; Saxons proscribed by Charlemagne; lounging Danes; greedy Normans, Flemish industry oppressed, vanquished Calvinism, have all crossed the sea, and found refuge and a country in the great island: *Arva, beata petamus arva, divites et insulas*. Thus England has fattened on calamities; has grown great out of ruins. In proportion, however, as all these outcasts, amassed together in a narrow corner, have come fixedly to regard each other—in proportion as they have observed the differences of races and of creeds which separate them—as they have remarked, that they are made up collectively of Kymries, Gaëls, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, hatred and strife have sprung up among them. A spectacle has ensued resembling the combats of wild beasts which the Romans loved to witness—of wild beasts astonished to find themselves together: hippopotami, lions, tigers, and crocodiles. And when these fierce animals, shut up in their ocean-circled arena, had bitten and torn each other till they were tired, they threw themselves into the sea to bite and devour France. But their intestine conflicts are not, we may rely upon it, finished. The triumphant beast will not long bully the world from her ocean throne, and of this she is aware. Her smile is bitter, and furiously she grinds her teeth. Whence her disquietude? Is it that she fears the creaking wheel of Man-

chester will no longer turn? or is it that the Irish bull (*le taureau de l'Irlande*) whom she has so long pinned to the ground, bellows and threatens to run upon her?”

But enough of this. The battle of Agincourt, described by M. Michelet, will put our readers strongly in mind of Sir Walter Scott's historic pictures. It is full of movement, and of little touches of the pencil, which bring the scene and the manners of the epoch vividly before the imagination. It is as follows:—

“From Abbeville, the army of the princes had ascended the Somme as far as Peronne, to dispute the passage of the river. Learning that Henry had crossed the stream, they sent, according to the usage of chivalry, to ask him to fix on a day and place for battle, and to be informed of the route he intended to follow. The English king answered with a dignified simplicity, ‘that he was marching straight upon Calais, that he should enter no city, and that he should always, by the grace of God, be found ready in an open field to meet his enemies.’ To which he added: ‘your princes will do right not to bar our road, and thus to avoid the effusion of Christian blood.’

“On the other side of the Somme the English found themselves truly in an enemy's country. Bread failed them; they had for eight days lived upon meat, eggs, and butter; and at last, when these also were not to be had, upon whatever they could find. The French army had devastated the country and broken up the roads. The English were scattered among many villages in order to find lodgings. Here was another favourable occasion to attack them, of which the French leaders did not take advantage. They were bent solely on bringing about a great action. A little further on, they assembled their troops near the chateau of Agincourt, in a spot where the Calais road, shut in between Agincourt and Tramecourt, would oblige the king to force his passage by giving battle.

“On Thursday the 24th October, the English having passed Blangy, learned that the French were in their close neighbourhood, and concluded that they would be immediately attacked. Their mounted warriors descended from their horses, and all together kneeling upon the ground, lifted their hands to heaven, and prayed God to take them under his protection. No attack, however, took place, as the Constable had not yet arrived. The English, therefore, took up their quarters at Maisonnelle, near Agincourt. Henry V.

dismissed his prisoners: 'If your captors,' said he to them, survive, you must surrender yourselves up to them at Calais.'

"At last the immense French army was discovered with its floating banners and numerous fires. According to the account of an eye-witness, it was fifty thousand strong; that is, more than three times as numerous as the English force, which consisted of about twelve thousand men, of which ten thousand at least were archers.

"David Gam, a Welshman, was the first who announced to the king the vicinity of the enemy, and being asked how many they might be, replied in the light and boastful manner of the Welsh, 'enough to be killed, enough to be taken, and enough to flee.' An Englishman Sir Walter Hungerford observed, 'that ten thousand more good archers, who would not desire better than to be in the action, would be very desirable;' upon which the king rebuked him severely. 'No, by our Lord,' said he, 'I would not have one man more. The number which we have is the number that God has appointed. Yonder host trust in their multitude; but I in him who gave victory so often to Judas Maccabeus.'

"The English, who had still another night before them, employed it in preparations—in preparing their souls as well as their bodies for the impending conflict. They rolled up their banners lest they should be wet by the rain; they took off and doubled up their handsome coats of mail which they had worn in the day, to be ready for the combat. Then, to pass more comfortably the cold night of October, they shook down, to lie upon, straw, which they had sent for to the neighbouring villages. The armed men repaired the scales of their armour, the archers put new cords to their bows. They had, several days before, cut and sharpened the stakes of which they usually made palisades in their front, to arrest the charges of gendarmes. But whilst they prepared for victory, these brave men thought also of their salvation. They put themselves right with God and with their conscience. As many as the priests could confess, confessed in haste. All was done without noise, silently. The king had commanded silence, under the penalty that if a knight broke it, he should lose his horse; and if a common soldier, he should lose his right ear.

"On the other side, the French army presented a very different scene. There numerous candidates were knighted. Large fires blazed in all directions, and discovered every thing that was going on to

the enemy. A confused noise, shouts, men calling to each other, the noisiness of valets and pages, filled the air. Many gentlemen passed the night in their heavy armour on horseback, without doubt in order that their accoutrements should not be soiled by the mud, which was deep and heavy, whilst a cold penetrating rain fell. Still, if there had been music, there would have been something to enliven the spirit. But even the horses seemed discouraged; not a neigh was heard through the night. And to this ill omen, add the associations of the spot; Agincourt is not far from Cressy.

"On the morning of the 25th October 1415, the day of St Crépin and St Crépilien, the King of England attended, according to his custom, three masses, completely armed, but with his head bare. He then had placed on his head a magnificent crown of gold. He mounted a little grey horse, without spurs, commanded his army to advance on a plain of young green wheat, where the ground was more firm than elsewhere, and then riding through the ranks, addressed his soldiers as he rode along, in brief sentences. 'You have a good cause,' said he; 'I come but to demand my right. Recollect that you are Englishmen; that your parents, your wives, your children are waiting for your return home; let the day of your return be a proud and happy day. The Kings of England have always sped well in France; the French say that they will cut off three fingers of every archer whom they take prisoner.'

"The two armies presented a strange contrast. The French were drawn up in three enormous squadrons, like three forests of lances. In the narrow plain, they had hardly space to develop their numbers. In front were the Constable, the Princes, the Dukes of Orleans, of Bar, of Alençon, the Counts of Nevers, of Eu, of Richemont, of Vendôme, and a crowd of nobles, whose armours, banners, escutcheons, whose horses, clothed in brass and gold trappings, formed a most dazzling spectacle. The French had also archers and common soldiers, but there was no space for them. Every place was occupied; no gentleman would yield his to a plebeian, who would have been thought to disgrace, by his presence, so noble an assemblage. There were cannons, too, but they were not used. Apparently there was no space for them either.

"The English army exhibited nothing splendid to the eye. The archers had no armour, and many of them were without shoes. Their heads were poorly defended with leather caps, sometimes merely with osier bonnets, or by an iron circlet. At

their belt hung a hatchet and an axe, which gave them the look of carpenters.

"It is a fact extraordinary, almost beyond belief, and yet certain, that the French army could not stir either to fight or to fly. The rearguard alone escaped."

At the decisive moment, when old Thomas of Herpingham, having drawn up the English force, threw his staff in the air, and shouted—"Now strike!" when the English responded by an answering shout from ten thousand men, the French army, to their great astonishment, remained motionless. Horses and horsemen appeared to be enchanted, or struck dead in their armour. The fact was, that the large war-horses, under the weight of their heavy riders and their iron caparisons, had sunk four feet deep in the miry soil, and were so perfectly established there, that it was only with the utmost difficulty they could extricate themselves.

"The English archers, to put in movement these inert masses of knights, darted from ten thousand bows, arrows in their faces. The iron horsemen stooped their heads, or the arrows would have pierced through the vizors of their helmets. Then the two wings of Tramecourt and Agincourt, of the French army, plunged with blooded spurs heavily into action—into a charge. Of the twelve hundred men who executed this charge, not more than one hundred and twenty reached the English palisades. Most of them, riders and horses, stuck and fell in the thick mud. Would to Heaven they had all so fallen! those who escaped this fate could not guide their wounded chargers, who rushed furiously hither and thither back upon the French ranks. The advanced guard—far from being able to wheel back, so as to let the routed cavalry pass—was so serried by the narrow space it occupied, that it could hardly stir. It is easy to imagine the terrible accidents which took place among this compact mass; frightened horses, rearing, plunging, throwing their riders, or crushing them in their armour, between iron and iron.

"Then came on the English. Abandoning the protection of their palisades, throwing aside their bows and arrows, they advanced quite at their ease, with their hatchets and axes, with their heavy swords and leaden-headed clubs, to demolish this mountain of men and horses, crushed and confounded, in one heap of disorder and dismay."

We shall now conclude our extracts from M. Michelet's work, with one

which is more fully characteristic of the genius of this author, than any of the preceding ones. Its extreme beauty and singularity will justify its length. M. Michelet is on the subject of architecture, and thus he writes:—

"As the fruit of generation represents more or less the father or the mother, now the one sex, now the other, so in the mixed productions of art, man or nature more or less predominates. Here the male, there the female sex prevails. In architecture, as well as in botany and zoology, we should distinguish the sexual characters of different monuments and styles.

"In the East especially this distinction is to be made. There we alternately have edifices male and female. Sometimes vast caverns, the profound hiding-places of nature, in the depths of mountains, have admitted into their darkness the fecundities of art; they have aspired to absorb man within their bosom. Other monuments represent the sympathy of man with nature, the vehement aspiration of love. These take the form of luxuriant pyramids, which would impregnate the very sky. Aspiration, respiration, mortal life, prolific death, light and darkness, male and female, man and nature, activity and passivity; in a word, the drama of humanity, of which art is the serious parody.

"Yes; in the very face of this omnipotent nature, which deludes us by her deceptive shows, we would erect another nature, fashioned by our own hands. To this solemn irony of the world, to this eternal comedy which amuses and mocks at man, we would oppose a Melpomene of our own. So little are we angry with this homicide and enchanting nature, that we place all our pride and pleasure in imitating her. Spectators and victims of the drama, we take our part in it with the best grace; and understanding, adopting, and idealizing its catastrophe, we impart a new dignity to it.

"The fecundity of this double drama seems to have been apprehended by the Indians. The Indian figtree, the *bôdhi*, the tree-forest, whose branches, stooping to the earth, take root and spring up into new trees; this arcade of arcades—this pyramid of pyramids, is the shade under which contemplation became divine. Like tree, like God; the name *bôdhi*, expresses both. This tree, in which there are so many trees—this thought, in which there are so many thoughts, arose together, aspired together into being. In them is found the ideal of fecundity and of crea-

tion. Aspiration, aggregation—here are the principles, male and female, paternal and maternal, the two principles of the world, and of the little world of art; or, to speak more correctly, the only principle, for aspiration and aggregation are two in one, two towards one, as all the lines of the pyramid tend towards its point.

"The pyramidal form, the abstract pyramid, reduced to its three lines, is a triangle. In the ogival triangle, in the ogive, two lines are bent, that is, composed of an infinity of straight lines. This common aspiration of lines, infinite in number, which is the mystery of the ogive, is frequent in India and Persia. It predominated in our west during the middle ages. Thus, at the two ends of the world, the effort of the infinite towards the infinite—that is the universal, the *catholic* tendency—presents itself. It is the endless repetition of the same in the same, a repetition scaling the same ascent. Place, then, as in the Indian monuments, pyramid upon pyramid; pile up, as in our cathedrals, ogives and aisles, spires, and tabernacles, churches upon churches; and be sure that humanity will not stop in the erection of her pious Babel, till her arms fall from fatigue.

"From India to Germany, from Persia to France, the distance is great. Identical in principle, art varies in its progression; it has been enriched by its variations, and has poured down before us all its rich acquisitions. India has contributed, but Greece also, Rome also, and other countries, to its wealth.

"The Greek temple, with its simple rows of columns, and flattened triangular pediment, gives hardly an idea of that aspiration to heaven which characterizes the monuments of India, of Persia, and of Egypt. The aspiration disappears. The beauty here is in aggregation, in order; but aggregation is itself weak and incomplete. That phalanx of columns, that architectural republic, is not united, is not closed over by a vaulted canopy. In Greek art, as in Greek society, connexion was wanting.

"The Etruscan, the Roman, and also the Italic world of art, is more sefried. Here the arch reappears; in other words, aggregation is stronger, and aspiration is about to reappear. Like art, like society. Here there is a social hierarchy. The force of association is great. The metropolitan country keeps her colonies in subjection; however distant they may be, they remain in the *city*. To express such a world, the column suffices not, nor even the arch. Behold the monuments of Frères, and of Nîmes, with their double and triple tiers of arches and of porticos;

all this is not enough to represent that which is to come. The east has given us nature; Greece the city; Rome the city of laws and rights; and the west and the north, the city of God.

"The Christian world contains all the worlds that have preceded it—the Christian temple contains all the temples. The Greek column is there, but colossal; ex-foliated in a sheaf of massive pillars. The Roman arch is there, at once more solid and bolder. In the spire reappears the Egyptian obelisk, but the obelisk mounted on the temple; towers, saints, flowered stone, forests of marble; and the figures of angels and of prophets, standing erect on the outer walls, seem to summon mankind from the four winds to prayer, like the Iman on the Islam minarets. The vaulted ceilings of our cathedrals—with their illusive height, their multitudes of tiny arches, their light balustrades, radiant circles, their lace-work bridges—appear like Jacob's ladder stretching into the sky; or like that fearfully narrow bridge of Persian fable, over which souls were obliged to cross the abyss, at the risk of losing their equilibrium under the weight of their sins."

We have given this last extract from M. Michelet's history, chiefly because it opens to us an occasion of making certain observations which will be found to have a very wide application. There are authors, whose temper of mind this work well illustrates, who view all things—the world, society, man, nature, art, the revolutions of human affairs—as it were, in a vision, almost in a trance. Humanity and its developments are to them a sphynx's enigma. They would interpret man and his works, as they interpret an allegorical fable. They regard this lower universe as altogether *symbolical*, and see symbols in every object and event they contemplate. Witness M. Michelet's treatment of the subject of architecture; any thing more flimsy and enigmatical than this cannot be conceived. But it is not only those who are transported beyond the bounds of common sense by a poetic temperament baptized in mysticism, who fall into this sort of extravagance; graver and colder writers may, in frequent instances, be justly charged with a similar offence against sound-mindedness. In Hallam's *History of Literature*, may be discovered under another form the working of the same principle that pervades Michelet's *History*

of France. The one author, in his studies, sees but a pageant, the other but a series of things, unfolding before him. The moral meaning, the intrinsic right and wrong of the facts they record, escapes both of them, and this makes the one mystical, the other neutral, and both afraid to pronounce any moral verdict, on any matter whatsoever. Human nature, it is true, is to all men in its ultimate relations and destinies, a mystery; but it has likewise ever been to all men, even in pagan times, in a narrower sphere, morally explicable. It has ever had its standards of good and evil quite irrespective of physical and social well-being:—standards of good and evil, spiritual, religious. And it is precisely the disregard of these standards that *enigmatizes* humanity to Michelet and to Hallam, makes it but a *catalogue raisonné* of details. And if we descend to productions of a lighter cast, we shall find in all of them, which have any pretensions to a philosophic reach, the like absence, or, at least, uncertainty of moral judgment, as that which mystifies M. Michelet.

To what is this owing? Why to this: that knowledge, or rather information, in ethics has enlarged its bounds immensely, whilst faith, or religious belief, has not kept pace with it—has in fact decreased in proportion to the increase of information. A due correspondency between faith and information preserves, even if the faith be false, the mental equilibrium; whilst, if it be true, it constitutes in moral things real knowledge—incomplete, of course, but sterling. Faith has many marks to distinguish it from information. It is always an *ultimate* and *entire*: information, on the contrary, is always a progression and a detail. Let the ultimate and the entire, then, dwindle away; and let, at the same time, progressive accumulated details augment incalculably, and where is the moral base of the mind? It is hardly discernible; it hardly exists; it is almost totally inoperative. Add to this, that faith at present, in the popular philosophy, is absorbed, so to speak, in information; it possesses no longer its distinctive character; it is regarded but as a fact among facts; as a phenomenon among the phenomena of experience. Instead of furnishing a rest, an explana-

tion, a boundary to the mind, with reference to ethical questions, it is interwoven confusedly with other moral objects of the intelligence; and thus, in lieu of explaining these, it only darkens and perplexes their meaning.

In the philosophic works of the heathen world of old, we find a clearness, a distinctness, a firmness of views and of principles on ethical subjects which are scarcely to be found in works of the same class at the present period. And the reason of this is, that if pagan philosophers did not give an implicit credence to their mythology, it at least fixed a limit to their speculations, and that within the circuit of this mythology they possessed certain eternal religious truths, the development of which gave its due central poise to their intellects. Thus the balancing and regulating virtue of faith was not wanting to them. When Christianity came, faith was purified and enlarged, and information was enlarged with it. The proportion between the two was preserved. It is only within the last half-century that this proportion seems to be entirely overthrown; or, to speak more correctly, that faith seems to be dissolved or dissolving in information. The old truths that kept the pagan mind steady, can no longer exert the same influence, because there being nothing more to be said about them, they are but *passively* received—their *action* is over.

As to Christianity, doubtless its action is not expended, yet must every one have observed that the Christian religion at present affords neither base nor circumscription to modern aspirations after moral verity. Whilst revelation continued to be the direct object of assault and defence to philosophy in the eighteenth century, this circumscription of the understanding in its ethical enquiries was not transgressed, it was only disputed. Hence the infidels of the last age are never out at sea, have never a wide, vague, limitless prospect before them. Their sentiments and arguments are always well founded, positive, distinct. Erroneous they are, shallow they may be; but they are not vapoury and transcendental. They have either the deep seriousness of Hume, or the superficial good sense of Voltaire. The equilibrium of the mind in moral

things was not then altogether lost. If faith was no longer the support, it was at least the effective antagonist of information; and in this manner the proper bounds and balance of the intellect were maintained.

But now mind seems as it were to be getting loose upon space. It reposes on no religious *ultimates*. Those even who have the deepest, the most immovable convictions that in revelation is to be found the only true moral substratum of humanity throughout all its modifications, perceive, at the same time, the incommensurateness of Christianity *under its present developments*, to embrace and to form a rest for the new mental developments of society. These believing men look for, and would promote, an enlargement of the gospel faith. They know that whilst this faith is for ever essentially the same, it is in its nature to receive, from period to period, certain secular expansions. Whether among Hebrews, Christians, and we might add Pagans, the mind, in all ages of the world, has had its moral and religious holdings on Biblical revealed truths, more or less purely, or more or less corruptly conceived. It is only now that a new phenomenon seems to be emerging—that these holdings seem to be giving way, and that men are becoming accustomed to question human experience at large for solutions which they have hitherto drawn, partially, gradually, increasingly, according to the proportionate progression between natural and revealed knowledge, directly from religion. The result is, that human nature has become to them, in all its moral aspects, a mighty riddle. Some, like Michelet, would play the *Œdipus*, and extort mysterious responses, not explanatory but fanciful and delightful, from every object that comes before them; whilst others, of a colder temperament, like Hallam, are content with the lower, social, conventional, and scientific appreciation of things, without attempting at all to put any moral or spiritual meaning, further than society is concerned, upon them whatever.

The remedy to this, on the one hand luxuriant, and on the other barren demoralization of the understanding, can consist only in a fresh opening out of Christianity till it be

brought into its own proper superior relationship to the prevailing spirit of the age. What signifies Romanism, what signifies the refinements of Pusey, what signifies even the Reformation of the sixteenth century, if the gospel is never to budge beyond it? To neither of these does the procinctive future belong. No. Revelation should place itself in front of, and front to front with, the principles of the great revolution of 1789. So it would occupy its right position, and be as it was in the sixteenth century, and as it has ever been till now since its general promulgation, (we might almost say *before*, when through dim traditions it was transmuted into the heathen mythology,) in the advance, not in the rearward of the times.

Oh, that our zealous British Protestants understood this; and that, instead of indulging themselves in the easy and vain work of controversializing with straggling laggards, they would buckle on their armour to the arduous warfare of contending with the *Movement*! Their opposition to the movement is at present mere bigotry—a mere hindward affection. They do not perceive that the truths to which they are so much attached have a perennality of new aspects correspondent to, and antagonistic with, the new mental aspects which mankind from time to time assumes. They cling, therefore, to the old forms of truth, and to its old surrounding antagonists. This is bigotry in its very essence. What happens meanwhile? The old popular philosophy on which they centre all their attacks, transmigrates, has transmigrated, and has left them nothing but a galvanized phantom to fight with. It outstrips Christianity, and has, at the actual epoch, its wonderful vigour and energy simply from the fact that it is thus in advance; that it monopolizes the movement of the period; and that the Bible is dumb, or mutters only retrospective words in its presence.

This ought not so to be. The Bible contains the oracles of God, the oracles of humanity, all the oracular answers of wisdom under all possible circumstances in which humanity can be placed. Religious faith, we cannot too often repeat, is in its nature germinating, as profane. Information is also germinating throughout all ages,

whilst each remains for ever true to itself; the one being based in truth, which does not exclude numerous grave errors; and the other being based (we venture to assert without here supporting our assertion) morally in falsehood, which does not exclude numerous precious truths. The *pari passu* advance of both, constitutes the normal state of the human mind. But when, as is now happening, religious faith remains stationary, *i. e.* is becoming null, whilst all the profane activities of the mind are increasing in an hundred-fold degree, the consequence is, and must be, such as M. Michelet's work exhibits; namely, spiritual verities, as far as they can possibly bear the violation, are reduced to the rank of the common facts of history; and these facts, on the other hand—chivalry, feudality, all the leading events, all the great revolutions that have happened on the earth, yea, the very fine arts themselves, such as architecture—are restrained up to imply spiritual significations; and thus, by the amalgamation produced between things, despite the reflex lights they mutually cast on each other, essentially different, all the moralities of our existence are rendered inextricably puzzling and confounding, and take the shape, as it were, of an immense hallucination, which holds man under its spell only to keep him in endless suspense, uncertainty, and indiscriminating indifference, touching those subjects, without a distinct, however incomplete a perception of which, he appears to himself but a shadow environed by shadows; and the universe itself to him is nought but a pageant, plastic in its interpretations to his capricious fancies.

Out, then, out with revelation; let us carry it out till it have extension sufficient to measure itself fairly again with the profane mind of the age; till it become again the broad foundation, upholding and moralizing the turbulent agitations of society; and through these electric conductors diffusing its selecter influences on that selecter portion of mankind, which constitutes, in a special sense, the Christian church—which ought to have, unobtrusively but unequivocally, the first and last word to utter on all social as well as on all spiritual questions. If such were the case, a man of so upright and conscientious an understanding as M. Michelet, would not be, as he evidently is, without chart or compass, abroad on the wings of his imagination, whenever he would extract any moral meaning from the events and pictures of life that history presents to his contemplation.

In conclusion, we have only to say, that M. Michelet being *Chef de la Section Historique des Archives* of France, has been able to consult documents which former historians have not had within their reach. He has, consequently, thrown new light upon many curious points of history; has rectified many errors; and has made many interesting and valuable gleanings from fields which his predecessors have too hastily passed over. On the whole, his work is one full of singularity and delight. As an historian and philosopher, M. Michelet has small claim to regard; but as a man of genius of rare and choice mettle, who has unfortunately devoted his powers to labour for which he is eminently unfit, he cannot fail to command the admiration of all his readers.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. II.

ON THE ORIGINAL.

An impression has become so general as to have reached gentlemen and ladies of a literary turn themselves, that the greater part of the thousand-and-one novels puffed into existence every season, are nothing but copies one of another. In this there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth; and the sameness of manner, which is produced in real life by what some people facetiously call the diffusion of civilization, is advanced by some people as the excuse. If you go to any two towns in England, you will find not one particle of difference between the manners, education, and modes of thought of Miss Emily Snobgrace, the banker's daughter in the one, and Miss Clara Chinkers, the banker's daughter in the other. They both play remarkably well on the piano, and sing Italian songs; they are both very much attached to papa, and anxious for brother George to get his commission; they have a prodigious admiration of the eldest sons of the respective Glossins of the two towns, who hunt, and shoot, and attend the county balls, where their sisters are asked to dance by the two sons of the two county members. There is no such Grandison in a country town as the son of an influential attorney.

Go a little higher, and you find the like sameness between any dozen young ladies you meet. The daughters of the squires, rich divines, retired barristers, peaceful generals, and superannuated admirals, offer no variety whatever. They are all very charming, very pretty behaved, and in the course of nature marry and have children. For the most part, also, they die and are buried. And this profound remark—which is entirely my own—brings me to the subject I am now about to enlighten the world upon.—“For heaven's sake, sir,”—this is an eloquent passage in one of the multitudinous letters lately arrived.—“For heaven's sake, sir, teach me to be original. Every other talent, requisite

to make me the foremost novelist of the day, I already possess—but originality is a little deficient. If you, sir, would supply this defect, and should at any time be in want of half a cr—” But enough! My correspondent is liberal and generous; and mentions in a postscript that he intends to contest the borough of Finsbury at the next election, on the most immaculate and anti-corruption principles.

It is a strange thing that any one finds the slightest difficulty in being original; for it is evident that it must be much easier than to be imitative. For there is but one way of being a copyist; whereas you have the choice of ten thousand ways of *not* being a copyist: and the best of these ways is really and truly not to copy at all. Even the faintest copy is found out by some sharp-eyed critic to have some resemblance to the original. For instance—I myself have detected Bailie Nicol Jarvie in a hundred honest, kind-hearted merchants that have appeared since Rob Roy; and Dugald Dalgetty in all the free companions that Mr James has kicked and buffeted through three volumes for the last ten years; but, according to the recipe I am now about to communicate, there could have been no chance of detection. The honest bailie and the gallant captain would have gained immortal applause as new creations of prodigious originality; for I would put all the quiet humour, contented selfishness, and genuine kindness of nature, of the pride and ornament of Glasgow, into some comfortable jeweller of Ispahan: you would scarcely smell the Salt-market in the bazar of Mirza Futtee Ali. Captain Dugald Dalgetty, in the same way, should ride a great white horse through the desert, and call himself Massoul Abdallah Khan; making frequent allusion to the dirt on his father's grave—Bismillah—and other favourite subjects of ejaculation in the strictly Oriental school. In short—do not copy, but transplant.

None of your trumpery shadowy imitations. Take the character, body and soul, and plant it right in the middle of your book : or rather, don't be contented with one character ; take the whole lot. Place the Antiquary in Switzerland ; make his rage be for fossils and plants instead of antiquities ; let him escape from an avalanche with the heroine, instead of from the rising tide ; make Edie Ochiltree an old monk, and Saunders Mucklebucket a chamois-hunter. The romantic parts of the story may remain unchanged except in the names ; and you will find that your novel will be considered as opening quite a new field, giving glimpses into the life and manners of the secluded Swiss valleys, and your incidents and descriptions will astonish our inexperienced minds with their novelty and truth to nature. For it is a remarkable fact with regard to descriptions, that they fit any place just as well as the one they were intended for. An ingenious gentleman has, therefore, nothing to do, in a topographical point of view, but to write an exact account of some scene in his own neighbourhood. The Carse of Gowrie does "excellent well" in an Italian landscape, when you have called it the *Campania di Roma*. I have also seen Arthur Seat with a bonfire on the top of it, excite great admiration in the character of *Vesuvius*—*e. g.* :—

"The scene that now burst upon our admiring view, was one of the finest that Nature every presented to an admiring votary of her charms. Beneath a sky of cloudless azure the landscape reposed in a bright and breezeless *abandon*, such only as can be appreciated by the poetical and the good, in the fair climate and delicious atmosphere of

Italy,
Sicily,
Greece,
Asia Minor,
Persia, or
Hindustan.

The river went brawling and dancing on its rejoicing way, contained in its narrow bed by rude banks of a dark grey stone covered with vegetation. In its irregular turnings and windings, it exposed its glistening surface to the sun at intervals where its banks allowed it to expand into greater width than usual. There were no houses or other symptom of habitation

visible from the spot where we stood, except at one of the windings I have already described, where, rising against a high and overhanging ridge, we detected the outline of a mill, and farther down, where the stream had left the rocky portion of its bed, and pursued its more equal course through the level vale, a curiously shaped building, surmounted by a dome, added a wonderful degree of freshness to the landscape. It was ornamented with several pillars, and contained within the open space surrounded by them, a statue in female drapery. Pacing slowly towards this interesting building, which we naturally concluded was a Shrine,

Altar,
Mosque, or
Pagoda,

we were enchanted to behold the portly figure of a serene and venerable-looking Padre,

Mufti,
Bonze, or
Brahmin.

He seemed lost in thought, and yet every now and then, as if it were impossible to remain blind to so many natural beauties as heaped themselves together in that delightful spot, he paused and looked around him"—

This scene, I assure you, kind reader, was taken from life last summer ; and where do you think I drew it ?—on the Anio ? on the Giarretta ? on the Cephissus ? on the Badjaki ? on the Tigris ? on the Ganges ? The description will do equally well for them all ; but truth compels me to confess, that I meant no other river or scene in the world but only the Water of Leith, from below the Dean Bridge, with a reverend Edinburgh minister going to take a course of minerals at St Bernard's Well. Transplantation, then, is the true art and mystery of originality. Men, women, and children—story, date, and character—hill, valley, and river—don't spare one of them, if you wish to avoid detection ; for in all probability, if you stupidly interpose a single particular of your own, the addition will betray you. People will say all the other characters we like and understand : they are so intensely natural, we feel as if we had met them somewhere or other before ; but as to the deaf and dumb teacher of elocution, who enacts so conspicuous a part in one scene of the

story, we confess he is above our comprehension. Now, if you had made your story consist almost entirely of such beings as deaf and dumb teachers of elocution, blind painters, honest attorneys, and other impossibilities, according to the present taste, there would never have been a whisper against the aforesaid scene; for you will observe that an author, in the course of three volumes, gets such a hold of his reader's judgment, that the very same things which, in the first volume, or only once introduced, revolt his taste, become mere matters of course at the end; and for my own part, when I get to the last of *Æsop's Fables*, I am as devoutly persuaded as if I were a member of Parliament, that wolves do occasionally disguise themselves in sheep's clothes, and that asses do sometimes make most eloquent orations. It is, therefore, not to the introduction of these astonishing contradictions that I object, but to the mode and degree. Either do it always or not at all. In transplanting Waverley leave Jack Sheppard alone.

But there are two modes of transplanting, and this must be most carefully attended to; for the slightest mixture of the two is certain detection. The first is that which I have already in some measure pointed out; namely, taking a whole work and transplanting it bodily into your own, with only an alteration of names; and this I shall call the simple method—the complex method is a little more difficult, but still may easily be mastered by the feeblest of men. Joseph Hume would understand it in a month.

The complete method of transplantation is that whereby out of two separate works we make one new one, by taking the characters of the first and the incidents of the second. The characters, for instance, of Hamlet, and the incidents of Tom Jones—the hero, instead of a wild, careless, good-hearted *bon enfant*, will be a sour misanthropic, half crazy, young man, who, instead of making love to Miss Western in the flesh-and-blood style of Fielding's hero, will send Polonius, disguised as Dr Thwackum, to speak his mind to the young lady so plainly, that she will hang herself on a willow above the mill-pond, and Laertes Blifil will stab him in revenge with a poisoned foil. By this process all the trouble, first of imagining characters,

and then inventing a story, is got rid of, the only difficulty being to discover a good enough story among those already published—and let me tell you, that ninety-nine people out of the hundred do not know the difference between discovery and invention, being perfectly persuaded that the great Napier discovered logarithms, and that Columbus invented America; and therefore, you would not be likely to suffer in the estimation of the greater portion of your readers, if they were even made aware that your admirable work was owing more to your powers of discovery than invention. But it will be as well to keep this a profound secret.

This method has certainly more difficulties than the other; for there must be some sort of adaptation of the language and sentiment of the old characters to the new situations in which they find themselves placed. Hamlet, instead of wondering at the appearance of his father's ghost, is bewildered by having no father at all, and of course expresses his astonishment in a different manner: he must also be very careful not to accuse Mr Allworthy of murdering his brother or marrying his sister-in-law; for it is always to be borne in mind that the story is to remain unaltered, and the only thing to be done is to make the *dramatis persona* of Hamlet carry it on. But in the complex method I do not limit you to the characters of any one book in particular. If, for instance, you are in want of a monster in aid of the Danish prince and his companions, there can be no objection to your borrowing Caliban. With a slight dash of Jeremy Bentham, he will make an excellent Square; and the name of that recondite philosopher reminds me, that in this method of attaining originality, few things answer so well as the introduction of real people under their real names. If they were persons of any marked peculiarities, they must be painted to the life; and you will be yourself surprised at the astonishing reality that the introduction of one living and breathing man gives to all the other personages of your book. Nobody can possibly doubt that all the other characters in the novel are as real as Oliver Cromwell or Charles II., with whom they drink, or pray, or talk, or fight. But these exalted personages

are generally introduced into the historical novel, which is itself a species of transplantation, and the easiest of all compositions. The introduction of men of less notoriety—not people engaged in such mighty employments as commanding armies, or condemning kings to the scaffold—is what I recommend. Let some of your characters have an interview with Mr Pepys, and accompany him to church to hear Jeremy Taylor preach. It will give a lifelike colour to your whole picture. But the mere name, without anything else, does wonders—*e. g.* :—

“ Our hero,”—who is a complex transplantation of Reginald Dalton carrying on the story of the *Fortunes of Nigel*—“ Our hero was now tired and exhausted in the vain effort to discover the house of the hospitable watchmaker ; and in order to obtain some refreshment, and perhaps some information on the subject, he betook himself to a tavern in the vicinity of Charing Cross. The coffee-room was but scantily occupied, there being only two other individuals in the room besides himself ; one of them, a tall, thin man, of an eminently aristocratic appearance, was busily engaged in lunching on broiled kidneys and potatoes. There was a fire about his eyes that proclaimed him no common man. His nose, which was of somewhat extraordinary length, was very much turned up at the point, and his mouth was large and open ; his height was above the average altitude of men ; and he was dressed in a plain grey coat, and black breeches and gaiters. The other, who sat in one of the boxes at the further end of the apartment, was a man of a different mould, and was finishing the remains of a pint of Cognac brandy, which he drank in large glasses, without any admixture of water. The upper part of his face was handsome and eminently intellectual, while the lower gave indication of a less angelic disposition—the animal greatly preponderating over the mental, in his heavy chin and sensual mouth. Albert enquired of the waiter what soup was ready, and on being answered—‘ Ox-cheek, sir ; mock-turtle, pea-soup, mulligatawny, sir ; and giblet,’—ejaculated ‘ giblet,’ in an apparently unconscious manner, and threw himself disconsolately on a seat in one of the further boxes. He re-

flected on the incidents that had befallen him within the two last weeks ; the extreme courtesy of his beautiful landlady, the friendliness of Lord Nickango, the scenes to which he had introduced him, the table d’hôte at Newmarket, the betting-stand at Epsom—all these, and a thousand other recollections fitted through his brain while he waited for the giblet ; nor should we be acting the part of veracious chroniclers, if we concealed the fact, that amid all these memories there rose up clearly from time to time the bright eyes, and radiant, yet respectful glances of the beautiful Harriet Gordon, the daughter of the watchmaker on Cornhill. While the waiter was in the act of placing his soup before him, the further off of the two gentlemen having now finished the last driblet of the brandy, rose to go away. As he passed the box where the other individual was still busy with the kidneys, he started, and the recognition was evidently mutual, though silent ; a deeper colour rushed to the brow of the departing guest ; but no word or motion on either side gave token of their being acquainted. He rapidly recovered his self-possession, and with a familiar wink to the waiter, he hurried into the street. The other gentleman now rose, and throwing down a shilling, with a nod implying that the odd threepence was to be a perquisite of the waiter, he also walked rapidly out of the room.

“ Who was that gentleman ? ” enquired Albert.

“ The first on ’em, sir ? He’s cost me three-and-sixpence this blessed day, for not a fardin’ will he ever pay for that ’ere pint of brandy.”

“ Why didn’t you stop him ? ”

“ Stop him ? No,—no. Once I tried that, but it was worse than ever, for he is such a devil to talk, that afore I know’d what I was after, instead of getting paid for the brandy, I finds myself a-lending him half a sovereign. So now I always lets him go ; for it’s better to lose three-and-sixpence than be done out of another ten shillings.”

“ And his name ? ” asked Albert.

“ We calls him Corky, he’s so deuced hard to draw,” said the waiter, “ but his right name’s Sherry. Some folks say his real name’s Sheridan, and that he’s a great man, but we only calls him Corky.”

"Richard Brinsley Sheridan!" exclaimed Albert, thunderstruck—"and the other?"

"Oh! he's quite a different bird—he calls him King Coal, for ye see he always pays as he goes, or posts the coal as we call it. His right name's Pitt, so you see we makes him into a coal-pit. They say he's a greater man than the other; indeed some folks says he's a minister, and very like he is, for his breeches is always black."

"This, then is fame," said Albert, commencing operations on his soup—"The immortal William Pitt is known to this brutal waiter only by the colour of his breeches! I shall not give the rascal the extra threepence, for they can't surely have the conscience to charge more than ninepence for a bowl of giblet soup."

From the moment the reader discovers that these two strange-looking gentlemen are no other than Mr Pitt and Mr Sheridan, he lays it down in his own mind that the Albert, and all the persons of the story are as little imaginary as they are; and as it is highly probable that Mr Pitt did occasionally eat and Mr Sheridan occasionally drink, the most fastidious critic cannot deny that in the preceding extract they are represented in the most natural manner imaginable. The great difficulty would have been to have put fitting language into those great men's mouths, so I flatter myself it was moresafe, and quite as ingenious, to fill them with brandy and kidneys. But these silent characters would scarcely do as the sole performers in a three volume novel. The wretches must all talk; and where the deuce is a poor devil of an author to find dialogue for such a company? If he transplants the precise words, he is immediately proclaimed a plagiarist; if he follows the example of one of my pupils, who is now a representative of the commercial and political wisdom of England in Paris, Mr Henry Bulwer, and translates verbatim from some foreigner, he is sure to be found out. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, for the personages of the story to say something of their own; and this can only be managed by the complex-conversation-transplantation method; where the characters of the one work put the ideas of the other into different phrases, the more different the better. Your plan will therefore be, to choose

some very marked and peculiar style; and you may take my word for it, that half the value of a thought depends on its expression. It is just like old iron in a new mould: the old iron is useless, or passes as old rubbish; but when it has got its new shape it makes a great noise in the world, for it comes out a spick-and-span new sixty-eight pounder, thundering at the mouth of the Bosphorus and shaking the walls of Acre. So the apophthegm of some deep sage, that has been neglected in its original homely expression, astonishes the universe at large, and the literary (petti-)coteries of London in particular, when it is transplanted into the dandified language of some man of fashion about town. Nothing has so fine an effect as a maxim of Rochefoucauld, transplanted into three or four pages of conversation in a lady's boudoir in Grosvenor Square. The puppyism of the expression has a double advantage; for it relieves the wisdom of the maxim by contrast, and it decidedly individualizes the speaker, and makes it impossible to suspect that the French philosopher has any art or part in the sentiments or opinions of so very frivolous and affected a personage as your hero. You, therefore, get all the merit of the maxim yourself, while the flippancy of the language is considered the characteristic of the speaker. Achilles would have appeared a giant if dressed in Paris's clothes. In selecting the books to be transplanted, be careful to fix on two as dissimilar as possible: do not, for instance, transplant any brace of Mr James's, or Mr Cooper's novels into each other, for those ingenious gentleman have been beforehand with you, and have done it themselves—the *Pilot* and *Red Rover*, and *Darnley* and any other of Mr James's, being in fact very favourable specimens of the art. No, in this as in other respects, take a lesson from the really clever author of *Rookwood*, who transplants the life of Robinson Crusoe into the Newgate Calendar, and produces the affectionate and innocent Friday under the name of the amiable Blueskin. But these introductory hints will perhaps be thought enough. The example I am about to subjoin, will clear up any difficulty the reader may have experienced in comprehending the few rules necessary to be attended to in this high and praise-

worthy pursuit. What two works can be more unlike each other, than the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Buswell's Life of Johnson*? and yet you will perceive that the author of the following tale has implicitly followed the directions I have given, and has transplanted the one into the other, with the addition of a character or two from other sources. The sentiments of *Romeo* are given in the language of the great moralist; *Isaac Watts* is the gay and volatile *Mercutio*; *Juliet* is a young lady of *Litchfield*, supposed to be *Anna Seward*; and the rest of the characters are filled by *Burke*, *Boswell*, *Beauclerk*, and the other well-known members of that delightful society.

SAMUEL AND ANNA, A TRAGEDY OF
DOMESTIC LIFE.

CHAP. I.—THE TOWN OF *Litchfield*, like many cities of greater fame, had, for a long time, been divided into factions, whose mutual animosities seemed to increase with every year. The quarrel, at first perhaps political, had degenerated into personal hatred between the individuals of the different parties; and the quiet enjoyments of civilized life were not unfrequently disturbed by their angry disputes. But as even animosity requires encouragement in order to keep it fresh and active, there were not wanting evil-disposed persons to fan the flame. Every occasion was laid hold of to perpetuate this unfortunate disunion; and the annual elections for boroughreeve, guardians of the poor, churchwardens, and other offices of dignity or emolument, gave too frequent opportunities for the contending parties to give a public display of their intolerance and bad temper. Two families had peculiarly distinguished themselves by their bitterness and hostility, and in the course of time had been recognised by each party, respectively, as its leader, and the visible representative of its opinions. The *Jacksons* were the chiefs of the one party, the *Whicksies* of the other. Mr and Mrs *Jackson* were old people, in other respects praiseworthy and respectable; the only stain upon their disposition being the indomitable enmity they bore towards their neighbours the *Whicksies*. As the former family

possessed a son, and the latter rejoiced in a daughter, they felt the gratifying assurance that their enmity would be perpetuated in their descendants, and that there would still be descendants of *Whicksies* and *Jacksons* to carry on the strife when the present actors were removed from the stage. At the time our story opens there had been a contest for the surveyorship of the parish roads, which had been carried in favour of Mr *Whicksie*. Stirred up by the pride and ostentation of his wife, he had determined to give a ball in honour of his success; and had invited all his supporters, and as many of the other inhabitants as he thought wise enough to show their impartiality, by partaking of the hospitality of either side. The large saw-pit was boarded over—for Mr *Whicksie* was by profession a builder and carpenter—boughs of every variety of shrub hung tastefully round the enormous wooden shed, which was to be brilliantly lighted up with lamps composing the words—

“*Whicksie* for ever, 770
Jackson..... 530

The glorious majority of 240!”

It was on the morning of this important day that a rencontre took place between some workmen of those rival houses, which probably would have ended without any material consequence, had it not been that persons of a somewhat higher station imprudently mingled in the fray. The fiercest of all Mr *Whicksie's* supporters was a nephew of his of the name of *Tibble*. Young, fierce, and courageous, he rushed impetuously towards the scene of action, and was irritated beyond endurance by what he considered the officious meddling of the principal bookseller of the town, who was a violent adherent of the other side. This gentleman, whose name was *Benjamin Jukes*, but who was better known by the cant name, derived from his profession, of *Ben Folio*, on seeing the quarrel among the work people, had told them, in a somewhat imperious manner, to disperse, or he would punish them for their disobedience.

“Ho, ho! it's you, is it?” said young *Tibble*; “I beg, whatever you've to say, you'll say it to me.”

“Why, I'm only trying to keep the peace; you had better help me, Mr

Tibble, than flare up in the manner you do."

"Peace be hanged!" exclaimed Tibble; "I hate it as if it were a Jacksonite, so mind your nob!" and instantly putting himself into attitude, he struck out right and left, but was luckily parried without doing any damage. The fight now became more general than before, and at last it reached the ears of the two chiefs. Mr Jackson, rushing forward, was saluted with a volley of abuse by old Whicksie; and matters were coming to such an extremity that serious consequences might have been apprehended, had it not been for the timely arrival of the mayor, attended by some special constables, whom he had rapidly sworn in for the occasion.

"This here is the most extraordinary thing in the world," began that respectable functionary; "you two gentlemen sets the whole town by the ears—always a-fighting and a-quarrelling; I wonder you ain't ashamed on yourselves. But I'll just tell you this: the very next time a dust like this here is knocked up, by ere a one of you, I'll send ye both to the treadmill—I will. So bring 'em all along to the town-hall. I'll bind them over in good bail; you, Whicksie, come immediately; and you'll come, Mr Jackson, at three this afternoon." This powerful speech had the desired effect. One by one the inferior combatants slunk off, and left Mr Jackson and Ben Folio alone. Sorry are we to reveal any secret that may appear injurious to the softer virtues of the fair sex; but truth compels us to declare, that the greater part of the fuel to this burning hatred between these two families was supplied by the respective ladies of Messrs Jackson and Whicksie. Mrs Jackson unluckily at this moment made her appearance, and renewed the father's irritation, by reminding him of the small assistance he derived, in his contest with the enemy, from his son.

"I'm so glad Sam wasn't here," said the mother; "he doesn't like these skrimmages."

"'Cause he's in love," answered Ben with a wink; "Sammy's the boy for the gals; up in the morning, looking lackadaisical at the sun, off again at night to have a spy at the moon. It's my opinion he'll lose his wits altogether, and never be fit for

his situation again. The scholars would all laugh at a love-sick dommie."

"Poh! never mind the school," said the mother proudly, "my Sam's fame does not depend on a set of nasty little boys;—Sam's an author, and speaks bigger and longer words than any man in the parish. But here he comes. Find out if you can what it is that ails him; in the mean time, his father and I will go home."

"Home!" said that worthy gentleman, "I must be off to the town-hall to be bound over. That infernal old Whicksie is bound by this time, so it would be a famous opportunity to belabour his old hide before my own bail are liable;" and musing unutterable vengeance he walked rapidly away.

The result of Mr Folio's enquiries was, that the aforesaid Samuel was hopelessly in love. By way of diverting him from his ill-placed passion, the facetious bibliopole offered to bet with him that there were many prettier girls in Litchfield than the object of his admiration, and prevailed on him to accompany him that very night to the fancy-ball given by the Whicksies, in order to compare, with his own eyes, the beauty of his hard-hearted sweetheart, the grocer's eldest daughter, with the charms of several other girls whom he named, and who were considered by the attorney's clerks (the legitimate judges on such subjects) as far handsomer, in every way, than the cold and insensible Sally Prime.

CHAP. II.—Seven o'clock had arrived—the candles were all lighted in the dancing-room—the company was nearly all assembled, and Mr and Mrs Whicksie were in the height of their glory, receiving their guests and enjoying the universal admiration excited by the splendour of the scene. Several of the company appeared in character—some disguised in Spanish and other foreign dresses; some disguised (we are sorry to say) in liquor; and the chief attorney of the town—a great man, steward to one or two of the squires in the neighbourhood, a borough magistrate, and owner of a carriage and pair—was present in the character of a gentleman. Amidst such a number of masques it was easy for our hero and his two friends, Ben Folio and Mark Cushion the uphol-

sterer, to make their way into the assembly without being discovered. Tibble did, indeed, suspect who they were, but Mr Whicksie, with a magnanimity to be expected of a parish surveyor, begged him to be quiet, and not make no rumpus on such a festive and satisfactory occasion. In an instant the whole tenor of Samuel Jackson's thoughts was altered, and for ever. Sally Prime appeared positively ugly and revolting, and there was but one woman in the whole world worthy of his homage and adoration: and that woman—oh, envious fate!—was the daughter of the chief enemy of his family, being no other than the lively and fascinating Anna Whicksie. They had never met before, for Samuel had for many years been absent from his native place, and the enmity of their parents had hindered them from seeing each other during any of the hurried visits he had paid to Litchfield. He watched her as she smiled in conscious beauty, and scarcely ventured, protected as he was by his mask, to ask the honour of her hand for a country dance. They danced—they whispered—they sat on the same bench—they drank cold lemonade; and without any positive declaration on either side, there can be no doubt that at the end of the evening, they were both of them desperately in love. At last, the party began to disperse, and Anna sat gazing at each individual as he made his bow and departed.

"Who is that gentleman, nurse, with the bandy legs, just going out?"

"Young Jenks, miss, the haberdasher—they say his father's very rich—and"—

"And that?" enquired Anna; "the gentleman apparently intoxicated, tottering through the door?"

"Oh, that's old M'Quid the tobaccoist, president of the temperance society—a very worthy, pious"—

"Oh, stop! who's he?—there!—that tall majestic gentleman in short tights and white cotton stockings—very broad back, and the green visor on his face?"

"A bad fellow that—he's a Jackson—young Sam—son of old Jackson—what tempted the impudent fellow to show his ugly face here?"

"He has not shown it—he wore the mask the whole time; and I'm

certain his face is not ugly. Oh dear, heigh-ho!"

"You're sighing, miss—you surely can't—and yet"—

"I can though," said Anna, "and what's more, I tell you I adore him, and if I'm ever to be married at all, my name shall be Mrs Samuel Jackson."

"Oh, miss, what will Mrs Whicksie say?—but come, it's time to be off, miss: the people's all gone."

And so saying, the nurse led Anna into the house, and that young lady betook herself to her chamber—but not to sleep. The feeling that now agitated her was too new to her to suffer her to close her eyes. Dressed as she was in her ball costume, she opened the window of her bedroom, and indulged in melancholy musings.

In the mean time, Samuel had shaken himself free from his companions, and leaping over the wooden paling that separated the wood-yard from the garden attached to the house, found himself in the little green plot at the back of Mr Whicksie's residence, and felt happy in gazing on the brick walls that contained his ladye love.

He heard the opening of the casement, and cowering under the wall, drank in every word that fell from the love-sick Anna.

"Heigh-ho!"—she said—"what a pity it is Samuel Jackson is such a nice young man! I wish he would change his name—or that I could change mine, which would come to the same thing, and perhaps might be more easily managed. And yet, after all, it's only his name that's against him. If he had been Jenks the haberdasher, or even M'Quid the tobaccoist—but Jackson!—oh, horrid!"

"With a conscientious mind," said Samuel to himself, "it might be matter of consideration whether to persist in secret auscultation, or openly announce my presence by some sensible manifestation."

"Oh, Samuel!" continued the young lady, unconscious of a listener—"only give up your name and take one in exchange for it."

"Madam, I close with your proposition!" he exclaimed, no longer master of himself. "I shall denude myself of my baptismal appellation, and"—

"Ha! who's that?—what's your name?"

"Where a discovery of it might occasion disapprobation, it were wise to bury it in obscurity. Madam, my name is not pleasing to myself, since it is invidious to you!"

"That voice!" said Anna; "that voice—I know it by the burr—it must, it must be Samuel! Pray, are you not young Mr Jackson, and my father's enemy?"

"The imputation, madam, is unkind, for how could I be *his* enemy of whom *you* are the daughter?"

"How did you get here? Did you jump the wall!—Oh dear! oh dear! what if any of our people were to catch you?" exclaimed the agitated girl.

"Love, madam, which animates the heart, suffices equally to invigorate the limbs. The passion which enabled me to superevolute the wall, empowers me no less to disregard your kinsmen."

"Oh, Samuel, if it weren't dark I never should have courage—I know I shouldn't, to speak in this way. Do you really love me—really? I wouldn't ask you such a thing if you hadn't overheard what I said—Tell me, now"—

"Madam, as certainly as the moon revolves"—

"No, no!" exclaimed Anna, "don't swear by the moon—it's a nasty changeable thing, and I hate it."

"To what power shall I appeal to give sanctity to my asseveration?"

"Give me a written promise, that's all I want," said the blushing Anna, sinking her head behind a geranium pot.

"I shall exchange with you protestations of attachment," replied the enraptured youth, "and vows of unalterable fidelity."

"Hush!" cried the lady, in a low whisper,—"old nurse is calling me; troublesome old wretch! I'll go and quiet her, and be back in a moment."

So saying, she disappeared from the window, leaving Samuel to his meditations. These were of a pleasant nature, as might be gathered from his rubbing his hands, and the low contented chuckle with which he unconsciously gave vent to his feelings in words.

"This is not less satisfactory than unexpected. So suddenly has it supervened, that it requires an effort of

the understanding to discriminate it from a dream."

Anna again appeared above.

"Samuel," she said, in a solemn voice, "I depend on what you promised—marriage, regular licensed marriage, remember—say but the word and I am yours—I'll send a person to you to-morrow to know what day we can go to church—What time shall I send?"

"He who postpones his breakfast to a late hour of the morning, is generally neglectful of the business of life. I shall be ready to receive your messenger at half-past eight."

"There was something more I had to say," whispered Anna. "What was it? I declare I forget—isn't it stupid?"—

"Madam, I shall remain without dissatisfaction till it recurs to your recollection."

"I can't remember—well, well, never mind—it's very late now, or rather early. I'm afraid you had better be going—but not far, Samuel!" she added in a tender tone—"not further than my pet robin that I keep tied by the leg, and pull it back the moment he gets ever so little away from me."

"Madam, it would give me infinite satisfaction to be your pet robin."

"I should kill you with kindness, I'm afraid; but good-night! good-night!"

"Good-night, madam," replied Samuel. "The reciprocation of mutual good wishes is so congenial to my taste, that I could continue ejaculating good-night till the latter part of the expression was no longer applicable, and night had been succeeded by the morning. I wish you, madam, a good sleep, while I proceed to make arrangements with the Reverend Mr Lawrence, the curate of our parish."

And in this way those lovers parted, never again to be so happy in their mutual affection, never again to exchange those words of trust and confidence; for the cold world forced itself in between them, and withered the flower of their affection before it was ripe.

Early on the following day Samuel proceeded to the residence of Mr Lawrence, and finding from that gentleman that a license might be procured in the course of a day or two, fixed with him to have the ceremony

performed at seven in the morning of Thursday. This news, when communicated to Anna, gave her unmingled satisfaction, as, in addition to securing to her the object of her choice, it freed her for ever from the importunities of a person of the name of Parish, whose suit was supported by her parents. But, alas! so short-lived is human felicity, and so short-sighted are mortals, that before the wished-for Thursday arrived, some incidents occurred that prevented the realization of the lovers' hopes. And these we proceed to detail in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.—Ben Folio, the book-seller, accompanied by Mark Cushion, the upholsterer, were walking in a narrow road at the outskirts of the town, and as they were the acknowledged wits of the neighbourhood, there was no lack of lively and interesting conversation.

"Cushion, my good fellow," said Folio, "I wish you were not such a confounded quarrelsome sort of chap. Why are you like a baby?"

"Because I'm always up in arms—that's too bad—it's one of my own conundrums. But what makes you think me quarrelsome, eh?"

"Oh, fifty things. Why are you like Derbyshire?"

"Because I'm famous for my spars,—you can't puzzle me, you see," said Cushion. "But as to being quarrelsome, I'm nothing of the sort, except it be with a Whicksyte. I've no patience for those fellows."

"That's a pity," replied Folio, "for here comes young Tibble, sparrow-sporting—such a sportsman!"

"Ha! ha!"

"Laugh at me, sir!" said Mr Tibble, looking fierce.

"Why not?" replied Mr Cushion, disdainfully—"laughter provokes digestion."

"It provokes *him* too," interposed Ben Folio, in an audible whisper—"never mind him—don't make game of him."

"He ought to be obliged to us if we do—for there seems no other game except him and the sparrows."

"You're a couple of impudent scamps," cried Tibble, who was of a very fiery temper, "and for half a sixpence I'd knock you both into the hedge."

"Two can play at that game, Mr

Tibble," replied Cushion; "and if you don't sing small immediately, I'll wallop you with your own gun, as sure as my name's what it is."

"Oh, you will?" said Mr Tibble, drawing back a step or two, and cocking his fowling-piece. "Take notice, I'm armed; I desire no quarrel with any of *you*; but if I come across that big-mouthed beast, young Jackson, I'll do for him."

"Well, here he is!" exclaimed Ben Folio, pointing to where Samuel was rapidly approaching; "now, do your worst."

"Jackson," said Tibble, irritated by their taunts; "I won't waste time in words,—you're a scoundrel, sir!"

"Sir," replied Samuel, commanding his indignation by the recollection of Tibble's relationship to Miss Whicksie, "the wrath excitable by such an appellation is repressed by other considerations. I am not a scoundrel, sir; and as he who is unjustly accused can afford to forgive his accuser, you have my pardon. You are ignorant of my character, and unaware of my merits."

"Bother! humbug! I won't be put off by long words."

"Tibble," replied Samuel, calmly, "your mind is in a state of vacuity with regard to the reasons of my mildness. Your blood is as dear to me as my own."

At this period of the conversation, Mark Cushion could no longer be restrained. He seemed irritated into madness by the gentleness of his friend, and burst furiously in—"What's the use of this fine speaking to such a fellow as Tibble?—floor him—or, if you don't, I will!" And, so saying, he was proceeding to lay violent hands on Tibble, when that gentleman again raising his gun cried, "Here goes!" and lodged the contents of the barrel in the unfortunate Cushion's body; after which he precipitately fled.

"I've caught it," said the fallen man, retaining still his wild liveliness—"I'm dish'd—done brown."

"Give not way to despondency," gently whispered Samuel, bending over his friend—"tis only small shot—the wound cannot be of any considerable dimension."

The sufferer suppressed a groan, and answered—"It is not as a well so deep, nor wide as church doors be,

but 'tis enough, 'twill serve my turn, for it has done for me. A braggart, villain, rogue, who fights all by the rule of three. Oh, Samuel, it was all your fault, he took such aim at me. Help me, Ben Folio, to some house, or fainting I shall be—Whicks and Jacksons both be hanged!—they've made worms' meat of me."

Samuel Jackson was plunged into melancholy abstraction by the dismal sight before him—but when, after a few minutes, Ben Folio returned with the dreadful intelligence that the unfortunate young man had actually expired, fury seemed to take possession of his whole being, and like a wild bear maddened by the loss of its young, he rushed forward on the perpetrator of the deed, who was returning to render his assistance, and being endowed with gigantic personal strength, he wrested the fowling-piece from his hands, and with a tremendous blow of the but-end, dashed in the miserable Tibble's skull—he died without a groan.

"Fly, Samuel!" exclaimed Ben Folio, horrified at the scene. "The constables will be here in a moment, and nothing can save your neck."

"The instability of fortune is the cause of much sorrow and frequent lamentation," replied the dejected youth, as he rushed forward, he knew not whither.

CHAP. IV.—We must rapidly hurry over the events of the next two months. In that period Samuel was tried for the murder of Tibble, and found guilty, with a strong and unanimous recommendation to mercy, on account of the provocation received. The sentence was accordingly commuted into banishment for ten years. It is useless to describe the exultation of the whole Whicksie family at this triumph over their rivals, with the exception, of course, of the heart-broken Anna, whose grief was further exasperated by the stubbornness with which her father insisted on her marriage with Mr Parish. That individual also pressed his suit in the way usual with gentlemen of his profession—for he was traveller for a great house in the hardware line—and drove the poor girl nearly distracted by his coarseness and self-assurance. She went so far as to tell her father, in the bitterness of her

heart, that, wretched and guilty as Samuel was, she would rather marry him than the wretch pressed on her by her parents. But all was of no avail—the fatal day was fixed, and the very morning that saw her a bride was to convey her unfortunate lover on the top of the coach to Portsmouth, for transportation to New South Wales.

On the Tuesday preceding the fatal day, Anna slept quietly from the house, and proceeded in search of Mr Lawrence. She felt assured of his sympathy and assistance, and was anxious to consult him on the present disastrous condition of her affairs. From his being chaplain to the jail, as well as curate of the parish, he was peculiarly qualified to alleviate her sorrows, by bearing messages of affection and condolence between the unfortunate pair.

"My dear young lady," said the benevolent old gentleman, "what can I advise? Your hints at the sinful and cowardly relief of suicide, I must reprove and execrate. Whatever can be done with propriety, I will aid you in."

"How, then?" cried Anna; "I would rather jump off the church-tower than marry this Mr Parish—or live among tigers and wild beasts—or lie all night in the churchyard; any thing—any thing, rather than marry him! Is there no hope, Mr Lawrence?"

Mr Lawrence shook his head.

"Could I not see him—only for a moment?"

"Whom?—Young Jackson?"

"Only for once!—I would only ask to see him once."

"The thing might be managed;—but stay, we may perhaps discover some way of uniting you to him altogether!"

Anna held her breath, for fear of losing a syllable.

Mr Lawrence got up and bolted the door: he then drew close to the young lady.

"You've heard of animal magnetism?" he said.

"No—what is it?"

"It is a very lucrative discovery, and may be very useful in your case. Will you risk it?"

"Don't speak to me of risk. I'll venture any thing."

"Well, then, my friend Dr Yellow-

sin is at present in the town. He'll magnetize you in such a way that you shall be quite unconscious for two or three days. If you will come on a visit to my wife, you shall be operated on in my house, and I think we shall manage to persuade this person, Mr Parish, and your own family, that you are really dead. I will then give you letters to a niece of mine, who has lately gone out with her husband to settle in Sydney, and I have no doubt Mr Jackson will soon be liberated on his arrival in the colony, and his abilities will raise him to wealth and honour. Now, what do you say?"

"Oh, I am delighted! but are you sure I shall ever wake again?"

"Don't be afraid of that; the difficulty is to get you to fall asleep."

"Then tell this dear Dr Yellow-sin that I am quite ready. I will come and stay with Mrs Lawrence, and bring all my things—and the three hundred pounds legacy that my uncle left me. I will bring it all. Oh, we shall be so happy! But don't say a word of it to Samuel—promise me you won't—there's a dear!" and the young girl, enchanted with the prospect of returning happiness, resumed more of her usual liveliness than she had ever hoped to possess again.

The house of Mr Lawrence was a very comfortable suite of chambers in the precincts of the jail; and, in a few hours after the arrangement of the plot, it was carried into successful execution. The manipulator cast Anna into a state of unconsciousness so profound, that it was impossible for the most experienced physician to discriminate it from death. The family of the Whicksies, recently so triumphant, were now thrown into the deepest distress; and by the tender cares of Mr Lawrence and his wife, matters were so conducted, that the funeral actually took place, and all the usual manifestations were made, and fees paid. The interest of the tender-hearted chaplain was exerted with the jailer to admit Samuel for a short time into his house, and little difficulty was made, in consideration of the proximity of the dwelling of the clergyman to the cell of the convict. It was the intention of the divine to unite them indissolubly, prior to the long separation they would have to undergo on the voyage out to Sidney. For this purpose, late one evening he pro-

ceeded to the cell, and informed the inmate of it, in few words, that he must accompany him to his house. Stupefied with despair, the young man mechanically obeyed; but the chaplain remembered afterwards, that before leaving the cell he took something from a dark shelf on the wall and put it into his waistcoat pocket. They crossed the quadrangle, keeping as close as possible to the shadow of the wall, and silently entered the house. The room was dark, and Mr Lawrence leaving him for a few minutes, proceeded to the neighbouring chamber in which Anna lay, still insensible, but waiting only for the manipulations of some magnetizer to resume all her life and beauty. Samuel, left to himself, was conscious of nothing but of the misery of his situation in being for ever separated from the object of his love. The future appeared doubly darkened to his eyes, from the happiness that for a few days had illuminated the past. Dreadful thoughts passed at intervals through his mind, too dreadful to be dwelt on safely. He strove to banish them, and was on the point of flinging away for ever the small object he kept so sedulously in his waistcoat pocket, when the door opened—and his misery was completed.

The person who now entered was a tall, overdressed man, with yellow silk neckcloth, bright green satin waistcoat, over which dangled three imitation gold chains, a light brown coat, white trousers, and Wellington boots ornamented with prodigious spurs.

"Soho! my fine feller," he said, when he cast his eyes on the dejected and silent Samuel, "this here's a rum go! Vy, you're a pretty feller, you are, to be out of your dungeon at this here hour o' the night. Come along," he added, seizing him by the collar, and dragging him towards a light that streamed from the neighbouring door, which was at that moment gently opened,—“you're the boy as did for young Tibble, and I daresay had a hand in the death of Hannar Vicksie.”

“Death!” cried the unresisting youth. “Anna Whicksie!” The ear, dead to all other sounds, was alive to that dreadful combination—“Is she dead?”

“As an 'erring, you rascal. You've lost me a nice gal, and a fortune of three hundred pounds; for they say

she took on so about that 'ere Tibble, that she couldn't stand it no how."

"You then are the villain Parish!" exclaimed Samuel, with startling energy; "if she did die, 'twas to avoid your persecutions. And here—oh! what sight is this?" he added, grasping his victim in return, and drawing him forward to the bed, where he saw what appeared to him the inanimate corpse extended. "Dog, take the chastisement of your deeds! He whose arm is nerved by vengeance needs no weapon to execute his desires. Perish!" and at every word his grasp on the throat of his enemy grew tighter and tighter; his eyes glared out from their sockets; his victim's struggles grew fainter and fainter; and on being relieved from the gigantic pressure, the body of the unfortunate man sank lifeless on the floor.

In the extremity of his alarm, Mr Lawrence had fled from the room, and the victor and the vanquished were left alone with the dead.

He went forward to the bed.—"Anna!" he said, "you are still most beautiful. Eyes! indulge yourselves in the ultimate consolation reserved for your enjoyment; and oh, my heart! be soothed with the last, the saddest kiss of which lips were ever the recipients or the bestowers."

With a fond look, and one kiss imprinted on the pale lips of Anna, he grasped the phial and swallowed the contents in an instant.

"The bosom," he said, "that is shattered with despair, has always a sure resource in an ounce of prussic acid." So potent was the beverage, that almost as the last word was uttered, his heart had ceased to beat forever.

"Wake, Anna! wake! wake!" cried the terrified chaplain, making the usual movements with his hands before the face of the magnetized, in order to dispel the lethargy—"open your eyes—*ouvrez les yeux!*"

"Oh, kind, dear Mr Lawrence!" said Anna, recovering her senses, and looking joyously up into the agitated face of her friend, "where is Samuel? I recollect every thing. Where is he?" she again exclaimed, rubbing her eyes, and tossing back the long hair that flew unconfined over her brow and cheek.

"Heaven pity you, unhappy young lady!" said Mr Lawrence, speaking with difficulty. "We must submit to the decisions of a higher power. Rise up and command yourself. Your intended husband lies dead on this floor, and near him the hated Parish. Come, you must not linger. You will be discovered if you stay, and discovery will be ruin to us both. Hark! they are coming; let us go, let us go."

But the girl attended not to his entreaties.

"Go!" she said,—"*secure your own safety as you can. My home is here beside my husband. Samuel—a cup still in your hand—poison—and not a drop remaining! Oh, that was unkind! Let me kiss your lips, once only*"—

As the distracted young creature stooped over the inanimate face of her lover, a noise was heard at the front door, and a voice reached her ear, announcing that the constables were already come.

"Ha! interrupted! then no time is to be lost;" and seeing a knife upon the table, she grasped it with desperate energy.

"A knife!—ha! all is well. Now then I die content!" And so saying she stabbed herself with such force, that in an instant she had fallen lifeless on the corpse of the only man she had ever loved. And thus the enmity of those two families was the cause of five deaths, and the misery of the surviving friends. Mr Lawrence, although retained in his offices by the commiseration of his superiors, never recovered his spirits, and voluntarily resigned all his employments, and was murdered by eight members of the American Congress and four of the Senate, for mentioning, in a sermon, that all men were equal in the sight of God, whatever might be the colour of their skin. The parents of the unhappy lovers were plunged into the deepest distress, and took to drinking to such an extent, in order to drown the memory of their misfortunes, that they neglected their respective trades, and caused serious apprehensions of a press of business in the Court of Bankruptcy. To such unheard-of misery do civil contentions give rise.

MEMOIRS OF STROMBECK.

THE KINGDOM OF WESTPHALIA.*

THE duchy of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, with which we claim kinship, is famous for sand, and sausages, and silver mines, for horses, and for a classical sort of beer called *Mum*. Intellectually no less; for Herman, the Prince of the Cherusci, who annihilated Varus' legions, and made Augustus weep salt tears, had, we are told, a neat little farm on the banks of the Weser, in the present Brunswickian department of that name; and Henry the Lion, the proud Guelph, who was a sort of Mehmet Ali to the German Empire of the middle ages, had his headquarters here. In more modern times, Brunswick has been famous for a race of princes with long heads and long noses; among whom Charles William Ferdinand, the invader of France, and his son, the black hero of Quatrebras, are names almost as familiar to every Englishman as his own Georges and Williams. And as genius often runs rank into madness, so that Charles also (our hopeful ward) deserves a place among the notable men of Brunswick, who, in the year 1830, taught legitimate Germany the strange lesson, that princes reign on the banks of the Oker not altogether by the grace of God or by the grace of the Frankfort Diet, but partly also by the grace of a mob. In literature and science Brunswick boasts names no less famous. The university of Helmstadt (cashiered, not without reason, by Jerome) shows on her roll of learned men Herman Conring, the king of polyhistor; Mosheim, the church historian; and Henke, one of the greatest of modern rationalists; Wolfenbüttel had Leibnitz and Lessing (two such names were enough); and the good city of Brunswick itself possessed Camper, bookmaker and bookseller in one, the author of a dictionary as famous in Germany as Dr

Johnson's is in England, and the rival also of Watts and Wilmsen in the rare and useful art of writing for the young.† Among so many remarkable men, Frederick Charles von Strombeck claims likewise not to be forgotten. He is a remarkable man, not, like Leibnitz and Lessing, by a powerful and prominent personality, nor, though he has penned his share, can he bring himself into competition with the giants that were on the earth in the days of Herman Conring; but he has become remarkable mainly, as Robert Owen philosophizes of all men, by virtue of external circumstances. One external circumstance, the kingdom of Westphalia, and the fleeting patronage of Jerome, made him remarkable in public life; and another external circumstance, the extraordinary spontaneous Mesmerism of his adopted daughter, Julie Kauffmann, made him remarkable in the annals of science. Besides, he is a mineralogist, a poet, a translator of Ovid, Suetonius, Ballust, and Tacitus, and a lawyer of no mean note; altogether one of the notabilities of Germany, whom every body talks of, and whose name accordingly you are sure to find in the *Conversations Lexicon* "of the newest time." That he has also found his way into the pages of *Maga*, may perhaps be reasonably esteemed an honour beyond his deserts; but, as our readers may have observed, we have been wandering lately in the regions of German memoir, picking up shells upon a shore where there are few shells to pick; and this is of them. But there is no barrenness in the literary world which God does not bless with some peculiar grace by way of compensation; so here we have the consolation to think that we can Germanize freely for many pages

* *Darstellungen aus meinen Leben und aus meiner Zeit von Friedrich Karl von Strombeck. 2d edition. Brunswick, 1835.*

† Can any person tell us how many editions Watts' hymns have gone through? Wilmsen's *Kinderfreund*, in 32 years, ran through 126 editions, and that during the author's lifetime! The Germans have lately erected a monument to Herman. Let them not forget Wilmsen.

without once naming Goethe or the translators of Faust; and, according to the known law of curiosities, what we bring ought to be the more valuable that it is rare.

The scarcity of good German memoirs possessing a public interest, (autobiographies belong to a different class,) is the effect of a cause sufficiently evident. "A man cannot both ring the bells and walk in the procession," the Spanish proverb says; and the Germans having taken to themselves the office of bell-ringers to the procession of world-history, (as they phrase it,) it could not possibly be that they should also prove themselves the first in the march and the stiffest in the battle. Politics are not the sphere in which they seem naturally to move; they will be humming Don Giovanni while we are playing at battledore and shuttlecock with public men in the newspapers; they will be listening to the harmony of divine ideas in the evolution of centuries, while we and the French are hastily but graphically sketching the most commanding sublime, equally with the most urgent paltry, of the moment. The German is both the most domestic and the most cosmopolitan of animals; he sits by the stove in slippered dignity, with nightcap and dressing-gown, puffing the soothing *knaster*, and through the dim luminosity of familiar fumes, figures with one eye an epos of *Butterbrodt*, (*Voss' Luise*), and with the other the mystic symbols of the infinite (*Creuzer*.) So also he will write histories (and we are not slow to translate them) learned and philosophical, ferreting fearlessly the deepest dens of mephitic gas, and sweeping proudly, condor-winged, from Ararat to Chimborazo; but he will not make a faithful and a clever diary of what is passing before his nose, partly because he has no inclination that way, partly because tight little princes and trig bureaucrats do not love to be criticised. The student of history will, therefore,

not deceive himself by expecting much from German memoirs; as little, however, will he altogether neglect them. If they serve no better purpose, they will at least be useful as reflectors of what is going on in the ever-restless France; they will show the grand shadows and permanent prints which the giant of the Revolution left as he marched across Hanoverian moors and Pomeranian sands; and it is to be expected, from the proverbial honesty of their character, that what the Germans report they will report truly, not with the eager itch after effect, metamorphosing a plain fact into a splendid lie, and making history, like some stage witling, crack pun upon pun incessantly to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

Baron Strombeck is a perfect pattern of the impartial observer and the kindly critic, such as Germany perhaps can produce in greater numbers than any other country. He is, indeed, by far too kindly for a writer of *piquant* anecdote: too clear, too calm, too habitually just, to be a good retailer of such gossip as feeds malice, while it gratifies curiosity. "My pages are harmless," says he, "they offend no one, as I during my life have never intentionally wounded the feelings of a fellow creature." . . . "How many a mask, had I been so inclined, might I not have torn off! But the materials for work of this sort will be found in my cabinet when I am dead, then only to be published when they can no more do any harm." God bless thy pious soul, thou German indeed! in this gossiping and parading age above all praise. Here is a Christian model truly, for you gentlemen of the wanton modern press to imitate, if you can! Our honest Baron is a man of perfect health, mental as well as bodily. He has never known what it is, (so he tells us) to keep his bed a single day from indisposition; and he has been forty times at the top of the Brocken.* He has, moreover, been always seriously and

* The Baron once wrote the following lines in the Brocken book—

“ DER WANDERER.—Bructerus, der du so lange die Berge des Harzes beherrschest,
Wird denn in unserer Zeit dir noch nicht bang am den thron?

DER BROCKEN.—Redlicher wanderer, du hältst uns Berge dem menschen vergleichbar:
Die ich beherrsche sind reich; ich, der Beherrscher, bin arm.”

Not a bad specimen of a politico-geological epigram; for, as the reader knows, granite contains neither lead nor silver, though the layers which skirt it do. This is the case with the Brocken.

always regularly busy, soothing the sternness of the law with literature, reining the license of literature by science, holding a steady, consistent life of practical poetry, so to speak, realizing the grand Aristotelian mean, not so bright as some people, but healthier and happier than most.

The student of German literature will find in Strombeck's first volume some sketches of the domestic life of the Germans, which, when taken in connexion with those furnished by Goethe, Knebel, and others, will not prove unedifying. In the second volume the physiologist will be delighted to stumble on a short and clear narrative of one of the most extraordinary cases of Mesmerism that is on record.* We intend, however, for the sake of unity, to confine our extracts to matters connected with Jerome's kingdom of Westphalia; — the most fleeting, though, when well considered, in some views for the student of history, not the least important, of Napoleon's bantlings. And if from the peep that we take into this little region, we discover only the weakness of Germany in 1808, as we lately endeavoured to exhibit its strength in 1813, we shall have found something that is not always sufficiently considered in the estimate made of the character of Napoleon. Germany was, and remained, during the long series of revolutionary wars, the great European battle-field: it was in Germany, or fighting against Germans, that the Corsican gained his most brilliant victories. His just meed of praise will never be known, till we have taken the exact measure of the champion to whom he was opposed. When we make fat John lick the dust in Pekin, we shall certainly have no

cause to sing a very Pindaric epinicion.

Baron Strombeck was for many years attached to the Princess Dorothea Augusta, (sister of the celebrated Duke who fell at Jena,) as a sort of manager or chancellor (as she phrased it) of the abbey of Gandersheim, of which she was abbess. In this capacity he had, of course, the best opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with the ducal family; but we have sought in vain for any anecdotes or traits of character that might bring the unfortunate Duke vividly before our eyes. There is, perhaps, about our worthy baron, not a little of that superstitious respect for princes which appears so ludicrous in some of Goethe's writings, and may be reckoned among the national weaknesses of the German mind. He does not wish to go too much into detail about great people; and in this case at least there is a special piety which we can only honour. However, we are told that he was a man of most active business habits, and accessible in business matters to the meanest of his subjects, to whose longest exposition of grievances he would listen with the most patient attention, and then deliver his opinion with the readiness of a lawyer, and the tact of a diplomatist; further, that (even when wielding the pen instead of the sword) he was always dressed in a military blue coat and boots; that he was of a middling stature, a noble bearing, a look full of intelligence, speaking French, as Mirabeau testified, with the eloquence of a French academician, and with these accomplishments, being a duke, irresistible, as a matter of course, to German ladies. But with Frederick in his glory the kingdom of

* We refer the curious reader to the original record of this case, published so early as 1813. "*Geschichte eines allein durch die natur hervorgebrachten Animalischen Magnetismus*," &c. History of a case of Animal Magnetism produced by nature alone, and of the cure effected by the same: by the eye-witness of this phenomenon, Baron Strombeck, President of the Royal Court of Appeal at Celle, Knight of the First Class of the Order of the Westphalian Crown, Member of the States of the kingdom of Westphalia, Foreign Member of the Royal Society of Sciences, Göttingen, and Honorary Member of the Ducal Latin Society, Jena. With a preface by Herr Geheimrath Dr Marcard. Brunswick, 1813." We have to thank Mr Colquhoun for a sight of this very curious volume, which we can cordially recommend to all our readers who take an interest in physiological and psychological studies, as a most interesting and entertaining report of one of the most authentic, accurate, and extraordinary cases of Mesmerism (without manipulation) on record. The case is mentioned, but only mentioned, by Dr Elliotson, in his "*Human Physiology*," in the chapter on Mesmerism.

Westphalia has nothing to do. The quinquennial pageant opens seriously enough for the whole of Germany, and in the blackest tragedy for Brunswick, with the battle of Jena. Amid the delusion and confusion of those eventful times, (*ils se tromperont furieusement*, said Napoleon,) the following prophetic voice from the Princess Dorothea possesses peculiar interest :—

“ We returned to Brunswick just at the moment when the news of the affair at Saalfeld arrived, and the unhappy fate of Prince Louis. (10th October.) The princess, who had previously been filled with the darkest anticipations, now looked upon the annihilation of the Prussian army as a matter of certainty. In vain did we represent to her that this was a mere skirmish of the *avant garde*—that Prince Louis had owed his misfortune to his own imprudence only ; she stood firm to her point, and maintained that Prussia could never hope to measure herself against the colossal might of victorious France, and that it was equally in vain for her brother, an old man of seventy, to measure himself against Napoleon ; who, besides his superior genius and resources, was unfettered by any of those embarrassing relations that restrained the free movements of a Prussian general”—“ Believe me,” said she again and again, “ *we are on the eve of a catastrophe*. I lament, above all, my unfortunate brother: honour and duty call him—he cannot do otherwise ; but they should never have laid on his shoulders a burden manifestly too heavy for him to bear. Napoleon conquers by tactics altogether different from those by which Prussian laurels were won in the Seven Years’ War. Napoleon also is no Soubise, and his army no army of the Empire. I fear (added she then, with an instinct almost prophetic) *that the column of Rossbach will not stand long where it now is*. If my brother personally had a confidence of victory, he would have caused his own little band to join the Prussians. Why did he not do this? He considered it the best wisdom to remain neutral. *Will they respect his neutrality? I doubt it*. In October last year something might have been done. *The Prussians should*

then have fallen on the rear of the French, and then there would have been no triumphal entry into Vienna, and no sun of victory would have shone on Austerlitz.”

In the days of Velleda, prophetic women were never neglected in the counsels of the Germans ; but modern men, because action belongs to them exclusively, are apt to imagine that the motives of action come within their sway as naturally. But this is a great error. A woman always feels more truly than a man, and when she is sensible she can see more clearly also in many things. How accurately these prognostications of the Brunswick Princess were fulfilled, no person need be told ; the coincidence in some points is very striking. The Prussians were “ furiously deceived ;” and the Duke of Brunswick, as if in visible retribution of the blind policy of the government which he served, was shot blind in both eyes. Strombeck accompanied the unhappy prince in the northward flight of the family, immediately after the battle. The account which he gives of the Duke’s last moments is valuable, as coming from so respectable an eyewitness. We may mention here also, that the Baron states, and Mr Alison proves, that Frederick of Brunswick had nothing to do with the concocting of the famous manifesto of 1792 that bears his name, and carries him in the front of modern history as a blusterer and a bully. Had he really been the author or abettor of that rash document, we could not have sympathized so sincerely as we do with the following simple statement of his sad end :—

“ A short time before the Duke’s departure from his own land, which he had always loved as a true father, a complaint escaped him—the only one which I heard from his mouth during his hard fate—‘ *Ich verlasse nun alles, und bin von allen verlassen*,’ (I leave all now, and am left by all.) With tears in his eye, the privy-councillor Wolfradt besought him that he might accompany him, and remain with him to the last. The Duke seized Wolfradt’s hand, held it for some minutes in silence, and then said to him, victorious over all selfish feeling : ‘ No ! my course is run, (*mit mir ist es aus*;) care for my country, and give me a solemn promise to remain with it al-

ways.' Wolfradt promised with tears; and he fulfilled his promise.* . . .

"After this interview, the Duke was carried in a covered field-bed to Celle and Harburg, Altona and Ottensen; in which place he had been already several days, when the princess, his sister, arrived from Serbach.

"The Duke was lodged in a villa (*landhaus*) at Ottensen, in a large room of the second story. He was lying in the same field-bed in which he had made the journey. How can I describe my feelings as I stood before the dying prince! Never shall I forget the sight, as he lay there in stupor with pale countenance, somewhat swollen, red of both eyes, the sockets covered with *charpie* and plaster—surrounded by a few only of his most faithful friends, not venturing to speak a single word lest probably they should disturb a sleep which they only suspected to exist. The Duke was clothed in a violet-coloured silk dressing gown, and a white woollen cap. So prostrated I had never seen him—the man, who, from the early morning, was always wont to go in military dress—disdaining, as it were, to cast off for a moment the insignia of action. Not a word escaped from his lips; no one could tell whether he was asleep or awake. I guess, however, that he was in a state of dreaming half-consciousness, brooding over the prostration of his and Germany's fortunes. This appears almost the certain conclusion from the splinters of the cranium found in the brain after his decease, which caused a supuration, the immediate cause of his death.

"When I left the Duke in this sad condition, I met the Duchess on the point of entering the house. She hoped to hear words of consolation from me. What could I say? I returned to my princess to report what I had seen, not without fear what might be the consequence of this new stroke. But nature, kindly wise in all things, after woe reaches a certain pitch, buckles herself up, and shows a strength in the hardest hour, that no one had suspected. The princess heard me with the utmost calmness,

and with the utmost calmness also replied, 'Such an end was worthy of my brother!—a great man; so posterity will acknowledge him;—a father of his country, and to me the kindest of brothers. I weep him as already dead. In a few days his sorrows are ended. God strengthen him in his last moments!'

"So ends the sad reality. Prussia is prostrate; Brunswick is prostrate; Hessa is prostrate: and now the curtain rises upon a vain and foolish pageant, a painted gale, as, in Shakespeare's plays, a mountebank comes in after a murder. Such preludes were Jena, Auerstädt, Eylau, and Friedland, to the kingdom of Westphalia."

The part which Jerome had to play was, of course, according to the Bonaparte policy, not that of an independent king, but of a governor in a French colony. The Germans, however, were too honest and too hopeful to look upon the matter in this dark light at first; they were willing to give King Jerome a fair trial; and accordingly when, towards the end of the year 1807, the new king entered the good town of Brunswick under a triumphal arch, the free-hearted inscription met his eyes, "*Sei uns was unser VATER war!*" "Be to us what our Father was!" Never was man more kindly welcomed into a country where he was not only a stranger but an enemy. And Jerome himself began, like Nero, with good omens—"seemed almost a saint," as one witness says,†—"displayed in all points an amiability," says Baron Strombeck, "that left nothing to be desired." But—and the buts here are many. In the first place, Jerome was a man, and a young man; and what was required to give solidity to the new kingdom was a king, and a strong king. In the next place, he was a Frenchman; and it is a most innocent simplicity in the author of the article "Jerome," in the *Conversations Lexicon*, to say, *Er bekümmerte sich wenig um die Geschäfte*, and, *LERNT NICHT EINMAL DEUTSCH*—"did not even learn German." For what purpose did and do Frenchmen wish to belt themselves

* He was afterwards minister in the kingdom of Westphalia, of which Brunswick formed a part, and, according to Strombeck's testimony, one of the few substantial men in it.

† *Memoirs of the Court of Westphalia under Jerome Bonaparte.* London, 1820.

with the Rhine, and to dam in the Mediterranean, if not to Frenchify them? The Germans, with that reasonableness which characterizes all their doings, were willing to come halfway to meet a French king; but it was the vainest of vain imaginations to expect that a French king should come halfway to meet them. Jerome was not the only Frenchman in Cassel who did not know, or care to know German. Not one of the ministers knew the language of the men with whom they were in daily communication. In the third place, Jerome could not shake himself free of the man who made him; and it was not his fault if M. Daru was sent from Paris to celebrate the auspicious commencement of the new *German* kingdom, by carrying off the first year twenty-five millions of francs to replenish *Parisian* coffers, and if General Michaud, in Napoleon's name, not in Jerome's, with twelve thousand French soldiers, occupied the only fortress in his kingdom during the whole duration of the dynasty. In the fourth place, it was not Jerome's fault if decent people in Paris naturally looked upon Cassel as a sort of genteel Botany Bay; and the young king, accordingly, without having much choice in the matter, soon found himself surrounded with greedy groups of all the imbeciles, coxcombs, rakes, horse-leeches, quacks, pretenders, and adventurers of all kinds, who being considered by others too bad for the worst places at home, naturally enough, by way of compensation, considered themselves entitled to a pick of the best places abroad. So it fares with all colonies, and things (like Napoleon's kingdoms) of a colonial nature, not then only, but now sometimes. Many strange figures in December 1807, were observed scanning the streets of Cassel clad in coats of threadbare brown, which in a short time became new and glossy. Under all these circumstances, if Jerome, notwithstanding the "amiability which left nothing to desire," soon showed himself a greater adept at spending money easily than at husbanding it wisely, and if he seemed more concerned that his courtiers should have pretty wives than that his ministers

should have hard heads and honest hearts, who can blame him? To play the king well at Cassel, as he had to play it, was a much more difficult thing than to carry off a manly scar from Hougomont. Altogether it was a misfortune to him, as it has been to many good people, to have an emperor for his brother. How much more respectably and decently might he not have lived with his natural wife, Elizabeth Paterson, a merchant's daughter (not a princess) at Baltimore!

There is an awkward story told of his Westphalian majesty, that one of the first things he did on arriving at Cassel, was, coat and waistcoat doffed, to take a game at *leapfrog* with some of his nimble Frenchmen in the back garden of the palace, in the midst of which royal sport, having been overlooked by some profane eyes that should *not* have been looking out from an adjacent window at such a moment, he purchased the house the next day, and *ordered* the proprietor to procure another.* This affair, innocent enough in itself, (for *leapfrog* is a very proper gymnastic,) was unfortunately but too symbolical of the puerile and playful style in which for the space of five years (by God's blessing not longer) the light French monkey was permitted to caper it upon the back of the huge German ox. It seemed as if they meant to make a Christmas holyday of it altogether, taking nothing seriously but pleasure. With what pomp and glitter, too, and magnificent masquerade, did he not parade before the simple-minded Germans! You would have thought the single mine of Rammelsberg had been a whole Peru. On the second day of July 1808, the first meeting of the parliament of the new constitutional kingdom took place in the Orangery at Cassel. Our Baron was there, as deputy of the Leine department; and he tells us the whole story with a pleasant humour, as one would describe the Eglinton tournament, not being able to look upon it seriously. In the place of the Museum, (afterwards, with the French mania for changing old names, called the place of the Estates,) the members of the Council of State were assembled,

* Memoirs of the Court of Westphalia, p. 21.

most magnificently dressed "with velvet mantles, scarfs, and *toques à la Henri Quatre*, over which the most beautiful ostrich feathers were waving." The deputies, on that first occasion, looked very plebeian before this regal display; but before the next parliament, which met in January 1810, they also were dressed out in a livery befitting the lackeys of Napoleon—"in blue French cloth embroidered with orange yellow silk, a white silk scarf, a blue silk richly embroidered mantle, and a black velvet *toque à la Henri Quatre*, with ostrich feathers." And Jerome himself, at that first parliament, as we are told, after the due preparation of cannons and coaches, appeared "before our entranced and astonished eyes, clothed in a garment of white silk, which was half covered by a purple mantle. On his head was a plumed hat, brilliant with diamonds; and on his neat feet were white silk shoes, with rose-red heels and white ribbons." Which parade, when Napoleon afterwards partly saw and partly heard, no wonder if he exclaimed—" *Il faut que l'or soit à bon marché en Westphalie*," (the fact being all the while that the kingdom was begun and carried on only by the help of the Jews,)—an observation which Baron Strombeck informs us was attended to, in so far as the golden embroidery objected to was changed into silver *not less costly*. Napoleon, in truth, had no cause to criticise Jerome. His system was in all things, so far at least as outward appearances went, to make Cassel a little Paris, and Westphalia a little France. The French Emperor had dazzled the eyes of the hard-faced Republicans, by empty regal theatricalities of the same description; and no doubt such might have been very proper for France. But Jerome had to deal with Germans, and with Germans of the Germans, (for such are the Westphalians, the genuine stock of Herman,) sober, sensible, plain, decent people, and his "*toque à la Henri Quatre*, with ostrich feathers," like his leapfrog, could only serve to make him and his dynasty ridiculous. Kaiser Franz, the thin grey man that slinked along the Bastei at Vienna like some cloistered student without observance, knew better of what stuff German loyalty is made.

The first grand gala day of the
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opening of the Westphalian Chambers, the 20th July 1808, was crowned with a feast or repast, which many of those who were present at it will not soon forget. Each member of the States had, on the day previous, received a printed note, in the following terms:—"Le Grand Chambellan, comme Grand-Maître des Cérémonies, a l'honneur de prévenir Monsieur, membre des Etats, qu'il est porté sur la liste des personnes qui auront l'honneur d'assister au repas de leur Majestés le 2 Juillet. On se rassemblera au Palais, à quatre heures et demie précises.—Cassel, ce 29 Juin 1808."

"Now," continues our memorialist, "this '*assister au repas*' was understood by many of the deputies, with rustic simplicity and unsuspecting German honesty, to mean, what it seemed to mean, that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to ask us to take dinner with him; and accordingly not a few of us had come to the place of rendezvous, *impransi et incantati*. But it was not meant so. Louis XIV. never invited any but princes of the blood to his table; and we, poor deputies, might have had in mind, from the days of the empire, how the Emperor feasted in the Römer, at Frankfort, alone; waited on by the princes of the empire in person, or their deputies. Our business here, also, was only to see; and we saw the royal table, covered with vermillion and glancing in gold; and beside it, under a canopy, two magnificent throne-like chairs. The master of ceremonies, and the great dignitaries, stood in silent reverence on either side, waiting the arrival of majesty. . . . I saw one there—he was standing beside me—who must have felt any thing but comfortable in such a situation. It was the once Prussian minister and general of cavalry, Graf von Schulenburg-Kehnert. He, who had so often dined with the great Frederick, could now sit, '*assisting at the repast*' of Jerome! . . . Suddenly a voice called—*le roi! la reine!* Their Majesties entered, and placed themselves at the table. Even the Lord's Prayer must be degraded by being dragged into the service of this frivolous solemnity. His Episcopal Grace, the Commander Baron von Wendt, bishop in *parlibus*, cathedral provost of Hildesheim, and first Aumonier,

clothed with all the attributes of his Episcopal dignity, and on his broad mantle showing the glittering star of the Prussian order of the Red Eagle, in enlarged dimensions—walked up before their Majesties, a magnificently-bound prayer-book, with gold clasps, in both hands; (on the left was a precious jewel, a present from Napoleon)—and pronounced the blessing with the most devout air imaginable, moving his lips secretly, long after the prayer was said. He then retired silently in deep devotion. Then the king and queen tasted of the dishes, and drank some draughts of wine and water. A peculiar stillness, I remember, prevailed, when the king condescended to drink; and, if I remember rightly, this act was accompanied with the discharge of cannon. In about twenty minutes their Majesties rose; and the bishop approaching again, pronounced another prayer. The procession moved off in serious silence—the folding-doors closed, and each went to his own house. In the evening, to crown this wonderful day worthily, an exhibition of fireworks was given, which cost 20,000 francs; something far more splendid than I had ever seen at Paris, or in the prater of Vienna. So Germans learned to assist at the repast of French kings, and so Jerome honoured the representatives of his German people."

These details—insignificant enough, it will be allowed—are nevertheless the most characteristic that can go down to posterity as immortal memorials of the kingdom of Westphalia. It was characterised also, if we are to believe grave reports, by dissoluteness and debauchery of a most royal kind; but Baron Strombeck, with a purity of feeling and a kindliness of heart that does him honour, prefers, as we stated in the outset, to let such things remain under the darkness of the night to which they belong.

So much the more willing is he to preserve the memory of any thing, which, amid this regal voluptuousness and masquerade, was solid and substantial. Of this nature is the account which he gives of the manner of transacting public business in the Westphalian parliament. This we extract at length, with the more willingness

that it is not a mere matter of historical curiosity; but may be considered as embodying the opinions of a great party at present existing in Germany, with regard to the theory of representative constitutions:—

"The manner in which public business was conducted in the Westphalian parliament appears to me admirable, and, in my opinion, it was in every view preferable to the oratorical tactics of our so-called constitutional states. This may appear strange to some; but experience has convinced me that I am right. Let me give a slight sketch of the Westphalian method. The government alone had the initiative, and committed to the ministers and the councillors of state the duty of preparing projects of law. These draughts were brought, in the first place, before the Collective Council of State, which deliberated generally under the personal presidency of the king. Here the scheme was discussed in all its details, and not perfunctorily as some may suppose, but with a most thorough sifting, and not seldom attacked with many hypercritical objections—'*chacun y veut mettre quelque chose du sien, et beaucoup du sien*,' as the minister Simeon said to me, alluding to these discussions. The king possessed a remarkable perspicacity, (*einen ganz ausgezeichneten scharfsinn*;) and had the tact of leading the debates of his Council of State, as if he had been the practised president of many years, while, at the same time, he allowed each individual the most perfect liberty of remark. In this way the original draught was exposed to the most searching criticism, and was often put three or four times into a new shape before being finally laid before the chambers. It may easily be conceived how much caution was necessary, on the part of the ministers, in this preparatory work; for a single unpalatable article, by the constitution, gave the States the power to reject the whole law. The project was then brought before the Commission of the States, to whose department it belonged; and the members of the Commission, along with the majority of the States, met daily in private *reunions*, in the house of the President, and by

* The Memoirs quoted above.

converse with the best-informed members, became acquainted with any objections that might be reasonably made against the proposed law. These assemblies in the President's house took place generally every evening; and to defray the expenses connected with them he received a handsome salary from government. Those who have not been present at such meetings will not easily believe how instructive they were, and what acute practical criticisms were made on the projected laws, infinitely more edifying than all the public, often disgusting, prate which we hear in so many Chambers of Deputies, where the main object always is for the speaker to make himself important. Prepared in this manner, by interchange of ideas with the most intelligent practical men, the Commission next proceeded to independent examination. As soon as it was agreed in a result, a conference took place with the relative section of the Council of State. In this conference the most conciliatory disposition was always manifest, on both sides, to come to a common agreement on a scheme which might run no danger of being rejected by the chambers. The various proposed amendments were now printed, and, with the proposed law, distributed among the members of Parliament. In this manner, each individual member approached the subject with the most perfect preparation. In the decisive sitting, one speaker on the part of the Council of State, and another on the part of the States, explained fully the grounds of the proposed law. These speeches were masterpieces, as well in logical development as in sound political matter. I may only mention the well-known speeches of Wolfradt, Leist, Martens, as proofs of their high excellence. To what purpose, then, after this, a general bandying of words, and debate, as it is called in England? The matter had already been sufficiently discussed in the private meetings at the President's house; and it only remained, further, to say yea or nay to the project as it stood; and this could be done without the least danger to any one, for no one was entitled to ask whether a member had put a black or a white ball into the box. If, after all this care, the law was nevertheless rejected, (as it was in the case of the property tax,) it was an easy matter for the ministers

to learn what particular article had given offence. It will be clear, now, to any impartial person, that the grand advantage of this method of managing public business, is the freedom from endless squabbles which it ensures, and the gag which it places on the mouth of individual bawlers, ever ready to give out their egotism for patriotism. Where there are two chambers, I have always defended publicity of debate, and am in favour of it still, though I must confess experience has not a little cooled my dogmatism; but with one chamber so arranged as the Westphalian, I am willing to dispense with oratory. '*Nil rebus publicis obest magis, quam quod astuti pro prudentibus recipiantur*,' says Bacon. How many a law, how many a revolution, has been brought about for the mere attainment of some private advantage! And these cunning tactics (as France teaches) find no fitter field than a parliamentary tribune. On the inflammable nonsense that will always be spoken in a first, a second chamber acts as a damper; but is it not painful to think, that with the system of one chamber, a single eloquent fool with one sentence may blow up a whole state? In Westphalia the sittings were public; but as nothing was spoken but the clear business-like statements of the leading members of the Council of State, and of the Commissions of the States, every danger arising from oratory was avoided."

This is very sensible in a way; so in a manner, but not altogether so, as Aristotle says in the *Ethics*; and it deserves to be remarked, as matter of history, that the Westphalian States, conducting public business in this fashion, were assembled twice (in 1808 and in 1810) during the quinquennial dynasty, and twice black-balled the Ministry on important questions. Afterwards, as Baron Strombeck very naively remarks, it was considered too circuitous a method to govern by means of States, and much more convenient not to ask their opinion at all, especially in times so critical as those which were now approaching. We may certainly suppose, that if the kingdom of Westphalia had survived the catastrophe of 1813, Jerome would have found no great difficulty in annihilating the States altogether, as Napoleon did the Tribunate in France.

Among the few orators whom the

Westphalian system allowed to exhibit themselves, was the famous historian Johann von Müller—a name of European celebrity in his own sphere; but a sorry exhibition he made of it on that occasion. Müller may be regarded as the glorified incarnation of German weakness and German servility; and the speech which he, in the capacity of Secretary of State, made at the closing of the first session of the Westphalian parliament, will remain to all ages a patent proof how much more potent to annihilate patriotism petty princedom may be at home, than the most clean-sweeping conqueror from abroad. Müller, in 1805, was a star of the Napoleon party in Germany, and allowed himself to be so far dazzled by the grand genius of this man—contrasted, as it stood, so favourably with the paltriness of dukes and grand-dukes at home—that his admiration assumed the air of the most servile adulation, and his faith in the Frenchman amounted to an actual suicide of the German. He must, accordingly, go down to posterity as the representative of that spirit of *self-disownment*, which, in some phases of the German character, repels us more even than the proverbial vanity of the French. After the battles of Austerlitz and Auerstädt, what could be conceived more humiliating than the following praise of Napoleon from the mouth of a German:—"HE, BEFORE WHOM THE WORLD IS DUMB, BECAUSE GOD GAVE THE WORLD INTO HIS HANDS—recognised in Germany the breastwork and bastion of the south and the west, of the great seats of European culture. For vulgar politics too sublime, he gave Germany firmness, gave us the example of his victorious arms, and the blessing of his enlightened laws; and instead of a humiliated soldiery, respectable and respected citizens. Out of twenty lands he created one kingdom. Could he do more?" And again:—"After the eight centuries of lawless freedom in which Germany rioted, from Herman to Charlemagne, and after the thousand years of subjection to numberless spiritual and secular masters, a new age and a SECOND CHARLEMAGNE has called together all ranks and all classes, to live under the new law of equality of all duties and rights, and to co-operate with him in the grand work of social perfectionation."—Is it not shameful and a

disgrace to the nation, that one of the greatest writers—certainly not greatest *men*—of Germany, should have used such language? Do we not appear to be quoting some blast of sonorous French political gosselling from Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon*? And yet there is nothing wonderful in the matter, when coolly considered. There was no "Anti-Gallican" in Germany in 1808. Where, indeed, was GERMANY then, before Arndt had written his songs, or Blücher fought his battles? Even now it is more mechanically than chemically *one*—a collection of units ready to go into rank-and-file instinctively, perhaps, against French ambition; but no organized body for all purposes—for some purposes a mere name. Napoleon was a reality; a man from whom a philosophical historian might rationally hope something, had he only known, while he strove to be a philosopher, to keep himself a man and a German. There is a great deal of profound historic truth in the following characteristic of the German race; but it did not become a man and a patriot to make court to Jerome with so self-denying a confession:—

"This peculiarity," continues the German Tacitus, "is observable in the northern nations, especially those of the Teutonic race. As often as in the councils of God it was determined to make them participant of some new development, a shock from without was necessary to rouse them (*es musste ein stoss von aussen kommen*); but when they had once received the impulse, they improved upon their teachers at a great rate. There seems a certain quietude natural to the inhabitants of regions where the sky is more dull, and the clod more heavy; the fermentation of their ideas is not so easily excited, and they are characterized in mass rather by soundness of judgment than by the brilliancy of southern fancy. Custom does not merely enclose—it cradles them. They are apt to fall asleep on the pillow of the past; and from time to time, if they are rudely shaken, it is well."—In other words, you French rieurs have drubbed us soundly at Jena, robbed us wholesale at Tilsit, and taken the keys of the land and of our strong-box into your possession to keep as long as it shall please God; for all which we thank Providence, and humbly kiss your excellency's hands.—Ne-

ver did great author degrade the pen before the sword in such fashion as this German Tacitus. Most happily, as Strombeck informs us, this famous ferreter of folios and fencer with fine words, had not pith enough in him to speak this speech to the deputies; he read it *before* them. "He brought it, as if it had been one of his own proof-sheets, out of a small red pocket-book, and read it with an unpleasant Swiss accent and a feeble voice." Poor Müller! brought out of his own region of speculation, where he was a king of gods and men, to walk through eternal centuries as the representative of "Germany in her deepest humiliation!" May God keep us all from those prominent public places, where the wisest sometimes can only open their mouths to publish their own shame!

The French dynasty in Cassel was not, however, altogether bad, or altogether vain; in virtue of Müller's principle of a "shock from without," not a little good might be expected, and some good was effected under Jerome's government. The goose, as in the story which we all know, laid a golden egg, and then flew up to the moon. There was, in the first place, the introduction of the French code and the French *procès* into the hitherto inviolate region of legal monstrosity in Northern Germany. Our memorialist, who served his country, under the new dynasty, as President of the Court of Appeal at Celle, bears express and valuable testimony on this point. The illustrated lives of Napoleon may afford to pass such undramatic affairs over; but here, if any where, in such an uninteresting matter as the introduction of a new form of process into the court of a petty German duchy, is the *meaning* of Napoleon's battles to be found.—"To Simeon," the Minister of Justice," says the Baron, "with whom I have long lived on terms of the strictest intimacy, and a man, I may truly say, of the noblest qualities, both of heart and head, the kingdom of Westphalia was indebted for a jurisprudential constitution, which even now appears a pattern. Not till this was imitated in several German states, and specially in the duchy of Bruns-

wick, by the well-known changes in 1814 and 1823, could we boast of any considerable improvement in the old and cumbrous machinery of the law."

We refer those who are in earnest in seeking out the substantial fruits of recent European history, to the study of North German law, under the guidance of Baron von Strombeck, who has given to the world many admirable works on the subject, a catalogue of which will be found appended to the second volume of the Memoirs. Meanwhile, may we perhaps venture, unpatriotically, to express the suspicion that there may be not a few things in the machinery of our law, "in this snug little island," which "a shock from without," in the Napoleon style, might, by the blessing of God, have considerably amended; for we also belong to the German race? This is a matter for wise men to consider.

Another good thing effected by the ephemeral Westphalian kingdom, was the breaking down of the exclusive privileges of a nobility, made more odious in many cases by such privileges than recommended by their substantial worth and influence. In Prussia, before the battle of Jena, none but a noble was entitled to be an officer in the army; none but a noble could hold land; and a lack-land noble, however paltry, was alone entitled to hold up his head in the presence of majesty. This most monstrous *cast* of purely feudal noblesse, Stein and Hardenberg, in the part of Prussia which remained subject to Frederick William, laid utterly prostrate. Jerome also, in this department, had work to do. In Germany generally, from the lack of popular freedom, the respect for the native nobility, even when they were substantial, had long borne, to our bold British sense, a sickly and childish, and almost superstitious aspect. The German reverence for titles is proverbial. Herr Weber—the pleasant old topographer whom we lately introduced to our readers—mentions a stern notice written on the gate at Herrnhansen, in these terms:—"Entrance is permitted to *all* persons; but *common* people are interdicted from bringing in dogs on pain of corporal punishment;

* Well known afterwards as peer of France and French minister. See a short sketch of him among the modern ministers of France in the *Zeitgenossen*,

neither are such allowed to sit on the seats round the great fountain when *persons of rank* require them." And what English traveller, visiting sights in the Saxon, or Silesian, or Westphalian Switzerland, (for there are half-a-dozen Switzerlands in Germany,) has not smiled with a good-natured British pride, beholding, on some broad-shouldered stone, such an *in perpetuam rei memoriam* as—"On this stone his most illuminated (*durch lauchtigster*) Ducal Highness, the — of —, on the — day of —, in the year of our Lord —, *condescended (geruhete)* to sit down, and take in (*einnehmen*) a little refreshment (*pumpnickel* and raw ham?) and thereafter graciously expressed himself highly delighted with the beauties of the surrounding scenery." Now this childish respect for a privileged class, looked upon by the vulgar *bürger* not as men but as gods—(a very different thing from that famous spirit of aristocracy which, from every shoemaker calling himself *bootmaker*, to the Chancellor with the great seals, is an inherent part of the British character)—was brushed away to a great extent in North Germany before the broad besom of Napoleon. After the battle of Jena the question in Prussia was, not who is a noble, but who is a MAN; and in Cassel, as it was necessary for the strange king to court popularity in every rational way, the burdens of the state were laid on without respect of persons.

By pursuing a just and equitable system in the matter of taxation and conscription, Jerome gained the affections of the mass of his new subjects, without forfeiting the support of the old nobility, who were not indeed in a situation to take offence.* Napoleon's famous system of *fusion* thus began to operate in Cassel as in Paris; and not between the nobility and *bürger* only, but also between the *bürger* and the bureaucrats, or 'state-employed—a class of men who are now again the most absolute of petty despots in most parts of Germany—as indeed they can scarcely be otherwise, where they are the muscles in the arms of an unlimited monarch. Baron Strombeck has a passage much to the

purpose here, which deserves to be preserved.—"When," says he, "after the lapse of so many years, I think seriously on those days of foreign sovereignty, the most prominent feature in my mind is the contrast between those days and the present, in the relation of the *burgesses* to the bureaucrats. These latter were in Jerome's kingdom in some respects elevated above, in other respects sunk below, their previous and present importance; an incongruity arising naturally enough from that mixture of republican spirit and monarchical forms by which the dynasty of Napoleon was characterized. Whilst, on the one hand, no subject, not even the highest, was permitted to eat at the royal table; and whilst at the Court the most minute and perplexing etiquette, in many points, was maintained; on the other hand, the members of the estates, on great occasions, might sit covered in the presence of majesty; when the President appeared at Court, both wings of the folding-doors flew open before him; the guard presented arms, and the Court lackeys stood aside respectfully, when the vulgar rustic deputy from the Diemel or the Werra appeared at the gate of the king's palace. Of any preference of the military class, there was not the least idea; even a general of division considered himself highly honoured when named councillor of state, and was not slow to prefix this civil title to his military one. No form of politeness was wanting when a minister wrote to the mayor of the smallest village; and, assuredly, it was no vain word when Jerome said, '*Je veux qu'on respecte la dignité de l'homme et du citoyen*.' Even Bercagny, when he believed seriously, that KOTH SASSE* signified '*un homme qui est assis sur la boue*,' and forbade the use of the word among his subordinates, as derogatory to the dignity of human nature, paid homage to the principle of citizenship. Nor can we ever forget that it was in Westphalia that the soldier was first trained without the degrading use of the corporal's cane; while the Hessian, by being beat, was drilled into the venal slave of every man that wanted an arm. All

* This word (from *Koth*, our English *cot*, *hut*, and *Sasse*, settler) means a small farmer, or crofter, elevated a little above the lowest rank of peasants, (*Bauer*.) *Halb-bauer*, *Budner*, (Scotch, *Bothy*.) and *Kotheasse*, are synonymous.

this we recollect and acknowledge with thankfulness; but it is incredible how a sensible government could think to win the hearts of a sensible people in the nineteenth century by such a vain display of mock Henri-Quatreing as I have elsewhere described."

The outward fates of the kingdom of Westphalia are part of the grand lines of the history of Europe, and need not be enlarged on here. The small episode in 1809, occasioned by the preparations for the battle of Wagram, towards the grand results of which Jerome was expected to contribute, was ludicrous enough. An army of pillaging commissaries, drinking officers, marauding soldiers, and gaming generals, marched through Saxony towards the confines of Bohemia. Jerome himself was present, followed by a part of his court, with "horses, carriages, valets, and useless attendants without number." While they were bivouacking near the Bohemian mountains, an alarm was suddenly given; and then it was "ludicrous to see the chamberlains running in their silk stockings and embroidered clothes about the muddy fields of Saxony. These drawing-room soldiers left their shoes in the ruts to accelerate their flight. It was only a panic; but the shadow of an Austrian would have sufficed to disperse the army." Fortunately for these chamberers, the armistice of Znaym, ending in the peace of Presburg, gave them an opportunity of honourably sheathing their unstained swords. Meanwhile the Black Brunswick, with a thousand brave men, cut through the whole north-eastern cordon of the great empire, and embarked at Bremen for the land of the free.

We might well close here; but we perceive we have marked one passage for extract, too important to be omitted. It concerns France indeed more than Westphalia. But Paris was the metropolitan of Cassel. Our Baron is a great traveller, and in 1811, he was in the capital of the French; where, from the high situation he held in Jerome's service and favour, he was admitted into the highest circles on the most confidential footing. The historian of those times will not consider the following notices unimportant. Such

stray voices, well selected, are in reality the eyes of history:—

"In the capacity of Westphalian, I was treated by every person in Paris as a friend; and the expression—*Français futur*—was a standing witticism whenever I was presented to any person. This friendly feeling seemed to banish all reserve between me and my Parisian patrons; they spoke their sentiments to me freely on all subjects, and I had not the least ground to suspect that they had any intention to practise upon me. What possible motive, indeed, could they have had for such conduct? I was, accordingly, from all that I heard and saw of various French society, confirmed in the opinion which I had formed on my first visit to Paris in 1805: viz. that *Napoleon was the right man in all respects for this people*, (would only that he had been so also for the rest of Europe!) and that a ruler who treated them as he did, was better for them than all constitutions and all charters. There was indeed no want of constitutional forms in France; but was it not ludicrous to provide a *commission sénatoriale de la liberté individuelle*, and another *de la liberté de la presse*, while against imprisonment for alleged political offences, against the suppression of printed books, and against the most arbitrary censorship, not the smallest available remedy was at hand! What did these commissions in their sittings decide? Nothing that could by any possibility come across the will of the emperor, we may presume. I on one occasion put a question of this nature to Count de Maleville, to which he replied, that the aid of both commissions was not seldom required; and, in fact, in matters of small importance, such may often have been the case. With what effect I did not learn. So France was governed, and France was content; for trade (only not colonial trade) flourished, money was in abundance, and every day saw some new monument arise which satisfied the national pride, and flattered the national vanity, and at the same time employed artificers and artists; universal confidence and a feeling of security prevailed, the department of Justice was admirably organized, the state credit well founded,

and, what with Frenchmen outweighed all, France was respected beyond all precedent abroad. ' *Notre empereur est trop ambitieux* ' was indeed a remark often made; but every individual Frenchman was so, no less than the emperor, and could not but be inwardly delighted with an ambition which had hitherto borne such glorious fruits. The conscription was a burden certainly; but the victims of this system, like the Arabs whom the Pacha of Egypt has gathered together, soon fell in love with their new condition: and did one not see, besides, at every street corner, a congregation of idle dandies, who certainly would have been nothing the worse but much the better of a walk behind the drum? That there would be war with Russia next year, no person in the summer of 1811 had the least doubt, but no novel-writer could then have dreamed that the exhibition should have marched on to Moscow. *Of blame in reference to that war, I did not hear a single word: on the contrary, every man was glorying in the certain prospect of new laurels; and what danger indeed had Napoleon to fear in that quarter, had he only had moderation enough not to pass the eastern boundary of Lithuania? And, as it was, had he been so fortunate as to find a less obstinate adversary, and concluded with him a peace at Moscow, in this case, without the addition of one inch to his prudence or foresight, he would have been more than Alexander the Great to the end of time. But the comet of 1811 was already approaching, divining to the mighty emperor the finishing of his fate, and to the oppressed nations their liberation from the Gallic yoke; but divining also internal strife and division to every state: for so are mortal men constituted, that in success they cannot keep measure; but essay always to attain something higher, something unattainable.*

Wisely spoken! but, like all very wise things, also very vague. Would our good baron have the world to fall asleep altogether, that he, in his green old age, may write memoirs, and arrange mineralogical specimens more curiously? We shall not vex our souls over much about these "internal strifes and divisions," which, if they do no-

thing better, at least keep us alive and in good training. The external strifes which are stirring again, seem more ominous for the moment. What time will bring out of the present ferment in foreign policy—a partition (which *integrity*, being interpreted, sometimes means) of Turkey, or a partition of France, no man knows. Honest men, however, with

One foot up and one foot down,
That is the way to London town,

may sing their song, and march on cheerily, without any fear of a pulk of Cossacks shaking them out of their jackets, as happened to Jerome on the morning of the 28th September 1813, whereupon the factitious royalty fell off like a garment, only to be put on again for a few days, and then be finally trampled in the mud by the wheels that rolled in thunder—three portentous days—over Leipzig. The French withdrew themselves from Westphalia, and from Germany, and from the RHINE, (*sic sollen ihn nicht haben*—"they shall not have it"—as the new song says,) we hope, for ever—chaunting a ditty of retreat more lamentable than Voltaire's.

O detestable Westphalie!
Vous n'avez chez vous ni vin frais,
Ni liti, ni servantes jolies—
De convenus vous êtes remplie,
Et vous manquez de cabarets.

The "swine-generals" (*dieu i-pog-les*) of the land of Herman are not an over-polished race certainly; but if deft ex-minister Thiers, through his sagacious spectacles, should, on any future occasion, be possessed by the whim to turn the "national instinct" of France from Egypt to Germany, he will perhaps find that there is a divine strength born of pumpernickel and pork, of which the civilized "cuisine" of Paris, even behind fortifications, is incapable. There were Frisians and free peasants in those parts once, very giants in brawn, building dykes against the sea and all despotism. There are some there still; and, from the most recent intelligence, we may add, that the animal called MUELLER, of exclusively German locality, like the dodo in Madagascar, has, since the year 1813, been altogether extinct.

SYRIA.

THE strong interest which has been excited by the British successes in Syria, has naturally drawn the general eye to the shores of the Levant. The great countries bordering on the waters of the Mediterranean have of late become the scenes of the most important events; and the singular tendency of European policy towards Asia, gives a strong and still indistinct promise, that some mightier changes are contemplated in those great countries. Under those circumstances, we are gratified by taking advantage of every source of information which comes before the public in an authentic form; and as the work of Mr Kinnear is not merely a graceful and spirited performance, but gives every impression of its being a candid and impartial one, we shall avail ourselves of his brief but lively and well written memoir.— Leaving Malta in January 1839, Mr Kinnear reached Alexandria after five days of an easy and agreeable voyage, though in the winter. The first sight of the coast disappointed him, as it does every one who is not prepared to find it the dead level that it is. It requires a sailor's eye to discern its sand from the waters. As the steamer approached the Nile, an Arab pilot-boat with a huge lateen sail came bounding over the waters; the venerable pilot stepped on board, and within an hour the anchor was dropped in the harbour of Alexandria.

Egypt, though in Africa, is more oriental than African; the dresses, the manners, and the spirit of the people are oriental. Now, indeed, another change has taken place—the discipline of the soldiery is European, their dress a mixture of the Turk and the Frank, their commerce and manufactures are European, and even the donkey drivers have learned European accomplishments, and interpret their native Arabic into French and English of the most startling order. The view from the sea is bare, dry, and desolate; but on landing, the scene improves. The stranger meets a very curious and picturesque population. Women in their loose robes of coarse

blue cotton, are seen moving about in all directions, carrying water-jars on their heads, or naked children astride on their shoulders; half-naked boys—the usual feature of every populous city in the world—are playing in the sun; and groups of Arabs were seen sitting and smoking their pipes under the shadow of the houses, who, if they had been in the desert, would to all appearance have found for themselves an occupation not quite so harmless to the spectator. Among them all, camels were passing in long troops laden with bales. The activity of the pasha has already raised Alexandria to the rank of a considerable city. It has already upwards of forty mercantile establishments, with about 40,000 inhabitants, an increase of nearly 30,000 within a few years.

Still there is a vast deal to be done before it can have the comforts or the cleanliness of a third-rate city of Europe. Intolerable dust in summer, and equally intolerable mire in winter, form the staple of the streets. Alexandria is a perpetual hotbed of the plague; and this is not surprising, when we reflect on the habitual filth, poverty, and rags of the lower population. Their dwellings in the suburb are hovels, surrounded, by dunghills, pools, and every abomination that can offend the senses. If the pasha would employ one of his regiments, and the price of one of his useless frigates, in purifying these quarters, he would be more a benefactor to his country than in employing half the rambling charlatans of Europe. The lions of Alexandria are Pompey's pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and Mohammed Ali. The two former have been often described, and to this moment employ the squabbles of antiquarians. The latter is a more perishable wonder, yet a nobler object than either of them; a great man, formed to greatness in a country where indolence is universal, where the attempt to rise is generally rewarded by the bowstring; and where all efforts to improve the country or the people are looked on with jealousy by the sultan, and with scorn by the multitude.

At the commencement of 1839, the pasha was preparing for that resistance in Syria, which would have been so effectual against the Turks, whom his troops never met but to defeat, and has been so ineffectual against the English. This produced the confusion natural to all countries where the sovereign is despotic, and where private convenience is regarded as nothing in the scale. To procure a boat to traverse the Mahmoudi canal was a matter of difficulty, and even then the boat was the reverse of an acquisition. It had neither cabin nor covering; and, though in Egypt, the traveller was half-frozen. On his arrival at Atfee, the starting-place on the Nile, at daylight, the difficulty of procuring a boat was found as great as at Alexandria; while the advantage of that indefatigable and useful person, Mr Waghorn's services, was apparent in the rather tantalizing sight of two comfortable boats in possession of two parties of travellers, who, having written to him, had obtained them through his interference. The other boats displayed the pasha's flag, and were evidently not disposable. The place was filled with the bustle of troops embarking; and it was looked on as a lucky chance that at last a boat was found on any terms. The Arab *reis* is the hackney coachman of the Nile; and it may be justly conceived that he has all the qualities of the profession. But, to the traveller's surprise, he found the boatman rapid in his motions, and, instead of lingering on the bank, hurrying up the river. The huge lateen sail was instantly hoisted, the boat pushed into the centre of the stream, and the voyage begun without delay. The true state of the case was, that the Arab was afraid of having his vessel pressed into the pasha's service; and the money of the Englishman was regarded by him as a more substantial affair than the promises of the commissariat of Mohammed Ali. He promised to reach Cairo in three days—if the wind held.

But that promise was a formidable one. The river twines like a serpent—nothing but a new wind every half-hour would carry any vessel up the Nile. So the progress is made, half sailing, half tracking; moving at the rate of a mile an hour; stopping constantly to track; and finally remaining tied to a stake for the night, and that night bitterly cold; the little cabin a dog-hole, without a bed, and yet with

that population which delights to prey upon the tourist in one. Cockroaches, fleas, and rats, all in remarkable activity, varied the vacancy of the hours, for to sleep was impossible.

Tourists sometimes pay severely enough for their pleasures; and four days of this miserable voyage had advanced the party only half-way up the river. Their patience, which might fairly have been exhausted long before this, was now utterly worn out, and they determined to hire camels, and proceed at all risks. After a kind of battle with the villagers, whom the frequent passage of travellers has taught to be as great rogues as the boatmen, and after being subjected to all kinds of base extortions, under the name of *bachsheesh*, or presents, they at length escaped from the village. It would be difficult to regret that the pasha fleeces this rabble; their extortions, which are little short of absolute robbery, and which every traveller knows to be equally incessant and disgusting, receive their natural retribution under the screw and the scourge of the gallant old Turk who rules them. The look of the villages is more tempting at a distance than when near. Minarets and date trees assist the picturesque; but then comes the reality of dilapidated huts surrounded with sand or mire, and every species of vileness that a people curious in nuisances can gather in the lapse of a generation; and this is in the midst of the inexhaustible fertility of the richest soil in the world. The country is every where intersected with little canals, which convey the waters to the lands above the level of the annual inundation. The labour of the peasant consists in little more than scraping the surface of the soil with a plough of the rudest construction, and raising water from the canals by an engine scarcely less rude; but, with all this ease, the peasant is wretched, meagre, ragged, and dirty; yet—as it is equally true that where he dares, he is insolent; and where he can cheat, he plunders without mercy; that, upon the whole, he has no more decency than he has conscience—he is only the fitter for his condition. Better usage should be reserved for better men.

The camel-drivers whom the party now hired, cheated them like the rest; and after an assurance that they should reach Cairo before sunset, they found

when sunset came, that they were short in their reckoning by five and twenty miles. As they were anxious to reach Cairo early next day, they moved on for some hours more till they brought up at a village, where they said the sheik "was a good man, and had a fine house, and would be glad to see the English." On arriving at the village, they had first to make their way through a pack of half-starved wolfish-looking dogs; and then they found the sheik's house fast shut up, and all its tenants fast asleep. After some knocking, they were roused, and the tourists sufficiently wearied to sleep any where. It was fortunate for them that they were so, for the place of their reception was altogether the reverse of tempting. They had now a specimen of the style of living of a sheik—"a good man, who had a fine house," and was given to hospitality. The wooden bolts were withdrawn, and they found themselves in a large court with buildings on three sides. A mare and a colt were going loose through the court, and a camel was tied to a stone trough in the centre; the buildings were low, flat-roofed hovels, and all looked poverty-stricken. The place assigned to the travellers was a building separate from that of the household, a single apartment twelve feet square, with the only light admitted by the door—window there being none. The walls were of a sufficiently primitive order, mud mixed with straw, quite bare; and the whole furniture consisting of a wooden bench, covered with a mat for the sleepers. The roof was thatched with palm leaves, so loosely as to let in the moonlight. Fleas were insuperabundant; these are a never-failing supply of the Egyptian chamber. The supper was not more luxurious than the lodging: it consisted of a dish of eggs, fried in oil; some slices of coarse bread; and a lump of hard salt curd, as the representative of cheese. In fact they wanted every thing but hunger; but having that, they contrived to get down this desperate meal. The fleas, however, had their banquet; and to sleep being next to impossible, they rejoiced at the first glimpse of dawn, and shook the dust from off their feet against the gates of the Arab.

They now saw the pyramids of Ghizah. It has been justly observed that great men should never be seen

near, nor great buildings at a distance. The pyramids are imperishable, but they look beggarly on the horizon; and even when near, the wonder at their magnitude is lost in the absurdity of their erection.

Cairo exhibits a superior picture to Alexandria. It is one of the noblest cities of the east, for we must still call Egypt oriental; it contains the finest and most characteristic buildings of at least modern Egypt; it has a crowded population, 220,000, and that population still retaining the most striking and noble costume of the existing world—the ancient costume of the Osmanli. The streets in general are the narrow and gloomy byways which are to be found in all eastern cities, a style of building partly produced by the wish to avoid the sun; and partly by the cities being in general cramped with walls and fortifications. But those streets are scarcely more than passages to the houses; the places of concourse are the bazars, which are continually thronged. The population is of the utmost diversity; Osmanli, Israelite, the Egyptian Fellah, the Arab from the coast and the desert—merchant and robber, and sometimes both; all buzzing in this enormous, hot, and busy hive. In the midst of those, are the women of the lower orders, as rough and bustling as the men; fierce viragoes in blue cotton shifts; old women, the original models of Sycorax, wild, skinny, sun-dried, and startling; pitcher-carrying girls, giving a promise of good looks through rags and unwashed visages; Egyptian fashionables, hurrying through the crowd in the shape of bales of white muslin and black silk, walking upon pairs of large yellow morocco boots—for the face is not visible, and the interior of the bale, or inner woman, is only to be conjectured; and from time to time a female party of still higher condition, mounted on asses, and preceded by an *avant-courier*, a hideous black, as the guardian of their character, on the way to and from the bath—the Al-macks, the Café de Mille Colonne, or the Redoute of every city of the land of the oriental. The women of the higher orders show only their eyes—this may be modesty, but it is also art; for, whatever may be their other features, they all have fine eyes—the long expressive eye, which their predecessors' tombs show to have been the pro-

duce of Egypt three thousand years; the eyes which, among the frightful bird-nosed and mummy-visaged figures of the Thebaid, still show that nature was beautiful there in spite of the caricatures of public taste and the impertinence of royal undertakers.

But there is a new characteristic in this city which adds another leaf to the laurels of old Mohammed Ali. For the first time since the days of Pharaoh, the unhappy Jews are no longer kicked, trampled on, and bastinadoed by all the world of Cairo. Jew, Turk, Copt, and Christian may go their way, follow their trade, worship in their own manner, and do every thing but persecute each other. A few years ago, the Christian who attempted to ride a horse, or the Jew who attempted to ride a donkey in Cairo, might as well prepare his feet for the bamboo at once. Now, every man may ride his charger, if he likes, and defy the whiskers of the Moslem, and the beard of the Cadi. Even a Protestant mission is established at Cairo, and the Church of England service is publicly performed every Sunday. The boys from the Missionary school walk to the English chapel. Several of the Moslems send their children to this school, for the purpose of adding English to their other accomplishments, the language being already discovered to be an important qualification. This speaks much for the good sense and good feeling of the old pasha, particularly when it is known that he is thus hazarding popularity with his Turks, who look upon all those proceedings with an eye of holy indignation, and who would probably think him committing a much more meritorious act, in shutting the gates on them all, and converting them by a general massacre.

The pasha's known hobby is manufactures. He has done wonders; but they are only fit to astonish the spectator at his industry. He has made capital broad-cloth; but it costs more than the people can pay, and is about treble the price at which it can be imported. The cotton machinery is enormously expensive, and is constantly going out of order, from the sand that finds its way into every thing. Thus he must soon abandon his hopes of rivalling Manchester. The pasha is a carpet-weaver too, and an unlucky one. He makes beautiful

carpets; but as no one can buy them, he is forced to keep them for the furniture of his palaces. The people can get all that they want of this nature from Turkey and Persia at half-price, independently of the sales soliciting all tastes, in the stores of the French and English merchants. The pasha is a railroad-maker too, and achieved the memorable enterprize of a road of this description to a coal-mine in the Libanus—the first attempt that was ever made by a Turk, exhibiting a spirit which in ancient Greece would have given him a statue; but the rails from his foundery at Banlak cost him forty pounds a ton, exactly four times the price at which he could have brought them from England.

All this shows that royal or vice-royal manufactories cannot be made as profitable as manufactories in the hands of private trade; and also that countries destitute of coal and iron, hot, dry, exhausting, and sandy, cannot compete with the soils and climates made for production. But we are not at all disposed to adopt the common tone of waste or imprudence used in speaking of the pasha's plans. If his object has been to make money for himself, he has failed. But we are inclined to give him credit for higher objects. He must have discovered long since, that profit to his government was out of the question. Yet he has persevered: why shall we doubt, that he has done so for the honour of his country, to show the Egyptian that native ingenuity is not unequal to European; that the Egyptian has hands, eyes, and ability fit for the most dexterous products of civilization; to attract the attention of Europe; to draw to his court ingenious foreigners; to make himself conspicuous among mankind as an improver; and to show at once, that there is a broad distinction between him and any Turk that ever existed, not even excepting the high-spirited and unlucky Mahmoud, whose improvements were all military, and all unfortunate? Objects like those in the mind of Mohammed Ali, were worthy of a sovereign and a man of genius. And why shall we doubt that they were? It is clear that he was not of the school of the "Economists," that meagre and thoroughly contemptible sect, who, having no principle but money, squander away nations to save sixpences; the very

worms of philosophy, who see nothing worth national enterprize but the yellow dust that they can devour; philanthropists of farthings, and pedlars of mankind.

Ibrahim Pasha is also an improver; but on another scale. He is a farmer. He has taken to himself a large tract of land, of which he assumes the sole direction; having stipulated with his father, that his labourers shall not be meddled with. This district in a few years will be a model of agricultural beauty. He has already planted it with nearly a million of olive trees, which, at the rate of a dollar a ton, a singularly low rate we should conceive, would give £30,000 a-year. Those gardens are under the care of two clever Scotchmen, and are attended by two hundred young gardeners, all in a kind of gay uniform, receiving a dollar a month, and being besides lodged, fed, clothed, and *taught to read*.

But the establishment of schools of medicine and military hospitals is an improvement of a still higher order. No act of the pasha could give a stronger evidence of his superiority to his country. Medical knowledge is in a wretched condition throughout the east. The fatalism of the Turk, the universal indifference to the future, the lazy reliance on chance, and the reluctance to spend money on any thing but the appetites, has always sunk the medical knowledge of the Turk to the lowest grade of barbarism. But the public hospitals in Egypt are still in a very imperfect condition.

The slave market is one of the lions of Cairo; but slavery in Asia is a much less alarming state than slavery in the cane plantations or rice fields of the west. The negre in Asia becomes one of the family, is secured of provision for life, often becomes rich, and is very rarely ill-treated. They are brought to Cairo chiefly at an early age, boys and girls, from ten to sixteen. In the market, instead of the rage and despair which we have so often heard described, they show their white teeth with laughter, and put out their tongues to show that they are in health. They are, in fact, anxious to be bought, and their only sullenness arises from being too long neglected by purchasers. The place for the Abyssinian and Circassian women is

on the floor above, where Europeans are seldom admitted, the lordly Osmanlis reserving this display for themselves.

The Pasha of Egypt has built a palace, which he has wisely placed in the citadel, and which commands a noble view. Below it lies the city in all the picturesque pomp of oriental architecture. The Nile winds through the landscape like a silver snake, and the pyramids bound the horizon with their colossal forms.

The traveller left Cairo in February with a party, composed of Mr Roberts, (the distinguished artist,) who had just returned from Upper Egypt with a fine collection of drawings of all the principal objects of taste and antiquity; Khanafee Ismael, an accomplished oriental; and a Mr Pell, who had been with Lord Lindsay at Palmyra. Their Bedouin guides waited for them outside the gate, armed with matchlocks; the gentlemen rode dromedaries. At night they encamped, and slept at the entrance of the desert of Suez. The night was bitterly cold, though in Arabia. Next morning, the way was melancholy enough; the sky had none of the lustre which romance gives so indefatigably to the eastern heaven. The earth was a sheet of grey sand, diversified only by red rocks; the skeletons of camels on either side of the road, were the substitutes for milestones, except that they were much more frequent; interspersed with the still more expressive piles of stones covering the bodies of pilgrims who had died on their journey. Their evening place of encampment was a sandy hollow, where a few prickly shrubs and tufts of coarse grass offered temptation to their camels.

But, next morning, they were more fortunate in seeing that most curious phenomenon of the desert, the *mirage*. A range of barren hills skirted the horizon, and between them and the party, apparently three or four miles off, was spread a beautiful lake, with trees on its banks, and on a small island in its bosom, distinctly reflected in its pure and glassy surface. It continued for an hour as they advanced, and then gradually became less defined, until at last it totally vanished, and a thin gray vapour floating over the place, was the only

vestige of this very interesting and singular illusion. But, if they had hitherto enjoyed illusion, they were now to encounter reality of a much more unpleasant order.

Clouds had been hanging heavy round the view in the forenoon, and at length covered the sky. The air was still, and the European portion of the party recognized the usual signs of a squall. But the Bedouins insisted on it, that nothing of the kind ever occurred in their country at that season, and were inaccessible to the fear of being drenched, especially when it took the shape of preparation. "Inshallah! not a drop of rain would fall," and so they left the tents on the backs of the camels.

However, the storm began to move towards them in defiance of the Bedouin predictions. A flash or two of angry lightning tore its way through the clouds, and the thunder began to growl. Scepticism was now at an end, and, reluctant as the Arabs might be, the tents were ordered to be pitched. But the manœuvre was still unlucky. The storm burst upon them in the act. The tents were beaten down, the pegs torn up, and the party left nearly naked to a most tremendous crash of rain, wind, thunder and lightning. To add to their misery, the Arabs would, or could, give them no help. They were either so much astonished, or so much chilled, that they were unable to do any thing. After holding on by the wet canvass, until their hands were nearly frozen, and exposed till they were half-drowned, the English got up their tent at last, and, when they had succeeded in lighting a charcoal fire, the Bedouins came drooping and cowering in, with their teeth chattering, as if they were in the cold fit of the ague. Next day, however, they made their way to Suez, where all was well again.

But the scene changed when they reached the wilderness of Shur. The desert of Suez gives but an imperfect impression of the wilderness; it has become a regular thoroughfare. Mr Kinnear smartly defines it, "sixty miles of bad road, with three very bad inns, where gentlemen in hats and pea-jackets drink bottled porter and smoke cheroots,"—but the desert of Shur derives a grandeur from its extreme solitude. Here were no traces of passage; the whole vast grey

expanse seemed as if it had never been tracked by the foot of man. At night, the camels were placed so as to form the ramparts of a rude fortification, or a shelter from the storm, if such should come. They were now advancing toward Sinai, and the country continually became more rugged, their route lying among wild crags of limestone. There was no trace of life, except where the little grey lizards darted across their path. The sun was burning, the air fiery and stagnant; and all began to feel the pain of thirst, which was not to be appeased by the fetid and lukewarm water which they carried along with them in skins. The walls of rock here sometimes rose perpendicularly, with their summits sprinkled or crumbled into the most singular forms; melancholy valleys sometimes shot out on either side, leading the eye to an immeasurable distance, in some places the sand drifting and lying in long waves.

On the third day they came within view of a part of the range of Sinai, and on the 18th entered the rocky pass of El-Raha. They were now within the limits of ground sacred alike to the Mahometan, the Israelite, and the Christian. As they ascended the mountain, they found small heaps of stones, which had been raised by the Christian pilgrims. The ascent grew so precipitous, that they were obliged to dismount and lead their dromedaries; but they were now approaching the convent where they expected quarters for the night, and they pushed on with better nerve. The sun went down before they had reached the end of their journey; but the moon rose in great magnificence, and covered the granite peaks and battlements of the mountain with lavish silver. At length the convent of Sinai was in sight, and, as they rode up the ravine in which it stands, they first observed lights moving about the building, then a long-bearded head was thrust out from a window high in the wall, then another window opened above, and a group looked down with lights in their hands, and dropt a rope for their ladders. They were sent up, and after a short consultation the rope was let down again for themselves. All this precaution is against the Arabs, who are never suffered to enter the convent. The mode of entry is curious, and even rather hazardous.

The rope has a loop at the end, in which the visiter seats himself; he then holds on firmly with his hands, uses his feet to keep himself from being bruised against the wall, and in this state is slowly wound up to the summit, by a windlass worked by the monks above. On arriving at the summit, he swings for a while like a bale of goods hanging to a crane, until the good fathers can lay hold of him, and deposit him within the window. The Superior of the convent was a courteous old man, who regretted that they had arrived on a meagre day, but pledged them in a glass of excellent arrack, gave them for supper a pilaff, with some fine dates, and, what they enjoyed as the highest luxury of all, after that burning journey, water from the cool and crystal well of the convent. This building has all the honours of antiquity. Its church dates its foundation so far back as the Emperor Justinian. It has some prizes, well worthy of the Arab taste for plunder. Thirty-four silver lamps hang from the roof, and the altar has a showy display of crosses and chalices, set with precious stones. It has its treasures, too, for more unsubstantial admiration; relics and fragments of dead sanctity; and, among the rest, the bones of St Catharine, found by miracle, and worshipped with the veneration due to so illustrious a virgin. One of the specially sacred spots is the chapel of the "Burning Bush," of course undeniably built on the site of that Divine visitation. St George, the English hero, has his chapel, in which he is gallantly charging the dragon on his white horse, according to the approved tradition. Historic doubts on such subjects are uncivil things, and to unhorse the monks, when mounted on a legend which they have rode for ages, would be as difficult as it would be an ungrateful return for their arrack, pilaff, and urbanity.

The desert has other dangers than either its solitude or its population. On leaving the convent the travellers were involved in a sand shower, which came over them like vapour, or a descending cloud. They had no resource but to wrap their heads in shawls, and trust to chance and their Arab guide to carry them through this singular storm. It had so far blinded them, that, instead of keeping along

the shore, they soon found themselves riding into the sea. The sand had penetrated every where; it had filled eyes and ears, it had even worked its way into their portmanteaus; and, more perplexing than all, had mixed with their provisions. Their teeth ground sand in every thing. At length they reached Akaba, a fortress, or rather a group of hovels, one of the stations for the Hadji caravan, where a few irregular troops of the pasha are kept, who, having nothing else to do, spend their time in shooting at eggshells. After all, Akaba has the fame of being on the site of Elath, the city of the Edomites, taken by David in his conquest of Edom. It then passed through the hands of all the successive masters of a country which has been ploughed and harrowed with war. Near it was Eziongaber. Both are now swept away.

The first part of the journey was now at an end. The Arab guides, the Beni Sayds, were dismissed with presents. "Right sorry," says Mr Kinnear, "were we to part with them, for a more honest, simple, kind-hearted set of men I never met with. They all appeared delighted with the presents, (some mantles and other articles of dress,) and parted, with regret that they were not likely to meet again."

They now put themselves into the hands of another tribe, the Alloecus. All this ground is Scriptural, and their road now led them into the valley which divides the range of Mount Seir, and they encamped for the night within view of Mount Hor, the burial-place of Aaron. A portion of the Wady Araba is supposed to be the Desert of Zin, in which the Israelite camp was pitched when they solicited permission to pass through the country of Edom.

The Wady Mousa (the valley of Moses) has hitherto been regarded as remarkably dangerous for strangers, from the lawless character of the population; and the sheik of their escort, a crafty savage, tried continually to take advantage of their alarm to raise his price. They had agreed to give him 3000 piastres on their safe arrival at Hebron. Their intention to visit Petra would delay the payment a little, and his object was to have it at once. He clamoured bitterly.

"By Allah! Oh Effendi!" he ex-

claimed, "You are mad!—all mad!—all you Franks—but I never heard of such madness as this!—Do you all want to be killed?"

"What are those Fellahs," was the answer, "that they should kill us, when we are under your protection, sheik?"

"Who are they?" he burst out. "What are they? May their fathers be accursed! But I will not go. Other Franks leave all their arrangements to me. So must you."

"See, O sheik!" was the rejoinder, "we are under your protection, but not under your command. Shall we say a thing, and not do it?" Hussein was still angry, or pretended to be so. He continued to growl and swear by Allah, that we were the last Franks who should ever enter Wady Mousa.

They now left the desert, and entered on the land of the Edomite. They found their path a striking contrast to the fearful and arid region through which they had come. The road led up a romantic glen, full of oleanders, and broom, covered with white blossom. The landscape was alive, the cry of the partridge and the cuckoo were on every side. They heard the song of birds, and they soon heard, what to the ears of the Arabian travellers is probably the most delightful of all sounds, the sounds of the mountain rivulets.

The country now increased in beauty, and Mr Kinnear and his friend, leaving their party encamped, took one of the mountain paths, and proceeded to explore it for themselves.

The ravines continued to wind up towards Mount Hor, full of wild luxuriance; but as they were beginning to descend the declivity, they were halloed after by a party of Arabs. Those were the "men of Edom," of whose barbarism they had been forewarned, and who, to the number of fifteen, now came up, armed with guns and long knives, and looking villanously enough. These Arabs ordered them to go back, threatening them with death if they disobeyed. This was formidable in appearance; but the menace was less regarded, from their having an Arab of their escort along with them, any violence to whom would be avenged by his tribe. When they, at last, could be allowed to get an opportunity of remonstrating, the sheik made them sit down, and sitting

down himself, addressed them in an official harangue. With the Arab, money seems to be the grand object on every occasion; and this is the more extraordinary in a country so barren, that money seems almost useless; yet *bachsheesh* is for ever in their mouths. No Arab will walk three steps without being regularly hired for the purpose, nor ever finish them without demanding a present. This disgusting love of gain is at the core of every thing, and corrupts every thing in Arabia. They cheat, lie, steal, plunder, and murder for money, where money can seldom purchase even a cup of cold water, or a slice of bread. The Arabs are the most gratuitous worshippers of mammon in existence.

The substance of the angry sheik's speech, which lasted some minutes, was *money*, beginning, middle, and end. He said that he knew perfectly well that they were under the escort of Sheik Hussein; that he had frequently brought Franks into the country, and made a great deal of money by them, of which he, the speaker, ought to have had the share, but that Hussein had always contrived to slip out of the country with his Franks—a matter which should not be the case with their present prisoners. After some parley, the orator condescended to partake of their coffee, the sheik bidding them expect a fight when Hussein came up. But great talkers in Arabia are no more warlike than great talkers every where else. Hussein and his troop no sooner appeared, than all was good fellowship. He and the orator kissed each other on both cheeks, like two Frenchmen; and both troops quietly moved down the valley of Petra together.

Petra presents, perhaps, the most extraordinary appearance of any ruin in the world; it is like a disembowelled mountain, with all the soul swept away, and all the stony skeleton left, and all that skeleton cut and carved into all the fantasies, and many of the beauties of architecture. In the midst of these vast ruins, nature has reasserted her original dominion, covered them with shrubs, filled them with sparkling rivulets, and touched the whole with a power and picturesque beauty beyond either architecture or sculpture. One of the excavations, named by the Arabs the *Khasne Fa-*

raoun, (the Treasury of Pharaoh,) is almost as perfect as if it had been but freshly finished. The stone is of a beautiful pink colour; it has a portico, with four Corinthian capitals, richly flourished; an entablature decorated with urns and flowers, and a circular Corinthian temple crowning all.

They had just extricated themselves from a new quarrel with the Arabs for money, which they compromised for about a thousand piastres, or ten pounds sterling, and here they were witnesses of another quarrel for the same all-exciting cause. These savage bickerings must have made the journey uneasy; but payment, or promises, at length altered every thing. The passion of the men of Petra for carving rocks was certainly unparalleled. The Egyptian temples show grandeur of conception and defiance of labour; but in Petra every thing that could bear the chisel seems to have been constantly under its operation. The whole place is a succession of rocky ravines; some wide, some as narrow as a Moorish street, but all cut, carved, fretted, and flourished with the most fanciful ornament. Some of the excavations are small, and scarcely larger than ordinary tombs, for which probably they were intended; but some are of striking magnitude. For example, there still remains, in considerable preservation, a semicircular theatre, capable of containing three or four thousand persons! By whatever means the Pharaohs obtained their honour, they have the reputations among the Arabs of doing every thing remarkable in Petra. The most striking of the temples is called Kaszr Bint Faraoun, (the "palace of Pharaoh's daughter.") They already had the Khasne. The wealth which gave leisure and means for all this toil of decoration, came, like all the wealth of the ancient world, and most of that of the modern, from the Indian trade; reinforced, of course, by the trade which flowed after it from the countries on the way. From this ultra-opulent trade flowed the treasures to which Palmyra owes its Parian pillars and gilded porticoes. It was this that made the wealth of the old Tyre and Sidon, of modern Tripoli and Aleppo, of old Alexandria, of Genoa and of Venice, until the Cape of Good Hope was turned, and then it made the wealth of Lisbon,

and then of Amsterdam. It is remarkable that though England has been in the most complete and continued possession of India, she has made the least addition to her opulence by the Indian trade. For a hundred years, the trade of the Company was trivial; the revenues were spent in India, and the chief income of the Company was derived from a wholly different source, the tea trade of China. The new opening of the traffic seems more to have increased the number of speculators than the opulence of any of them; and it may be doubted if England, as a government, is a great gainer by the possession of India.

Those countries have an additional interest from their being marked of old by some of the strongest denunciations of prophecy. The sacred wrath of prediction burned against the ferocity, the lawlessness, and the incessant spirit of jealousy and revenge, which characterized the conduct of the dwellers of the wilderness in their long intercourse with Judah. Of the nation and the province in which Petra lay, the deepest images of destruction were perpetually summoned to express the inevitable and condign punishment. It was thus declared of Edom by Isaiah, at once the most rapturous and most benevolent of those divine heralds, that "the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof shall be brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch; it shall not be quenched day nor night, the smoke thereof shall go up for ever and ever." Those images, drawn from the prevalent ideas of the place of final punishment in other worlds, evidently could not be intended for a *literal* completion, for nothing of the kind exists on earth. Even the cities of the Dead Sea have long been buried where no eye of man can mark their conflagration. But as images of total ruin, of complete extinction for all the purposes of human life, of vast regions totally deserted by man, and exhibiting only the most complete and conspicuous desolation, where once arts and arms, the opulence of magnificent cities, and the power of daring and ambitious states, made the land a splendid scene of human existence, no description can be more fearfully true to the reality. Idumea is, and has been for ages, wholly deserted by civilized life;

and the desertion is rendered at once palpable and permanent, by the character even of the remnant of population which still lingers in its fastnesses. They form the most desperate portion of a race of desperadoes; they are the robbers *par excellence*, the Arabs of the Arabs! Even the proverbial vigour of Mohammed Ali has been able to make no impression upon them; though he has succeeded in reducing the chief hordes of the Bedouins to submission, if not to obedience. Some short time before the period of which we speak, a detachment of his troops which returned, *re infectâ*, from those regions of naked knavery, gave the following account of their campaign. They had marched from Akaba, and entered the valley without opposition. Not a Fellah (the inhabitants of the Wady Mousa) was discoverable in any direction. All was silence round them as they moved on; in this condition they continued to encamp and march for several days without seeing a human being; but the Fellahs took good care that they should feel them. Not a night passed in which some robbery was not committed on their tents. They lost arms constantly, and even soldiers, for some of their stragglers never returned. To continue this species of warfare, in which they might as well follow the clouds on the mountain tops, or penetrate the endless and dangerous defiles where they might be attacked with advantage, or, at all events, must be starved, was too serious a speculation for those hunters of men; so they returned to give as good a reason as they could, for the loss of their muskets and bayonets, to the vigilant and irritable pasha.

The travellers soon found reason to sympathize with the soldiers. One day, while their servants were preparing dinner, a Fellah darted into the tent, seized the soup tureen, which he probably conceived to be silver, (it was copper tinned,) and made his escape in an instant among the rocks. But he was not content with the possession without the triumph. He soon exhibited himself on a pinnacle, waving the tureen above his head, and with the additional insolence of calling out "that he would soon come again for more."

The party, slightly warned by this feat, now made up their minds to take

leave of neighbours so insensible to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. But determining to remain over the Sunday, which was the next day, they gave another opportunity to those national thieves to exhibit their skill.

At midnight their little camp was roused by a cry of "el Arab! robbers! robbers!" repeated on all sides. It was found that one of the tents had been entered. Sheik Hussein had asked permission of the party to sleep in the tent of one of them, as the night was wet, and at his request the lamp was left burning. About midnight the owner of the tent heard a noise, and opening his eyes, saw an Arab making his escape under the tent curtain. He immediately stretched out his hand to seize his pistols, but they had been made "good prize" of by the fugitive. The alarm was then given, but was useless, of course. They went out in pursuit; but saw nothing. A couple of the tent pins had been drawn, so as to admit the thief's body. He had evidently taken time to make his selection in the furniture, for he carried off exactly the things which, to Arab eyes, are of most importance—a case of pistols, a bag containing powder and balls, and a shot belt. To these he had added a box of wax candles—a commodity of which we cannot understand the use among Fellahs, but which he probably mistook for the Arab god, money. The ruffian had evidently been disturbed in his operation, or he would probably have carried off every thing of value in the tent, if not finished by cutting the throat of the sleeper.

All were now in ill-humour. They shrewdly suspected the chief of their escort, Hussein himself, of taking a share in the robbery. He had removed the escort from the tents, under the pretext of bad weather; and while he himself took post in the especial tent which was to be plundered, apparently for the purpose of satisfying them that they might sleep in peace, he had continued to slumber profoundly during the performance. He was now turned out of the tent, the escort were placed round the little camp, a fire was lighted, and the robbers, thus fully warned that they could not try their skill again with impunity, suffered them to finish the night undisturbed.

It was ascertained, some months

after, that Hussein was the actual suggester of this robbery. The vagabond had plundered the individuals whom, by all that constitutes obligation even among Arabs, he was bound to protect. A letter from Hoffanee Ismael, the intelligent Egyptian who had travelled with them, written from Cairo, said, that he had claimed the property on Hussein's arrival in Cairo, and had compelled him to surrender it all. The pistols and boxes were found in his possession, and the writer had, of course, no doubt now that he had instigated the plunder. We should think that such a personage would have been a very fit object for a little of the "wild justice" administered by the pasha. A sound flogging would have been of infinite service to his morals, and a musket, carried in the pasha's service, would have saved him from wasting his energies in robbing his friends for the future. We shall not be satisfied with the next traveller in Syria, unless he shall convey us some news of the kind.

The party at length reached Hebron. But the east has formidable drawbacks on travelling: at Hebron they found the plague! The sounds of the mourners were constantly heard in the streets; and women wrapped in their veils were sitting all day among the tombs, uttering loud cries, and smiting their faces; or sitting in still more melancholy silence by the recent graves.

They also began to observe some of those accompaniments of war which the old pasha, among other arts, had learned from his French generals. A dungeon in the town exhibited through its bars the visages of an unhappy troop of young peasants, whom the "Lion of Egypt" was forming into involuntary heroes. The conscription, the bitterest curse of all the curses heaped on France by Napoleon, had been carried into full effect by his imitator, Mohammed Ali. By a perfectly just retribution, it finally lost him Syria. Producing measureless disgust among the population of the plains, it roused inextinguishable hostility among the warriors of the mountains. The prisoners on this occasion were conscripts who had attempted to desert. A carpenter, hammer in hand, was waiting outside the gate, with a parcel of wooden handcuffs to keep their loyalty awake; and

when thus equipped, they were to be marched off to Gaza.

The party dividing at the entrance of the road to Jerusalem, Mr Kinnear, whose time was limited, and whose object was to reach Beyrout, took the coast way. In this direction he reached Acre, once again so renowned. He went to the Latin convent, where he was rather repulsed by a sulky old monk, who first doubted that he was an Englishman; and next, pertly reminded him that "a convent was not an inn." However, he made his way at last, and got a cell, with a good bed in it; but the supper was an example of ultra meagreness. They gave him only some boiled rice and a few olives, which, not agreeing with his ideas of entertainment, he was obliged to send to the bazar for something more substantial. This sulkiness has become common of late; and by some is attributed to jealousy of the English and American missionaries, who doubtless often behave very foolishly, and give unnecessary offence, which they mistake for necessary zeal. Acre at this period was full of soldiers, and some regiments were even encamped on the glacis. It had been repaired since its siege by Ibrahim, and looked clean and comfortable. The houses are of stone, strong built, and with flat terraced roofs; it has a cathedral dedicated to St Andrew, and a church to St John, both the works of the Knights of Malta. Islamism has of course its temple, a beautiful mosque. The north and east side of the fortifications look to the land, an extensive and fertile view; on the west and south they look seaward. Acre was distinguished in the time of the crusaders as one of their principal posts; it was at length captured by the Saracens, who retained it for a couple of centuries. From the beginning of the sixteenth century the Turks were its masters; when, like every other Turkish conquest, it fell into decay. In the general weakness of Turkey, in the eighteenth century, it was seized by the Sheik Daher, one of the independent ravagers of Syria: and held, after him, by the bold and sagacious old ruffian, whose severities obtained for him, even in Asia, the name of the butcher, (Djezzar.) In 1799, it rose in European distinction by the memorable assault of Napoleon. Djezzar was brave; but his town must have

soon surrendered to the skill and daring of the French, had not an ally still more skilful and daring come to his assistance. Sir Sydney Smith, with his two ships, *Le Tigre* and *Pompée*, awoke Napoleon from his dream of Oriental conquest. Instead of defending the walls, the English sailors marched down into the breach, fought the French columns as they came up, routed the musket and bayonet with the cutlass and pike; and finally drove them in disgrace from the walls of Acre, after a bloody and fruitless siege of *fifty-two* days.

The attack on Acre in 1832, by the troops of Mohammed Ali, showed the intrinsic strength of the fortress under all the disadvantages of Turkish arms, commissariat, and discipline; even then, it cost the pasha an eight months' siege, and was finally surrendered only through famine. Since that period, it has figured once again in history, as the scene of perhaps the most extraordinary exploit in the annals of assaults on fortifications. The importance of Acre as the key of Syria, and commanding the supply of corn to the chief part of the country, had rendered it an object of the strongest interest to the Pasha of Egypt. Its fortifications had been largely rebuilt, and every where improved by European science; it had been amply supplied with provisions, and crowded with a garrison of nearly twice the number required for its defence. It was made the great military depot for Syria, and defended by nearly a hundred and fifty guns on the sea face alone; yet, on the 3d of November 1840, it was attacked by but nine ships of the British fleet, and three steamers which threw shells. In three hours, the fire of the place was silenced, and the garrison evacuated the town under cover of night. By this memorable success, probably more was gained than national glory. Its unexpected evidence of the power of the British fleet, instantly taught common sense to France, difficult as that lesson may be to be learned by a people all whose hairdressers and cooks think that they are made for admirals, and field-marsals, and talk once a quarter of conquering the world. The fall of Acre instantly cooled the French blood down from the boiling point; and a war which might have renewed the revolutionary havoc of the world, was extinguished

by the three hours' iron storm from the broadsides of our ships at Acre.

It is so long since the Maundrels and Pococks visited these regions, that England had nearly lost sight of them altogether; and when the peace of 1815 left Europe and Asia once more open, our scientific travellers naturally poured out their first enthusiasm on Greece. Egypt next engrossed them; and now Syria offers an occasion for their happiest and most interesting research. The whole coast seems to be covered with striking remnants of antiquity. Its ruined temples, fortresses, fragments of palaces, Corinthian pillars, and imperishable inscriptions, form a treasure for our scholarship; and in the centre of this vast realm, Palestine, supreme in its interest, its history, and its hopes, spreads before the mind or the eye an inexhaustible scene of the noblest associations. We are thus told that "ancient remains are numerous along the whole line of coast; that the traveller is continually passing over fragments of tessellated pavement; that prostrate columns and remains of masonry, and, from time to time, single pillars rising amid some heap of ruins, covering picturesque heights, show the former wealth and populousness of the country."

The road from Tyre to Sidon, so often coupled in history, is not more than twenty-five miles; but it is so covered with ruins and obstructions, and so impeded by bridgeless streams, that it occupies eight or nine hours. Tsaida (Sidon) was made the headquarters and residence of Solymán Pasha, (the French colonel, Selves,) second in command of Ibrahim's army. The English cannon have since summarily settled the question of the Frenchman's quarters, and Sidon is now in the hands of a garrison of Turks.

This famous old city stretched to the eastward of the modern one, which stands on high ground overhanging the sea. On its south side, a castle built by Louis IX. of France, lies in ruins; but on the north there is a fort in the sea, which still defends the entrance of the port, and is connected with the land by a bridge of some length. The late storm of this town by the English marines and sailors under Napier, was a *very* remarkable achievement. The walls, though un-

prepared for a regular siege, were formidable against a naked assault; the streets are long, winding, and, like those of all eastern towns, easily defensible from the houses; many of them arched over, gloomy and narrow, like the passages of fortifications. The Frenchman had, doubtless, taken good care that his head-quarters should be provided against casualties, and with a garrison of 3000 men he had certainly never made up his mind to be beaten out of house and home, driven from wall to wall, and finally see his whole garrison beaten and captured by about 1500 raw Englishmen. He has now learned his lesson; and his subsequent manoeuvres in retreat, show that, he has formed a different idea of the British bayonet from those dashing coxcombs who only long for "a march to London." We suspect that their courage would "ooze out" at Dover, or that they would be content with their column at Boulogne.

The traveller reached Beyrout in March, before the final encounter which extinguished the sultan's army; but he found all in the confusion so predictive of war—all business stopped, troops passing constantly, and anxious and hourly intelligence of the movements of Ibrahim to meet hostilities. In the mean time, other evils arrived. The ruffian hordes, which, to the scandal of all police, and for the scourge of those unhappy countries, are suffered to live by robbery and murder, the Metawalis and Bedouins, no sooner found that the troops were removed from their quarters in the villages, than they began to spread themselves over the land. All intercourse between the towns was stopped, and their insolence had risen to so great a height, that shortly before, a party of Bedouins had ridden into Damascus, plundered one of the quarters of the city, and carried off a booty of camels, &c.; and a few days after a troop of Metawalis played the same atrocious game at Tripoli.

Beyrout is populous, containing about 15,000 souls, and carries on a considerable trade already, which, of course, peace will promote. As it is the port of Damascus, and the only accessible place of refuge between Alexandria and Scanderoon, it performs the character of the Syrian Liverpool. The signs of increasing opulence were growing in all directions—old

houses were coming down, to make way for better; attempts were made to widen thoroughfares; houses were building on the speculation of tenants being found for them, and, as the greatest wonder of all, the streets, once all sand in summer and all mire in winter, were actually paving! The situation is picturesque, and the climate generally fine. The town has a wall, with fine gates; the streets have been hitherto narrow and dark; but better times are coming, and the best sign of all is, that two-thirds of the people are mercantile and industrious, and that this class are increasing. It is an additional feature of advantageous prospect, that they are Christians, though their Christianity is at present of a very mixed creed. Some are of the Greek church, more are Maronites, and the rest are indefinable. The chief strength of the Maronites is in the mountains. They acknowledge, in a general way, the spiritual headship of the Pope; but they do not suffer the Church of Rome to press them too closely on certain points. For instance, they insist on electing their own Pope, their patriarch: though they allow his confirmation by a bull from Rome. They use unleavened bread in the communion, and they administer it to the people in both kinds.

In this country of thin population, the Maronites constitute a powerful tribe, their numbers amounting to upwards of 200,000. The attempt to disarm them first raised their hostility against the Pasha of Egypt, and they have proved effective auxiliaries in the late campaign. But they have lost their old emir, who, having the difficult card to play of obeying the sultan while he also obeyed the pasha, and, at the age of eighty, being unable to accomplish this feat of diplomacy without the hazard of losing his head, wisely thought it the better plan to put himself under the wing of the British, and be carried to Rome, where he will finish his days in the odour of sanctity, if he is not lucky enough to die a cardinal, or be canonized as a saint.

A little memoir, which has appeared since this abdication, gives a history worthy of mountain romance. Beschir, from his cradle a warrior, was the son of a warrior, the son of warriors. His father, Abdallah, a Syrian

hero, died as a hero of the desert should, in a bold attempt to storm Damascus ; "there he drank the sherbet of paradise ;" a bullet through the brain and a lance through the bosom cut short his career, but not before he had secured an immortality in song. The son of the warrior was taken into the household of Mule Yusef, who was at the head of his tribe. Born in 1762, his infancy was passed among the mountaineers, learning, like the ancient Persians, to "shoot with the bow, to ride the horse, and to speak truth : " the latter, however, with the eastern proviso, when it suited his convenience. In his twenty-second year, he had an example of war on a superior scale to the skirmishes with the Druses or Metawalis. Djezzar—who had as restless a thirst of glory as if he had been master of Paris or St Petersburg, and commanded half the world instead of a province of sand—made war on all sides round him, through the mere passion for the game. He dared to pull the whiskers of the "panther of Lebanon," and the angry lord of the hills made his spring in return. Djezzar recoiled, and was followed by the furious tribe. But the walls of cities, and the bare surface of the plains, were not fitted for the glory of the dwellers in the rock and the forest. The war was carried on with alternate success, and on one occasion, young Beschir was near drinking his portion of the sherbet, which the houris stand waiting at the gates of their garden to give to the souls of ascending heroes. Djezzar came upon them in the midst of an unguarded hour, and in a town ; swept them before him in the moment of surprise ; cut off the heads and hands of the unlucky ; and pushed their young chieftain so hard, that his only resource was, to spur his horse over the battlements : the charger was killed by the fall.

The love of power is a natural propensity of man, and it reigns in places where power can only bring its possessor into the more immediate probability of being hanged. Young Beschir had no sooner escaped the scymetar in a subordinate rank, than he longed to qualify himself for the bowstring, and entered into a conspiracy against his uncle. The Orientals, who are never ready for any thing else, are always ready for conspiracy. It gives employment to their hours

for which they can find no other use, and it exercises that natural love of cheating, which is thrown away upon such small game as each other's purses. It constitutes in fact the gaming of the Asiatic, exactly the same in its nature with the love for "excitement" which makes an English duke stake an estate upon a card, or a Frenchman throw the die, whose ill luck will inevitably cause him to throw himself into the Seine before morning. Beschir found more conspirators ready to join him, than he could have obtained piastres, if he had solicited the finances of all Lebanon. At length, after various exhibitions of his native diplomacy, the Emir Yusef was forced to resign. But, probably repenting of his resignation, and, as some say, urged by the suggestions of traitors in his party to look for assistance to old Djezzar, that reckless villain, who thought of nothing but that he had his former enemy in his power, hung him and his chief secretary without any ceremony on the walls of Acre. However, Beschir, almost at the moment of attaining his grand object, the emirship, was forced to feel the awkwardness of having such an ally as the "butcher." He was seized, and flung into a dungeon, where he remained a year and a half. His head was saved, by the policy of keeping him as a hostage for the conduct of his mountaineers. But he probably would have perished at last, when his tyrant grew tired of keeping him, but for the influence of the widow of one of the Druse chieftains, a clever and handsome woman, who had obtained the mastery over the Pasha of Acre, savage as he was ; and who being in her turn struck with the gallant young mountaineer, finally obtained his liberty.

Life, even among the lazy sovereignties of the East, is by no means always a bed of roses. On his return to Lebanon, Beschir found that another uncle had intrigued himself into the power for which he had done and suffered so much. However, at last he drove out the intriguer, and was acknowledged as the Prince of Lebanon. He now thought that it was his duty to settle for life, and he married a Turkish woman, of large property, whose husband he had put to death some time before. The delicacies of love, are not much attended to in the East, and passion and punctilio knew nothing of each other. The manner

in which the first husband was sent out of the world, perhaps had made the fair widow only more cautious or more grateful to the second; and she is said to have proved herself a model of domestic affection.

Then came the thunderclap that awoke the East, after a slumber of ages. The French army, with Napoleon glittering at its head like a flash of lightning before the storm, came rushing over Syria. Every thing fell before it, like brambles before flame. At last its fiery progress came to a check before the gates of Acre.

Napoleon then attempted to open a negotiation with the emir; but the mountaineer had learned experience, and he had also learned something of the spirit of French diplomacy. His answer to the emissary of Napoleon was short but significant. It would make an admirable model for the minister of a Cabinet council.

"Tell General Bonaparte," said he, "that I love him, and hate the sultan; that I admire the French, and despise the Osmanli, but I cannot join him, till the siege of Acre is over! I have twenty thousand men, but I must keep them here. If he takes the town without me, he cannot want me. But if we are beaten together before Acre, I shall have the Turks upon me alone; I shall be thrown into a dungeon as I was before, or hanged over the ramparts at Acre." The position of Napoleon had become too critical for him to resent this language; and as it was of importance to the French to preserve the emir's neutrality, if he could not have his assistance, he presented him with a musket of honour, a weapon splendidly ornamented, which the Emir religiously preserved.

Another conspiracy was now formed against him, by the sons of that uncle whom Djeddar had hanged, and he was driven from power. But he took his measures with sagacity and boldness. He knew that his enemy, Djeddar, was obnoxious to the Porte; almost in defiance of which, he retained the pashalik of Acre. Mohammed Ali was then the most obsequious servant of the sultan, and obviously eager to make himself conspicuous by his zeal. To Mohammed Ali, then, he applied. The pasha instantly adopted his quarrel, received him with high distinction, and sent him back in one of the ships under Sir Sydney Smith's com-

mand, with a letter to the pasha of Acre, threatening him with remorseless vengeance unless he reinstated the "Prince of Lebanon." Djeddar, unwilling to involve himself in hostilities with so daring and successful a soldier, immediately complied; and ordered the sons of Yussef to resign. But their resignation was too unwilling to be sincere. They were charged with conspiracy again: then a scene, common in the East, but startling to all our conceptions of humanity, was exhibited in this distracted and fierce family. The three cousins of the emir were seized, and their eyes put out—their chief minister was put to death—their second minister, who had been in prison, on hearing of those punishments, threw himself out of a window, and was killed on the spot. Those of the remaining adherents who could be seized, were put to death, and the property of all the condemned was confiscated.

The finances and the raising of troops, in all the Eastern countries, are the two grand sources of disturbance. The emir laid on a tax, which instantly produced an insurrection: he attacked the insurgents; they were defeated, and this produced new executions. But another insurrection, also excited by another attempt to levy contributions, was more successful, and drove him again to seek the protection of Mohammed Ali, by whom he was again restored. On his return, he found a fresh conspiracy, headed by the chief officer of his troops. This too he put down; sent the leader to Constantinople, where he was bowstringed; and then fell with heavy vengeance on all his adherents. This insurrection was the last which tried his personal power; he had dug up its roots with a scymetar.

In 1832 the Pasha of Egypt burst into Syria, declared war against the sultan, took Acre, and demanded that the Emir of the Mountains should join him. However anxious to remain neutral, this had become difficult, from the notorious feebleness of Turkey, and the presence of the army of Egypt, and Beschir complied. But if the Mussulman knows how to conquer, he never knows how to conciliate. The pasha instantly began to treat Syria as a conquered country; raised the conscription; demanded contributions; and perpetrated all the violence of a

tyranny uncertain of the length of its possession. The result might have been foreseen. The people first partially rose in arms, and attacked the Egyptian troops scattered through the country. The expectation of seeing the mountaineers join the people in the plains, suggested the dangerous step of disarming them by force. Ibrahim's measures were adroitly taken, and the disarming was suddenly and largely effected; but great injuries and insults were also effected in the course of this violent proceeding; and the mountaineers, unable to judge how far the ferocity of their new master might urge him, at length resolved upon a general resistance. A series of conflicts followed, some doubtful in their issue, but all dangerous from their spirit, and still more dangerous from their result; for it was, unquestionably, the example of this resistance which encouraged the sultan and the allies to renew those hostilities against the pasha which broke his power in Syria, are now driving his army over the frontier, and have finally produced his unconditional submission. The conduct of the Emir Beschir must have made him an early object of suspicion to the Sultan; but his great age, his comparative harmlessness, and the humanity introduced into the war by the English, saved him from the natural fate of deposed viceroys in the East. A successor was appointed to the emirship, and the deposed prince was permitted to leave the country under the English flag, with his personal property and a suite of eighty attendants. He first reached Mattaz, where he was received with civility by the government; and remained there until he had fixed his final destination, which was Rome.

The Druses form the mountain tribe next in power. They amount to about 70,000. Thus, the whole population under the Prince of Lebanon rises to little less than 300,000. The Druses are as neutral in religion as their old emir was in politics, sometimes Christian and sometimes Mahometan, as it suits the pleasure, or perhaps the profit of the moment. They have no public religion, but a kind of mystic worship, which their leaders affect to conceal from the body of the people. They have small chapels in the more difficult parts of

the mountains, where, by some, they are said to perform actual idolatry, sacrificing to an image in the form of an ox! and by others are said to worship their founder, Amron, the third caliph, whom they regard as an incarnation of the Deity. It is striking to find, in a half-savage people, the chief distinction to be founded on religion, however perverted; the Druses are divided into two classes, the initiated and uninitiated. They believe in the transmigration of souls, cat pork, and drink wine. Thus, their religion seems to be a mixture of the early perversion of Judaism and Christianity, with the creed, but without the prohibitions of Islamism. A singular tendency to idolatrous worship seems to have been habitual in these mountains. To the north, the Anzaris are divided into three sects, one of which is said to worship the dog, and another the sun.

On the whole, we have been much interested and amused by Mr Kinnear's book. Its story is very well told, its language polished, and its observations are generally exact, if not always new. We own that, after such declarations, it may seem rather ungrateful to laugh a little at him as a political prophet; but the occasion is immediate and irresistible.

We are to observe, that his work was finally published, with all the advantages of knowing the state of affairs at home as well as abroad; for it is dated Oct. 1, 1840. Yet of Syrian affairs at that moment, he thus boldly gives his opinion. "Of the insurrection in Mount Lebanon, it is scarcely necessary now to say any thing. All the exertions of Captain Napier, and Mr Moore, the English consul, are unable to blow it into a flame again. *The whole affair has failed* of the intended effect. The people have no wish to exchange the government of Mohammed Ali for that of the sultan." He further tells us, "That if it was in the hope of exciting revolutionary movement that the British squadron appeared off Beyrout, the hope he thinks a vain one; that the Christians hate and fear the Osmanlis more than they do the Egyptians, and that they will not rise in favour of the sultan." He goes further still, and tells us, that "while he is writing, he has heard of Captain Napier's having commenced hostilities

at Beyrout;" but he promptly decides, "that this operation can have no beneficial effect whatever; that even the evacuation of that town by the Egyptians, or the attack with which the admiral had threatened it, will not advance matters one step, nor *serve any other purpose than to exasperate the country against us.*" Having thus given the world his wisdom as a prophet, he proceeds to do his duty to his country as a general, objects to the whole plan of the campaign, and proposes his own, which is, that a frigate and steamer should be left to blockade Beyrout, (a rather inefficient form of assault, as we should conceive,) and that the fleet should be ordered down to *invest* Acre, instead of our folly in allowing the governor time to complete his defences, and Ibrahim to pour as many troops as he pleased into the fortress. By investment, we presume that the author means a siege, in regular form, like Napoleon's, or a siege of starvation, like Ibrahim's; or, perhaps, that blockade which he so gravely provided for Beyrout. He had evidently made no provision for the iron tempest which tore up Acre, between the hours of two and five, on the 3d of November. Last, and boldest of all, he tells us "that the landing of an European force will be the commencement of a holy war against the Franks; and that we shall find, not merely the Egyptian

troops, but the whole country in arms against us."

It is almost amusing to think, that while those ominous predictions were covering the author's paper, and weighing down his soul, every thing was taking the course to give them a direct contradiction. The English were raising the mountaineers by thousands, the mountaineers were taking arms for the Sultan, the sailors and marines of the fleet were driving the Egyptian fleets out of every town on the coast in succession, British troops landed, and were so far from being surrounded by a war, that, on their march, both Turkish battalions and mountaineers joined their ranks, and attacked the enemy with gallant enthusiasm; and finally, that though the fleet had allowed Ibrahim to garrison Acre to his utmost, they neither *invested* nor blockaded it, but blew it into fragments at once with their broadsides; and all this, too, done within one month from the day when it was pronounced absurd, impracticable, and ruinous. We hope to meet Mr Kinnear again; but we are satisfied that he will never again attempt to determine the fate of a campaign a month beforehand; that he will restrict himself to giving lively and pleasant descriptions of things before his eyes; and that he will avoid, above all things, the luckless pride of prediction.

THE PHILANTHROPISTS.

Come all ye philanthropists, tender of souls,
 Who feel for the pangs of the North and South poles,
 Who groan for the perils, by land and by water,
 Of the wearers of black skins beneath the Equator,
 Though the sons of your country may pine at your feet,
 Though the daughters may make their last bed in the street;
 But, Humbug for ever! and humbug for all!
 So, come to our field-day in Puffington Hall.

There you'll see on the platform the Saints of the Saints,
 All double refined from all corporal taints,
 With faces impress'd with all manner of woes,
 Their breath all expended in "Ahs" and in "Ohs."
 Yet a look, now and then, not far short of a leer,
 Shows that man, after all, is but man even there
 And that, now and then, sinners may come at the call
 Which summons the saintly to Puffington Hall.

Below sit the Ruths and the Rachels, so prim,
 From their nose to their toes in the true angel trim.

In teaching and preaching, the "Friends" lead the van,
 When the colour is black, and the black is a man.
 Beside them the "brethren" sit, fish-faced and squab,
 Each perch'd, like a toad by the side of Queen Mab;
 Each thinking himself a St Peter or Paul,
 And the world nothing more than a Puffington Hall.

Beyond them are muster'd the new "Convertites,"
 Whose eyes are but learning to turn up their whites;
 Who, finding things hopeless in Cheltenham and Bath,
 Have turn'd to the sweet supernatural path,
 Set up their bazar in the "Methodist line,"
 Follow Orator Prosy, or Orator Whine;
 And on earth having nothing to do, great or small,
 Look out for a partner in Puffington Hall.

Then rises the Chairman, of course he's a Whig,
 Who cares not for gold (or for grammar) a fig;
 He rises, to tell all the world what *he's* doing,
 What mischiefs the King of Ashantee is brewing,
 What negroes are murder'd by cannon and rockets,
 So bids *them* pay down; while *he* buttons both pockets.
 His duty is done, when he leads off the ball;
 So he drops on his cushion in Puffington Hall.

Then up stands an orator—groaning of course,
 With a puff, like a bellows, for old Wilberforce.
 But where are the true Simon Pures; the sweet pair?
 The echo of Puffington Hall answers "Where?"
 Thus attorneys with plums will grow sick of the bar;
 Thus soldiers with purses turn haters of war;
 Thus sailors, in harbour, look black at a squall,
 And thus saints will fight shy even of Puffington Hall.

Then rises his neighbour, his eye fixed on heaven,
 With a speech, which I've heard twenty times from old Stephen,
 Delicious old Ste——, how I miss thy dear cant,
 That compound unrivall'd of gossip and rant;
 The tales from thy lips that so softly would trickle,
 That the souls of the saints to their midriff would tickle,
 Till the "Mastership" came, thy true prebendal stall—
 Where, where is thy statue in Puffington Hall?

Next rises the wonder of earth, Puss in Boots,
 Profound as Joe Hume, in pence, puffs, and cheroots,
 The grand acquisition, the Treasury *bustle*,
 The hump on thy petticoat, little Jack Russell,
 The man for all weathers—the *brave* of the Bench!
 (Thus Firemen their flames with ditch-water will quench;)
 With his meaning wrapt up, like an ass in a shawl,
 The great Opium-Dealer of Puffington Hall.

If you'd furnish your fancies with stories of niggers,
 Of floggings and fetters, musquitoes, and jiggers;
 Of Mumbo and Jumbo, by preaching struck dumb;
 Of the wonders of tracts, and the woes of new rum;
 Of Cannibal monarchs with five hundred wives,
 Which they bake in hot pies every day of their lives—
 All told in a style that would soften Fox Maule,
 You have only to pop into Puffington Hall.

BOPP'S VOCALISMUS.

WE do not intend minutely to analyse the volume which supplies the title of this article, or fully to discuss the subject to which it relates. Such a task, even if within our powers, would be unsuited to our pages, which demand a due mixture of the pleasant and profitable, in at least equal quantities of the more palatable of these ingredients. The work before us, however, and the other writings of recent enquirers of the same school, contain discoveries so little dreamed of in our everyday philosophy, and so important in elucidating a subject of which most people know something, that it can scarcely be unacceptable to our general readers to present them with a popular view of some of these results, and which we hope we may be able to communicate without requiring from them a much greater intellectual exertion than befits the leisure hours of a winter fire-side.

Francis Bopp has been long known as one of the ablest and most profound Sanscrit scholars that have ever appeared. His attainments in this respect afforded him a peculiar advantage, of which he has well availed himself, in studying the kindred Indo-European languages; and probably there is no other man who could have produced a work so complete and comprehensive as his *Comparative Grammar*, now in progress of publication. His "Vocalismus," which we now propose to consider, is of very inferior magnitude; but contains in one department the substance of the views which he has since more systematically expanded. It consists of a reprint of two articles upon Grimm's *Grammar*, and of another article upon Graff's *Althochdeutscher Sprachschatz*, which successively appeared in the Berlin *Jahrbücher* or Annual Registers for Scientific Criticism, and to which, in their collected form, the author has added a preface and notes, containing additions and corrections equally remarkable for their candour and for their importance.

We attempted in a former article to give an account of the discoveries of Rask and Grimm as to the relation

subsisting between the classical and Teutonic languages in respect of their consonants, and in particular to explain the law which, in the transmission of words through these languages, preserves the liquids, sibilants, and semivowels the same; while in the mute consonants it changes respectively the medials, tenues, and aspirates of the earlier languages into tenues, aspirates, and medials in the younger ones. Those discoveries, which may be dated soon after the commencement of Bopp's literary labours, had placed this department of philology on a footing in which no great immediate improvement was either probable or urgently necessary. It was of more consequence that the *vowelism* of the system should be carried forward to the same point of advancement. A few years earlier, indeed, the idea of subjecting the philology of vowels to definite laws would have been ridiculed as chimerical, if not denounced as dangerous. It threatened to destroy innumerable existing etymologies, founded on a total disregard of all such restraints; and it could not at first be seen in its true light, as a great and essential means both of guiding and of extending our advances in the science. Latterly, however, enough had been done to show that the subject deserved to be systematically investigated, as affording a prospect both of success and of advantage. In particular, among the Teutonic languages themselves, it had been proved by Grimm's masterly survey of their affinities, that an almost perfect identity pervaded their vocalic structure, though concealed under various disguises. But the theory of the facts was as yet imperfectly seen, and the relations which in this respect connected the ancient languages with the younger members of the family, were still involved in uncertainty. To this branch of the subject, accordingly, the attention of Bopp was in the first instance peculiarly directed, as chiefly admitting and demanding the application of new lights and independent faculties. The labours of himself, and of others that have fol-

lowed him in the same field, have led to the most important consequences in philology, and have finally vindicated that science from the old charge against it, that it was either wholly sterile, or abounded only in empty and unprofitable speculations.

We propose now to explain a few of the principles on which, by the best authorities, the *vocalismus* of the Indo-Germanic languages is considered to depend. Our illustrations shall be mainly directed to elucidate the affinity, which it is so pleasing to trace, between the classical languages and the mother-tongue transmitted to us by our Teutonic ancestors; and we shall seldom diverge into other regions, except so far as may be necessary for connexion and explanation.

It is essential to observe, that no one Teutonic language in a modern form, is in itself a fit subject of etymological comparison with the languages of antiquity. The forms of speech now in use among us, are indeed bound by a "natural piety" to their immediate parents; and these again in their highest gradation can count kindred with the languages of Greece and Rome, Persia and Hindostan. But between the two extremes, the distance is too great to admit of an immediate communication such as can be safely relied on. A mere English or a mere German scholar, knows nothing genealogically of his own language. He cannot with certainty distinguish a compound word from a simple one, a derivative from a primitive, an exotic from one of native growth. Wherever, therefore, a philological comparison with the ancient languages has been attempted, either in England or in Germany, by those who knew no Teutonic language but their vernacular tongue, their speculations have been always unsuccessful, and often ludicrous. In order to obtain the proper point of view from which the Teutonic formations can be compared with the classical, we must gain the vantage-ground afforded by the most ancient of the Teutonic chain, and thence direct our observations to the most primitive of the remoter languages.

The Gothic, as might have been expected from its being the oldest Teutonic language known, has the signal advantage of exhibiting its elements, its vowels as well as its consonants, in

a shape at once the most authentic and the most uniform: and to this standard it is always best to refer the other Teutonic languages before we compare them with those of an earlier date. Unfortunately the literary monuments of the Gothic, are too limited to furnish us with the counterparts or roots of all or even the greater part of modern vocables. But in the absence of this direct assistance, we are generally enabled to supply the defect by the laws of mutual comparison among the later languages: and if we have a given word in any two or three even of the most modern Teutonic forms, it is seldom difficult to approximate to what it must or would have been according to its Gothic type. The precaution we have in this respect recommended, of recurring to the most ancient Teutonic form in the first instance, is but ill observed by rash or inexperienced philologists: but it is never omitted with impunity.

Let us now endeavour to explain some of the leading principles on which this part of the science seems to be founded.

The single and short vowels of a language are alone considered to be primitive; its long vowels and diphthongs are regarded as derivative. The explanation, therefore, of any system of vowels, is intimately connected with prosody. But in modern languages great uncertainty and confusion has here been introduced; and for this reason among others, it becomes necessary to recur to the ancient forms of Teutonic speech in which the rhythmical quantity of the vowels was for the most part settled and certain.

The primitive vowels of the Indo-Teutonic languages are considered to be three in number, *ä*, *i*, *û*; pronounced nearly after the Italian fashion. The other vowels, whether short or long, are held to be modifications of these. It is doubtful if this division is founded in universal nature: but it seems to be observable in the family of languages which we are here considering. The three vowels above enumerated are the only primitive vowels in Sanscrit and Gothic; and in the remaining languages there seems a law or tendency, according to which all the other vowel sounds seek to range themselves under one or other of three sections corresponding to the three simple vowels we have mentioned.

All the roots of words, as appearing in their purest monosyllabic form, are necessarily characterised by one or other of these three vowels; and in the perfection of this theory, the vowel which characterises a root in any one language, ought to remain its characteristic in all the cognate languages into which it may pass, subject always to such known and definite modifications as the vowels are found to admit without changing their essential nature. The modifications of the vowels to which we have here alluded, consist of certain regular processes to be afterwards explained, by which they are severally augmented, weakened, or diphthongated. A root, which in Sanscrit is characterised by *a*, ought to retain the same vowel, in a pure or modified form, in Greek, Gothic, German, and English, and so also of *i* and *u*. To a great extent, accordingly, a uniformity in preserving the radical vowel through the different languages is found to prevail; though there are anomalies, real or apparent, which break in upon the rule. But these are much less numerous than they appear: they generally occur in circumstances where the word or language exhibiting them has otherwise been corrupted; and in many cases they vanish altogether before a more searching examination into the facts. It is thought that even the slight and superficial explanations which we are about to offer, will give clearness and consistency to much that may formerly have appeared to our readers capricious and obscure.

We shall now notice the three primitive vowels A, I, U, in their order.

I. Of these, the vowel A is the most important and remarkable, both from the frequency of its occurrence, and the multiplicity of its modifications. The roots characterised by this vowel are, in all the Indo-Teutonic languages, the most numerous of any. It seems the most easy to our lips, and the most agreeable to our ear. Its diversity also in point of aspect or utterance, is peculiar; and we are tempted to say of it, analogously to what has been said of the colour of green, that it imitates in its various changes all the shades of sound, from the lightest and liveliest to the most deep and sombre.

A most important law for comparative philology has here been announced

by Bopp. "The Sanscrit," he observes, "has no short *e* and *o*, or at least no letters for these sounds; and its short *a* is represented in cognate Greek words for the most part by *ε*, more rarely by *ο*, and least frequently by *α*." It will not from this proposition be inferred, that there is no distinction between the Greek vowels *α*, *ε*, *ο*; but the circumstance that these different vowels indiscriminately represent one simple sound in so important a cognate language as the Sanscrit, entitles us to believe that a peculiar affinity subsists between them. Whether it is to be explained by supposing a finer and more chromatic subdivision of sounds in the Greek, or a scantier vocalic alphabet in the Sanscrit, the existence of the rule is of obvious value in confirming the close connexion of these vowels with each other, and enabling us to compare them with sounds of the same class in other kindred languages. We shall offer, by way of illustration, a few examples where the Sanscrit *a* passes into each of the Greek vowels we have mentioned. In some of our instances the Sanscrit vowel is long; but this does not destroy the affinity, though it disturbs the precise correspondence.

We may here observe, that in the Latin language also the short *e* and *o* are used indiscriminately as belonging to the A class, and as corresponding to the Sanscrit *a*. Our examples shall include Latin as well as Greek words.

The rule, we repeat, is, that the Sanscrit *a* corresponds not only to the Greek and Latin *a*, but also to the short *e* and *ο*, *ε* and *ο*, of these languages. We have various instances of this in the numerals of these different languages. Thus, the Sanscrit *pañcan*, five, corresponds to the Greek *πεντε*; *ἡξή*, six, to the Greek *ἕξ*, and Latin *sex*; *saptan*, seven, to *ἑπτε* and *septem*; *ashtan*, eight, to *ὀκτώ*, *οκτώ*; *nawan*, nine, to *ἐννέα*, and *novem*; *daśan*, ten, to *δέκα* and *decem*. Many miscellaneous words may likewise be noticed. *Danta-s*, the Sanscrit for a tooth, assumes in Greek an internal *ε*, in *δόντις*, *δεντός*, besides prefixing a vowel. In Latin it takes the *e*, in *dens*, *dentis*. *Pada-s*, S. for a foot, undergoing the same changes, becomes *πῦς*, *πῶδες*; *pes*, *pedis*. *Naman*, S. for a name, seems to correspond to *ὀνομα*, as much as to *nomen*, though we sus-

pect that this vocable, which is found with little difference in all the Indo-Teutonic languages, is referable to a double root; the Greek *νιμν*, or Gothic *niman* on the one hand, and the Latin *nosco*, for *gnosco*, on the other. The resemblance between the different words for *name*, would thus be accidental and not real. *Mathu*, S., a sweet drink, is the Greek *μαθυ*. *Dakshina-s*, S., on the right side, corresponds to *διξιος*, *dexter*. *Janu-s*, S., the knee, becomes *γῆνυ*, *genu*. *Jānu-s*, S., birth, becomes *γενος*, *γῆνις*, *genus*. *Awī-s*, S., a sheep, is *ovis*, *ovis*. *Nawa-s*, S., new, is *νῆος*, *novus*. *Ashti*, S., a bone, is *αστηρ*, *os*. *Asli*, S., the third person singular of the substantive verb, becomes *εστι*, *est*. *Ad*, S., the root of the verb to eat, becomes *ιδω*, *edo*. *Wah*, S., to carry, becomes *φερω*, *veho*. *Pari*, S., around, is the Greek *περι*. Many more such instances might be given if they were necessary. We might also give several instances where the Sanscrit *a* remains unchanged in Greek or Latin. We shall content ourselves with one or two of the more remarkable. Thus *laghu-s*, S., light, alight, becomes in Greek *λαγρυς*, without a change of the characteristic vowel; while in Latin it is *le-vis*, with a change of the *a*, into *e*. In *chatur*, S., four, the converse takes place; the vowel remaining unchanged in the Latin *quatuor*, while it passes into *i* in the Greek *τετρακις*, with the additional change of the initial consonant from a guttural to a dental. *Agru*, S., a tear, corresponds apparently to the Greek *δακρυ*, and Latin *lacruma*, where no change takes place in the characteristic vowel, but a consonant is prefixed; being, however, a different consonant in the two kindred tongues.

The mutual connexion thus traced between the Greek vowels, *a*, *i*, *e*, and, in like manner, between the corresponding Latin vowels, is an important element in classical etymology itself. In particular, it helps to explain, and enables us with more confidence to infer, the interchange that so frequently takes place between *i* and *e*, two sounds which do not, at first sight, appear to be closely allied, but which we thus know to be united together by their common relation to

the simple *a*. We now see, in a clearer light, the easy transition which connects such cognates as the following:—*λογω*, *λογος*; *γενος*, *γενος*; *γῆνυ*, *genu*; *φειω*, *φειω*; *δεκω*, *deceo*, *δεξα*, *decus*; (compare, in signification, *seem* and *seemly*) *νις*, *novus*; *ποδω*, *pedis*; *σπινδω*, *spondeo*; *δομα*, *domo*, *βραχυς*, *brevis*; *ελαια*, *oliva*, &c.

We may here remind our readers that an extensive class of Greek verbs are conjugated upon the principle that *a*, *i*, *e* are cognate and interchangeable, these different vowels being used to characterise the different parts of the same verb. We select a few examples from Pott* and Donaldson; † and in some cases, where the conjugation is incomplete, supply the defect by referring to a derivative word. Thus, *στέλλω*, *εστέλλω*, (*στέλλεις*); *βάλλω*, (*βίλλεις*), *βιβέλλω*; *τιμω*, *εταμω*, (*τομω*); *ερεπω*, *ετραπω*, *ετρεφα*; *εσρεφα*, *εσρεφω*, *εσρεφω*, &c.

Having thus shown the affinity, and, in a certain sense, the identity of the short vowels, *ä*, *ë*, *ö*, in the classical languages, we shall now give examples in which Greek and Latin words with these vowels, are represented by Teutonic counterparts having the vowel *a*. From what has been said, it must be apparent that such Teutonic words are as properly allied to those which, in Greek and Latin, have the vowels *ë* and *ö*, as to those which have, as their characteristic, the more obvious, but, in those languages, the less frequent form of *ä*. It is remarkable that the English dialects often imitate the classical languages in using *o* for *a*, the *o* being merely a broader expression of the *a*.

Our readers will here, at the same time, remember the consonantal rules formerly explained, according to which the Greek and Latin *γ* and *δ* correspond to the Gothic *x* and *z*; the Greek and Latin *κ*, *τ*, to the Gothic *h*, *th*, *r*, and the Greek and Latin *χ* or *h*, *z*, *θ*, to the Gothic *a*, *b*, *v*.

Keeping both sets of principles in view, then, the Greek *αυτο*, Latin *ab*, are literally represented by the Gothic *ar*, English *off*; *of*. *Ad*, L., is *at* E. The Greek *οκτω* is the Gothic *ana*, English *on*. The classical *οκτω*, *octo*,

* Pott's Etymologische Forschungen. 2 vols. Lemgo, 1833-6.

† Donaldson's New Cratylus. Cambridge, 1839.

are the Gothic *AHTAU*, *eight*, as *duo*, duo, are the Gothic *TWA*, *two*. The Greek *ovis* L., correspond to the Gothic *AWI*, English *ewe*, the Gothic being identical with the Sanscrit *awi-s*, a sheep, already noticed. *Αλλος*, *alius*, is the Gothic *ALIS*, from which we have the English *else*. *Αρο*, *aro*, are in Gothic *ARYAN*, to plough, whence the English verb *to ear*. *Αγρος*, *ager*, give the Gothic *AKRS*, German *acker*, English *acre*. *Ale*, *ab alendo*, is not only a good saying in an old song, but is a plausible etymology; the name of this Teutonic beverage being probably derived from the Gothic *ALYAN*, Islandic *ala*, *alere*. *ογεν*, *podex*, is in all likelihood a cognate of its Teutonic synonyme. This etymology was suggested to Junius, by a "vir pereruditus quidem, sed qui in ejusmodi minutis nomen suum legi noluit."

Gelidus, L., corresponds to the Gothic *KALDS*, English *cold*. We do not connect the Gothic *KARA*, *care*, with the Latin *cura*, with which it truly corresponds neither in its characteristic vowel nor in its initial consonant. The Gothic *κ* points to a Latin *g*, and the probable cognate seems to be *ger-o* or *gra-vis*, which literally agree with our *care* in the radical vowels and consonants, as well as in the signification; the Teutonic *kara* signifying originally not so much diligence or caution, as grief, *heaviness*, concern. *Care*, *chary*, *charge*, *cargo*, *carry*, seem all connected with each other, and with *gero* and *gravis*. The Latin *capiō* in all probability answers to the Gothic *HAFYAN*, though this means more peculiarly to lift, raise, *heave*. The Saxon *hafoc*, a *hawk*, seems a curious modification of the Latin *capax*, to which it literally corresponds, having the idea, apparently, of the *seizer*. *Collum*, L., corresponds to the Gothic *HALS*, old English *halse*, *Calamus*, L., to *halm*, E. The Gothic *HANA*, a cock, the masculine of the English *hen*, is generally referred to the Latin *cano*, as meaning the singer, (*sub galli cantum*,) in the same way as *gallus*, L., is connected either with the Anglo-Saxon *galan*, to sing, whence the last syllable of our *nightingale*; or more regularly with the Islandic *halla*, to call. *Corylus*, L., is possibly the prototype of the English *hazle*, the *r* being frequently interchanged with *s*, and the

other letters agreeing. *Κρατις*, or *κρατις*, seems to be the Gothic *HARDUS*, *hard*. The Greek *χολη* is almost literally the old Saxon *galla*, English *gall*. If its vocalism be regular, it has nothing to do with *χλω*, *χλωρα*, which is a root in *ο* or *υ*. *Χολη*, *gall*, is probably a cognate of the Anglo-Saxon *gealo*, English *yellow*, the bile being so designated from its colour. From the same circumstance of their colour, may be derived the names of the yellow metals, *χαλκος* in Greek, and *gold* in the Teutonic languages. *Hortus*, L., is the Gothic *GARDS*, English *garden*. *Hostis*, L., is the Gothic *GASTS*, English *guest*. *Hasta*, L., is probably the Gothic *GAZDS*, English *yard*, a rod.

Δακρυ agrees with the Gothic *TAGRS*, a tear. *Δαμασ*, *domo*, is literally the Gothic *TAMYAN*, to tame. *Dens*, L., *δανς*, Sanscrit *dantas*, correspond to the Danish and Dutch *tand*, of which the English *tooth* is a modification on principles peculiar to the Saxon dialects. *Tego*, *tectum*, L., agree with the Islandic *thak*, the English *thatch*, the German *dach*, *decken*. *Torqueo*, L., which seems identical with the Greek *τριω*, gives the English *throw*, Scotch *thraw*, German *drehen*, though it should be observed, that in the Teutonic words the vowel is long. *Γαρειν* is the English *dare*. *Traho*, L., which seems to be for *trahō*, the dental aspirate being deficient in Latin, agrees with the Saxon *dragan*, to draw or drag, German *tragen*.

Πατερ, *pater* L., undergoes scarcely any change in the Gothic *FADAR*, English *father*. *Πε-ιστιν* is a less simple cognate of the Gothic *FARAN*, to fare. With *πλεω*, *plecto*, we may probably connect our own *flax*, that which may be woven or entwined. Compare the German *flechten*, to entwine. *Follis*, L., is the Gothic *BALGS*, whence *bellows*, E. *Far*, L., is the Gothic *BARIS*, English *bear* or *barley*. *Φονος*, connected with *φινω*, seems the Anglo-Saxon *Bana*, nex, intersector; as *self bana*, a self-slayer, *αποφονος*; hence the English *banc*.

Longus, L., is the Gothic *LAGGS*, English *long*. *Margo*, L., is apparently the Gothic *MARKA*, a border, English *march*. *Mare*, L., is the Gothic *MARRI*, a sea or lake, English *mere*, and the first syllable of *mermaid*. *Ονομα* is probably the Gothic *namo*, English *name*. *Όμις* is literally the

Gothic *sama*, English *same*. Σκός, seems the Gothic *skadus*, English *shadow*. Στάρκος, with an added consonant, gives probably the Saxon *starc*, English and German *stark*.

Vehiculum, *τεχημα*, correspond to the Teutonic *waggon*. If *ιμφαλος* had a prefixed digamma, it may be connected with the Gothic *wamba* English *womb*, Scotch *uame*; or the root of *wamba* may be better found in the first syllable of the Latin *ven-ter*, an *n* being interchanged with an *m* for the sake of euphony. *Vomo* and *ιμω* have probably an affinity.

These instances, we think, will suffice to show the correspondence of the Teutonic *a* indiscriminately with the classical *ā*, *ē*, *ō*.

We may here take an opportunity to explain the very peculiar relation which subsists between the Teutonic letters *a* and *e*. In all of the Teutonic languages, except the Gothic, there exists a remarkable law, effecting what the Germans call an *umlaut*, meaning a certain variation or deflection of sound, produced upon the natural vowel of one syllable by the vowel of the succeeding syllable. The vowel which most generally operates to produce this change is the vowel *i*, or its cognate *y*; and its effect, when it follows a syllable of which *a* is the radical vowel, is to change the *a* into *e*. This very singular rule is often seen to hold where the original *i* or *y* of the second syllable has disappeared, or been disguised, and where the only trace of it is found in the change which has been produced upon the radical *a* of the preceding syllable. As already said, this effect is not produced in Gothic, where we see the vowels of both syllables in their original state. The effect of the rule, we repeat, as applicable to the vowel *a*, is to change it into an *e* in all the languages, except the Gothic, wherever the syllable that follows it contained originally an *i* or *y*. We give a few examples. The succeeding *i* has been seldom retained in English, though it has produced its effect on the preceding syllable.

BADI, lectus, is in English *bed*: *NATI*, rete, is in English *net*: *HALYA*, hades, is the English *hell*: *BATIZA*, melior, is the English *better*: *BATISTS*, is *best*: *LAGGITHA*, longitudo, is the English *length*, in which we can thus

understand the change of vowel as compared with *long*. Thus also *BALYAN*, tradere, to *sell*; *ARYAN*, arare, to *ear*. A number of *causal* verbs in English, characterised by the vowel *e*, have in this manner arisen from roots in *a*, by the addition in Gothic of the *y* before the sign of the infinitive. It is by means mainly of that *y*, that the Gothic forms its transitive verbs. Thus *LATYAN*, tardare, from *LATS*, tardus, to make late, to let or hinder, a different word from *LETAN*, sinere, to let or allow. We may also, from the old Saxon, infer *FALL-YAN*, dejicere, to make to fall, to *fell*, which is perhaps a cognate of the Latin *pello*.

We have now been considering the vowel *a* as a short sound, and have noticed some of the various forms it assumes in that character. We have something more to say as to the attenuations of which it is susceptible in the Teutonic languages; but before proceeding to this more complicated part of the subject, we think it convenient to enquire in what manner, in the different affiliated languages, the vowel we have been considering is capable of being extended from a short to a long sound.

For the most part, it may be observed, more particularly in regard to the Teutonic languages, that the radical *a* is not convertible into a proper diphthong. It is only lengthened by a reduplication or prolongation of itself. The Sanscrit mode of producing this effect, is simply by doubling the sound of *a*. The Greek, except in peculiar dialects, generally employs an *α* to represent the long *a*. The Latin uses the long *a*, but sometimes also employs a long *e*. The Gothic has no long *a* in its alphabet. In order to lengthen the *a*, therefore, it sometimes employs its *æ*, which is always a long sound. But, more frequently for the same purpose, it employs the *o*, which is also uniformly a long sound.

The observation made by Bopp, that the Gothic *o* is equivalent to a long *a*, and consequently identical with the Greek *α*, as well as with the Latin *ā*, is of the utmost moment in comparative philology. In reference to the more recent languages, the Gothic *o* corresponds, on the one hand, to the Anglo-Saxon accented *ō*, and in most cases to the English *oo*;

and, on the other hand, to the Old German *uo*, and to the New German long *u*.

Let us now notice the importance of this rule in etymological enquiries. It is generally acknowledged, that the Greek *μῶν* is a cognate of our word *moon*. The old school of enquirers would have told us to believe in that proposition, in spite of the *diversity* of the vowels. The new school teaches us to adopt it the more readily, on account of the *identity* of the vowels. The Saxon *mōna*, and the Greek *μῶν*, are *literally* the same in the radical syllable. The long *o*, which is the English *oo*, is a regular Teutonic form of representing a long *a* or *u*. The Teutonic languages are not uniform in their mode of constructing the word *moon*, the Gothic giving it with a long *E*, which the Icelandic converts into a long *a*. Thus *mēna*, Gothic; *mōna*, A. Saxon; *máni*, Icelandic. But whether it be a long *a*, *e*, or *o*, we have seen that it is radically the same thing, and equally corresponds to that subdivision of vowel sounds which produces the Greek *u*, in the word *μῦν*.

We have seen that the Greek and Latin *pater*, *pāter*, is converted without any vowel change into the Teutonic *father*. How does the case stand with the name of the other parent? *Mater*, *māter*, forms in A. Saxon *mōdor*, O. German, *muotar*; English, *mother*; German, *mutter*. The difference between the vowels in *father* and *mother* results from the difference in the prosody of *pāter* and *māter*, though the proper prosody in the English *mother* is scarcely perceptible, or is only traceable in the difference of vowel.

The fact that *oo* is equal to *aa*, and consequently to the Greek *u*, affords a satisfactory explanation of the relation which so manifestly subsists in English between *oo* and *ee*; that is, between the long *a* and the long *e*. We now cease to wonder at the near affinity between *brood* and *breed*, *blood* and *bleed*, *food* and *feed*, *foot* and *feet*, *doom* and *deem*, &c. These words, in fact, have an interrelation, nearly though not quite the same as that of *λεγω* and *λεγει*, *pedis* and *παδω*, which we before remarked.

We have already explained what is meant by the German term *umlaut*, by means of which an *a* in one syllable is changed into an *e* where it

was originally followed by an *i* or *y* in a succeeding syllable.

Now, in A. Saxon, it is to be observed that the long *ē* is the *umlaut* of the long *ō*; being produced by the operation of an original *i* or *y* in a succeeding syllable. In the case of those verbs where the *oo* is converted into *ee*, the change is the result of an original infinitive in *yan*; being, as we have already said, the common Gothic form of the transitive or causal verb. Thus the verb *feed* is formed upon the noun *food*, having originally been *fōdyan*, which is the Gothic and old Saxon verb, but varied in A. Saxon by means of the *umlaut* or influence of the *y* into *fēd-an*, to *feed* or give food. The fact that *ee* is the *umlaut* of *oo*, assists us in proving that *oo* is equivalent to *aa*; for as the single *e* is the *umlaut* of the single *a*, so *ee* should be the *umlaut* of *aa*. But this is its precise position in relation to *oo*, which we have already identified with the double *a* on other grounds.

Let us now give some examples of the English long *o* and *e* corresponding to the Latin *ā* or Greek *u*.

Thus, as *μῦν-u* is the A. Saxon *mōna*, English *moon*, so *μῡν-u*, consilium, seems the Gothic *mōrns*, A. Saxon *mōd*, English *mood*. The Greek *ἰδω*, Latin *suā-vis* (for *suād-vis*?) Sanscrit *swād-us*, is literally the English *sweet*, old Saxon *swōt-i*, O. English *sote*. The Latin *frāter* is the Gothic *brothar*, English *brother*, in the same way as *māter* is *mother*. *Fagus*, L., *φαιγος*, is the Teutonic *beech*; which again is undoubtedly related to the slightly diversified form of *book*, though by what link of signification is not quite clear. *Στήλη*, a pillar or erection, is nearly identical in formation as it is connected in meaning with the Gothic *stōls*, a throne or *stool*. If there is no better etymology for the Latin *vātes*, for we do not think it connected with the Greek *φαεις*, we beg to suggest the Gothic words, *furens*, with which it corresponds almost literally in form, and not very remotely in signification. *Vates* in this view would resemble the Greek *μαρτυς*. *Rad-ix*, L., is the English *root*. *Κεεν*, E., seems little else than a transposition of *gnā-vus*, L.

But it frequently happens, that in words which are mutually allied in the classical and Teutonic languages, the vowels are different in quantity, though

agreeing in character. Thus, a short *a*, *i*, *o* in the Greek or Latin, will have a long *a*, *e*, or *o* in the Teutonic forms; a change which, though it places the words at a greater distance from each other, yet connects them by a clear affinity.

Thus, *pes*, *pedis*, L., *πῆς*, *πόδης*, are characterised by short vowels of the class *a*. The Teutonic form of the word has lengthened the vowel to a long *a*, but without making any other change upon it. The Gothic form of the long *a* we have already seen is *o*, a circumstance which enables us to see the near connexion, though not the absolute identity of *pes*, *pedis*, and *πῆς*, *πόδης*, with the Gothic *fōt*-*us*, English *foot*. The change in the English plural *feet*, is a further illustration of the affinity of all these vowels. *Foot*, in the singular, seems in form more a lengthening of the Greek *πόδης*; while *feet*, the plural, seems a lengthening of the Latin *pedis*. But all of them, in truth, are mere varieties of the short and long *a*. The Sanscrit, it may be observed, seems to have a double form of *pada*, one short and the other long, with nearly the same meaning. The classical languages have followed the short form, while the Teutonic have adopted the long; but the affinity between them all, both in vowels and consonants, is near and undoubted.

The Greek *παῖς* may, with the addition of a consonant, be lengthened into the English *food*, *feed*. *Πά-νις*, L., has the long vowel with a different termination. *Pal-po*, *pal-ma*, L., seem radically related to the English *feet*, O. Saxon *fōl-ian*, the *a* being lengthened into *ee* or *ō*. *εἶπας* is lengthened into the Teutonic forms of *doom* and *deem*. *Sat-iare*, L., seems the root of the English *soothe* with a lengthened vowel. The Gothic *sōth-yan* is translated *saturare*. *Calx*, L., has a long vowel in the English *heel*. *Gelidus* and *gelu*, L., which produce the simple *kalds*, *cold*, have their vowels also lengthened into the English *cool*, and the Shaksperian "keel the pot," meaning, to make cool.

From the connexion above explained between *a* and *oo*, the one being merely a longer form of the other, we are enabled to understand the relation which subsists between the different parts of certain Teutonic verbs which have the vowel *a* in their radical shape. Thus, *take*, *took*; *for-sake*,

for-sook; *shake*, *shook*, &c. When we know that in these instances the preterite differs from the present merely in the length of the same vowel, the apparent anomaly of the change is at once removed. We see that *take* and *took* in this view resemble each other exactly as *lēgo*, *lēgi*, L., *āgo*; *ēgi*. This subject, however, we merely notice incidentally at present, as it seems to deserve a separate consideration.

Hitherto we think that matters appear to be regular and simple. We have seen the correspondence of the short Sanscrit *a* to the classical *a*, *i*, *o*, and to the Teutonic *ā* and *ē*; as well as of the long Sanscrit *a* to the Greek *α*, and Latin *ā*, and to the Teutonic *ō* or *oo*, and *ē* or *ee*. All these, so far as we have seen, are faithful and intelligible varieties of the short and long *a*.

We must now, however, make a further advance in our course, which will lead us into more tangled paths, where we perceive the beginning of that confusion to which it is so difficult to find a clue, and which we do not pretend that we can fully unravel.

We have seen that the Latin language often employs its short *e* and *o* to represent those words which seem properly to belong to the vowel *a*. But the Latin carries this diversity a step further. Not satisfied with the range of subdivision thus afforded, it loves to modulate its *a* syllables on the one hand, so as to soften them into the sound of *i*, and on the other to expand them into that of *u*. Thus while *factus*, *caplus*, become in composition *infectus*, *inceptus*, without implying any inherent alteration in the nature of the syllable, and while *caput* produces *biceps*, and *cano*, *tubicen*, there are other forms of the same or similar roots, in which the *a* passes also into an *i*. Thus *facio*, *conficio*; *capio*, *concupio*; *tango*, *contingo*; *caput*, *occiput*; *cano*, *concino*: *tubicen*, *tubicinis*, &c. Compare also *amicus*, *inimicus*; *ratus*, *irritus*. *Agnis*, S., fire, becomes *ignis*; *αἶψα*, Gr., becomes *imber*. Again, the *a* sound, or its equivalents, may pass also into *u*. Thus *calco*, *conculco*: *salsus*, *insultus*; *taberna*, *con-tubernium*: *εὐκαλαίς*, *scopulus*: *αὐλιγγῆς*, *mulgeo*, &c. We have examples of several steps of this gradation in the following words; *salio*, *exsilio*, *salto*, *exsulto*; *capio*, *auceps*, *aucipis*, *aucupis*, *aucupium*. A com-

parison of two parallel words in Latin and Sanscrit, will illustrate the variation we are now discussing. *Dāmā-sā*, the Sanscrit for a hero, or great man, is obviously the same word with the Latin *dāmisās*. But in the one case the short vowel sound in each syllable has remained uniform; while in the other it assumes three different shapes, all differing from the original, and yet probably all mere variations of the same model. The Greek *αἰσας*, in relation to *animus*, affords a comparison of two languages which are each fond of diversity, but which produce it in a somewhat different manner.

It will be understood that the examples of *i* and *ä* in Latin, which we have just noticed, are not considered as exhibiting the proper vowels of these denominations, in the same way as they occur in those words to which they radically belong. They are rather regarded as supposititious forms, which, in the poverty of alphabetical signs, the vowel *a* has borrowed from its neighbours, to express some of its own more subtle subdivisions; and in regard to which, under the influence of written characters, we have been induced to forget their origin in their outward appearance. It is the part of philology, and especially of that branch of it which takes a comparative view of language, to distinguish these equivocal or fallacious sounds from others which correctly indicate their real nature. If any one, knowing only the compound *contingo* without the simple *tingo*, were to speculate on its radical form, he might at first be inclined to consider the vowel *i* as its proper characteristic; but the derivatives *contactus* and *contagium* would require another hypothesis. The Latin *maigeo*, in like manner, would appear to indicate a root in *u*; but the Greek *μαίλω* would lead to the suspicion that the *u* was merely accidental or apparent.

We have thus, then, arrived at the enunciation of another important rule, or rather an important irregularity in philology, that in certain situations, depending apparently more on euphony than on any other reason, these words which appear to be radically characterized by the cognate or identical vowels *ä*, *ë*, *ö*, assume a fictitious, and, as the Germans would call it, an *inorganic* or anomalous *i* or *u*; but

of which, by induction and comparison, it is frequently possible to detect the true nature, so as to refer it to its proper source.

We shall not here enquire to what extent the Greek itself extends the versatility of its leading vowel sounds, so as to employ an *i* or *e*, where an *a*, *ä*, or *e* would be the regular form. That both the Greek and Sanscrit occasionally take this license as well as the Latin, is certain. But it is undoubtedly to a much more limited extent, and is so much an exception to the general rule, that we need not enter upon its details.

We now come to consider in what position Teutonic languages stand, in reference to the anomaly we have just been considering.

According to the most mature view of the subject which we can arrive at, the Gothic language has a tendency to diversify the sound of *a* in a manner similar to what is effected in Greek by the use of the *i* and *e*; but it is only enabled to do so by an improper use of the *i* and *u*, such as occurs so extensively in the Latin. The Gothic has no short *æ* or *o*. It uses these characters only to express long sounds. It was necessary, therefore, either that it should confine itself to one unchanging sound of *a*, or that it should resort to expedients for expressing the modulations which are represented by the Greek *i* and *e*; and none other appeared more eligible than that into which we have seen the Latin fall without the same necessity. It must not be supposed that any one of the three sounds we have now referred to, corresponds uniformly to a fixed sound in the other languages. There is an apparent laxity in this respect which has not been reduced to rule. We have already seen examples of the Greek and Latin *ä*, *ë*, and *ö*, being all represented by a Teutonic *a*. We shall, on the other hand, find many cases where each of them indiscriminately corresponds to a Teutonic *i* or *u* of the improper kind which we are now noticing. The following comparisons will illustrate what we have said, and show generally the process of attenuation or subsidence which has taken place in the vowels.

The irregularity we are now considering extends into all the Teutonic languages; but in some of our examples we shall see a tendency in the

more modern forms to return from the Gothic *i* and *u* to the original *a*.

The Sanscrit *chatur*, quatuor L., are weakened in Gothic to *fidwor*, from which our *four* has been corrupted. *Panchan*, S., and *पञ्च*, (*पञ्च*), have in Latin and Gothic been weakened into *quinque* and *fimf*, contracted into the Saxon *five*. *Shash*, S. and *sex*, L., become in English *six*, but in Scotch *sax*, with the same vowel as the Sanscrit. *Saplan* S., septem L., subside into the Gothic *sibun*, but return in the English *seven* to the Latin vowel. *Nawan* S., novem L., *νῆν* Greek, and *niun* Gothic (*nine*), show the gradual sinking of the vowel as it recedes from the original type. In the very same way we have *Nawas* S., novus L., *νῆν* Gr. and *niwis* Gothic, which becomes in English *new*. *Mathyas* S., medius L., becomes in Gothic *midis*, English *mid*. *Μεγας* becomes the Gothic *mikils*. Ego L., becomes *ik*, I; *νῆλν* becomes *vilu*, the Scotch *fele*, German *viel*. *βουλομαι*, a euphonic form for *βουλωμαι*, volo, velle I., becomes the English *will*. *Janu* S., *γῆν* Gr., genu L., become by a slight transposition *knju*, *hnee*. *Γῆν*, gena L., become the Gothic *kinuus*, English *chin*; and it is remarkable, that as *γῆν* and *gena*, though radically allied, have different shades of signification, the one rather meaning the chin and the other the cheek, so there is a similar difference in the meaning of the Teutonic vocable, the Scandinavian *kinn* being applied to the cheek or jaw, *gena*, while the English *chin* corresponds to the common meaning of *γῆν*.

Examples of the Teutonic *u*, instead of *a*, are not so common except in the parts of verbs. We give a few instances. It is probable that the Latin *lingua* for *dingua*, is softened from a root in *a*. The Gothic has become *tu o*, *tongue*. *Mors*, *mortis*, is the English *urder*, but German *mord*. *Ταλασ* seems a purer form both of *tolero*

and of *tuli*; the Gothic has *thulan*, to *thole*, Scotch; *dulden*, German. *Γῆν*, genus L., has become the Gothic *kuni*, A. Saxon *cyn*, English *kin*.

Exactly as there is in Greek a class of verbs conjugated on the principle of an identity or affinity between *a*, *i*, and *e*; so also in Gothic there is a similar class of conjugations constructed on the basis of a similar connexion between *a*, *i*, and *u*, where these two last vowels are used as modifications of the first. Thus, *ita*, *at*, *itans*, to *eat*, connected with the Sanscrit root, *ad*; Latin, *edo*. *Sitra*, *sat*, *sitans*, to *sit*, connected with the Sanscrit *shad*, to sink; Latin, *sedeo*. *Nima*, *nam*, *numans*, to take, connected probably in origin, though not identical in meaning, with the Greek *νῆμν*. Compare also the English, *begin*, *begun*, *begun*; *sing*, *sang*, *sung*, &c.*

It might be taken as the fairest test for determining that the vowels *i* and *u* are used as improper forms of the vowel, and not as radical characters, that they are not employed as the basis of new modifications, in the same manner as they would be if they were properly radical. Appearing in a temporary form, and serving a temporary purpose, they should not have a firm enough foundation to become new roots, susceptible of those ulterior changes to which, as we shall afterwards see, the radical vowels *i* and *u* are regularly subject. We are informed, however, by Bopp, that there are cases where an improper *i*, in Gothic, derived from an original *a*, in Greek or Sanscrit, is again dealt with as if it were a radical *i*, so as to be lengthened and formed into diphthongs; carrying it still further from its primitive form; and where this occurs, it is one of the sources of that error and confusion to which the best system of philology must partially be exposed. But we believe that such cases are rare as they are undoubtedly anomalous. According to correct rules, and in the absence of cor-

* The connexion of these modes of conjugation with those which we before noticed as occurring in Greek, appears more clearly in Gothic conjugations, where the vowel is followed by the letter *a*, in which case the Gothic converts the vowels *i* and *u* into irregular diphthongs, but which are yet intended to represent short vowels. Thus, *baira*, *bae*, *baurans*, to *bear*, agrees perfectly with the radical vowels of *φειν*, as seen in *φειν*, and *φεριτω*. *Baira* and *baurans*—*bear*, *born*, contain precisely the vowels with which Uphilas would have written *φειν*, and *φεριτω*. A comparison of the Gothic *faistran*, Greek *πιδαν*, of which the Sanscrit root is *pard*, would show the close correspondence between the two languages in the vocalic changes of their conjugations.

ruption, an original *a*, though deviating for a time into the short *i* or *u*, has a constant tendency to return, and evades all new operations upon itself in its borrowed shape. It is only upon this footing that any great certainty could attend the researches of comparative philology; and we are unwilling to admit, that the rule we have now pointed out is very frequently violated, at least in those earlier forms of every language in which purity of principle is chiefly to be looked for.

We have now considered the vowel *a* in all its modifications, both long and short. Let us wind up what we have said, by tracing through its various changes two important roots that are widely diffused among the whole family, and which may serve as examples of the rest.

The Sanscrit root *dam*, signifies actively and passively to *tame* or *subdue*, to be *tamed* or *subdued*. This is a near and clear cognate of the Greek *δαμ-αω*, the Latin *dom-o*, and the Gothic *TAM-YA*, *I tame*. But we are inclined also to connect with this root another class of words which seem to be used in a secondary sense. The Greek *δομ-αω*, *I build*, seems a cognate of *δαμ-αω*; and indeed the inflexions of the two words run indistinguishably into each other, as in *δομῶμαι*, *δομήματι*. The connecting idea may be that of *subordination*, or *orderly subserviency*. The Gothic compound *GA-TIM-AN*, of which the preterite is *GA-TAM*, corresponding respectively to *δομῶ*, *δομήματι*, signifies in a wide sense to be *apt* or *orderly*. The special meaning of *building*, or *construction*, found in *δομῶ*, and *δομας*, assumes in Gothic the conjectural form of *TIM-R?* *lignum, structura*; whence the verb *TIM-R-YAN*, *αὐκ-δομ-ειν*, *ædificare*. The Scotch *timmer*, and German *zimmer*, are true to the original form of the word, into which some of the Saxon dialects introduce a foreign and euphonic *b*, as in the English *timber*. It will be observed that the German *zimmer*, means not merely material for building, but also a building or apartment itself, as the A. Saxon *timber* also did, thus corresponding nearly to *δομας*.

The Sanscrit root *tan*, means to *spread* or *stretch*. Connected with this are the Greek *τα-νω* and *τιν-ω*, (*τιν-ω*, *τι-τιν-ω*), as well as the Latin

tendo, and perhaps *teneo*. Its cognate verb has been lost in English, but was in A. Saxon *thenian*, to stretch, and is still preserved with the same meaning in the German *dehnen*. All these words are regularly formed in relation to each other, both as to vowels and consonants, according to the types of their respective languages. A deviation in the vowel has taken place in a cognate word which we shall now notice, but in a manner consistent with one of the rules we have above explained. The Sanscrit adjective *tan-us*, small, thin, is obviously the Latin *ten-uis*. There seem traces also of a Greek *ταν-υς*. The Teutonic form has subsided into *THUN-is* whence the Icelandic *thunn-r*, A. Saxon *thyn*, and English *thin*. Whether the Latin *tono*, and *tonitru*, are connected with this root, as expressing the strongest possible *tension* or intensity of sound, we shall not venture to determine; though, if they are, their representatives the Saxon *thunor* and German *donner*, would then belong to the same family.

II. We come now to consider the vowel *i*, properly so considered.

The only change on this vowel which we intend to notice, is that which is produced by the process called in Sanscrit *guna*, and which consists in pre-inserting another vowel, (properly an *a*), so as to lengthen and diphthongate the *i*.

The term *guna* is not familiar to English ears; but the thing designated by it is peculiarly familiar to our language. It is by means of the *guna* that the long *i* assumes in English a diphthongal sound which is unknown to many continental nations. Thus, compare the Italian pronunciation of *vino* with our *wine*, it will be found that the difference consists in our interpolation, before the *i*, of a sound similar to *a*. This is the *guna*, which we may observe seems to have been but partially adopted in the Latin language, as far at least as the orthography indicates, but which is of constant occurrence in Greek.

The *guna* is produced in Sanscrit by the insertion of a short *a*. In Greek, in conformity so far with the principles already laid down, the *guna* is effected by means of *i* and *e*, so as to form the diphthongs *ui*, *ei*. It is said that *a* is never, or at least seldom, used for this purpose, the diphthong

αι being employed to indicate the radical α, with the addition of an irregular and generally a transposed ι. Thus φαινω belongs to a root in α, φαι-, e.g. φαινω, φαινα, &c., and the ι in the present is adventitious.

Examples of the Greek guna we have in the conjugation of many Greek verbs, which are radically characterized by ι. Thus, λικω, λικωσ, λικωσθα, λικωσθε; πικω, πικωσ, πικωσθα, πικωσθε; &c.

Compare here also the Greek *vinum*, with *vinum*. The Greek ι is guna'd by the insertion of ο, precisely as the English *wine* as compared with the Italian *wino*: and supposing the Latin to be pronounced in the Italian manner, the Greek and English would be distinguished from it by the same identical difference.

The Gothic has a conjugation closely corresponding to that of λικω, already noticed. It has, like the Greek, two gunas, one with ι, and another, which analogically ought to have been with ι; but, to avoid awkwardness, it is written as *ei*. We may compare the Greek and Gothic closely by an example. The Gothic cognate of λικω, though known in other Teutonic languages, is, if we remember right, only traced in the Gothic writings by its derivatives. But from these we can easily supply it. It must have been thus conjugated, but apparently more with the neuter sense of *maneo* than the active one of *linguo*, λικω, λικωσ, λικωσθα, λικωσθε.

It may be observed, in passing, that this root seems diffused in a greater variety of senses in the Teutonic than in the classical languages. The primitive idea, possibly, is adhesion, consistency; and the active sense of *having*, or *deserting*, may be secondary, as indicating the idea of allowing the thing left to adhere or remain in its existing place. The English verb *leave*, the Scotch *laive*, (λικωσ, reliquim,) the English *life*, and the German *leib*, are different derivatives from this root.

It is most essential to observe, that in A. Saxon the diphthong *ai* being one of the two gunas of ι, assumed the peculiar form of a long or accented α, being in fact an α as if with the ι subscribed. This long α, probably pronounced very broad, has, strangely enough, become in English an *a*, spelled α as α-α, while in Scotch it has the sound of the English *ai*. Thus

rode, *abode*, the A. S. *rād*, *abād*, are for *raid*, *abaid*, and are thus gunas of *ride*, *ridden*, *abide*, *abidden*. *Road*, *via*, is radically the same with the Scotch *raid*, an incursion, both being derived from the verb *to ride*. The long *ō* in the words *rode*, *road*, *abode*, &c., which proceeds from an A. S. *ā*, or a Gothic *ai*, is carefully to be distinguished from the English *oo*, Anglo-Saxon *ō*, Gothic *o*, and which, as explained before, is the long sound of simple *a*.

We can easily illustrate the true *i* character of the A. S. *ā*, and corresponding English *ō*, by a comparison with German cognates, in which the *i* diphthong distinctly appears. Thus *bán* A. S., *bona* E. = *bein* G.; *stán* A. S., *stone* E. = *stein* G.; *bám* A. S., *home* E. = *heim* G.; *ge-dál* G., *dole* E. = *theil* G.; *áo* A. S., *oak* E. = *eich* G.; *áth* A. S., *oath* E. = *eid* G. In all these words, however, the Gothic diphthong was not *ei*, as in German, but *ai*, from which the A. S. has deviated by dropping the *i*, and the German by using *e* for *a*.

Let us now give some examples of an affinity between words having the character of *i*, whether in its simple or guna'd forms.

Citare L., though a frequentative, seems a near cognate of the Gothic *HAITAN*, *nominare*, *jubere*, whence our old English *hight*, *behest*, &c. *Citer*, *citra* L., seem counterparts of *hither*. *Cilino* L., *καλινω*, correspond literally to *hlinian* A. S., to *lean* E. *Cribrum* L., perhaps for *erithrum*, seems to be *hriddel* A. S., a *riddle* or *sieve*. *Χειρην* appears to us to afford a better representative of *gripe* and *gripe*, (= *graipe*,) than some that are generally given.

Dico L., and *διδωμι*, are undoubtedly connected with the A. S. *dicen*, a *token*, the Gothic form of which would have been *TAIKN*, German *zeichen*. *Teach* E. *tæcan* A. S., (= *TAIK-YAN*?) must also be referred to the same root, as meaning *information*, *demonstration*, and not to *doceo*, L., which belongs to the different form of *didacna*. *Teis* corresponds accurately to A. S. *thri*, German *drat*.

To bite, E. *BITAN*, is thought to be the Latin *findo*, *fid*. The Sanscrit *bhid* is the same root, and is translated "to divide, break, or tear to pieces." The Greek *φειν*, *parcē utor*, corresponds in structure. Is it a cognate, meaning to consume by bits?

The Latin *video*, Greek *ῥιδα*, *ῥιδα*, Gothic *WITAN*, English *wit*, *wot*, are all literally identical, according to the scheme of each language, with the meaning of seeing or knowing. As a curious comparison of the different languages, we may present our readers with a view of the inflexions of this verb in its preterite tense in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and Gothic. The pre-

terite form seems the favourite in most of them, and has perhaps been justly represented as making the idea of *knowing* equivalent with that of *having seen*.

In explanation, we may observe that, as the Sanscrit *ē* is composed of *a* and *i*, we print it as a diphthong, and that we omit the duals of the Sanscrit, Greek, and Gothic.

	Sanscrit.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.
Sing. 1.	Waid-a	<i>ῥιδ-α</i>	Vid-i	Walt
2.	Wait-tha	<i>ῥιδ-ατ</i>	Vid-isti	Walt-t
3.	Waid-a	<i>ῥιδ-α</i>	Vid-it	Walt
Pl. 1.	Wid-ma	<i>ῥιδ-αμῖν</i> (<i>ῥιδ-μῖν</i>)	Vid-imus	Wit-um
2.	Wid-a	<i>ῥιδ-ασι</i> (<i>ῥιδ-σι</i>)	Vid-istis	Wit-uth
3.	Wid-ma	<i>ῥιδ-ασι</i> (<i>ῥιδ-σι</i>)	Vid-erunt	Wit-un.

The Greek *ῥιδα*, Latin *vincis*, Saxon *wick*, are all the same word. The Saxon *weak*, German *weich*, seem connected with *ῥιδα*, *cedo*. We suspect that the Latin *vinco*, *vici*, is a cognate in the transitive sense of *cedere facio*. The *u* seems to be extraneous. The first syllable of the Latin *vit-rum* agrees with the Saxon *wod*, *wad* A.S. German *waid* (*WAITHS*?) in literal structure, as the words do in meaning.

The Latin *nix* and the English *snow* have little resemblance, but are closely and regularly allied. The initial *s* indeed makes a difference, having either been lost in the Latin, or added in the Teutonic form. With that exception the words are radically identical. The root of *nix*, we know from the genitive to be *niv*, which, *Teutonice*, with the prefix of *s*, corresponds to *sniv*. The Gothic form has undergone the *guna* by the interpolation of *a*, and become *snaiws*, whence we regularly deduce the Anglo-Saxon *snāw*, English *snow*. The English *sweat* is somewhat differently deducible from its classical cognates. The Greek *ἵδω* = *εἰ-ἵδω*, and the Sanscrit synonyme *swid*, seem to indicate that *sudor* L. is for *suldor*. The Anglo-Saxon form, with the *guna* and subscribed *i*, is *swāt* = *swait*, German *schweis*, English *sweat*.

The Latin *limus* has in English two cognates differently *guna'd*. *Lime* = *leim* G., and *loam* = *laim* G.

Æs, L., is literally the Gothic *ais*, *fartum*: and as the Latin *as* produces *æris*, so the Gothic *ais* becomes in A. Saxon *ær*, which is *ore*, E. *Iron* E., *æsen* German, is a derivative of the same root.

The Latin *ævum*, Greek *αιών*, agree

with the Gothic *aiw*, *æternitas*, which gives the Teutonic *aye*.

One E., an A.S., *ains* Goth., *ein*, German, belongs also to this class. It would at first sight appear to have no regular counterpart in the classical languages; but we find that the Latin *unus*, according to a not uncommon transition, was originally written *oinus*, which connects it directly with the Gothic *ains*. We doubt greatly if the Greek *εις*, *eis*, is from the same root, and would rather connect our *ains* with the Greek *αἰς*, or *αις*.

In the same way as *unus* was originally *oinus*, so *communis* is said to have been *com-moinis*. This orthography seems to connect it with the Gothic *GA-MAINIS*, German *gemein*, A.S. *gemæne*, whence the English *mean*, in the sense of ordinary, vulgar. But the full explanation of the words last noticed, is attended with difficulty.

III. After what has been said as to the vowel *I*, less detail will be necessary in considering *U*, the only remaining vowel. The changes effected upon this vowel are strictly analogous to those undergone by the vowel *i*. They consist in the *guna* or pre-interpolation of *i* and *a*, so as to produce two different diphthongs besides the simple sound. The Greek shows one form of the *guna* in its conjugation of some verbs of this class, as in *ποιω*, *ποιεις*. But it has also *ου*, and perhaps *υ*, as another form. The Gothic *gunas* are *iu* and *au*, the *au* being pronounced like the English *ow*.

The principal point to which we require here to attend is, that the Anglo-Saxon very strangely disguises the diphthong *au*, by converting it into

eû, and sometimes even into *é*, in a manner somewhat the same as the Latins convert audio into obédio. The Saxon also converted *iu* into *eû*, which has sometimes in English become *ee*. Nothing here but comparative philology can keep us right. But even a comparison of the modern languages shows the nature of the Saxon *ea*. Thus, compare *dream* E. with *traum* G., *beam* E. with *baum* G., &c.; The *umlaut* of *u* is, in Anglo-Saxon, *y*.

The modern English give the *guna* to many words which had in Anglo-Saxon merely *u*. Thus *hûs*, Anglo-Saxon, becomes *house* E., *mus*, *mouse*, *hund*, *hound*. We now give examples of roots in *u*.

The Latin *auris* agrees with the Gothic *auiso* and Anglo-Saxon *ear*, English *ear*. The comparison is instructive. The Latin agrees with the Gothic in the vowel, but without the Anglo-Saxon in the consonant. The three words, however, are all alike. We know that the *s* and *r* are convertible, just as we know that *eû* is a strange but regular form in A. Saxon for *au*.

The Greek *υδρ*, Latin *uber*, for *uther*, is the Saxon *udder*, German, *euter*.

The Greek *γινω*, Lat. *gusto*, give not only the Teutonic *chew*, but also *choose*; German *kauen*, *kosten*; Gothic, *kiusan*. *Cutis* is the A. S. *hud*, German *haut*. The English *hide* represents properly a *y* or *u*, and not an *i*. To *hide* E., *hydan* A. S., is connected in the same way with the Greek *κινω*. The Greek *αλυνω* is the root of the A. S. *hlud*, English *loud*, German *laut*. The Greek *χρηνω*, *χινω*, which belongs to this class, is extended into the Gothic *giutan*, to *gush* or *pour*.

The Gothic *tiuhan*, whence the English *tug*, is the literal counterpart of duco L. *Tree*, English, which is a Scandinavian contraction from the Gothic *traiu*, corresponds to *δρυς*, or perhaps more nearly to *δρεψ*, as *kniu* does to *γινω*. *Thou* E., is an instance of the modern *guna*, as compared with the A. Saxon *thu*, which would answer literally to the Latin *tu*. *Threat*, E., in Gothic *threutan*, or *thrautyan*? is a literal copy, with the *guna*, of the Latin *trudo*; and, indeed, the A. Saxon verb seems to signify properly to press, urge, jostle, and thence to

intimidate. The Greek *θυω* is literally the A. S *duru*, *door* E.

Fyr A. S., fur O. Saxon, corrupted into *fire*, E., answer literally to the Greek *φυρ*. *FAUAI* Gothic, *feaw* A. S., *few* E., are substantially the same with pauci L. We suspect that the Gothic *biugan*, *beogan* A. S. to *bow* E., also to turn away, shun, is connected not only with the S. *bhuþj*, which means "to bend;" but also with *φυγω* and *fugio*, as meaning to "turn and flee." *Brow* E., is a *guna'd* form of S. *bhru*, Greek *οφρυς*. *Brook* E., or rather *bruik* Sc., *brucan*, A. S., which means to enjoy, possess, answers to the Latin *fruo*, perhaps for *frugor*, as seen in *fructus*, *frugi*. *Beam*, A. S., a tree; *baum*, German, has a formation something like *φυμα*, if there be such a word—as meaning a growth, or plant, from *φυω*. The Teutonic *buar*, whence our *boor*, German *bauer*, is derived from *buan*, which means, literally, to plant, colonize, cultivate; and is also connected with *φυω*.

Light, E., does not seem at first sight to agree in its vowel with the Latin *lux*; but when we trace the English *light*, through the Saxon *leoht*, to the Gothic *liuhath*, we see distinctly the characteristic *u* of the root.

The Latin *ruber*, for *ruther*, Greek *ερυθρος*, agrees with the Saxon *read*, *red* E., or *ruddy*. The Gothic form would be *rauds*. The Latin *rumpo*, *rupi*, seems connected with a Teutonic root *riuban*, *rauf*. Whence the German *rauben*, to rob, *rauber*, robber—*reäfero* A. S., *reivar* Sc. To tear, split, spoil, seems the prevailing idea.

If no other explanation can be given of the Latin *saucius*, it may be viewed as a cognate of the Gothic *sikks*, English *sick*.

In the explanations and examples above given, it will readily be understood that there are many omissions and many generalities; and the views on which they are rested ought never in practice to be pushed to an extreme. It cannot be concealed that there are anomalies in the subject still unaccounted for, and that many undoubted cognates in different languages cannot be reconciled together on regular principles. But we are much mistaken if even what we have here stated, does not satisfy our readers that there is more of uniformity

in the transitions of language than at first sight appears; and in all doubtful etymologies we would consider the identity or diversity of the characteristic vowel as decisive for or against the conjecture.

If there be any truth in the theory we have now tried to explain, and that there is admits of no doubt, its principles surely deserve the utmost attention, as tracing the existence of a *law* where none was before suspected, and rescuing a very noble domain of natural knowledge from the reign of chaos and caprice. The more we study the subject of language, the more marvellous it appears. Its first introduction is inexplicable. Its transmission from age to age, and nation to nation, is scarcely less miraculous. It has a tendency to diversity, which yet appears to be strangely controlled by a latent adhesion to uniformity, unknown to the mass of those who use it, and who never dream of the principles on which it was either originally modelled or subsequently modified by their predecessors. Thus surrendered into the hands of unenquiring ignorance, the wonder is that so much of its radical structure and primitive regularity should be yet discoverable. Through what countless channels must any one root have pass-

ed which the Teutonic nations possess in common with the Greek and Latin! At what period did the streams diverge? Through what regions of barbarism, or corruption have the rivulets since flowed in their respective courses, before again meeting in a composite language like the English, which often derives its vocabulary from the same ultimate source, through the medium of a double transmission? It is a remarkable circumstance, and must be intended for some momentous end, that we can now, by whatever process of enquiry, re-mount to the common fountain-head, through so many windings and obstructions. If the primitive affinity of language can thus be discovered, the study must be fitted to our nature, and must serve a noble and pious purpose. Independently of its obvious use in facilitating the acquisition of different forms of speech, and of the treasures they contain, it tends at once to show the near fraternity of human tribes, apparently far separated from each other, and to proclaim the overruling influence of a Divine power, that conferred upon our species, and subjected to such mysterious laws, so noble a faculty as that of language, inestimable in its practical exercise, as well as delightful and profitable in its speculative contemplation.

STYLE. No. IV.

"Such being the state of preparation, what was the result?" These were the words which concluded our last essay. There had been two manifestations of the Grecian intellect, revelations in two separate forms, the first having gathered about Pericles in the year 444 B.C., the second about Alexander the Great in 333 B.C.; the first being a pure literature of creative power, the second, in a great measure, of reflective power; the first fitted to call out the differences of style, the second, to observe, classify, and discuss them: under these circumstances of favourable preparation, what had been the result? Where style exists in strong colouring as a practice or art, we reasonably expect that style should soon follow as a theory—as a science explaining that art, tracing its varieties, and teaching its rules. To use ancient distinctions, where the "*rhetorica utens*" has been cultivated with eminent success, (as in early Greece it had) it is but natural to expect many consequent attempts at a "*rhetorica docens*." And especially, it is natural to do so in a case where the theorizing intellect had been powerfully awakened. What, therefore, we ask again, had been in fact the result?

We must acknowledge that it had fallen far below the reasonable standard of our expectations. Greece, it is true, produced a long series of works on rhetoric; many of which, though not easily met with,* survive to this day: and one which stands first in order of time—viz. the great work of Aristotle—is of such distinguished merit, that some eminent moderns have not scrupled to rank it as the very foremost legacy, in point of psychological knowledge, which Pagan literature has bequeathed to us. Without entering upon so large a comparison as that, we readily admit the commanding talent which this work displays. But it is under an equivocal use

of the word "rhetoric" that the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle could ever have been classed with books treating of style. There is in fact a complex distinction to which the word rhetoric is liable: 1st, it means the *rhetorica utens*, as when we praise the rhetoric of Seneca or Sir Thomas Browne; not meaning anything which they taught, but something which they practised; not a doctrine which they delivered, but a machinery of composition which they employed. 2dly, it means the *rhetorica docens*, as when we praise the rhetoric of Aristotle or Hermogenes; writers far enough from being rhetorical by their own style of writing, but writers who professedly taught others to be rhetorical. 3dly, the *rhetorica utens* itself is subdivided into two meanings, so wide apart that they have very little bearing on each other: one being applied to the art of persuasion, the dexterous use of plausible topics for recommending any opinion whatever to the favour of an audience: this is the Grecian sense universally; the other being applied to the art of composition—the art of treating any subject ornamentally, gracefully, affectingly. There is another use of the word rhetoric distinct from all these, and hitherto, we believe, not consciously noticed: of which at some other time.

Now, this last subdivision of the word rhetoric, viz. "Rhetoric considered as a practising art—*rhetorica utens*," which is the sense exclusively indicated by our modern use of the term, is not at all concerned in the rhetoric of Aristotle. It is rhetoric as a mode of moral suasion, as a technical system for obtaining a readiness in giving to the false a colouring of plausibility, to the doubtful; a colouring of probability, or in giving to the true, when it happens to be obscure, the benefit of a convincing exposition—this it is which Aristotle undertakes to teach: and not at all the art of or-

* "Not easily met with."—From Germany we have seen reprints of some eight or nine; but once only, so far as our bibliography extends, were the whole body published collectively. This was at the Aldine press in Venice, more than three centuries ago. Such an interval, and so solitary a publication, sufficiently explain the non-familiarity of modern scholars with this section of Greek literature.

namental composition. In fact, it is the whole body of public *extempore* speakers whom he addresses, not the body of deliberate writers in any section whatever. And therefore, whilst conceding readily all the honour which is claimed for that great man's Rhetoric, by this one distinction as to what it was that he meant by rhetoric, we evade at once all necessity for modifying our general proposition; viz. that style in our modern sense, as a theory of composition, as an art of constructing sentences and weaving them into coherent wholes, was not effectually cultivated amongst the Greeks. It was not so well understood, nor so distinctly contemplated in the light of a separate accomplishment, as afterwards among the Romans. And we repeat, that this result from circumstances *primâ facie* so favourable to the very opposite result, is highly remarkable. It is so remarkable, that we shall beg permission to linger a little upon those features in the Greek literature, which most of all might seem to have warranted our expecting from Greece the very consummation of this delicate art. For these same features, which would separately have justified that expectation, may happen, when taken in combination with others, to account for its disappointment.

There is, then, amongst the earliest phenomena of the Greek literature, and during its very inaugural period, one which of itself and singly furnishes a presumption for expecting an exquisite investigation of style. It lies in the fact, that two out of the three great tragic poets carried his own characteristic quality of style to a morbid excess; to such an excess as should force itself, and in fact *did* force itself, into popular notice. Had these poets all alike exhibited that sustained and equable tenor of tragic style which we find in Sophocles, it is not probable that the vulgar attention would have been fixed by its character. Where a standard of splendour is much raised, provided all parts are simultaneously raised on the same uniform scale, we know by repeated experience in many modes of display, whether in dress, in architecture, in the embellishment of rooms, &c., that this raising of the standard is not perceived with much vivacity; and that the feelings of the spectator are soon reconciled to alterations that are har-

monized. It is always by some want of uniformity, some defect in following out the scale, that we become roused to conscious observation of the difference between this and our former standards. We exaggerate these differences in such a case, as much as we undervalue them in a case where all is symmetrical. We might expect, therefore, beforehand, that the opposite characteristics as to style of Æschylus and Euripides, would force themselves upon the notice of the Athenian populace; and, in fact, we learn from the Greek scholiasts on these poets, that this effect did really follow. These scholiasts, indeed, belong to a later age. But we know by traditions which they have preserved, and we know from Aristotle himself, the immediate successor of the great tragic poets, (indirectly we know also from the stormy ridicule of Aristophanes, who may be viewed as contemporary with those poets,) that Æschylus was notorious to a proverb amongst the very mob, for the stateliness, pomp, and towering character of his diction; whilst Euripides was equally notorious, not merely for a diction in a lower key, more household, more natural, less elaborate, but also for cultivating such a diction by study and deliberate preference. Having such great models of contrasting style to begin with, having the attention converged upon these differences by the furious merriment of Aristophanes, less than a Grecian wit would have felt a challenge in all this to the investigation of style, as a great organ of difference between man and man, between poet and poet.

But there was a more enduring reason, in the circumstances of Greece, for entitling us to expect from her the perfect theory of style. It lay in those accidents of time and place which obliged Greece to spin most of her speculations, like a spider, out of her own bowels. Now, for such a kind of literature style is, generally speaking, paramount; for a literature less self-evolved, style is more liable to neglect. Modern nations have laboured under the very opposite disadvantage. The excess of external materials has sometimes oppressed their creative power, and sometimes their meditative power. The exuberance of *objective* knowledge—that knowledge which carries

the mind to materials existing out of itself, such as natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, astronomy, geology, where the mind of the student goes for little, and the external object for much—has had the effect of weaning men from subjective speculation, where the mind is all in all, and the alien object next to nothing; and in that degree has weaned them from the culture of style. Now, on the other hand, if you suppose a man in the situation of Baron Trenck at Spandau, or Spinoza in the situation of Robinson Crusoe at Juan Fernandez, or a contemplative monk of the 13th century in his cell—you will perceive that—unless he were a poor feeble-minded creature like Cowper's Bastile prisoner, thrown by utter want of energy upon counting the very nails of his dungeon in all permutations and combinations—rather than quit the external world, he must in his own defence, were it only as a relief from gnawing thoughts, cultivate some *subjective* science; that is, some branch of knowledge which, drawing every thing from the mind itself, is independent of external resources. Such a science is found in the relations of man to God, that is in theology; in the determinations of space, that is in geometry; in the relations of existence or being universally to the human mind, otherwise called metaphysics or ontology; in the relations of the mind to itself, otherwise called logic. Hence it was that the scholastic philosophy evolved itself, like a vast spider's loom, between the years 1100 and 1400. Men shut up in solitude—with the education oftentimes of scholars—with a life of leisure—but with hardly any books, and no means of observation—were absolutely forced, if they would avoid lunacy, from energies unoccupied with any object, to create an object out of those very energies: they were driven by mere pressure of solitude, and sometimes of eternal silence, into raising vast aerial Jacob's ladders of vapoury metaphysics, just as endless as those meteorologic phenomena which technically bear that name—just as sublime and aspiring in their tendency upwards—and sometimes (but not always, wicked critic!) just as unsubstantial. In this land of the practical and the ponderable, we so little understand or value

such abstractions, though once our British schoolmen took the lead in these subtleties, that we confound their very natures and names. Most people with us mean by metaphysics, what is properly called psychology. Now, these two are so far from being the same thing, that the former could be pursued (and, to say the truth, was, in fact, under Aristotle created) by the monk in his unfurnished cell, where nothing ever entered but moonbeams. Whereas psychology is but in part a subjective science; in some proportion it is also *objective*, depending on multiplied experience, or on multiplied records of experience. Psychology, therefore, *could* not have been cultivated extensively by the schoolmen; and in fact would not have been cultivated at all, but for the precedent of Aristotle. He, who laid the foundation of their metaphysics, which have nothing to do with man, had also written a work on man; viz., on the human soul, besides other smaller works on particular psychological phenomena (such as dreaming.) Hence, through mere imitation, arose the short sketches of psychology amongst the schoolmen. Else *their* vocation lay to metaphysics, and that vocation arose entirely out of their circumstances—solitude, scholarship, and no books. Total extinction there was for them of all objective materials, and therefore, as a consequence inevitable, reliance on the solitary energies of their own minds. Like Christabelle's chamber lamp, and the angels from which it was suspended, all was the invention of the unprompted artist.

"All made out of the carver's brain."

Models he had none before him, for printed books were yet sleeping in futurity, and the gates of a grand asceticism were closed upon the world of life. We moderns, indeed, fancy that the necessities of the Romish church—the mere instincts of self-protection in Popery—were what offered the bounty on this air-woven philosophy; and partly that is true; but it is most certain that all the bounties in this world would have failed to operate effectually, had they not met with those circumstances in the silent life of monasteries, which favoured the growth of such a self-spun metaphysical divinity. Monastic life predisposed the restlessness of human intellect to move

in that direction. It was one of the few directions compatible with solitude and penury of books. It was the only one that opened an avenue at once to novelty and to freedom of thought. Now, then, precisely what the monastic life of the schoolmen was, in relation to philosophy, the Greece of Pericles had been in relation to literature. What circumstances, what training, or predisposing influences existed for the monk in his cell; the same (or such as were tantamount) existed for the Grecian wit in the atmosphere of Athens. Three great agencies were at work, and unconsciously moulding the efforts of the earliest schoolmen about the opening of the Crusades, and of the latest, some time after their close;—three analogous agencies, the same in virtue, though varied in circumstances, gave impulse and guidance to the men of Greece, from Pericles, at the opening of Greek literature, to Alexander of Macedon, who witnessed its second harvest. And these agencies were:—1st, Leisure in excess, with a teeming intellect: the burden, under a new-born excitement, of having nothing to do. 2d, Scarcity, without an absolute famine, of books; enough to awake the dormant cravings, but not enough to gratify them without personal participation in the labours of intellectual creation. 3d, A revolutionary restlessness, produced by the recent establishment of a new and growing public interest.

The two first of these agencies, for stimulating intellects already roused by agitating changes, are sufficiently obvious; though few, perhaps, are aware to what extent idleness prevailed in Pagan Greece, and even in Rome, under the system of household slavery, and under the bigoted contempt of commerce. But, waiving that point, and, for the moment, waiving also the degree of scarcity which affected books at the era of Pericles, we must say one word as to the two great analogous public interests which had formed

themselves separately, and with a sense of revolutionary power, for the Greeks on the one hand, and for the schoolmen on the other. As respected the Grecians, and especially the Athenians, this excitement lay in the sentiment of nationality which had been first powerfully organized by the Persian war. Previously to that war the sentiment no doubt smouldered obscurely; but the oriental invasion it was which kindled it into a torrent of flame. And it is interesting to remark, that the very same cause which fused and combined these scattered tribes into the unity of Hellas, viz., their common interest in making head against an awful invader, was also the cause which most of all separated them into local parties by individual rivalry, and by characteristic services. The arrogant Spartan, mad with a French-like self-glorification, boasted for ever of his little Thermopylæ. Ten years earlier the far sublimer display of Athenian Marathon, to say nothing of after services at Salamis, or elsewhere, had placed Attica at the summit of the Greek family. No matter whether selfish jealousy would allow that pre-eminence to be recognized, doubtless it was felt. With this civic pre-eminence arose concurrently for Athens the development of an intellectual pre-eminence. On this we need say nothing. But even here, although the pre-eminence was too dazzling to have been at any time overlooked, yet, with some injustice in every age to Athens, her light has been recognized, but not what gave it value—the contrasting darkness of all around her. This did not escape Paterculus, whose understanding is always vigilant. “We talk,” says he, “of *Grecian* eloquence, or *Grecian* poetry, when we should say *Attic*: for who has ever heard of Theban orators, or Lacedæmonian artists, or Corinthian poets?”* Æschylus, the first great author of Athens, (for Herodotus was not Athenian,) personally fought in the Persian war. Conse-

* People will here remind us that Aristotle was half a foreigner, being born at Staggyra in Macedon. Ay, but amongst Athenian emigrants, and of an Athenian father. His mother, we think, was Thracian. The crossing of races almost uniformly terminates in producing splendour, at any rate energy, of intellect. If the roll of great men, or at least of energetic men, in Christendom, were carefully examined, it would astonish us to observe how many have been the children of mixed marriages; i. e., of alliances between two bloods as to nation, although the races might originally have been the same.

quently the two modes of glory for Athens were almost of simultaneous emergence. And what we are now wishing to insist on, is, that precisely by and through this great unifying event, viz. the double inroad of Asia militant upon Greece, Greece first became generally and reciprocally known to Greece herself: that Greece was then first arranged and cast, as it were, dramatically, according to her capacities, services, duties; that a general consciousness was then diffused of the prevailing relations in which each political family stood to the rest; and that, in the leading states, every intellectual citizen drew a most agitating excitement from the particular character of glory which had settled upon his own tribe, and the particular station which had devolved upon it amongst the champions of civilization.

That was the *positive* force acting upon Athens. Now, reverting to the monkish schoolmen, in order to complete the parallel, what was the corresponding force acting upon them? Leisure, and want of books, were accidents common to both parties—to the scholastic age and to the age of Pericles. These were the *negative* forces; concurring with others to sustain a movement once begun, but incapable of giving the original impulse. What was the active, the *affirmative* force, which effected for the scholastic monks that unity and sense of common purposes, which had been effected for the Greeks by the sudden development of a Grecian interest opposed to a Persian—of a civilized interest, under sudden peril, opposed to the barbarism of the universal planet?

What was there for the race of monkish schoolmen, labouring through three centuries, in the nature of a known palpable interest, which could balance so grand a principle of union and of effort, as this acknowledged guardianship of civilization had suddenly unfolded, like a banner, for the Greeks during the infancy of Pericles? * What *could* there be of corresponding grandeur?

Beforehand, this should have seemed impossible. But, in reality, a far

grander mode of interest had arisen for the schoolmen; grander, because more indefinite; more indefinite, because spiritual. It was this:—The Western or Latin Church had slowly developed her earthly power. As an edifice of civil greatness, throughout the western world, she stood erect and towering. In the eleventh century, beyond all others, she had settled her deep foundations. The work thus far was complete. But blank civil power, though indispensable, was the feeblest of her arms; and, taken separately, was too frail to last, besides that it was liable to revolutions. The authority by which chiefly she ruled, had ruled, and hoped to rule, was spiritual; and with the growing institutions of the age, embodying so much of future resistance, it was essential that this spiritual influence should be founded on a subtle philosophy—difficult to learn, difficult to refute; as also that many dogmas already established, such as tradition, by way of prop to infallibility, should receive far ampler development. The Latin church, we must remember, was not yet that church of Papal Rome, in the maturity of its doctrines and its pretensions, which it afterwards became. And when we consider how vast a benefactrix this church had been to early Christendom, when moulding and settling its foundations, as also in what light she must have appeared to her own pious children, in centuries where as yet only the first local breezes of opposition had begun to whisper amongst the Albigenses, &c., we are bound, in all candour, to see that a sublimer interest could not have existed for any series of philosophers, than the profound persuasion, that by marrying metaphysics to divinity, two sciences even separately so grand; and by the pursuit of labyrinthine truth, they were building up an edifice reaching to the heavens—the great spiritual fortress of the Catholic church.

Here let us retrace the course of our speculations, lest the reader should suppose us to be wandering.

First, for the sake of illustrating

* It is well to give unity to our grandest remembrances, by connecting them, as many as can be, with the same centre. Pericles died in the year 429 before Christ. Supposing his age to be fifty-six, he would then be born about 485 B. C., that is, five years after the first Persian invasion under Darius, five years before the second under Xerxes.

more vividly the influences which acted on the Greece of Pericles, we bring forward another case analogously circumstanced, as moulded by the same causes;—1. The same condition of intellect under revolutionary excitement: 2. The same penury of books: 3. The same chilling gloom from the absence of female charities; the consequent reaction of that oppressive *cuncti*, which Helvetius fancied, amongst all human agencies, to be the most potent stimulant for the intellect: 4. The same (though far different) enthusiasm and elevation of thought, from disinterested participation in forwarding a great movement of the age; for the one side, involving the glory of their own brilliant country, and concurrent with civilization; for the other, co-extensive with all spiritual truth and all spiritual power.

Next, we remark, that men living permanently under such influences, must, of mere necessity, resort to that order of intellectual pursuits which requires little aid *ab extra*; that order, in fact, which philosophically is called “subjective,” as drawing much from our own proper selves, or little (if any thing) from extraneous objects.

And then, thirdly, we remark, that such pursuits are peculiarly favourable to the culture of style. In fact, they force that culture. A man who has absolute facts to communicate from some branch of study, external to himself, as physiology, suppose, or anatomy, or astronomy, is careless of style; or, at least, he may be so, because he is independent of style; for what he has to communicate, neither readily admits, nor much needs, any graces in the mode of communication; the matter transcends and oppresses the manner. The matter tells without any manner at all. But he who has to treat a vague question, such as Cicero calls a *questio infinita*, where every thing is to be finished out of his own peculiar feelings, or his own way of viewing things, (in contradistinction to a *questio finita*, where determinate data, from without, already furnish the main materials,) soon finds that the manner of treating it not only transcends the matter, but very often, and in a very great proportion, *is* the matter. In very many subjective exercises of the mind, as, for instance, in that class of poetry which has been

formally designated by this epithet, (meditative poetry, we mean, in opposition to the Homeric, which is intensely objective,) the problem before the writer is—to project his own inner mind; to bring out consciously what yet lurks by involution in many unanalysed feelings; in short, to pass through a prism, and radiate into distinct elements, what previously had been even to himself but dim and confused ideas, intermixed with each other. Now, in such cases, the skill with which detention or conscious arrest is given to the evanescent, external projection to what is internal, outline to what is fluxionary, and body to what is vague—all this depends entirely on the command over language, as the one sole means of embodying ideas. And, in such cases, the style, or, in the largest sense, *manner*, is confluent with the matter. But, at all events, even by those who are most impatient of any subtleties, or what they consider “metaphysical” distinctions, thus much must be conceded—viz. that those who rest upon external facts, tangible realities, and circumstantial details, in short, generally upon the *objective*, whether in a case of narration or of argument, must for ever be less dependent upon style, than those who have to draw upon their own understandings and their own peculiar feelings for the furniture and matter of their composition. A single illustration will make this plain. It is an old remark, and, in fact, a subject of continual experience, that lawyers fail as public speakers in the House of Commons. Even Erskine, the greatest of modern advocates, was nobody as a senator; and the “fluent Murray,” two generations before him, had found his fluency give way under that mode of trial. But why? How was it possible that a man’s fluency in one chamber of public business, should thus suddenly be defeated and confounded in another? The reason is briefly expressed in Cicero’s distinction between a *questio finita* and a *questio infinita*. In the courts of law, the orator was furnished with a brief—an abstract of facts; downright statements upon oath; circumstances of presumption; and, in short, a whole volume of topics external to his own mind. Sometimes, it is true, the advocate would venture a little out to sea, *proprio marti*: in a case of

crim. con., for instance, he would attempt a little picture of domestic happiness drawn from his own funds. But he was emboldened to do this from his certain knowledge, that in the facts of his brief he had always a hasty retreat in case of any danger that he should founder. If the little picture prospered, it was well: if not, if symptoms of weariness began to arise in the audience, or of hesitation in himself, it was but to cut the matter short, and return to the *terra firma* of his brief, when all again was fluent motion. Besides that each separate transition, and the distribution of the general subject, offered themselves spontaneously in a law case; the logic was given as well as the method. Generally speaking, the mere order of chronology dictated the succession and arrangement of the topics. Now, on the other hand, in a House of Commons' oration, although sometimes there may occur statements of facts and operose calculations, still these are never more than a text, at the very best, for the political discussion, but often no more than a subsequent illustration or proof attached to some one of its heads. The main staple of any long speech must always be some general view of national policy; and, in Cicero's language, such a view must always be *infinita*—that is, not determined *ab extra*, but shaped and drawn from the funds of one's own understanding. The facts are here subordinate and ministerial; in the case before a jury, the facts are all in all. The forensic orator satisfies his duty if he does but take the facts exactly as they stand in his brief, and place them before his audience in that order, and even (if he should choose it) in those words. The parliamentary orator has no opening for facts at all, but as he himself may be able to create such an opening by some previous expositions of doctrine or opinion, of the probable or the expedient. The one is always creeping along shore—the other is always out at sea. Accordingly, the degrees of anxiety which severally affect the two cases, is best brought to the test in this one question—“*what shall I say next?*”—an anxiety besetting orators like that which besets poor men in respect to their children's daily bread.—“This moment it is secured; but, alas! for the next!” Now, the judicial orator

finds an instant relief; the very points of the case are numbered; and, if he cannot find more to say upon No. 7, he has only to pass on, and call up No. 8. Whereas the deliberative orator, in a senate or a literary meeting, finds himself always in this situation—that having reached with difficulty that topic which we have supposed to be No. 7, one of three cases uniformly occurs: either he does not perceive any No. 8 at all; or, secondly, he sees a distracting choice of No. 8's—the ideas to which he might next pass are many, but he does not see whither they will lead him; or, thirdly, he sees a very fair and promising No. 8, but cannot in any way discover, off-hand, how he is to effect a transition to this new topic. He cannot, with the rapidity requisite, modulate out of the one key into the other. His anxiety increases, utter confusion masters him, and he breaks down.

We have made this digression by way of seeking, in a well-known case of public life, an illustration of the difference between a subjective and an objective exercise of the mind. It is the sudden translation from the one exercise to the other, which, and which only, accounts for the failure of advocates when attempting senatorial efforts. Once used to depend on memorials or briefs of facts, or of evidence not self-derived, the advocate, like a child in leading-strings, loses that command over his own internal resources, which otherwise he might have drawn from practice. In fact, the advocate, with his brief lying before him, is precisely in the condition of a parliamentary speaker, who places a written speech or notes for a speech in his hat. This trick has sometimes been practised: and the consternation which would befall the orator in the case of such a hat-speech being suddenly blown away, precisely realizes the situation of a *nisi prius* orator when first getting on his legs in the House of Commons. He has swum with bladders all his life: suddenly he must swim without them.

This case explains why it is that all subjective branches of study favour the cultivation of style. Whatsoever is entirely independent of the mind, and external to it, is generally equal to its own enunciation. Ponderable facts and external realities are intelligible in almost any language: they

are self-explained and self-sustained. But the more closely any exercise of mind is connected with what is internal and individual in the sensibilities, that is, with what is philosophically termed *subjective*, precisely in that degree, and the more subtly, does the style or the embodying of the thoughts cease to be a mere separable ornament, and in fact the more does the manner, as we expressed it before, become confluent with the matter. In saying this we do but vary the form of what we once heard delivered on this subject by Mr Wordsworth: his remark was by far the weightiest thing we ever heard on the subject of style; and it was this—that it is in the highest degree unphilosophic to call language or diction “the *dress* of thoughts;” and what was it then that he would substitute? Why this: he would call it “the *incarnation* of thoughts.” Never, in one word, was so profound a truth conveyed. Mr Wordsworth was thinking, doubtless, of poetry like his own; viz. that which is eminently meditative. And the truth is apparent, on consideration: for, if language were merely a dress, then you could separate the two: you could lay the thoughts on the left hand, the language on the right. But, generally speaking, you can no more deal thus with poetic thoughts, than you can with soul and body. The union is too subtle; the intertexture too ineffable, each co-existing not merely *with* the other, but each *in* and *through* the other. An image, for instance, a single word, often enters into a thought as a constituent part. In short, the two elements are not united as a body with a separable dress, but as a mysterious incarnation. And thus, in what proportion the thoughts are subjective, in that same proportion does their very essence become identical with the expression, and the style become confluent with the matter.

The Greeks, by want of books, philosophic instruments, and innumerable other aids to all objective researches, being thrown more exclusively than we upon their own unaided minds, cultivated logic, ethics, metaphysics, psychology—all thoroughly subjective studies. The schoolmen, in the very same situation, cultivated precisely the same field of knowledge. The Greeks, indeed, added to their studies that of geometry; for the inscription

over the gate of the Academy (Let no one enter who is not instructed in geometry) sufficiently argues that this science must have made some progress in the days of Pericles, when it could thus be made a general qualification for admission to a learned establishment within thirty years after his death. But geometry is partly an objective, partly a subjective study. With this exception, the Greeks and the monastic schoolmen trode the very same path.

Consequently, in agreement with our principle, both ought to have found themselves in circumstances favourable to the cultivation of style. And it is certain that they did. As an *art*, as a practice, it was felicitously pursued in both cases. It is true that the harsh, ascetic mode of treating philosophy by the schoolmen, generated a corresponding barrenness, aridity, and repulsiveness, in the rigid forms of their technical language. But, however offensive to genial sensibilities, this diction was a perfect thing in its kind; and, to do it justice, we ought rather to compare it with the exquisite language of algebra, equally irreconcilable to all standards of æsthetic beauty; but yet for the three qualities of elliptical rapidity, (that rapidity which constitutes what is meant by elegance in mathematics,)—of absolute precision—and of simplicity, this algebraic language is unrivalled amongst human inventions. On the other hand, the Greeks, whose objects did not confine them to these austere studies, carried out their corresponding excellence in style upon a far wider and indeed a comprehensive scale. Almost all modes of style were exemplified amongst them. Thus, we endeavour to show that the subjective pursuits of the Greeks and the schoolmen ought to have favoured a command of appropriate diction; and afterwards that it did.

But, fourthly, we are entitled to expect—that wherever style exists in great development as a practice, it will soon be investigated with corresponding success as a theory. If fine music is produced spontaneously in short snatches by the musical sensibility of a people, it is a matter of certainty that the science of composition, that counterpoint, that thorough-bass, will soon be cultivated with a commensurate zeal. This is matter of

such obvious inference, that in any case where it fails, we look for some extraordinary cause to account for it. Now in Greece, with respect to style, the inference *did* fail. Style, as an art, was in a high state of culture: style, as a science, was nearly neglected. How is this to be accounted for? It arose naturally enough out of one great phenomenon in the condition of ancient times, and the relation which that bore to literature, and to all human exertion of the intellect.

Did the reader ever happen to reflect on the great idea of *Publication*? An idea we call it; because, even in our own times, with all the mechanic aids of steam-presses, &c., this object is most imperfectly approached, and is destined, perhaps, for ever to remain an unattainable ideal; useful (like all ideals) in the way of regulating our aims, but also as a practicable object not reconcilable with the limitation of human power. For it is clear that, if books were multiplied by a thousand-fold, and truth of all kinds were carried to the very fireside of every family, may, placed below the eyes of every individual, still the purpose of any universal publication would be defeated and utterly confounded, were it only by the limited opportunities of readers. One condition of publication defeats another. Even so much as a general publication is a hopeless idea. Yet, on the other hand, publication, in some degree, and by some mode, is a *sine qua non* condition for the generation of literature. Without a larger sympathy than that of his own personal circle, it is evident that no writer could have a motive for those exertions and previous preparations, without which excellence is not attainable in any art whatsoever.

Now, in our own times, it is singular, and really philosophically curious, to remark the utter blindness of writers, readers, publishers, and all parties whatever interested in literature, as to the trivial fraction of publicity which settles upon each separate work. The very multiplication of books has continually defeated the object in a growing progression. Readers have increased, the engines of publication have increased; but books, increasing in a still greater proportion, have left as the practical result—an average quotient of publicity for each book, taken apart, continually decreasing.

And if the whole world were readers probably the average publicity for each separate work would reach a *minimum*—such would be the concurrent increase of books. But even this view of the case keeps out of sight the most monstrous forms of this phenomenon. The inequality of the publication has the effect of keeping very many books absolutely without a reader. The majority of books are never opened; 500 copies may be printed, or half as many more; of these, it may happen, that five are carelessly turned over. Popular journals, again, which carry a promiscuous miscellany of papers into the same number of hands, as a stage-coach must convey all its passengers at the same rate of speed, dupe the public with a notion that here at least all are read. Not at all. One or two are read from the interest attached to their subjects. Occasionally one is read a little from the ability with which it treats a subject not otherwise attractive. The rest have a better chance certainly than books, because they are at any rate placed under the eye and in the hand of readers. But this is no more than a variety of the same case. A hasty glance may be taken by one in a hundred at the less attractive papers; but reading is out of the question. Then, again, another delusion, by which all parties disguise the truth, is, the absurd belief that, not being read at present, a book may, however, be revived hereafter. Believe it not! This is possible only with regard to books that demand to be studied, where the merit is slowly discovered. Every month, every day indeed, produces its own novelties, with the additional zest that they *are* novelties. Every future year, which will assuredly fail in finding time for its own books, how should it find time for defunct books? No, no—every year buries its own literature. Since Waterloo, there have been added upwards of fifty thousand books and pamphlets to the shelves of our *native* literature, taking no account of foreign importations. Of these fifty thousand, possibly two hundred still survive: possibly twenty will survive for a couple of centuries; possibly five or six thousand may have been indifferently read; the rest not so much as opened. In this hasty sketch of a calculation, we assume a single copy to represent a

whole edition. But in order to have the total sum of copies numerically neglected since Waterloo, it will be requisite to multiply forty-four thousand by five hundred at the least, but probably by a higher multiplier. At the very moment of writing this—by way of putting into a brighter light the inconceivable blunder as to publicity habitually committed by sensible men of the world—let us mention what we now see before us in a public journal. Speaking with disapprobation of a just but disparaging expression applied to the French war-mania by a London morning paper, the writer has described it as likely to irritate the people of France. Oh, genius of arithmetic! The offending London journal has a circulation of four thousand copies daily—and it is assumed that thirty-three millions, of whom assuredly not twenty-five individuals will ever see the English paper as a visible object, nor five ever read the passage in question, are to be maddened by one word in a colossal paper laid this morning on a table amongst fifty others, and to-morrow morning pushed off that table by fifty others of more recent date. How are such delusions possible? Simply from the previous delusion, of ancient standing, connected with printed characters: what is printed seems to every man invested with some fatal character of publicity such as cannot belong to mere MS.; whilst in the mean time, out of every thousand printed pages, one at the most, but at all events a very small proportion indeed, is in any true sense more public when printed than previously as a manuscript; and that one, even that thousandth part, perishes as effectually in a few days to each separate reader, as the words perish in our daily conversation. Out of all that we talk, or hear others talk, through the course of a year, how much remains on the memory at the closing day of December? Quite as little, we may be sure, survives from most people's reading. A book answers its purpose by sustaining the intellectual faculties in motion through the current act of reading; and a general deposition or settling takes effect from the sum of what we read: even that, however, chiefly according to the previous condition in which the book finds us for understanding it, and referring them to heads under some existing arrange-

ment of our knowledge. Publication is an idle term applied to what is not published: and nothing is *published* which is not made known *publicly* to the understanding as well as to the eye: whereas, for the enormous majority of what is printed, we cannot say so much as that it is made known to the eyes.

For what reason have we insisted on this unpleasant view of a phenomenon incident to the limitation of our faculties, and apparently without remedy? Upon another occasion it might have been useful to do so, were it only to impress upon every writer the vast importance of compression. Simply to retrench one word from each sentence, one superfluous epithet, for example, would probably increase the disposable time of the public by one twelfth part; in other words, would add another month to the year, or raise any sum of volumes read from eleven to twelve hundred. A mechanic operation would effect *that* change: but, by cultivating a closer logic and more severe habits of thinking, perhaps two sentences out of each three might be pruned away; and the amount of possible publication might thus be increased in a threefold degree. A most serious duty therefore, and a duty which is annually growing in solemnity, appears to be connected with the culture of an unwordy diction; much more, however, with the culture of clear thinking; that being the main key to good writing, and consequently to fluent reading.

But all this, though not unconnected with our general theme, is wide of our immediate purpose. The course of our logic at this point runs in the following order. The Athenians, from causes assigned, ought to have consummated the whole science and theory of style. But they did *not*. Why? Simply from a remarkable deflexion or bias given to their studies by a difficulty connected with *publication*. For some modes of literature the Greeks *had* a means of publication, for many they had *not*. That one difference, as we shall show, disturbed the just valuation of style.

Some mode of publication must have existed for Athens, that is evident. The mere *fact* of a literature proves it. For without public sympathy how can a literature arise? or public sympathy without a regular organ of publication? What poet

would submit to the labours of his most difficult art, if he had no reasonable prospect of a large audience, and somewhat of a permanent audience, to welcome and adopt his productions?

Now then, in the Athens of Pericles, what *was* the audience, how composed, and how ensured, on which the literary composer might rely? By what channel, in short, did the Athenian writer calculate on a *publication*?

This is a very interesting question; and, as regards much in the civilization of Greece, both for what it caused and what it prevented, is an important question. In the elder days, in fact we may suppose through the five hundred years from the Trojan expedition to Pisistratus and Solon, all *publication* was effected through two classes of men—the public reciters and the public singers. Thus no doubt it was, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were sent down to the hands of Pisistratus, who has the traditional reputation of having first arranged and revised these poems. These reciters or singers to the harp, would probably rehearse one entire book of the *Iliad* at every splendid banquet. Every book would be kept in remembrance and currency by the peculiar local relations of particular states or particular families to ancestors connected with Troy. This mode of publication, however, had the disadvantage, that it was among the arts ministerial to sensual enjoyment. And it is some argument for the extensive diffusion of such a practice in the early times of Greece, that both in the Greece of later times, and, by adoption from her, in the Rome of cultivated ages, we find the *αἰσθηματα* as commonly established by way of a dinner appurtenance—that is, exercises of display addressed to the ear, recitations of any kind with and without music—not at all less frequently than *ἰσθηματα*, or the corresponding display to the eye, (dances or combats of gladiators.) These were doubtless inheritances from the ancient usages of Greece, modes of publication resorted to long before the Olympic games, by the mere necessitous cravings for sympathy; and kept up long after that institution, as in itself too brief and rare in its recurrence to satisfy the necessity.

Such was the earliest effort of publication, and in its feeble infancy; for this, besides its limitation in point of audience, was confined to narrative

poetry. But when the ideal of Greece was more and more exalted by nearer comparison with barbarous standards, after the sentiment of patriotism had coalesced with vindictive sentiments, and when towering cities began to reflect the grandeur of this land as in a visual mirror, these cravings for publicity became more restless and irrepressible. And at length in the time of Pericles, concurrently with the external magnificence of the city, arose for Athens two modes of publication, each upon a scale of gigantic magnitude.

What were these? The *Theatre* and the *Agora* or Forum; publication by the Stage, and publication by the Hustings. These were the extraordinary modes of publication which arose for Athens; one by a sudden birth, like that of Minerva, in the very generation of Pericles; the other slowly maturing itself from the generation of Pisistratus, which preceded that of Pericles by a hundred years. This double publication, scenic and forensic, was virtually, and for all the loftier purposes of publication, the press of Athens. And however imperfect a representative this may seem of a typographical publication, certain it is that in some important features the Athenian publication had separate advantages of its own. It was a far more effective and correct publication, in the first place; enjoying every aid of enforcing accompaniment, from voice, gesture, scenery, music; and suffering in no instance from false reading or careless reading. Then secondly, it was a far wider publication; each drama being read (or heard, which is a far better thing) by twenty-five or thirty-thousand persons, counterbalancing at least forty editions, such as we on an average publish, each oration being delivered with just emphasis, to perhaps seven thousand. But why, in this mention of a stage or hustings publication, as opposed to a publication by the printing press, why was it, we are naturally admonished to ask, that the Greeks had no press? The ready answer will be, because the art of printing had not been discovered. But that is an error, the detection of which we owe to the present Archbishop of Dublin. The art of printing *was* discovered. It had been discovered repeatedly. The art which multiplied the legends upon a coin or medal (a work which the ancients

performed by many degrees better than we moderns, for we make it a mechanic art, they a fine art,) had in effect anticipated the art of printing. It was an art, this typographic mystery, which awoke and went back to sleep many times over, from mere defect of materials. Not the defect of typography as an art, but the defect of *paper* as a material for keeping this art in motion—*there* lay the reason, as Dr Whately most truly observes, why printed books had no existence amongst the Greeks of Pericles, or afterwards amongst the Romans of Cicero. And why was there no paper? The common reason applying to both countries was, the want of linen rags; and that want arose from the universal habit of wearing woollen garments. In this respect, Athens and Rome were on the same level. But for Athens, the want was driven to a further extremity by the slenderness of her commerce with Egypt, whence only any substitute could have been drawn.

Even for Rome itself, the scarcity of paper ran through many degrees. Horace, the poet, was amused with the town of Equotuticum for two reasons; as incapable of entering into hexameter verse, from its prosodial quantity, (*versu quod dicere non est*), and because it purchased water, (*venit vilissima rerum aqua*;) a circumstance in which it agrees with the well known Clifton, above the hot wells of Bristol, where water is bought by the shilling's worth. But neither Horatian Equotuticum, nor Bristolian Clifton, can ever have been as "hard up" for water as the Mecca caravan. And the differences were as great, in respect to the want of paper, between the Athens of Pericles or Alexander, and the Rome of Augustus Cæsar. Athens had bad poets, whose names have come down to modern times: but Athens could no more have afforded to punish bad authors by sending their works to grocers—

"—— in vicum vendentem pus et
odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur in-
eptis,"

than London, because gorged with the wealth of two Indies, can afford to pave her streets with silver. This practice of applying unsaleable authors to the ignoble uses of retail dealers in petty articles, must have existed in

Rome for some time before it could have attracted the notice of Horace, and upon some considerable scale as a known public usage, before it could have roused any echoes of public mirth as a satiric allusion, or have had any meaning and sting.

In that one revelation of Horace, we see a proof how much paper had become more plentiful. It is true, that so long as men dressed in woollen materials, it was impossible to look for a *cheap* paper. Maga might have been printed at Rome very well for ten guineas a copy. Paper was dear, undoubtedly; but it could be had. On the other hand, how desperate must have been the bankruptcy at Athens in all materials for receiving the record of thoughts, when we find a polished people having no better tickets or cards for conveying their sentiments to the public than shells? Thence came the very name for civil banishment, viz. *ostracism*, because the votes were marked on an *ostrakon*, or marine shell. Again, in another great and most splendid city, you see men reduced to *petalism*, or marking their votes by the petals of shrubs. Elsewhere, as indeed many centuries nearer to our own times, in Constantinople, bull's hide was used for the same purpose.

Well might the poor Greeks adopt the desperate expedient of white plastered walls as the best memorandum-book for a man who had thoughts occurring to him in the night-time. Brass only, or marble, could offer any lasting memorial for thoughts; and upon what material the parts were written out for the actors on the Athenian stage, or how the elaborate revisions of the text could be carried on, is beyond our power of conjecture.

In this appalling state of embarrassment for the great poet or prose writer, what consequences would naturally arise? A king's favourite and friend like Aristotle might command the most costly materials. For instance, if you look back from this day to 1800, into the advertising records or catalogues of great Parisian publishers, you will find more works of excessive luxury, costing from a thousand *francs* for each copy, all the way up to as many *guineas*, in each separate period of fifteen years, than in the whole forty among the wealthier and more enterprising publishers of Great Britain.

What is the explanation? Can the very moderate incomes of the French gentry afford to patronise works which are beyond the purses of our British aristocracy, who, besides, are so much more of a reading class? Not so: the patronage for these Parisian works of luxury is not domestic, it is exotic: chiefly from emperors and kings; from great national libraries; from rich universities; from the grandees of Russia, Hungary, or Great Britain; and generally from those who, living in splendid castles or hotels, require corresponding furniture, and therefore corresponding books; because to such people books are necessarily furniture; since, upon the principles of good taste, they must correspond with the splendour of all around them. And in the age of Alexander, there were already purchasers enough among royal houses, or the imitators of such houses, to encourage costly copies of attractive works. Aristotle was a privileged man. But in other less favoured cases, the strong yearnings for public sympathy were met by blank impossibilities. Much martyrdom, we feel assured, was then suffered by poets. Thousands, it is true, perish in our days, who have never had a solitary reader. But still the existence *in print* gives a delusive feeling that they have been read. They are standing in the market all day, and somebody, unperceived by themselves, may have thrown an eye upon their wares. The thing is possible. But for the ancient writer there was a sheer physical impossibility that any man should sympathize with what he never could have seen, except under the two conditions we have mentioned.

These two cases there were of exemption from this dire physical resistance; two conditions which made publication possible: and under the horrible circumstances of sequestration for authors in general, need it be said, that to benefit by either advantage was sought with such a zeal as, in effect, extinguished all other literature? If a man could be a poet for the stage, a *scriptor scenicus*, in that case he obtained a hearing. If a man could be admitted as an orator, as a regular *demagogus*, from the popular *demia*, or hustings, in that case he obtained a hearing. If his own thoughts were a torment to him, until they were

reverberated from the hearts and flashing eyes and clamorous sympathy of a multitude; thus only an outlet was provided, a mouth was opened, for the volcano surging within his brain. The vast theatre was an organ of publication; the political forum was an organ of publication. And on this twofold arena a torch was applied to that inflammable gas, which exhaled spontaneously from so excitable a mind as the mind of the Athenian.

Need we wonder, then, at the torrent-like determination with which Athenian literature, from the era 444 B.C., to the era 333 B.C., ran headlong into one or other channel—the scenical poetry or the eloquence of the hustings? For an Athenian in search of popular applause, or of sympathy, there was no other avenue to either; unless, indeed, in the character of an artist, or of a leading soldier: but too often, in this latter class, it happened that mercenary foreigners had a preference. And thus it was, that during that period when the popular cast of government throughout Greece awakened patriotic emulation, scarcely any thing is heard of in literature (allowing for the succession to philosophic chairs, which made it their pride to be private and exclusive) except dramatic poetry on the one hand, comic or tragic, and political oratory on the other.

As to this last avenue to the public ear, how it was abused, in what excess it became the nuisance and capital scourge of Athens, there needs only the testimony of all contemporary men who happened to stand aloof from that profession, or all subsequent men even of that very profession, who were not blinded by some corresponding interest in some similar system of delusion. Euripides and Aristophanes, contemporary with the earliest practitioners of name and power on that stage of jugglers, are overrun with expressions of horror for these public pests. "You have every qualification," says Aristophanes to an aspirant—"that could be wished for a public orator; *φωνή μίτρα*—a voice like seven devils—*κακὸς λόγος*—you are by nature a scamp—*αἰσχρολογία*—you are up to snuff in the business of the forum." From Euripides might be gathered a small volume, relying merely upon so much of his works as yet survives, in illustration of the horror which pos-

seased him for this gang of public misleaders:—

*Τὸν' αὖτ' ὁ Δῆμος ἐν πολλῇς οἰκουμένῃς
Δαίμωνι τ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν—οἱ πολλοὶ λίαν λεία.*

"This is what overthrows cities, admirably organized, and the households of men—your superfine harangues." Cicero, full four centuries later, looking back to this very period from Pericles to Alexander, friendly as he was by the *esprit de corps* to the order of orators, and professionally biased to uphold the civil uses of eloquence; yet, as an honest man, cannot deny that it was this gift of oratory, hideously abused, which led to the overthrow of Athens, and the ruin of Grecian liberty:—"Illa vetus Græcia, qua quondam opibus, imperio gloriâ fluit, hoc uno malo concidit—*libertate immoderata ac licentiâ concionum.*"

Quintilian, standing on the very same ground of professional prejudice, all in favour of public orators, yet is forced into the same sorrowful confession. In one of the Declamations ascribed to him, he says—"Civitatum status scimus ab oratoribus esse conversos;" and in illustration, he adds the example of Athens: "sive illam Atheniensium civitatem, (quondam late principem,) intueri placeat, accisas ejus vires animadvertemus *vitiis concionantium.*" Root and branch, Athens was laid prostrate by her wicked radical orators; for radical, in the elliptic phrase of modern politics, they were almost to a man; and in this feature above all others, (a feature often scornfully exposed by Euripides,) those technically known as *οἱ λαῶντες*—the speaking men, and as *οἱ δημαγωγοί*—the misleaders of the mob, offer a most suitable ancestry for the modern leaders of radicalism—that with their base, fawning flatteries of the people, they mixed up the venom of vipers against their opponents and against the aristocracy of the land.

Ἵνα λυμαινὸν ἥμας τοῖς μαλίσκιναις—

"Subtly to wheedle the people with honeyed words dressed to its palate—

this had been the ironical advice of the scoffing Aristophanes. That practice made the mob orator contemptible to manly tastes rather than hateful. But the sacrifice of independence—the "pride which licks the dust"—is the readiest training for all uncharitableness and falsehood towards those who seem either rivals for the same base purposes, or open antagonists for nobler. And accordingly it is remarked by Euripides, that these pestilent abusers of the popular confidence would bring a mischief upon Athens before they had finished, equally by their sycophancies to the mob, and by their libels of foreign princes. Hundreds of years afterwards, a Greek writer, upon reviewing this most interesting period of 111 years, from Pericles to Alexander, sums up and repeats the opinion of Euripides in this general representative portrait of Attic oratory, with respect to which we wish to ask, can any better delineation be given of a Chartist, or generically of a modern Jacobin?—"Ὁ δημαγωγὸς κακοδιδασκαλεῖ τοὺς πολλοὺς, λίσσιν τὰ πλεονεκτήματα—The mob-leader dupes the multitude with false doctrines, whilst delivering things soothing to their credulous vanity." This is one half of his office—sycophancy to the immediate purseholders, and poison to the sources of truth—the other half is expressed with the same spirit of prophecy as regards the British future—καὶ διαβολαῖς αὐτοὺς ἐκκαλοῦσθαι πρὸς τοὺς ἀριστοὺς, "and by lying calumnies he utterly alienates their affections from their own native aristocracy."

Now this was a base pursuit, though somewhat relieved by the closing example of Demosthenes, who, amidst much frailty, had a generous nature; and he showed it chiefly by his death, and in his lifetime, to use Milton's words, by uttering many times "odious truth," which, with noble courage, he compelled the mob to bear. But one man could not redeem a national dishonour. It was such, and such it was

* With respect to the word "demagogues," as a technical designation for the political orators and partisans at Athens, (otherwise called *οἱ πειρασταί*, those who headed any movement,) it is singular that so accurate a Greek scholar as Henry Stephens should have supposed *linguas promptas ad plebem concitandum* (an expression of Livy's) *potius tunc δημαγωγῶν fuisse quàm τῶν ῥητορῶν*; as if the demagogues were a separate class from the popular orators. But, says Valckenær, the relation is soon stated: Not all the Athenian orators were demagogues; but all the demagogues were in fact, and technically were called, the Orators.

felt to be. Men, therefore, of elevated natures, and men of gentle pacific natures, equally revolted from a trade of lies, as regarded the audience, and of strife, as regarded the competitors. There remained the one other pursuit of scenical poetry; and it hardly needs to be said, what crowding there was amongst all the energetic minds of Athens into one or other of these pursuits—the one for the unworldly and idealizing, the other for the coarsely ambitious. These, therefore, became the two *quasi* professions of Athens; and at the same time, in a sense more exclusive than can now be true of our professions, became the sole means of publication for truth of any class, and a publication by many degrees more certain, more extensive, and more immediate, than ours by the press.

The Athenian theatre published an edition of thirty thousand copies in one day, enabling, in effect, every male citizen capable of attending, from the age of twenty to sixty, together with many thousands of domiciled aliens, to read the drama, with the fullest understanding of its sense and poetic force that could be effected by natural powers of voice and action, combined with all possible auxiliaries of art, of music, of pantomimic dancing; and the whole carried home to the heart by visible and audible sympathy in excess. This, but in a very inferior form, as regarded the adjuncts of art, and the scale of the theatre, and the *mise en scène*, was precisely the advantage of Charles I. for appreciating Shakspeare.

It was a standing reproach of the Puritans adopted even by Milton, a leaden shaft feathered and made buoyant by *his* wit, that the king had adopted that stage poet as the companion of his closet retirements. So it would have been a pity, if these malignant persecutors of the royal solitude should have been liars as well as fanatics. Doubtless, as king, and in his afflictions, this storm-vexed man did read Shakspeare. But that was not the original way in which he acquired his acquaintance with the poet. A Prince of Wales, what between public claims and social claims, finds

little time for reading, after the period of childhood; that is, at any period when he can comprehend a great poet. And it was as Prince of Wales that Charles prosecuted his studies of Shakspeare. He saw continually at Whitehall, personated by the best actors of the time, illustrated by the stage management, and assisted by the mechanic displays of Inigo Jones, all the principal dramas of Shakspeare actually performed. That was publication with an Athenian advantage. A thousand copies of a book may be brought into public libraries, and not one of them opened. But the three thousand copies of a play, which Drury-Lane used to publish in one night, were in the most literal sense as well as in spirit read, properly punctuated by the speakers, made intelligible by voice and action, endowed with life and emphasis: in short, on each successive performance, a very large edition of a fine tragedy was published in the most impressive shape; not merely with accuracy, but with a mimic reality that forbade all forgetting, and was liable to no inattention.

Now, if Drury-Lane published a drama for Shakspeare by three thousand copies in one night, the Athenian theatre published ten times that amount for Sophocles. And this mode of publication in Athens not co-operating (as in modern times) with other modes, but standing out in solitary conspicuous relief, gave an unnatural bounty upon that one mode of poetic composition: as the hustings did upon one mode of prose composition. And those two modes, being thus cultivated to the utter exclusion of all others not benefitting by that bounty of publication, gave an unnatural bias to the national style; determined, in effect, upon too narrow a scale the operative ideal of composition—and finally made the dramatic artist and the mob orator the two sole intellectual professions for Athens. Hence came a great limitation of style in practice: and hence, for reasons connected with these two modes of composition, a general neglect of style as a didactic theory.

THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF ASIA.—THE ASSASSINS AND THUGS.

THE astounding disclosures relative to the system of secret murder in India, called *Thuggee*, which have been brought to light during the last ten years, have so far penetrated the veil of apathy through which every detail regarding our Indian empire is too generally contemplated in this country, as to excite a considerable degree of curiosity in the listless minds of *general readers*, and even to form the subject of a work,* which—though most of those who have casually perused it have probably supposed it a romance, superinduced on a slender substratum of reality—is, in sooth, in almost every incident of its fiendish narrative, “an ower true tale.” Thuggee is indeed, as it is termed by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, (No. cxxx.,) “a moral and political phenomenon, which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary that has ever existed in the world—a phenomenon more striking than any thing that romancers have feigned touching the Old Man of the Mountain, or the Secret Tribunals of Germany—a phenomenon of which strange and appalling glimpses have been occasionally obtained, but of which the nature and extent have never, till the present time, been fully developed.” The existence of a vast and organized society, the members of which scrupulously observe in their external demeanour every appearance of religious and social decorum, while their sole profession is to murder in cold blood every human being whom circumstances enable them to overpower; a society which, pervading every part of India, from Cashmere to Tanjore, has yet for centuries escaped detection from the various governments of the country, though immolating every year thousands of their subjects; a society, in the bonds of which, Moslem and Hindoo, Rajpoot, Brahmin, and Sudra, merge the differences, alike of caste and religion, in a common appetite for blood and plunder—is certainly a combination to which history presents no parallel. Yet scarcely an attempt appears to have been made to explore the origin and

commencement of this mysterious body, or to trace the process by which the doctrines of Hindooism and Islam, elsewhere opposed in constant hostility, and alike unsusceptible of modification, have in this instance alone undergone fusion into so fearful a compound.

The present constitution, indeed, of the Thug association, with its division into various ranks, corresponding to the proficiency attained by each member in the science of murder, has been pretty clearly unfolded by the late investigation; and it is known that a distinction is kept up between those to the south of the Nerbudda, among whom Hindoos predominate, and those to the north of that river, whose headquarters are in the neighbourhood of Delhi, and between the Chumbul and the Jumna, and of whom the great majority are Moslems. But, excepting the mythological tale related by the southern Thugs of their institution, in remote antiquity, by the sanguinary Hindoo goddess, Kales or Davee, (whom all Thugs, Hindoo or Moslem, still revere as their patroness,) their early career has been left almost a blank; the obscure succession of hidden slaughters, tending to no political object, presents little attraction for historical research; and—though the admission of the northern Thugs, that they cannot trace the existence of their seven clans, in their present seats, earlier than the time of the Patan monarchs of Delhi, might have awakened a suspicion that their primitive stock came from a different stock than that of their southern and more purely Hindoo allies—no effort seems to have been made to unravel the bloody tissue of their annals, or to connect it with the thread of those secret and murderous societies, which, at a shortly previous period, had exercised an influence, immutable as the decrees of fate, over all the kingdom of Asia; and whose daggers had reached, in despite of guards or barriers, the prouder princes of Persia and Syria.

The general history, indeed, of those hidden associations, which infested Asia during the earlier and middle ages of Mo-

* Confessions of Ameer Ali Thug, edited by Captain Meadows Taylor.

hammedanism, has never hitherto been treated with the attention which the subject merits; and few writers have undertaken to trace the operation of those secret springs of action, the results of which were from time to time made manifest by the political and religious revolutions of the countries which were the theatre of their machinations. Even those orientalist who have attempted this uninviting topic, have confined their researches principally to those periods when these unhalloved fraternities were in full and active vitality, and when their principles and objects were tangible and well defined; and have rarely attempted to trace the course by which, when to all appearance effectually crushed and overwhelmed, they have continued to *filter* (if the expression may be allowed) through the mass of society, unnoticed or despised; till, when they have again emerged into light, their intrinsic identity with those of ancient notoriety has been overlooked or forgotten. The title of *Ismailis*, which is generally used as synonymous with the Assassins of Northern Persia, and popularly restricted to them, would in fact properly include nearly all the political societies noticed in Asiatic history during the period above referred to; as, however various may have been the tenets and objects which these combinations ultimately assumed, the primary leading principle in nearly every case was the assertion of the right of Ali and his line, and more particularly of Ismail, his descendant in the fifth degree, to the throne and the caliphate. To this main dogma the Karmathians, the Druses, and the Assassin followers of Hassan-Subah, all originally looked as the pole-star of their faith—though certainly in the last-named body, and probably in the others, this abstract doctrine soon became merely a cloak for the promotion of the individual policy of their leaders, and was eventually lost sight of altogether. The secret tenets of the Druses (the only Ismaili sect at present existing in the ancient form) have lately, after remaining for 800 years a mystery alike to Europe and the East, been ably developed and illustrated by M. de Sacy; and M. Von Hammer-Purgstall has collected, with laborious diligence, all the notices scattered through European and Oriental writers on the Ismaili Assassins in Persia and Syria. But his researches, at least

on the Persian part, scarcely extend beyond their suppression as a political body; and merely indicate that the party lingered for some years later in the districts where they had predominated. There is sufficient historical proof, however, that this pernicious sect has never become entirely extinct. Their communities, though dispersed, and nearly powerless, still exist in Persia; and though no one appears hitherto to have advanced the theory of a connexion between the present Persian Ismailis and the Indian Thugs, the coincidences which may be detected from a recapitulation of the past history of both these murderous fraternities, are so numerous and remarkable, that, as we shall here endeavour to prove, they afford at least plausible grounds for supposing that the *Moslem* Thugs are no other than genuine, though degraded, descendants of the white-robed emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain, at the name of whose daggers the Commander of the Faithful trembled behind the seven veils of the palace of Bagdad.

In taking the "History of the Assassins" by M. Von Hammer-Purgstall as our text-book for the Ismailis and their subdivisions, we are, however, far from intending to adopt the forced and awkward parallels between the Assassins, and the Templars, and other European associations, on which he insists with laborious pertinacity throughout his narrative. Neither shall we follow him through his account (in itself neither very clear nor very interesting) of the various minor ramifications, mostly long since extinct, of the great Sheah heresy. It is sufficient for our present purpose to recapitulate the well known fact, that, almost immediately after the death of their prophet, the Moslems were split into the two great sects of the *Sonnis*, who held as orthodox the succession of the three first caliphs, Abubekr, Omar, and Othman, and the *Shenahs*, who maintained the eternal and indefeasible right of Ali, the cousin, son-in-law, and vizir of Mohammed, and of his sons by Fatima, Hassan and Hussein, whose descendants are generally designated Fatimites. But it was not only the temporal sovereignty of the kingdoms subdued by the Moslem arms, which was involved in this question of disputed succession. The dignity of *Imam*, or supreme head of religion, had

been declared indissolubly united to the monarchy by the express precept of Mohammed himself, who thus hoped to insure Islam against the possibility of a collision between the hierarchy and the crown: and hence the guilt, not only of rebellion, but of heresy and defection from the true faith, was imputed by each party to their opponents, as deniers of the twofold authority united in the person of the legitimate pontiff and king. During the first century from the death of Ali, neither of these sects appeared to have assumed any very definite form; the Ommyyades a race of avowed and gloomy usurpers, forcibly held the sceptre as Commanders of the Faithful, in defiance of the popular opinion which manifested itself by frequent insurrections in favour of different branches of the family of the prophet, till the fourteenth of their number, Merwan II.,* was hurled in 760, by a fresh and more formidable explosion of widely-spread conspiracy, from the throne, which was, however, occupied, not by the Fatimites or direct heirs of Mohammed, but by the descendants of Abbas, an uncle of the prophet, whose dynasty, after ruling at Bagdad for 500 years, reappeared in a minor branch in Egypt for two centuries and a half longer, when its pretensions to the caliphate were transferred by conquest to the Turkish house of Othman, now ruling at Constantinople, and claiming to be considered the legitimate vicars and successors of the Prophet of Mekka.

The *secret* history of this great revolution, by which the sceptre and pontificate of the Moslem world were transferred from the house of Ommyyah to that of Abbas, appears never hitherto to have attracted the attention of any philosophical historian:† and it must be admitted, that the scanty details relative to this early period, which we derive from the Arabic writers, do not present a very extensive field for speculation. There is abundant evidence, however, to prove, that this momentous change

was mainly effected by the zeal and activity of a party aiming less at the dethronement of the usurping Ommyyades, than at the elevation of a family in whose name they hoped to exercise the same hidden sway which was afterwards possessed by the *grand lodge* of Cairo, (*Dar-al-Hikmet*, or *Abode of Knowledge*), under the Ismaili caliphs of Egypt. The Abbasside princes appear, at the commencement of the struggle, only as passive tools in the hands of the famous Abu-Moslem, (the *Sahib-ed-dava*, or *Author of the Call* of the sons of Abbas,) whose numerous and devoted followers, communicating by secret signs, and ramified throughout the eastern provinces of Persia, enabled him to wrest city after city from the Ommyan viceroys; while the future caliph, Abul Abbas, far from marching at the head of his troops, lay concealed in the heart of Irak, corresponding with his triumphant general only by symbols and banners; and it was not till the success of the cause was no longer doubtful, that he appeared in the mosque at Cufa, and was presented to the populace by Abu-Moslem, as the legitimate Commander of the Faithful. It is mentioned, indeed, by more than one author, that Abu-Moslem hesitated, in the early part of the enterprise, between the rival claims of the Abbassides and the Fatimites: it is even said that he offered the caliphate, in the first instance, to the Imam Jaafar, the sixth of the Fatimite line, and father of Ismail; and it is not improbable, that his ultimate selection may have been determined by the comparatively powerless condition of the house of Hashem, and the consequent dependence in which he anticipated that they must remain on himself, and on the secret societies of which he was the head. His murder in the palace of Anbar, (where he was stabbed in the presence, and by the order of the caliph, Almansor,) has been stigmatized as an act of atrocious ingratitude; but the Abbassides were only titular

* Even the names most commonly borne by the family of Ommyyah, as Moawiyah, Yezid, Merwan, &c., seem to have been proscribed by common consent after their fall, and seldom re-appear in history. Yet the memory of Yezid I., the ruthless persecutor of the Fatimites, is still revered by an obscure sect in Koordistan called Yezidis, whom the surrounding Moslems stigmatize as devil-worshippers.

† Von Hammer, in his introductory remarks, has confined himself almost exclusively to the consideration of the sects or fraternities which, however differing in other respects, concurred in claiming the *imamat* for some branch or other of the Fatimites.

monarchs as long as his life and influence continued; and Elmakin asserts that the deed was forced on Almansor, by the knowledge that he contemplated transferring his allegiance and the empire of Asia to the Fatimites, in revenge for an attempt to remove him from the government of Khorassan, (the headquarters of his party,) to that of Egypt and Syria, where he would have been comparatively powerless. His death was followed by a singular incident, which tends to confirm the views we have above stated. The Rawendians, another secret society, who, though equally partizans of the Abbassides, had been driven from Khorassan by Abu-Moslem for resisting his supremacy, made their appearance in great numbers at the capital on hearing the fall of their enemy, and marched, with the ceremonies of the Athwaf, or solemn circuit of the Caaba, round the palace of the caliph, thus saluting him, (as the Fatimite caliph Hakem and the Assassin chiefs afterwards claimed to be considered,) as the visible incarnation of the Deity! The caliph punished this act of impiety by imprisoning their leaders, on which the whole sect conspired against his life; and he was saved only by the noble generosity of Maan Ibn Zaidat, the sole survivor of the proscribed race of Ommiyah, to whom the conspirators had revealed the danger impending over his hereditary enemy. The complete extirpation of the Rawendian fanatics followed this detection; but the Abbassides, though released by these energetic measures from the shackles with which the secret societies had attempted to limit their authority, were long pursued by the enmity of these mysterious bodies, which, under various denominations, continued from time to time to assail them. Twenty years after the death of Abu-Moslem, his

followers were rallied in their old haunts of Khorassan and Transoxiana by one of his former lieutenant, the famous "Veiled Prophet" Hakem; who, promulgating the transmigration of souls as a fundamental doctrine,* deduced from this the existence of an emanation of the diving essence in the person of Abu-Moslem, (of whom the Abbassides were but the unworthy vicegerents,) which had finally descended on himself. But this sect, who were termed *Seffeed-Jameghan*, or the White-robed, were exterminated, with their leader, by the sword of the Caliph Mahdi; and from this period till the rise of the Assassins in Kohistan, the secret societies seem to have been restricted to the countries west of the Euphrates. The subject of the influence exercised by secret societies in the elevation and subsequent history of the Abbassides, deserves a more extended investigation; our present object is only to prove that it is among the adherents of this party that their first germ must be looked for, and not among the Fatimites, to whom we must now return from this long digression.

The fall of their enemies, the Ommiyades, had produced but little amelioration in the condition or prospects of the "family of the Prophet," (the popular designation of the Fatimites,) as the "sons of the Prophet's uncle" (the Abbassides) were equally interested with their predecessors in suppressing the claims of these formidable rivals. So strong, however, was the popular feeling in favour of the persecuted line of Ali and Hussein, that insurrections continually took place in behalf of one or other of their number, and the rugged province of Tabristan, on the south coast of the Caspian, seems, from the first, to have been a stronghold of their party. Several Fatimite chiefs maintained them-

* Ibn-Shohnah says, that the Rawendians also held the metempsychosis. This strange amalgamation of Magianism and Gnosticism with Islam, is almost as surprising as the mixture of Hindoo deities and Moslem saints by the Thugs, and proves that the influence of the ancient religion of Persia was far from extinct at that period in the eastern provinces. Babek-el-Khurremi, who filled Persia with blood and devastation during the reigns of Mamon and Motassem, and whom some authors have represented as a Moslem heretic, was certainly a Magian, as Abulfeda expressly terms him; and it is curious that Afshin, the general by whom, after defying the armies of Bagdad for twenty years, he was crushed in a single campaign, was himself shortly afterwards put to death for being an *uncircumcised idolater*. This would apparently warrant the inference that Babek could only be subdued by arming against him one of his own race who was himself disposed of as soon as the object was answered.

selves for short periods, among its mountains, against the armies of Bagdad; and to one of these is attributed the erection of the fortress of Alamut,* which afterwards attained an infamous celebrity as the chief seat of the Assassins power. But, in the mean time, the Sheahs themselves were rapidly falling asunder into a diversity of sects, some of which were so deeply tainted (like the Rawendians above noticed) with mysticism and Magianism, as to retain but little trace of the primitive doctrines of Islam: while others, on the contrary, attributed supernatural powers, amounting almost to a transmitted participation in the Godhead, to the series of imams, in whom the divine right, inherited from Ali and his sons, was successively vested, and who were held to be the visible incarnation of all legitimate authority, both spiritual and human. But even the number and succession of those inspired pontiffs were the subject of dispute and schism among their followers. The more numerous party (which has been most usually viewed as orthodox by the Sheahs themselves) held that the series of *revealed* imams consisted of twelve,† commencing with Ali and terminating with Mohammed, surnamed Al-Mahdi, who, according to their statement, never really died, and will re-appear at the end of the world; while another powerful body asserted that the sixth imam, Jaafar, was succeeded, not by his eldest surviving son, Musa, but by Ismail, an elder and more nobly-born son, who had died before his father Jaafar, and thus, according to their creed, closed the succession of *revealed* imams, whose number they thus fix at seven, admitting, however, the rights of the descendants of Ismail, as *concealed* or uninspired imams, to the caliphate. Such was the origin, and such were the doctrines, of the *Ismaili* sect, whose

fundamental difference from the other divisions of the Sheahs consisted, therefore, in their unqualified assertion of the rights of primogeniture in the succession to the *imamat* and caliphate.

The secret organization of the partizans of the Fatimites, under various designations and pretences, can be traced from an early period; but this formidable engine of revolution was carried by the Ismailis to a pitch of efficacy and completeness far exceeding that which the previous sects had attempted. Their lodges, communicating with each other and with the grand lodge, (*Dar al-Hikmet*), overspread Western Asia and Northern Africa, and assiduously promulgated, by the instrumentality of *Dais*, or emissaries, the political and religious doctrines which were favourable to their views. The system was first carried to perfection by Abdallah, the son of Mamun-Kaddah, a native of Ahwaz; and his proselytes were initiated by successive degrees, as their circumspection and fidelity were ascertained, into the secret doctrines of the association.

While the neophytes, and those whom it was not judged prudent to admit to the knowledge of the inmost mysteries, were retained in the rigid practice of Islam according to the Sheah belief, the higher orders of these oriental illuminati were taught the indifference of all actions, and the inutility of all religious creeds or systems of morality, except so far as they might be made subservient to further the designs of those whose minds had been emancipated, by introduction to the knowledge of this *esoteric* philosophy, from the influence of all scruples or prejudices. The first fruits of this atheistic conspiracy made their appearance in the sanguinary sect of the Karmathians, who, during the reigns of several caliphs, filled Irak

* An interesting account of the present state of this famous castle, and of the geographical features of the surrounding district of Talekan, appears in the *United Service Journal* for August 1838. The name Tabristan (*Aze-Land*) is said to have been given to the whole province, in reference to the impenetrable forests which cover it, and the generally impracticable character of its surface.

† The Abbasside caliph Al-Mamon, probably from perceiving that the ambition of his brother Motassem precluded all hope of the succession of his own son Abbas, declared the eighth Imam, Ali Reza, his heir; but the speedy death of Reza frustrated the project. The twelve imams themselves were almost uniformly men of retired and pious lives, who took no share in either the political or religious extravagances of their votaries.

with slaughter, and even violated the holy cities of Mekka and Medinah. They appear scarcely to have adhered even nominally to the pretext afforded by the claims of the Fatimites,* and their too open profession of the secret dogmas of licentiousness and infidelity probably prevented their permanent establishment. Though the Karmathians were at length crushed by the united arms of the princes of Irak and Syria, the operations of the secret lodges were still continued, though more warily and covertly; and at the commencement of the ninth century of our era, Obeidallah Al-Mahdi, seating himself on the throne of Kairwan, an African city founded by the first Moslem conquerors, proclaimed himself Commander of the Faithful, as heir of Imam Ismail, and commenced the dynasty of the Ismaili or Fatimite caliphs, who extended their power over Egypt and great part of Syria and Arabia, and maintained their throne till the deposition of the last of the race in 1171 by Salah-ed-deen. The validity of their pedigree was, however, vehemently denied by the caliphs of Bagdad, and even by the chiefs of the Fatimite house; and it was generally believed that Obeidallah was in fact a descendant of Abdallah, the son of Mamun-Kaddah, and that, not being able to find any of the genuine line of Ismail sufficiently subservient, he himself personated the representative of the sacred blood, the chiefs of the lodges, in pursuance of the spirit of the hidden doctrines, con-

niving at an imposture which strengthened their cause by placing one of themselves on the throne.†

Thus were the Ismailis raised to a pitch of sovereign power which no other branch of the Sheahs had attained; and the secret societies, to which their elevation was due, held regular meetings, under the fostering protection of the caliphs, in Cairo, where the sixth of the dynasty, Hakem-B'emrillah, (whose subsequent insane freaks have given him an enduring name in history,‡) erected a splendid edifice for the Dar-al-Hikmet, where public lectures were read by the dais, or missionaries, every Monday and Wednesday, on the avowed or *exoteric* points of the Ismaili doctrines, the hidden doctrines of libertinism being carefully restricted to a select number, who wore white garments on days of ceremonial. The right of primogeniture (the vindication of which in the person of Ismail was the original basis of the schism) was strictly adhered to in the succession of the caliphs; and this immutable rule equally prevented the struggles for the throne, so common in other Oriental dynasties, and obviated the necessity of providing for the security of the reigning monarch by the destruction of the collateral branches. At the accession of the Caliph Azex, homage was performed by his uncle Hyder, his grand-uncle Abu'l-Ferhad, and a great grand-uncle — a circumstance unparalleled (says the *Kholasat-al-akhbar*) in the life of any oriental prince, with the

* The connexion of the Karmathians with the Ismailis, though asserted by Von Hammer, is not very clearly made out in his work; but Elmakin expressly states Yabya and his brother Hussein, two of their chiefs, to have been real or pretended descendants of Imam Ismail—a passage which Von Hammer has apparently overlooked; as also a passage in the *Kholasat-al-akhbar*, in which the Karmathians are said to have restored the black stone to the Kaaba, in obedience to the mandate of Mahdi, the first Fatimite caliph, whom they therefore apparently acknowledged as their Imam.

† Makrizi considers the descent of Obeidallah from Ismail well established; but the Druse works cited by De Sacy, (*Chrét. Arabe*, ff. 95,) expressly admit that Mamun-Kaddah (whom they, however, term a descendant of Ismail, which he certainly was not) was the *stem*, or great progenitor of the Fatimite caliphs.

‡ See Gibbon, ch. lvii. Von Hammer calls him "the most stupid tyrant of whom the history of Islamism makes mention; who desired to receive divine honours, and, what is still more absurd, is to this day worshipped by the Druses as an incarnate god." But it is strange that Von Hammer should not have noticed, that in so doing, he in fact only declared himself a *revealed* imam, like Ismail and his predecessors, instead of a *concealed* one—(see above.) He thus disclosed the hidden mysteries to the vulgar, as was subsequently done by Hassan, the fourth chief of the Assassins: and his murder, which is ascribed to his relatives, was probably due to the vengeance of the lodges, who thus, like the Vehmists of Germany, pursued a faithless or refractory member, even on the throne, with the steel and the cord.

single exception of Haroon-al-Rash-
eed. But at the death (A.D. 1095,
A.H. 487) of Mostanser, the eighth
caliph of the race, this uninterrupted
line was broken. The Crown Prince
Nezar had incurred the enmity of the
generalissimo of the empire, Bedr-
Jemali, in whose hands were united
both the civil and military administra-
tions; and this all-powerful minister
compelled the caliph to substitute in
the succession, his youngest son Mos-
taali, to the exclusion of Nezar, who
subsequently* perished in an attempt
to recover his inheritance. This post-
ponement of an elder brother to a
younger, in direct contradiction to the
first principles of Ismailism, met with
strenuous opposition from many of
the leading members of the body;
but the power of the vizir was irre-
sistible, and the principal malecontents
were obliged to fly from Egypt.
Among these exiles was a Persian ad-
venturer, named Hassan-Subah, who
had formerly held an official employ-
ment at the Seljookian court; but, in
consequence of a disagreement with
the famous minister Nizam-al-Mulk,
had quitted Persia for Egypt, where
he became deeply imbued with the
secret doctrines, and was admitted in-
to the highest class of the initiated.
He now returned to his native coun-
try; and after various adventures,
the traditionary accounts of which are
strongly tinged with the marvellous,
succeeded (A.D. 1090) in possessing
himself of the mountain castle of Alam-
ut, in the Kohistan, or hill country
above Kazween, where he fixed his
residence, and speedily collected
around him many Ismailis of all grades,
whom the fame of his contest with
Bedr-Jemali, joined to his reputation
as an adept in the hidden mysteries,
attracted from every part of Persia
and Syria. The efforts of the *dais*, or
missionaries, whom, like his great pre-
decessor Mamun-Kaddah, he employ-
ed for the dissemination of his princi-
ples, drew constant accessions of fresh

converts to Alamut; and from this
nucleus arose the eastern branch of
the Ismailis, generally mentioned by
Oriental writers under the well-de-
served title of *Mulahid*, or Impious,
and by European writers as the *As-
sassins*—a name of which the origin
has been much disputed, but which
seems probably to be derived from the
hashish, or intoxicating preparation of
hemp, which they used as a stimulant
when on the eve of any dangerous en-
terprize.

We have thus cursorily traced the
origin of the successive schisms,
which, all arising from the disputed
right to the *imamat*, separated in turn
the Sheahs from the Soonis—the Is-
mailis, or followers of the seven imams,
from the main body of the Sheahs,
who fixed the number at *twelve*—and
the Eastern Ismailis, or Assassins,
from their western brethren of Egypt.
But, as the supporters of the immuta-
ble right of primogeniture, the fol-
lowers of Hassan-Subah were, in fact,
the true representatives of Ismaili or-
thodoxy; and their chief, in separ-
ating himself from the communion
of those who recognised Mostaali as
heir to the throne of Egypt, assumed
the right of remodelling the sect, of
which he thus became a second
founder. The grades through which
the aspirant to the knowledge of the
hidden faith successively passed, (the
number of which fluctuated in the
lodges of Cairo,) were again fixed at
seven, according to the original insti-
tution of Mamun-Kaddah: but the
probation exacted from the novices
was severe beyond all former example,
and only a chosen few were admitted
to a participation in the inmost arcana,
while the initiation of the multitude
was not suffered to proceed beyond
the third degree, the members of
which were styled *Fedavi*, or the De-
voted. On the minds of these subor-
dinate adherents was sedulously incul-
cated; as the paramount duty of their
lives, the precept of blind and unhesi-

* Renaudet (p. 475) says, that Mostanser had intended Nezar for his heir, but
after his death Bedr-Jemali informed the assembled emirs that the caliph had, in his
last moments, declared Mostaali his successor. But a comparison of dates renders it
evident that the substitution of Mostaali must have preceded, by several years, the
death of Mostanser, as Hassan-Subah possessed himself of Alamut in A.D. 483, four
years before that event; and his flight from Egypt, for advocating the claims of Nezar,
must have occurred some time sooner, to afford space for his laying the groundwork of
his power in Persia.

tating obedience to the will of their superior, in his capacity as vicegerent of the true, though concealed, *imam*. The allurements of sensual pleasure,* and the terrors of superstition, were alike employed to rivet their allegiance; and the range of history presents no parallel either to the absolute empire thus acquired by the Sheikh-al-Jebal over the minds of his followers, or to the deadly purposes for which this power was wielded by Hassan and his successors.

Surrounded on all sides by the dominions of the Seljookian princes, who were steadily attached to the spiritual supremacy of the Abbasside caliphs, the rock of Alamut would not long have afforded an asylum to the scanty band of Ismailis who had made it their rendezvous, if their leader had relied for his defence on the ordinary methods of warfare; but the dagger, not the sword, was the weapon to which Hassan trusted for the support and extension of his influence; and the assassination of his ancient opponent, the great Vizir Nizam-al-Mulk, who was stabbed in his tent by a Fedavi, gave the first intimation of the fate which awaited those who had incurred his enmity.† The blow thus struck was speedily followed by the death of many illustrious victims, who perished in the midst of guards and garrisons, under the hands of the devoted emissaries of the chief of Alamut, in the execution of whose commands the loss of life was welcomed by his followers: "the points of their poniards were every where, while their hilts were held and directed by Hassan;" and the sheikhs and doctors, who had, in their speeches and writ-

ings, impugned the Ismaili tenets, were involved in the same doom with those whose proscription was decided by political causes. A reign of terror was established through Asia: many princes, and even the mighty Seljookian Sultan Sandjar, purchased by annual payments the forbearance of the Assassins, whose power was extended by the occupation of numerous detached castles in mountainous and inaccessible positions, communicating with each other through the medium of *dais*, or secret agents, established in the towns; and an Ismaili colony, often mentioned in the history of the crusades, and the remains of which still exist in the fastnesses of Lebanon, was led by Abul-Fettah, the nephew of Hassan-Subah, (in the year after the capture of Jerusalem by the Franks,) into Syria, where Rodoon, Prince of Aleppo, courted their alliance, and solicited the aid of their daggers against his political antagonists. But as our object is to trace the progress of the Assassins, not as a political body, but as a subdivision of the Mohammedan faith, it is sufficient to state that Hassan-Subah lived to witness the full establishment, both in Persia and Syria, of the unhallowed sect which he had originated; dying (1124) at the age of nearly a hundred years, at Alamut, the walls of which he is said never to have once quitted during the thirty-five years since his first entrance within them. His sons had both been previously put to death by their father's orders, one for drinking wine,‡ the other for some other violation of the Moslem law: his nephew, Abul-Fettah, whom he trusted most of all his relatives, had fallen by

* The well-known tale of the artificial paradise at Alamut, in which the chosen Fedavi were admitted (as they believed) to enjoy a foretaste of the delights reserved hereafter for the faithful, is related by several Eastern writers, and repeated by Marco Polo; but it is probably only an embellishment of oriental fancy. The popular appellation of "Old Man of the Mountain," applied to the Assassin chief, is a *literal* version of the phrase Sheikh-al-Jebal, the proper interpretation of which is "Lord of the Hill Country."

† A long catalogue of murders is given by Von Hammer; but the dagger was not the only method employed to reach those obnoxious to the sect. When the murderers of the Vizir Fakhr-al-Mulk (son of Nizam-al-Mulk) were seized and tortured, they indicated, as accomplices, many personages about the court, who were put to death on this evidence; but whose innocence afterwards became manifest!—(Abul-Feda, in Anno Hejiræ 500.)

‡ This scarcely agrees with the story related by some historians, that the Moguls, on the capture of Alamut, found cellars full of wine and honey which had been stored up by Hassan-Subah: these stores should doubtless be referred to a period subsequent to the "loosening of the law."

the sword in Syria; and the presidency of the Assassins community was bequeathed to Kiah Buzurg-Omeid,* the most able and faithful of the dais, in whose family the dignity continued hereditary till the Mogul conquest.

The reigns of Buzurg-Omeid and his son were even more deeply dyed with blood than that of their predecessor. The vicars of the prophet themselves were no longer exempted from the fatal mandate; and Sheahs and Soonis were alike struck with consternation by the murder, during this period, of two successive caliphs of Bagdad, Mostarshid and Rashid,† as well as of Emr, the tenth Fatimite caliph of Egypt, who thus expiated the usurpation of the throne by his father Mostaali; while the vizir Al-Afdal, son of Bedr-gemali, also paid with his life for the wrongs sustained by Hassan-Subah at the hands of his father. Throughout this hideous career of crime, all the rites and ordinances of the Moslem faith had hitherto been practised with the most rigid exactness, both by the chiefs and the subordinate classes, in obedience to the precepts contained in the writings of their founder, who (as we have already seen) had punished with death the infraction of these observances even by his own sons; but in 1163 the mask of religion was thrown off altogether by Hassan II., the son and successor of Kiah Mohammed. The preceding chiefs had uniformly represented themselves as no more than the vicars of the true Imam or spiritual head of the faith, whose person indeed was not made known to his votaries, but who was the true heir of Nezar, the deprived son of Mostansser; but no sooner had Hassan inherited the authority of his father, than, convoking the people at the foot of the rock of Alamut, he announced to the assembly that this long hidden pontiff was at length manifest-

ed to them in his own person—reconciling this fiction, by a fabricated story, to the known facts of his parentage.‡ In his newly assumed character of the supreme and infallible head of the faith, he forthwith proceeded to declare the abolition of all moral restraints and prohibitions, and the inutility of all creeds and forms of religion—thus, in fact, laying bare to the multitude those hidden doctrines of atheism which the policy of the leaders, since the days of Mamun-Kaddah, had restricted with jealous care to the most deeply initiated adepts of the secret lodges. This public proclamation of libertinism and infidelity (which was styled the “*loosening of the law*,” and celebrated as an annual festival on the 17th of Ramadan) completed the odium in which the Assassins were held throughout Asia, and branded them indelibly (as noticed above) with the epithet of *mulahid* or impious.

Hassan himself survived this impolitic disclosure only four years, when he fell by the hand of his brother-in-law, who probably avenged, in this manner, the perfidy to the secret doctrines of which he had been guilty, as had been previously done in the case of the Fatimite caliph Hakem; but during the forty-six years' rule of his son Ala-ed-deen, the tenets of atheism continued to be openly avowed by the Assassins both in Persia and Syria. In the latter country they had been proclaimed, at the command of Hassan, by his deputy, Sheikh Rashid-en-deen, to whose writings the existing Ismailis of Lebanon refer as their rule of faith; and that they were eagerly adopted, appears from the works of William of Tyre, who mentions them (in 1172) as eating pork and drinking wine without scruple, while Arnold of Lubeck and Vincent de Beauvais even represent them as allowing incestuous marriages.§

* Sir John Malcolm (*History of Persia*, chap. ix.) erroneously describes him as the son of Hassan, besides using *kiah*, which is a title, as a proper name.

† Von Hammer erroneously states that Rashid “had collected troops from Bagdad for the purpose of a campaign against the Ismailis,” when he was assassinated by them in 1138. The real object of his preparations (as appears from Abul-Feda and the *Tarikh-khoxidah*) was to reinstate himself in the caliphate, from which he had been forcibly deposed, two years before, by the Seljookian sultan Massood.

‡ Sir John Malcolm speaks of him, without adverting to this imposture, as “a prince of the family of Ismail, named Hussein-Ebn-Nasser,” meaning Hassan-Ebn-Nezar. Those who gave credit to the alleged descent of Hassan from Nezar formed a separate branch of the Assassins, called *Nezaris*.

§ A similar charge is brought by Benjamin of Tudela against the Druses.

But a fresh revolution marked the accession in 1210 of Hassan III., (surnamed Jelal-ed-deen, or *Glory of the Faith*, and Nev-Muqulman, or the *New Believer*,) who commenced his rule by restoring the mosques and the celebration of public worship, and sent a splendid embassy to the court of the caliph Nasser, at Bagdad, for re-admission within the pale of Islam—by this act, apparently, further announcing himself as a convert to the Sooni doctrines. His envoys were received with high honour; and, in evidence of his zeal and sincerity, he soon after, in the presence of an agent of the caliph, consigned the blasphemous and heretical writings of Hassan-Subah to the flames; but this transient reformation ceased with the life of Jelal-ed-deen, who reigned only twelve years. Under his son, Ala-ed-deen, atheism and murder resumed the ascendant; and such was the detestation which the deeds of the Ismailis inspired, even in the minds of princes who were themselves hostile to the Moslems, that (according to Abul-Faraj) the deputies sent from Alamut in 1244, to congratulate Gayuk, the grandson of Zenghiz, on his elevation to the dignity of Grand Khan, were repulsed with abhorrence and contumely from the *couroultai*, or national diet of the Moguls. Ala-ed-deen was slain, in 1255, by a murderer suborned by his own son; but scarcely had the parricide, Rokn-ed-deen, mounted the throne, when the countless hosts of the Moguls poured into Persia, under the command of Hulaku Khan, who had been specially charged by his brother, the Grand Khan Mangu, to extirpate the pernicious sectaries of Alamut. The daggers of the Assassins were powerless against these barbarian myriads: and Rokn-ed-deen, after vainly endeavouring to temporize, was compelled to throw himself on the mercy of the conqueror, by whose orders he was soon after put to death. All his family and relatives were involved in his fate; and after three

hundred of the heads of the sect had been set aside for separate punishment,* a general proscription was ordered of the remaining Ismailis, and so ruthlessly carried into effect, that, (to use the summary language of an oriental writer,) “whenever the Moguls saw a follower of Hassan-Subah, they said to him, ‘kneel’—and so cut off his head!”—Twelve thousand of the *Fedavi* are said to have perished in this manner; and all the Assassin strongholds, amounting to more than forty, were sacked and razed by the Moguls, who thus exacted terrible vengeance for the accumulated guilt of a century and a half. This first suppression of the Ismaili power took place in November 1256, (Anno Hejiræ 654,) two years before the overthrow of the Abbasside caliphate at Bagdad, by Hulaku, who thus crushed in one common ruin both the parties by whom, for more than five centuries, a constant contest had been waged for the visionary right to the *imamat*!

The Assassin communities in Syria, protected by distance from the sword of the Moguls, escaped the fate of their eastern brethren, and maintained their independence for fourteen years longer, paying a tribute for protection to the Knights of St John; but they were compelled to yield in 1270 to the Mamluke Sultan Bibars, who destroyed the fortifications of their castles, and reduced them to vassalage. From this time they were retained under the control of the Sultans of Egypt and Syria, and allowed to purchase toleration by becoming the instruments of their vengeance against such of their enemies as they were otherwise unable to reach. The Moorish traveller, Ebu Batuta, who visited Syria in the early part of the next century, notices them in these terms:—“These fortresses all belong to a people called the *Imäiliyah*; they are also called the *Fidäwia*. These people act as arrows to El Malik El Näsir;† and by their means he comes at such of his enemies as are far remov-

* They were sent to Jemal-abad, near Kazween, with private instructions to the governor to put them to death, by torture, on their arrival:—whence, (says Abul-Faraj,) there is a proverb at Kazween, when any one comes to a bad end, that he is gone to Jemal-abad.

† The reigning Mamluke sultan, son of Kalawun-al-Mansar. Von Hammer, (who erroneously makes him son of Bibars,) relates that no less than a hundred and twenty-four *Fedavi* were sent in succession by this prince, but without effect, against an emir who had gone over to the Moguls.

ed from him, in Irak and other places. They have their various offices ; and when the sultan wishes to despatch one of them to waylay any enemy, he bargains with him for the price of his blood. If, then, the man succeeds and comes safely back, he gets the reward ; but if he fails, it is then given to his heirs. These men have poisoned knives, and with these they strike the persons they are sent to kill." This atrocious subornation of murder was apparently persevered in by the Mamluke sovereigns to the last days of their power, as one of the brothers of the Turkman prince Alad-dawlah is mentioned as having fallen in this manner at the end of the fifteenth century :—but ever since the Osmanli conquest of Syria, the daggers of the Fedavi have rested in their sheaths ; and though their communities still exist in possession of Massyat and other strongholds, and maintain, as we shall hereafter notice, a correspondence with those of their sect in other parts of Asia, they have ceased to be formidable to their neighbours, or to occupy any place in the political history of the country.

With the account of the almost simultaneous destruction of the fortresses of the Assassins, both in Kohistan and Syria, and of the time-honoured caliphate of the Abbassides at Bagdad, Von Hammer's narrative is concluded : a short notice only being added of the means adopted, seventy years later, under the Mogul Khan Abu-Said, to restore the knowledge of Islam in Alamut and its vicinity. Of the subsequent history of the fragments of the Ismaili sect, after it had been dispersed and broken by the sword of Hulaku, scarcely any mention is made : and not a word occurs in the work of M. Von Hammer which would lead his readers to suspect, that a few years only had elapsed from the death of Abu-Said, when the followers of Hassan-Subah, taking courage from the anarchy and confusion into which Persia fell on the termination of the direct line of Hulaku, again reared their heads in a district not far remote from the scene of their former dominion, and resumed their ancient profession of plunder and murder. Yet this we find, from the historians of the reign of Timur, to have been the case : and their extirpation, by the sword of that scourge

of Asia, may be placed on record as one of the few redeeming acts of his devastating career. Sari, and other towns in the vicinity of Alamut, appear to have been at this period again in the possession of the Ismailis ; but on the advance of Timur into Mazanderan, their chief, Kemal-ed-deen, (whose title of Seid marks him as a real or pretended descendant from Ali,) after vainly attempting to avert his fate by offers of submission, fled with his treasures and principal followers to Mahanehser, a fortified town on the shore of the Caspian, where he prepared for defence. The morasses and forests of Tabristan delayed only for a short time the advance of the Moguls : and the Ismaili stronghold, after a short siege, surrendered at discretion to Timur, in the autumn of 1392. " It had come to the knowledge of the emperor," (says the *Roudhat-al-sufa*) that these people were heretics, being grossly negligent in the observance of the prayers, as required of the orthodox, and both by their actions and opinions but little deserving the name of true believers. He, however, relaxed from his severity so far as to spare the lives of Kemal-ed-deen and his family, in consideration of their affinity to the prophet. He remained some days at Mahanehser, dividing the booty, which was immense : the fortifications were then levelled, and Kemal-ed-deen, with his family, who had in the mean time been confined at Sari, were sent over the Caspian to Kharasm : and his sons were afterwards further exiled to Tashkend in Turkistan, on the other side of the Jaxartes." Thus far the *Roudhat-al-sufa* : the fate of the remaining Ismailis we copy from Sherif-ed-deen (book iii, ch. 19.) :—" It being known that there were in this country many persons holding the heretical doctrines of Hassan-Subah, and therefore called *Fedavis*—Timur ordered that those who were of the race of the prophet should first be selected and brought before him, and then that a general slaughter should be made of all who followed this impious sect. This was forthwith done, and the country thereby relieved from the misery caused by these assassins, which had been carried to such an extent, that when any book or written paper was found by one of those wretches on the person of a stranger, it was considered

sufficient proof that he must be a doctor of the Moslem law, or a man of letters, and this was held a valid reason for shedding his blood." Many officers of the forces of Timur are mentioned by name as having revenged, in this general expiation, the blood of relatives who had fallen by the hands of the Fedavis; and the addiction of the city of Amol to those atrocious practices, was punished by the indiscriminate massacre of its inhabitants.

The power of the Ismailis, as an independent and formidable body, appears to have been finally broken in Persia by this second exterminating attack,* though small assemblages of them, under their own chiefs or sheiks, continued to exist in different parts of the country as religious sectaries, inoffensive to their neighbours, and pretending to no political power. The Seffavean or Sooffee monarchs, who established their dynasty in Persia at the commencement of the 16th century, were probably induced by their own profession of Sheah tenets, which several of them carried to the extreme verge of free-thinking mysticism, to extend their protection to these fanatics; as they are mentioned on several occasions as serving in the royal armies, and in 1630, their leader, called Ahmed-Duzd, is mentioned by Turkish historians as having perished with a number of his followers, in attempting,

by order of the Persian general Seinel-Khan, to penetrate in disguise into the Ottoman lines near Shehrzor. The chief of these tolerated Ismailis had formerly his residence at Khekh, a village in the district of Kom, under the protection of the shah: he pretended to trace his descent from the Imam Ismail, and was visited in pilgrimage by his disciples from all parts of Persia and India. We have not been able to ascertain whether this obscure pontiff still maintains his ground in the present distracted state of the country: and the latest notice of the Ismaili establishments in Persia appears to be that given in the *United Service Journal* for August 1838, where a chief named Aga Khan, "who is, according to popular belief, and his own assertion, a descendant of the successor of Hassan-Subah, and is recognized in that capacity by the *Bohreh*s as their religious chief," is said to have revolted from the shah in the preceding year (1837)," and established himself, like his great progenitor, in a hill-fort called Bamm, in Kernan. He has hitherto resisted the efforts which have been made to subdue him, the contributions of his *adherents* in India enabling him to maintain a small body of troops, who are employed in committing depredations on the surrounding country."†

The Ismailis of India, alluded to in

* Sir John Malcolm, however, in his *History of Persia*, says, "A small branch, with very limited power, remained till the reign of Shah-Rokh Meerza, (son of Timur,) when they were finally destroyed by the governor of Ghilan:" but we have not been able to discover his authority for this statement.

† The Ismailis are still to be found in considerable numbers in Persia and Arabia, as well as in India, and the family to which they believe the Caliphate to belong by hereditary right, is still wealthy and important. The person who was lately the acknowledged spiritual and temporal leader of the Ismailis, Shah Khalleel Ullah, was possessed of considerable landed property in Persia, in a district not far from Kom, called Mahallat. He derived a large revenue from the tribute regularly transmitted to him by the Ismailis of India and of Arabia, and was of sufficient wealth and consequence to be thought worthy, notwithstanding his heterodox opinions, to have one of the daughters of the late Shah bestowed in marriage upon his son Aga Khan, who is correctly stated by the writer in the *United Service Journal* to have been in rebellion against the Shah. Aga Khan Mahallatte, so called from his property in that district, is a man of dissipated and expensive habits, and has incurred large debts, for which he has given assignments on his revenues in India and Arabia; and these have been regularly paid to his creditors for some time, not as voluntary donations, but as tribute, which the true vicegerent of the Caliph has a right to exact. The Ismailis in Persia may amount to three or four thousand families, chiefly occupied in trade or agriculture, and they are a quiet and inoffensive people. In Oman-Senna and Gemen they are thinly scattered; but they maintain a regular communication with Aga Khan, as do the Bohras and other Ismailis of the west of India. Aga Khan, after having retired to the fortress of Bamen, submitted to the Shah on a promise of pardon; but is again in rebellion.

the foregoing extract under the name of *Bohreh*s, are noticed in the following terms by Sir John Malcolm (Hist. of Persia, ch. ix.) at the conclusion of his account of the Assassins of Alamut: "Though none of the sect of Ismail have ever since enjoyed power, they still exist in a scattered state. The *Borah*s, an industrious race of men, whose pursuits are commercial, and who are well known in the British settlements in India, belong to this sect: and they still maintain that part of the creed of Hassun-Subah which enjoins a complete devotion to the mandate of their high-priest; but this principle, so dreadful in its operation in a large body of assassins, can be attended with no evil in a small class of men, who have neither the disposition nor the power to disturb the peace of the community in which they live." The identity of the *Borah*s with the Ismailis is thus admitted by an unquestionable authority, writing at a time when the existence of the Thugs as an organized society had not been detected;—but on the other hand, it appears, from the evidence adduced in the investigations before the supreme court at Calcutta relative to Thuggee, that the term *Borah* is used in Ramasee (a peculiar cant or conventional language employed by the Thugs for communication with each other) as synonymous with *Thug*;* and the hypothesis of an Ismaili origin for the northern or Moslem Thugs, which was first suggested to us by this coincidence, appears strongly corroborated, on further examination, both by the evidence of facts, and even by the traditions current among themselves relative to their first establishment in the country, which they refer to some period during the rule at Delhi of the first dynasty of Mohammedan kings. This assigned date agrees exactly with that of the destruction of the Assassin power at Alamut, by Hulaku, in 1256, in which year Nasser-ed-deen, the eighth of these sovereigns, was monarch of Hindoستان; and under his successor,

the famous Sultan Ghiath-ed-deen Balban, (who reigned from 1266 to 1286,) the concourse of fugitives from all parts of Asia, who sought shelter in India from the exterminating sword of the Moguls, was so great, that fifteen exiled sovereigns, besides two princes of the lineage of the Abbasside caliphs, are said, by Ferishta, to have been pensioners at the court of Delhi. At this juncture the northern Thugs state that their ancestors, who were then all Moslems, and divided into seven tribes, first appeared in India, robbing and murdering the travellers on the roads near the capital, till the assassination of an officer, who had for a time connived at their practices, but who threatened to betray them unless admitted to a larger participation in their gains, drew on them the vengeance of the sultan, who instituted rigorous measures for their suppression. Of those who escaped, the majority settled at Agra; the remainder fixed themselves in the strong country between the Chumbul and the Jumna, which has continued to be their headquarters almost to the present day.

The chief seats of the *Bohreh*s, or avowed professors of Ismailism, are in Guzerat and the adjoining provinces; and their account of themselves corresponds with the above, in stating that their first settlement in those parts was in consequence of the proscription of the sect in Persia by the Moguls: but they, of course, disown the connexion with Thuggee which would appear to be implied by the similarity of name, affirming that its nefarious practices, and the combination with unbelieving Hindoos, are as repugnant to their peculiar doctrines, as they are to the general tenets of Islam. It is, indeed, not improbable that the original Moslem Thugs may have consisted of the most debased and ignorant of the Ismailis, among whom the annihilation of religious feeling, consequent on the "loosening of the law" by Hassan, had produced a corresponding degree of moral degradation, which led to their union

* "As soon as we had all got on board, Jypaul said in Ramasee, "Let the *Boras* (Thugs,) separate themselves from the *Beetoos* (travellers:) and we did so, leaving the two travellers together." Evidence of a Thug approver. We are not aware whether any critical examination of the Ramasee has hitherto been instituted; it will be curious to ascertain whether it bears any affinity to the dialects of northern Persia or Tabristan.

with the Hindoo Thugs, previously existing; and that the necessity for concealment may have induced them, in the midst of an orthodox and bigoted population, to resume the strict observance of the outward forms of Islam;—but the Thugs of the present day (who all assert themselves to be of the same sect or caste with the Bohrehs of Guzerat) generally hold a respectable rank in society, and are even remarkable, according to the unanimous testimony of the officers charged with the enquiry, for the external decorum and probity of their conduct.

We have already stated that the adoration of the Hindoo goddess, Kalee, (under her various titles of Kalee-Durga, Davee, and Bhowanee,) is common to both Hindoo and Moslem Thugs; and the latter appear to have been perplexed in their examinations to reconcile this with the unity of the Godhead as declared by Mohammed, or to justify their deeds of death by the precepts of the Koran, in which they were forced to admit that robbery and murder were denounced as deadly sins; but “a Mussulman Thug” from Hindostan interposed, and said that he thought Bhowanee and Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed and wife of Ali, were one and the same person, and that it was Fatima who invented the use of the handkerchief to strangle the great demon, Rukut-bee-j-dana”—a metamorphosis of the amiable Fatima which greatly scandalized the Moslem officers in attendance, but which shows at once the Sheah or Ismaili tendency of the speaker’s faith, and the extent to which the history and fundamental doctrines of that faith must have been lost sight of, or corrupted by, the sect which could imagine so monstrous an anomaly.

It is extremely probable that the

practice of Thuggee itself, and the peculiar method of strangling the victim by a noose or handkerchief, may be really entitled to the Hindoo origin and high antiquity which the *southern* Thugs claim for it, and in support of which assertion they adduce the certainly curious fact, that all the operations of Thuggee are represented, along with those of all other trades, in the sculptures of the caves of Ellora—the execution of which they accordingly attribute to the agency of Deevs or demons—since no Thug of the olden time (as they allege) would thus have laid bare the mysteries of his own calling, and no other human being could have been acquainted with them. The northern Thugs can give no account whether the employment of the handkerchief was one of their primitive usages, or subsequently introduced among them: but it seems reasonable to suppose that they were initiated in its use, and probably also in the worship of Bhowanee, and the idolatrous ceremonies performed at the admission of a novice and on other occasions, by Hindoo Thugs from the Dekkan:† since (as we have already stated) the seven tribes of northern Thugs originally consisted wholly of Moalems, or at least of Ismailis or Bohrehs, and only at a later period received an admixture of Hindoos, who are now associated indiscriminately with Mohammedans in the gange, though the latter still predominate. It is easy to conceive that sectaries who, since the “loosening of the law,” retained nothing of Islamism except the name, and whose tenets, in fact, inculcated the indifference of all actions whether good or bad, and the negation of all religion, would readily fraternize with a race whose practice was in accordance

* The Thugs hold that their community was instituted by Kalee, in commemoration of the destruction of a monstrous demon bearing this name, before whose ravages the whole human race was on the point of perishing, when the goddess, descending from the Swerge, overpowered and strangled him with a handkerchief—in Hindoostani, *roomal*.

† It would appear that this piliancy in religious matters is in some measure reciprocated by the Hindoos: Dr Stevenson of Bombay, in a curious paper read before the Asiatic Society in Nov. 1840, states that “Hindoos in the Dekkan are often found presenting offerings to Mohammedan *peers* (saints), and worshipping at their tombs. In Poenab, he himself witnessed the annual festival of Hassan and Hussein, which was celebrated each by two or three hundred Hindoos.” Hassan and Hussein, it should be remembered, are the two first imams, and greatest saints, of the Ismailis and of all Sheahs.

with their own, and adopt without scruple any superstitious observances which might be deemed requisite as a bond of union:—and as the profession of Thuggee even at this day (though usually hereditary, like other trades in India,) is frequently recruited by adoption, and sometimes, though rarely, by the admission of qualified adults, the appellation itself of Thugs may have been borrowed from the Hindoo gangs of the south by the northern Bohrehs, when they substituted the handkerchief for the dagger. The different grades through which a Thug passes, till his proficiency entitles him to the distinction of a *Burka* or stranger, bear a strong analogy to the steps by which a votary of the Sheikh-al-Jebal attained the rank of a Fedavi.

A passage in Burckhardt's description of Mekka (*Travels in Arabia*, i. 216—18, 8vo. ed.) which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere noticed, appears to us to confirm, in a remarkable manner, our views on this subject; as well as indicating that Thuggee, the existence of which out of India has never been suspected, has effected a lodgement, under the disguise of religion, in the very birthplace of Islam. The interest attaching to the passage will excuse our giving it at length:—"In other shops are strings of coral and false pearls, rosaries made of aloe, sandal, or kalembar wood, brilliant necklaces of cut cornelians, cornelians for seal-rings, and various kinds of China ware. These shops are all kept by Indians, and their merchandise is entirely of Indian production and manufacture. Against these Indians much prejudice is entertained in Arabia, from a general opinion that they are idolaters, who comply in outward appearance only with the rites of Mohammedism: they are supposed to be of the Ismayley sect; those mysterious devotees, of whom I have given some account in my journey to Lebanon, and whose name is, at Mekka, applied to those Indians. About a dozen of them reside here; the others arrive annually at the pilgrimage; they buy up old gold and silver, which they remit to Surat, from whence most of them come. Some have lived at Mekka for ten years, scrupulously performing every religious ceremony; they rent a large house, in which they live together, never allowing other strangers to occupy any part of it,

even should several of the apartments be untenanted. Contrary to the practice of all other Mohammedans, these Indians never bring their women to the pilgrimage, although they could well afford the expense: and those residing, for however long a period, at Mekka, have never been known to marry there; which is the more remarkable, as other natives of India, who live here for any length of time, usually take wives, although they may have been already married at home. The same stories are prevalent respecting them which are told of the Syrian Ismayleys, to my account of whom I must refer the reader. My endeavours to collect authentic information on the subject of their secret doctrines were as fruitless here as they had been in Syria, where it was vaguely reported that *the chief seat of the Ismayleys was in India*, and that they kept up a regular correspondence between that country and Syria. A sect of 'light-extinguishers' is said to exist in India as well as Mesopotamia, and to them the Ismayleys of Syria and those of Mekka may, perhaps, belong. Those whom I saw at Mekka have rather the features of Persians than of Indians, and are taller and stouter men than Indians in general."

It can scarcely be doubted that the Indians here described must have been a colony of Thugs; and if this be admitted, the testimony to their Ismaili belief and merely outward profession of Islam becomes doubly valuable, as coming from a writer whose accuracy cannot be questioned, and to whom, at the same time, the very existence of Thuggee was, in all probability, unknown. The editor of Burckhardt's travels, Sir W. Ousley, conjectures that "the people here mentioned were probably some Parsees from Surat or Bombay:" but besides the extreme improbability of Burckhardt's oriental acumen being so grossly at fault, their scrupulous observance of the exterior ceremonies of the Mohammedan faith would at once disprove their being Parsees, who every where openly profess and exercise their own religion. That they were at least Bohrehs is, we think, evident; but their secluded habits and avoidance of matrimony, during their residence at Mekka, seem to stamp them as Thugs. The anxiety of the Indian Thugs to prevent their female relatives from becoming

acquainted with the dreadful profession which they exercise, is attested by numerous passages in the Confessions of the Thug, Ameer Ali; in which work we also find repeated instances of leading Thugs designated as *Seids* or descendants of Ali, as well as others bearing the title of Hadji, as having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. It is obvious that the vast annual concourse of pilgrims, from all parts of the Mohammedan world, at Mekka, must present extraordinary facilities for the practice of Thuggee, while the hazards run by the hadjis in their long journeys to and from the holy cities would account for the fate of the missing parties, even if the distance of their homes did not preclude the possibility of enquiry; and the ostensible calling pursued by the Indians, the trafficking in old gold and silver, would enable them to transmit their booty to their own country without suspicion. The "light-extinguishers," alluded to by Burekhardt, are the remnants of the Ismailis and Nazarites of Syria, who are stigmatized with this title by the neighbouring Moslems, from the belief that they meet in nocturnal and darkened assemblies, where, like the Bacchanals of ancient Rome, (Livy, lib. 39, ch. viii., &c.,) they proceed to the unrestrained gratification of every lawless passion. The fact of a correspondence being still maintained between the Ismailis of Syria and those of

India, is extremely curious and valuable; and proves that the organization set on foot a thousand years since by Mamun-Kaddah, and afterwards modified by Hassan-Subah and his successors, has not yet fallen into complete desuetude.

We think it must be admitted that the facts which we have cited, and the agreement of tradition therewith, afford tolerably strong *primâ facie* ground for believing that the system of Thuggee was indebted for its Moslem recruits to the dispersion of the Assassins of Alamut by the sword of Hulaku; but further investigation directed to this point by more able orientalists than ourselves, may probably throw additional light both on the hypothesis which we have started, and the coincidences which we have endeavoured to establish in support of it. To the vigilance of the British Government in India, has been due the first complete detection of Thuggee, in its real character of an organized and systematic fraternity; and if, under the same sway, this monstrous hybrid of superstition and cruelty is destined to be finally eradicated, a title will thus be earned to the gratitude of the natives of India, which alone will make the benefits of our later administration more than atone for the injustice and rapacity which marked our early acquisitions of Indian territory.

THE DISINTERMENT.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

Lost Lord of Song! who grandly gave
Thy matchless timbrel for the
spear—

And, by old Hellas' hallow'd wave
Died at the feet of Freedom—hear!
Hear—from thy lone and lowly tomb,
Where 'mid thy own "inviolate
Isle,"

Beneath no minster's marble gloom,
No banner's golden smile,
Far from the swarming city's crowd,
Thy glory round thee for a shroud,
Thou sleep'st,—the pious rustic's
tread

The only echo o'er thy bed,
Save, few and faint, when o'er the
foam

The Pilgrims of thy genius come,
From distant earth, with tears of praise,
The homage of their hearts to raise,
And curse the country's very name,
Unworthy of thy sacred dust,

That draws such lustre from thy fame,
That heaps such outrage on thy
bust!

Wake from the Dead—and lift thy
brow

With the same scornful beauty now,
As when beneath thy shafts of pride
E'enom'd CANT—the Python—died!
Prophet no less than Bard, behold
Matured the eventful moment, told
In those divine predictive words,
Pour'd to thy lyre's transcendent
chords:—

"IF E'ER HIS AWFUL ASHES CAN GROW
COLD—

BUT NO, THEIR EMBERS SOON SHALL
BURST THEIR MOULD—

FRANCE SHALL FEEL THE
WANT

OF THIS LAST CONSOLATION, THOUGH
BUT SCANT.

HER HONOUR, FAME, AND FAITH DE-
MAND HIS BONES,

TO FILE ABOVE A PYRAMID OF
THRONES!"

If, then, from thy neglected bier,
One humblest follower thou canst
bear,

O Mighty Master! rise and flee,
Swift as some meteor bold and bright,
One fragile cloud attending thee,
Across the dusky tracts of night,

To where the sunset's latest radiance
shone
O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.

II.

Below that broad unbroken sea
Long since the sultry sun has dropp'd,
And now in dread solemnity
—As though its course Creation
stopp'd

One wondrous hour, to watch the birth
Of deeds portentous unto earth—
The moonless midnight far and wide
Solidly black flings over all
That giant waste of waveless tide

Her melancholy pall,
Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurl'd,
Each ray of heaven's high face
debar,

Save, on the margin of the World
Where leans yon solitary star,
Large, radiant, restless, tinting with
far smile

The jagged cliffs of a grey barren Isle.

III.

Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!

And out upon the silent ear
At once ring bold and sharply clear,
With shock more startling than if
thunder

Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
The iron sounds of crow and bar;

Ye scarce may know from whence
they come,

Whether from Island or from Star,
Both lie so hush'd and dumb!

On, swift and deep, those echoes
sweep,

Shaking long-buried Kings from
sleep—

Up, up! ye sceptred jailers—ho!
Your granite heaped his head in
vain;

The very grave gives back your foe—
Dead Cæsar wakes again!

The Nations, with a voice as dread
As that which, once in Bethany,

Burst to the regions of the dead
And set the Loved-one free,

Have cried, "COME FORTH!" and lo!
again,

To smite the hearts and eyes of men
With the old awe he once instill'd

By many an unforgotten field,
 Napoleon's look shall startle day—
 That look that, where its anger fell,
 Scorch'd empires from the earth away
 As with the blasts of hell!

IV.

Up—from the dust, ye sleepers, ho!
 By the blue Danube's stately wave—
 From Berlin's towers—from Mos-
 cow's snow,
 And Windsor's gorgeous grave!
 Come—summon'd by the omnific
 power,
 The Spirit of this thrilling hour—
 And, stooping from yon craggy
 height,
 Girt by each perish'd satellite,
 Each cunning tool of kingly terror
 Who served your reigns of fraud and
 error,
 Behold, where with relentless lock
 Ye chain'd Prometheus* to his rock,
 And, when his tortured bosom ceased
 Your vulture's savage beak to feast,
 Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,
 And built and barr'd his coffin
 down,
 Half doubting if even death could
 quell

Such terrible renown;
 Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,
 And bended knee, and muttered prayer,
 Within that green sepulchral glen
 Uncover'd groups of warrior men
 Breathless perform the high behest
 Of winning back, in priceless trust,
 For the regenerated West,
 Your victim's mighty dust.
 Hark! how they burst your cramps and
 rings—
 Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!

V.

Stout men! delve on with axe and bar,
 Ye're watched from yonder restless
 star:
 Hew the tough masonry away—
 Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly!
 And arm your sounding levers sway,
 And loud your clanking hammers
 ply;
 Nor falter though the work be slow,
 Ye something gain in every blow,
 While deep each heart in chorus sings,
 "Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!

Brave men! delve in with axe and bar,
 Ye're watched from yonder glorious
 star.

VI.

'Tis morn—the marble floor is cleft,
 And slight and short the labour left.
 'Tis noon—they wind the windlass
 now
 To heave the granite from his brow:
 Back to each gazer's waiting heart
 The life-blood leaps with anxious start—
 Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop
 steals—
 Low in the dust Las Cases kneels,
 (Oh! tried and trusted—still, as long
 As the true heart's fidelity
 Shall form the theme of harp and song,
 High Bards shall sing of ye!)
 Onemoment,—and thy beams, O sun!
 The bier of him shall look upon,
 Who, save the Heaven-expell'd, alone
 Dared envy thee thy blazing throne;
 Who haply oft, with gaze intent,
 And sick from victory's vulgar war,
 Panted to sweep the firmament,
 And dash thee from thy car,
 And cursed the clay that still confined
 His narrow conquests to mankind.

VII.

'Tis done—his chiefs are lifting now
 The shroud from that tremendous brow,
 That with the lightning's rapid might
 Illumed Marengo's awful night—
 Flash'd over Lodi's murderous bridge,
 Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,
 And broke once more the Austrian
 sword
 By Wagram's memorable ford.
 And may Man's puny race that shook
 Before the terrors of that look,
 Approach unshrinking now, and see
 How far corruption's mastery
 Has tamed the tyrant tamer!

Raise

That silken cloud, what meets the gaze?
 The scanty dust, or whitening bones,
 Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,
 Of Him whose threshold rose on
 thrones,
 A mockery now to earth?
 No—even as though his haughty clay
 Scoff'd at the contact of decay,
 And from his mind's immortal flame
 Itself immortalized became,

* "Hear, hear Prometheus from his rock appeal
 To air, earth, ocean, all who felt or feel."

Tranquilly there Napoleon lies reveal'd,
 Like a king sleeping on his own proud
 shield,
 Harness'd for conflict, and that eagle-
 star,
 Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked
 the war,
 Still on his bosom, tarnish'd too and dim,
 As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled
 him.

VIII.

Fast fades the vision—from that glen
 Wind slow those aching-hearted men,
 While every mountain echo floats,
 Fill'd with the bugle's regal notes—
 And now the guns' redoubled roar
 Tells the lone peak and mighty main,
 Beneath his glorious Tricolor
 Napoleon rests again!
 And France's galley soon the sail
 Shall spread triumphant to the gale;

Till, lost upon the lingering eye,
 It melts and mingles in the sky.

IX.

Let Paris, too, prepare a show,
 And deck her streets in gaudy woe;
 And rear a more than kingly shrine,
 Whose taper's blaze shall ne'er be
 dim,
 And bid the sculptor's art divine
 Be lavish'd there for Him.
 And let him take his rest serene,
 (Even so he will'd it) by the Seine;
 But ever to the poet's heart,
 Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages
 (Replete with marvels) that impart
 His story unto Ages;
 The spacious azure of yon sea
 Alone his minster floor shall be,
 Copied by the stars—red evening's smile
 His epitaph; and thou, rude Isle,
 Austerely-brow'd and thunder-rent,
 Napoleon's only monument!

SONG SUNG AT THE SYMPOSIUM IN THE SALOON, 8TH JANUARY 1841.

AIR.—*The Arethusa.*

Come, all good friends who stretch so free
 Your legs beneath our Ebony,
 In loving lays along with me,
 Proclaim the praise of Maga.
 She is a creature not too good
 For human nature's daily food:
 And her men are stanch to their favourite haunch,
 On which they fall like an avalanche,
 And fairly floor it, root and branch,
 In the name of mighty Maga.

'Tis sweet to see, when hard at work,
 These heroes arm'd with knife and fork,
 While flashes far the frequent cork
 To refresh the thirst of Maga.
 Some dozen dishes swept away
 Are but the prologue to our play:
 If a haunch can't be found upon English ground,
 Then the best of blackfaced, duly brown'd,
 Or the faultless form of a well-fed round,
 Must sustain the strength of Maga.

Our banquet lately spread to view,
 Appears to me an emblem true
 Of that served up in season due
 To the monthly guests of Maga.
 No rival feast can e'er compare
 With Maga's mental bill of fare,
 While her table is gay with a French fricassee,
 A currie, casserole, or a cabriolet,*
 Yet solid substance still bears away
 In the rich repasts of Maga.

How many myriad mouths attend
 Till Maga's hand their meat shall send!

* A convenient name for any dish that has no other name.

What scholars, poets, patriots, bend
 Their eager eyes on Maga !
 The knock that speaks a Number come,
 Stirs the soldier's heart like the sound of a drum:
 While with pallid cheer, between hope and fear,
 Fair maidens ask, " Pray, does there appear
 Any more this month of Ten Thousand a-Year,
 In the pleasing page of Maga ? "

What fleets of Granton steamers sail,
 Each laden with our monthly bale,
 Besides that part that goes by rail,
 Of the wondrous works of Maga !
 O'er all the earth, what scene or soil
 Is not found full of Maga's toil ?
 Every varying breeze wafts her straight o'er the seas,
 While insurance at Lloyd's is done with ease
 At nothing *per cent*, or what you please,
 On the craft that carries Maga.

Survey mankind with careful view,
 From Cochin-China to Peru,
 And take a transverse section too,
 All read and reverence Maga.
 Around the poles, beneath the line,
 She rules and reigns by right divine ;
 She is thought no sin by Commissioner Lin ;
 And, waiving at once the point of Pin,
 The Celestial Empire all take in
 The barbarian mouth of Maga.

But most her page can joy impart
 To many a home-sick Scottish heart,
 That owns afar the potent art
 Possess'd by mighty Maga.
 The exile sees, at her command,
 His native mountains round him stand ;
 In vision clear his home is near,
 And a murmuring streamlet fills his ear ;
 Till now the fast o'erflowing tear
 Dissolves the spell of Maga.

But next let North inspire the strain :
 Ye Muses, ope your richest vein !
 Tho' flattery goes against the grain
 With the master-mind of Maga.
 Without him all to wreck would run :
 A system then without a sun !
 For his eye and soul with strong control,
 Enlighten all that round him roll,
 And gild and guide the mighty whole,
 That bears the name of Maga.

Then, now before we bid adieu,
 We wish, while yet the year is new,
 Succeeding seasons, not a few,
 To the noble North and Maga.
 May life's best gifts their progress bless !
 May their lights—and their shadows—never be less !
 May they lengthen their lease with an endless increase !
 Or only then depart in peace,
 When frauds shall fail and follies cease,
 Subdued by North and Maga.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XV.

"FORTUNA SEVO IUSTA NEGOTIO, ET
 LUDUM INSOLENTIEM LUDERE PERTINAX,
 TRANSMUTAT INCERTOS HONORES,
 NUNC MIHI, NUNC ALII BENIGNA.
 LAUDO MANENTEM : SI CULMIBUS QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET NEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBARIQUE
 PAUPERIUM SINE DOTE QUERO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. III. 49.

THERE had not been a contested election at Yatton, till the present one between Mr Delamere and Mr Titmouse, for upwards of twenty-four years; its two members having been, till then, owing to the smallness of the constituency, their comparative unanimity of political sentiment, and the dominant influence of the Yatton family, returned pretty nearly as a matter of course. When, therefore, quiet little Yatton (for such it was, albeit somewhat enlarged by the new Act) became the scene of so sudden and hot a contest as that which I am going to describe, and under such novel and exciting circumstances, it seemed, in a manner, quite beside itself. The walls were every where covered with staring, glaring, placards—red, blue, green, yellow, white, purple—judiciously designed to stimulate the electors into a calm and intelligent exercise of their important functions. Here are a few of them:—

"Vote for TITMOUSE, the MAN of the PEOPLE!" "TITMOUSE and CIVIL and RELIGIOUS LIBERTY!" "TITMOUSE and PURITY of ELECTION!" "TITMOUSE and NEGRO EMANCIPATION!" "TITMOUSE and CHEAP ALE!" "Vote for TITMOUSE, and NO MISTAKE!" "TITMOUSE and QUARTERLY PARLIAMENTS, VOTE BY BALLOT, and UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!"

'Twas thus that the name of my little friend, like that of many others of his species, was attached to great public questions, after the manner of a kettle tied to a dog's tail; and a pretty clatter it made!

But there were others of a more elaborate and impressive character.

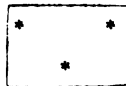
"Electors of Yatton!! Be not deceived!!! The enemy is among you! Do you wish to reap the full fruits of the glorious boon lately conferred on you? Rush to the poll, and VOTE for TITMOUSE. Do you wish to see them torn from your grasp by a selfish

and beastly aristocracy? Get a pair of handcuffs, and go and vote for—MR DELAMERE!!!!"

"*QUEERE.* If a certain *Borough-mongering Peer* should command his son to vote for the REPEAL of the Great Bill which enfranchised the inhabitants of Grilston, Succombe, and Warkleigh—would not that son obey him? *How is this, Mr DELAMERE?*"

'Twas not, to give the devil his due, Mr Titmouse's fault that his placards did not contain many vulgar and presumptuous personalities against his opponent; but it was entirely owing to Mr Gammon's want of the requisite wit and spirit. He felt in fact that such a candidate as Mr Delamere, afforded but few salient points of attack, in respect either of his person, his position in society, or his conduct. He, also, had his placards.—"VOTE for DELAMERE!" "DELAMERE and INDEPENDENCE!" "VOTE for DELAMERE, the FARMER'S FRIEND!" "DE-LAMERE, and the CONSTITUTION in CHURCH and STATE!"

Both the candidates established their head-quarters at Grilston; Mr Delamere at the "*Hare and Hounds*" Inn, Mr Titmouse at the "*Woodlouse*." Over the bow-window of the former streamed a noble blue banner, with an emblazonment of the Bible and Crown, and the words, "CHURCH, KING, and CONSTITUTION—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!" Over the latter hung an immense yellow banner, with three stars, so—



(being the "Three Polar Stars" spoken of in Mr Titmouse's Address,) and the words—"PEACE! RETRENCHMENT!! REFORM!!!" in immense gilt letters. The walls and windows of each were, moreover, covered with

vari-coloured placards—but I shall not weary the reader by attempting to describe in detail the humours of a country election, which have employed already thousands of able and graphic pens and pencils. Surely, what else are they than the sticks and straws that float along the eddying and roughened surface? The whole mass of water is moving along; and our object should be rather to discover its depth, its force, and direction. Principles are in conflict; the fate of the nation is involved in a popular election. Such matters as I have alluded to, are but the laughable devices resorted to, in order to delude the grinning vulgar, and disguise the movements of those calm and calculating persons who are playing the deep game of politics. Under cover of a ludicrous hubbub, might be observed, for instance, in this little borough—subject to certain petty local disturbing forces—a deadly struggle for ascendancy between the monarchical and the democratical principle; between rampant innovation and obstinate immobility; between the wealthy few and the poor many; between property and ability. If any thing like this *were* the case, how many of the electors—new or old—of Yatton—(who may perhaps be compared to chessmen in the hands of long-headed players)—knew any more about the matter than a private soldier at Waterloo thought of, comprehended, or appreciated, the complicated and mighty schemes of a Wellington or Napoleon, whose bidding he was doing, or of the prodigious consequences attached to the success or failure of either? Some people talk vehemently about the “paramount necessity for educating the lower classes.” It is, indeed, of incalculable importance that they should be instructed; but is it not of still greater importance that the UPPER CLASSES should be instructed, if only on account of their being the holders of that PROPERTY, in greater or less proportions, with its inseparable power and influence, which, directly or indirectly, determines all the movements of the state? Could such a state of things as universal suffrage be supposed to exist consistently with the preservation of social order—of society—it would still be impossible to extirpate or effectually to counteract the influence of property,

in whose hands soever it may be placed. Pluck out of the vilest of the bellowing bullies surrounding the hustings, him (of course a non-electors) most conspicuous for his insolence and brutality; suppose him suddenly or gradually become the owner of a great, or a small property, with the influence it gives him over customers, tenants, dependents: do you suppose that he will not at once, either gently or roughly, according to his temper, begin to exercise his power, (that which is so dear to the heart of man,) by dictating the exercise of the elective franchise in favour of those political opinions which he may happen to favour? Is not THIS the man to instruct, and the better in proportion to the extent of his real influence? Except in those brief and horrid intervals of social convulsion, in which *δικα και πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται*—however popularized and extended may apparently be the system of electing parliamentary representatives, those who really return members to Parliament will—whether themselves actually electors or not, and whether directly or indirectly—be the holders of property, in villages, in towns, in cities, in boroughs and counties. The influence of property is inevitable as that of gravitation: and losing sight of this, people may split their heads in vain, and chatter till the arrival of the Greek kalends, about extending further and further the elective franchise, shortening Parliaments, and voting by ballot. Whether it *ought* to be so, signifies little, when we know that it is, and *will be so*:—but now it is time to return to the Yatton election; and if I be but this once forgiven, I will not diverge again in a hurry from the main course of events. Lord de la Zouch, who resided some eight or ten miles from Yatton, soon discovered, as also did sundry other very able and experienced electioneering friends, taking an interest in his son's success, that the movements of the enemy were directed by a strong and skilful hand; and which never could be that of Mr Titmouse. However slight and faint may be the hopes of success with which a man enters into an interesting and important undertaking, they very soon begin to increase and brighten with eager action; and it was so with Lord de la Zouch. He was not long in tracing the power-

ful, but cautiously concealed agency of our friend Mr Gammon. One or two such dangerous and artful snares were detected by the watchful and practised eyes of his lordship and his friends, just in time to prevent Delamere from being seriously compromised, as satisfied them that good Mr Parkinson, with all his bustle, energy, and heartiness, was dreadfully overmatched by his astute opponent, Mr Gammon; and that in the hands of Mr Parkinson, the contest would become, as far as Delamere was concerned, a painful and ridiculous farce. A council of war, therefore, was called at Fotheringham Castle: the result of which was an express being sent off to London, to bring down immediately a first-rate electioneering agent—MR CRAFTY—and place in his hands the entire management of Mr Delamere's cause. Mr Crafty was between forty and forty-five years old. His figure, of middle height, was very spare. He was always dressed in a plain suit of black, with white neck-kchief, and no collars: yet no one that knew the world, could mistake him for a dissenting minister!—He was very calm and phlegmatic in his manner and movements—there was not a particle of passion or feeling in his composition. He was a mere *thinking machine*, in exquisite order. He was of marvellous few words. His face was thin and angular. His chin and temples formed an isosceles triangle; his chin being very peaked, his forehead very broad. His hair was dark, and cut almost as close as that of a foot soldier—and this it was that helped to give his countenance that expression at once quaint and unaffected, which, once observed, was not likely to be soon forgotten. His eye was blue, and intensely cold and bright—his complexion fresh; he had no whiskers; there was a touch of sarcasm about the corners of his mouth. Every thing about him bespoke a man cold, cautious, acute, matter-of-fact. "*Business*" was written all over his face. He had devoted himself to electioneering tactics; and he might be said to have reduced them, indeed, to a science. No one could say whether he was of Whig or Tory politics: my impression is, that he cared not a straw for either. This was the man who was to be pitted against Gammon: and

these two gentlemen may be perhaps looked upon as the real *players*, whose *backers* were—Delamere and Titmouse.

Mr Crafty soon made his appearance at Yatton; and seemed, in a manner, to have dropped into Mr Delamere's committee-room from the clouds. His presence did not appear quite unexpected; yet no one seemed to know why, whence, or at whose instance he had come. He never went near Fotheringham, nor ever mentioned the name of its noble owner, who (between ourselves) contemplated the accession of Crafty with feelings of calm exultation and confidence. Mr Delamere's "*committee*" was instantly disbanded, and no new one named. In fact, *there was to be none at all*: and Mr Titmouse's friends were, for a while, led to believe that the enemy were already beginning to beat a retreat. A quiet banker at Grilston, and a hard-headed land-surveyor and agent of the same place, were alone apparently taken into Mr Crafty's confidence. Mr Parkinson, even, was sent to the right about; and his rising pique and anger were suddenly quelled by the steadfast and significant look with which Mr Crafty observed, in dismissing him—"*It won't do.*" Adjoining, and opening into the large room in which, till Mr Crafty's arrival, Mr Delamere's committee had sate, was a very small one; and in it Mr Crafty established his headquarters. He came, accompanied—though no one for a while knew it—by three of his familiars; right trusty persons, in sooth. One of them always sate on a chair, at the outside of the door leading into Mr Crafty's room, over which he kept guard as a sentinel. The other two disposed themselves according to orders. Mr Gammon soon *felt* the presence of his secret and formidable opponent, in the total change—the quiet system—that became all of a sudden apparent in the enemy's tactics: his watchful eye and quick perception detected, here and there, the faint vanishing traces of a sly and stealthy foot—the evidences of experienced skill; and one morning early he caught a glimpse of Mr Crafty, (with whose name and fame he was familiar)—and returned home with a grave consciousness that the contest had become one exceedingly serious: that—

so to speak—he must instantly spread out every stitch of canvass. In short, he made up his mind for mischief, as soon as he gave Lord de la Zouch credit for being *resolved to win*; and felt the necessity for acting with equal caution and decision. During that day he obtained an advance from a neighbouring banker of two thousand pounds, on the security of a deposit of a portion of the title deeds of the Yatton property. He had, indeed, occasion for great resources, personal as well as pecuniary; for instance—he had reason to believe that the enemy had already penetrated to his stronghold, the *QUAINT CLUB* at Grilston, (for that was the name of the club into which the one hundred and nine new voters at Grilston had formed themselves.) Though Gammon had agreed, after much negotiation, to buy them at the very liberal sum of ten pounds a-head, he had reason, shortly after the arrival of Mr Crafty, to believe that they had been tampered with; for as he was late one evening, moodily walking up to the hall, in the park, he overtook a man whose person he did not at first recognise in the darkness, but whose fearfully significant motions soon ensured him recognition. It was, in fact, the man who had hitherto treated with him on behalf of the Quaint Club; one Benjamin Bran, (commonly called *Ben Bran*,) a squat, bow-legged, baker of Grilston. He uttered not a word, nor did Mr Gammon; but, on being recognised, simply held up to Mr Gammon his two outstretched hands, *twice*, with a significant and enquiring look. Gammon gazed at him for a moment with fury; and muttering—“to-morrow—here—same hour!” hurried on to the hall in a state of the utmost perplexity and alarm. The dilemma in which he felt himself, kept him awake half the night. When once you come to *this sort of work*, you are apt to give your opponent credit for deeper manœuvring than you can at the time fully appreciate; and the fate of the battle may soon be rendered really doubtful. Then, every thing—inclusive of serious consequences, extending far beyond the mere result of the election—depends upon the skill, temper, and experience of the real and responsible directors of the election. Was Ben Bran’s appearance a move on the part of Crafty?

Had that gentleman bought him over and converted him into a spy—was he now playing the traitor? Or was the purse of Titmouse to be *bonâ fide* measured against that of Lord de la Zouch? *That would be dreadful!* Gammon felt (to compare him for a moment to an animal with whom he had some kindred qualities) much like a cat on a very high glass wall, afraid to stir in any direction, and yet unable to continue where he was; while the two candidates, attended by their sounding bands, and civil and smiling friends, were making their public demonstrations and canvassing the electors, as if thereby they exercised the slightest possible influence over one single elector on either side! As I have already intimated, the battle was being fought by two calm and crafty heads, in two snug and quiet little rooms in Grilston—one at the Hare and Hounds, the other at the Woodlouse Inn; of course, I mean Mr Crafty and Mr Gammon. The former within a very few hours saw that the issue of the struggle lay with the Quaint Club; and from one of his trusty emissaries—a man whom no one ever saw in communication with him, who was a mere stranger in Grilston, indifferent as to the result of the election, but delighting in its frolics, who was peculiarly apt to get sooner drunk than any one he drank with—Mr Crafty ascertained, that though the enlightened members of the Quaint Club had certainly formed a predilection for the principles of Mr Titmouse, yet they possessed a candour which disposed them to hear all that might be advanced in favour of the principles of his opponent.

Mr Crafty’s first step was to ascertain what had been already done or attempted on behalf of Mr Delamere, and also of Mr Titmouse; then the exact number of the voters, whom he carefully classified. He found that there were exactly four hundred who might be expected to poll; the new electors amounting in number to one hundred and sixty, the old ones to two hundred and forty, and principally scot-and-lot voters. In due time he ascertained, that of the former class only *thirty-six* could be relied upon for Mr Delamere. The tenants of the Yatton property within the borough amounted to one hundred and fifteen. They had been canvassed by Mr De-

lamere and his friends with great delicacy; and twenty-three of them had voluntarily pledged themselves to vote for him, and risk all consequences: intimating that they hated and despised their new landlord, as much as they had loved their old one, whose principles they understood to be those of Mr Delamere. Then there remained a class of "*accessibles*," (to adopt the significant language of Mr Crafty,

in number one hundred and twenty-five. These were persons principally resident in and near Yatton, subject undoubtedly to strong and direct influence on the part of Mr Titmouse, but still not absolutely at his command. Of these no fewer than seventy had pledged themselves in favour of Mr Delamere; and, in short, thus stood Mr Crafty's calculations as to the probable force on both sides:—

DELAMERE.

New Voters,	36
Yatton tenants,	23
Accessibles,	70
	129

TITMOUSE.

New Voters—	
Quaint Club,	109
Others,	21
	130
Tenants,	92
Accessibles,	35
	257

Now, of the class of *accessibles* twenty remained yet unpledged, and open to conviction; and, moreover, both parties had good ground for believing that they would *all* be convinced *one way*—i. e. towards either Mr Titmouse or Mr Delamere. Now, if the Quaint Club could be in any way detached from Mr Titmouse, it would leave him with a majority of *seventeen* only over Mr Delamere; and then, if by any means the twenty *accessibles* could be secured for Mr Delamere, he would be placed in a majority of three over his opponent. Whichever way they went, however, it was plain that the Quaint Club held the election in their own hands, and intended to keep it so. Gammon's calculations differed but slightly from those of Crafty; and thenceforth both directed their best energies towards the same point, the Quaint Club—going on all the while with undiminished vigour and assiduity with their canvass, as the best mode of diverting attention from their important movements, and satisfying the public that the only weapons with which the fight was to be won were—bows, smiles, civil speeches, placards, squibs, banners, and bands of music. Mr Crafty had received a splendid sum for his services from Lord de la Zouch; but on receiving the first distinct and peremptory intimation from his lordship, through Mr Delamere, that there was to be, *bona fide*, no bribery—and that the only funds placed at his disposal were those sufficient for the *legitimate* ex-

penses of the election—he smiled rather bitterly, and sent off a secret express to Fotheringham, to ascertain for what his services had been engaged—for what was the use of going to Waterloo *without powder*?—the answer he received was laconic enough, and verbatim as follows:—

"No intimidation; no treating; no bribery; *manœuvre* as skilfully as you can; and *watch the enemy night and day*, so that the close of the poll may not be the close of the election, nor the victor there the sitting member."

To the novel, arduous, and cheerless duty, defined by this despatch from headquarters, Mr Crafty immediately addressed all his energies; and, after carefully reconnoitring his position, unpromising as it was, he did not *despair* of success. All his own voters had been gained, upon the whole, fairly. The thirty-six new voters had been undoubtedly under considerable *influence*, of an almost inevitable kind indeed—inasmuch as they consisted of persons principally employed in the way of business by Lord de la Zouch, and by many of his friends and neighbours, all of whom were of his lordship's way of political thinking. Every one of the twenty-three tenants had given a spontaneous and cordial promise; and the seventy "*accessibles*" had been gained, after a very earnest and persevering canvass, by Mr Delamere, in company with others who had a pretty decisive and legitimate influence over them. The remaining twenty might, possibly,

though not probably, be secured by equally unobjectionable means. That being the state of things with Delamere, how stood matters with Mr Titmouse? First and foremost, the Quaint Club had been bought at ten pounds a-head, by Gammon—that was all certain. Crafty would also have bought them like a flock of sheep, had he been allowed, and would have managed matters most effectually and secretly; yet not moreso than he found Mr Gammon had succeeded in doing: at all events, as far as he himself personally was concerned. In fact, he had foiled Mr Crafty, when that gentleman looked about in search of legal evidence of what had been done. Still, however, he did not despair of being able to perform a series of manœuvres which should secure one of the ends he most wished, in respect even of the Quaint Club. With equal good intentions, but actuated by a *zeal that was not according to knowledge*, some of Mr Gammon's coadjutors had not imitated his circumspection. Quite unknown to him, one or two of them had most fearfully committed him, themselves, and Mr Titmouse; giving *him* such accounts of their doings as should serve only to secure his applause for their tact and success. Before Mr Crafty they stood detected as blundering novices in the art of electioneering. A small tinker and brazier at Warkleigh had received, with a wink, ten pounds from a member of Mr Titmouse's Committee, in payment of an old outstanding account—Heaven save the mark!—delivered in by him three years before, for mending pots, kettles, and saucepans, in the time of—the Aubreys! The wife of a tailor at Grilston received the same sum for a fine tom-cat, which was a natural curiosity, since it could wink each eye separately. A third worthy and independent voter was reminded that he had lent the applicant for his vote ten pounds several years before, and which that gentleman now took shame to himself, as he paid the amount, for having so long allowed it to remain unpaid. Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck, with superior astuteness, gave three pounds a-piece to three little boys, sons of a voter, whose workshop overlooked Messrs Bloodsuck's back offices, on condition that they would desist from their trick of standing and putting their thumbs to

their noses at him, as he sat in his office, and which had really become an insupportable nuisance. Here was, therefore, a valuable consideration for the payment, and bribery was out of the question. Such are samples of the ingenious devices which had been resorted to, in order to secure some thirty or forty votes! In short, Mr Crafty caught them tripping in at least eleven clear, unquestionable cases of bribery, each supported by unimpeachable evidence, and each sufficing to void the election, to disqualify Mr Titmouse from sitting in that Parliament for Yatton, and to subject both him and his agents to a ruinous amount of penalties. Then, again, there were clear indications either of a disposition to set at defiance the stringent provisions of the law against treating, or of an ignorance of their existence. And as for *freedom* of election, scarcely ten of his tenants gave him a willing vote, or otherwise than upon compulsion, and after threats of raised rents or expulsion from farms. Tied as were Mr Crafty's hands, the Quaint Club became a perfect eyesore to him. He found means, however, to open a secret and confidential communication with them, and resolved to hold out to them dazzling but indistinct hopes of pecuniary advantage from the regions of Fotheringham. His emissary soon got hold of the redoubtable Ben Bran, who, truth to say, had long been on the look-out for indications of the desired sort from the other side. As Bran was late one evening walking slowly alone along the high-road leading to York, he was accosted by a genteel-looking person, who spoke in a low tone, and whom Bran now recollected to have seen, or spoken to, before. "Can you tell me where lies the gold mine?" said the stranger; "at Fotheringham or Yatton?"—and the speaker looked round, apprehensive of being overheard. Ben pricked up his ears, and soon got into conversation with the mysterious stranger; in the course of which the latter threw out, in a very significant manner, that "a certain peer could never be supposed to send a certain near relative into the field, in order that that relative might be beaten, * * * and especially for want of a few pounds; and besides, my friend, when only—* *—eh?—* *—the other side"—

"Why, who are you? Where do you come from?" enquired Ben, with a violent start.

"Dropped out of the—moon," was the quiet and smiling answer.

"Then I must say they know a precious deal," replied Ben, after a pause, "up there, of what's going on down here."

"To be sure—every thing; every thing!" * * Here the stranger told Ben the precise sum which the club had received from Mr Gammon.

"Are we both—gentlemen?" enquired the stranger, earnestly.

"Y—e—c—s, I hope so, sir," replied Ben, hesitatingly.

"And men of business—men of our word?"

"Honour among thieves—ay, ay," answered Ben, in a still lower tone, and very eagerly.

"Then let you and me meet *alone*, this time to-morrow, at Darkling Edge; and by that time, do you see, turn this over in your mind," here the stranger twice held up both his hands, with outstretched thumbs and fingers. "Sure we understand each other?" added the stranger. Ben nodded, and they were presently out of sight of each other. The stranger gentleman pulled off his green spectacles, and also a pair of grey whiskers, and put both of them into his pocket. If any one attempted to *dog* him, he must have been led a pretty round! 'Twas in consequence of this interview that Ben made the application to Gammon, which had so disturbed him, and which has been already described. And to return to our friend: what was he to do? On returning to the Hall, he opened a secret drawer in his desk, and took out a thin slip of paper which he had deposited there that morning, it having been then received by him from town, marked "*Private and Confidential*," and franked, "*Blossom and Box*." 'Twas but a line, and written in a bold hand, but in evident haste; for it had in fact been penned by Lord Blossom and Box while he was sitting in the Court of Chancery, apparently listening to an abstruse argument, to which he had prepared the judgment which he was within a day or two's time to deliver. This is a copy of it:—

"The election *must* be won. You

will hear from E—— by this post. Don't address any note to *me*.

"B. and B."

With this great man, Lord Chancellor Blossom and Box, when plain Mr Quicksilver; Mr Gammon had had a pretty familiar acquaintance; as the reader may easily suppose; and had a natural desire to acquit himself creditably in the eyes of so distinguished and powerful a personage. Gammon had volunteered an assurance to his lordship, shortly before leaving town, that the election was safe, and in his, Gammon's, hands: guess, then, his chagrin and fury at finding the system and determined opposition which had suddenly sprung up against him; and the intensity of his desire to defeat it. And the more anxious he was on this score, the more vividly he perceived the necessity of acting with a caution which should ensure real ultimate success, instead of a mere noisy and temporary triumph, which should be afterwards converted into most galling, disgraceful, and public defeat. The more that Gammon reflected on the sudden but determined manner in which Lord de la Zouch had entered into the contest, the more confident he became that his lordship had an important ultimate object to secure; and that he had at command immense means of every description, Gammon but too well knew, in common with all the world. Was, for instance, Mr Crafty brought down, at an enormous expense, for nothing? What the deuce were the Quaint Club about? Was ever any thing so monstrous heard of—ten pounds a man received—the bargain finally struck—and now their original demand suddenly and peremptorily doubled? Venal miscreants! Was the other side really outbidding him, or laying a deep plan for entrapping him into an act of wholesale bribery? In short, were the Quaint Club now actuated by avarice, or by treachery?—Again and again did he go over his list of promises; having marked the *favourable, hostile, neutral, doubtful*, from a table as accurately compiled and classified as that of Mr Crafty. Like his wily and practised opponent, also, Gammon entrusted his principal movements to scarce a soul of those who were engaged with him; fearing, indeed, though *then* with no definite

grounds, that Messrs Mudflint, Woodlouse, Centipede, Bloodsuck, and Going Gone, were already too deep in the secrets of the election. According to *his* calculations, supposing all his promises to stand, Titmouse was, independently of the Quaint Club, and some eighteen or twenty others whom he had set down as "*to be had*"—only *twenty-five* a-head of Delamere; thus making a difference of eight only between his calculation and that of Crafty. Of course, therefore, that cursed Quaint Club had it all their own way; and how to jockey them, was a problem that wellnigh split his head. He gave Lord de la Zouch credit for doing all that he—Gammon—could do, to win the election; and believed him, therefore, capable of buying over any number of the club, to turn king's evidence against their *original* benefactor. The Bloodsucks assured him that the club were all good men and true—stanch—game to the backbone; but Gammon had obtained information as to the political sentiments of several of the members, before they had acquired the new franchise, and became banded into so sudden and formidable a confederacy, which led him to speculate rather apprehensively on the effects which might follow any bold and skilful scheme which might be resorted to by his enemies. Now, as far as the club were concerned, its members were all quiet respectable men, who made the affair a dry matter of business. They justly looked on each of the candidates as equally worthy of the honour they coveted of representing the borough, and considered that they would always go on right at headquarters—i. e. that the country would be properly governed—without the least reference to the quality or complexion of the House of Commons. They saw the desperate and unceasing fight going on among their betters for the loaves and fishes; and imitated their example, with reference to the crumbs and fragments. First they divided themselves, as near as their number would admit of, into tens, giving one to the odd nine, equally with each body of ten, and thus produced a body of eleven representatives. These eleven, again, in the presence of the whole club, chose five of their number for the purpose of conducting the negotiations between

the club and the two candidates; and these five again selected one of themselves—Ben Bran—to be the actual medium of communication: the actual state of the market never went beyond the first body of eleven; and in the exercise of an exquisite dexterity, Mr Crafty had contrived to inspire these eleven, through their deputy and mouthpiece, Bran, with a determination to exact *fifteen* pounds per head more from Titmouse, before recording their votes in his favour: and this untoward state of things was duly intimated to Gammon by Ben Bran, by silently outstretching both hands and then one hand. That would make a total of *two thousand seven hundred and twenty-five* pounds disbursed among that accursed Quaint Club alone!—thought Gammon, with a shudder: and suppose they should even then turn tail upon him, seduced by the splendid temptations of Lord de la Zouch? Just to conceive the possibility, for one moment, of Mr Benjamin Bran having been bought over to betray all his companions, and Gammon and his party also, into the hands of Lord de la Zouch? Saith the immortal author of *Hudibras*—

"Ah me, the perils that environ,
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

But I shall make an exclamation of my own—

"What pen *his* troubles shall describe,
Who voters once begins to bribe?"

"Oh!" thought Mr Gammon, a thousand times, "that cursed Quaint Club!—That cursed Crafty!"

The very first person on whom Delamere waited, in order to solicit his support, was little Dr Tatham, who, I need hardly say, gave it promptly and cordially; but he added, shaking his head, that he knew he was giving huge offence to the people at the Hall, who had already been several times very urgent indeed with him. "Well, rather, sir, than sow dissension between you and Mr Titmouse, your neighbour," said Delamere, spiritedly, "I at once release you from your promise."

"Ah! indeed?" cried Dr Tatham, briskly—"Do you? Can you? Ought you to do so? I look upon the exercise of my franchise to be a sacred duty, and I shall discharge it as readily

and as conscientiously as any other duty, come what may." Delamere looked at him, and thought how often he had heard Miss Aubrey talk of him with affectionate enthusiasm, and he believed the little doctor to be every way worthy of it. "For myself," continued Dr Tatham, "I care little; but I have reason greatly to apprehend the effects of his displeasure upon those who are disposed—as such I know there are—to go counter to his wishes. He'll make them rue the day"—

"Ay?—Let him!" exclaimed Mr Delamere, with an eye of bright defiance; but it kindled only a faint momentary spark of consolation in the breast of Dr Tatham.

The rivals, Mr Delamere and Mr Titmouse, encountered one another, as it were in full state, on the second day of the former's canvass. 'Twas in the street. Mr Delamere was attended by Mr Parkinson, Sir Percival Pickering, Mr St Aubyn, Mr Aylward Elvet, Mr Gold, and one or two others. Mr Delamere looked certainly very handsome. About his person, countenance, and carriage, there was an air of manly frankness, refinement, and simplicity; and a glance at his aristocratic cast of features, told you that a certain latent tendency to hauteur was kept in check by sincere good-nature. He was tall and well-proportioned, and his motions had a natural ease and grace; and as for his dress, it combined a rigid simplicity with an undoubted fashion and elegance. Though the air was very cold and frosty, he wore only a plain dark-coloured surtout buttoned.

"Delamere! Delamere!" whispered with a smile Mr St Aubyn, (one of the former members for the borough,) on first catching sight of the enemy approaching them on the same side of the street, at about twenty yards' distance—"Here comes your opponent; he's a beauty, eh?"

Mr Titmouse walked first, dressed in a fine drab-coloured great-coat, with velvet collar of the same hue, and sable near a foot deep at his wrists. It was buttoned tightly round a pinched-in waist, and a white cambric handkerchief peeped out of a pocket in the breast. He had a red and green plaid waistcoat, and a full satin stock, glistening with little pins and chains. His trousers were sky-blue, and very tight,

and covered almost the whole of his boot; so that it was a wonder to the vulgar how he ever got into or out of them. The little that was seen of his boots shone wonderfully; and he wore spurs at his heels. His span-new glossy hat was perched aslant on his bushy hair; he wore lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a delicate little ebony cane. Following this pretty little figure were—the sallow insolent-looking 'Reverend' Smirk Mudflint, (such was the title he assumed,) Mr Centipede, Mr Grogram, Mr Bloodsuck, junior, (who had approached as near, in point of personal appearance, to his illustrious client, as he knew how,) and—Mr Gammon. As the hostile companies neared each other, that of Delamere observed some one hastily whisper to Titmouse, who instantly stuck his chased gold eyeglass into his eye, and stared very vulgarly at Mr Delamere—who, on passing him, with the courtesy he conceived due to an opponent, took off his hat, and bowed with politeness and grace, his example being followed by all his party. Titmouse, however, took not the least notice of the compliment; but, without removing his glass from his eye, throwing an odious sneer into his face, stared steadily at Mr Delamere, and so passed on. Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck ably seconded him. Mudflint, with a bitter smirk, touched his hat slightly; Centipede affected to look another way; Grogram blushed, and bowed as to his very best customer. Mr Gammon came last; and bursting with disgust at the reception given to Mr Delamere, coloured all over as he took off his hat, and with an expression of very anxious and pointed politeness, endeavoured to satisfy Mr Delamere and his party, that there was at all events *one* in the train of Titmouse, who had some pretensions to the character of a gentleman.

"Who can that last man be? He's a gentleman," enquired Sir Percival, with an air of much surprise.

"Mr Gammon—a man who is lord-paramount at the Hall," replied one.

"Gammon!—Is *that* Mr"—echoed Delamere, with much interest; and as he turned round to look at Gammon, observed that Gammon was doing the same; on which both hastily turned away.

As the important day approached,

each party *professed* complete confidence as to the result. The *Yorkshire Stingo* declared that it had authority for stating that Mr Titmouse's majority would be at least three to one over Mr Delamere—and that, too, in glorious defiance of the most lavish bribery and corruption, the most tyrannical intimidation, that had ever disgraced the annals of electioneering. In fact, it was presumption in Mr Delamere to attempt to foist himself upon a borough with which he had no connection, and done with a wanton and malicious determination to occasion expense and annoyance to Mr Titmouse. The *York True Blue*, on the contrary, assured its readers that Mr Delamere's prospects were of the brightest description—and though by perhaps a small majority, yet he was sure of his election. He had been every where hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. Many of even Mr Titmouse's tenantry had nobly volunteered their support to Mr Delamere; and at Grilston, so long regarded as the very focus and hotbed of democracy, his success had surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his friends, and so forth. Then there was a sly and mischievous caution to the electors, not to be led away by the ingenious and eloquent sophistries which might be expected from Mr Titmouse at the hustings, on the day of nomination!! All this might be very well for the papers, and probably produce its impression upon those who, at a distance, are in the habit of relying upon them. But as for the actors—the parties concerned—Mr Delamere was repeatedly assured by Mr Crafty that a decent minority was the very utmost that could be expected; while Titmouse and his friends, on the other hand, were in a very painful state of uncertainty as to the issue: only Gammon, however, and perhaps one or two others, being acquainted with the true source of uneasiness and difficulty; viz. the abominable rapacity of the Quaint Club.

At length dawned the day which was to determine how far Yatton was worthy or unworthy of the boon which had been conferred upon it by the glorious Bill for giving Everybody Everything—which was to witness the maiden contest between the two hopeful scions of the noble and ancient

houses of Dreddlington and De la Zouch—on which it was to be ascertained whether Yatton was to be bought and sold, like any other article of merchandise, by a bitter old boroughmonger; or to signalize itself by its spirit and independence, in returning one who avowed, and would support, the noble principles which secured the passing of the Great Bill which has been so often alluded to. As for my hero, Mr Titmouse, it gives me pain to have to record—making even all due allowance for the excitement occasioned by so exhilarating an occasion—that there were scarcely two hours in the day during which he could be considered as sober. He generally left his bed about eleven o'clock in the morning—about two o'clock reached his committee-room—there he called for a bottle or two of soda-water, with brandy; and, thus supported, set out on his canvass, and never refused an invitation to take a glass of good ale at the houses which he visited. About the real business of the election—about his own true position and prospects—Gammon never once deigned to consult or instruct him; but had confined himself to the preparation of a very short and simple speech, to be delivered by Titmouse, if possible, from the hustings, and which he had made Titmouse copy out many times, and *promise* that he would endeavour to learn off by heart. He might as well have attempted to walk up the outside of the Monument. Merely rung the bells of Grilston church, by order of the vicar, the Reverend Gideon Fleshpot, who was a stanch Titmouseite, and had long cast a sort of sheep's eye upon the living of Yatton; for he was nearly twenty years younger than its present possessor, Doctor Tatham. What a bustle was there in the town by eight o'clock in the morning! All business was to be suspended for the day. Great numbers from the places adjacent began to pour into the town about that hour. It was soon seen who was the popular candidate—he whose colours were *yellow*; for wherever you went, yellow cockades, rosettes, and button-ties for the men, and yellow ribands for the girls, yellow flags and yellow placards with "TITMOUSE FOR YATTON!" met the eye. Mr Delamere's colours were a deep blue, but were worn, I am sorry to say, by only one in four or five of

those who were stirring about ; and who, moreover, however respectable, and in appearance superior to the adherents of Titmouse, yet wore no such look of confidence and cheerfulness as they. From the bow window of the Hare and Hounds, Mr Delamere's head-quarters, streamed an ample and very rich blue silk banner, on which was worked, in white silk, the figure of a Bible, Crown, and Sceptre, and the words " Delamere for Yatton." This would have probably secured some little favourable notice from his sullen and bitter opponents, had they known that it had been the workmanship of some fifteen of as sweet beautiful girls as could have been picked out of the whole county of York ; and, by the way, 'tis a singular and melancholy sign of the times, that *beauty*, innocence, and accomplishment, are in England to be found uniformly arrayed on the side of tyranny and corruption, against the people. Then Mr Delamere's *band* was equal to three such as that of his opponent—playing with equal precision and power : and, what was more, they played very bold enlivening tunes as they paraded the town. There was one feature of the early proceedings of the day, that was rather singular and significant : viz. that though all the members of the formidable QUAINT CLUB were stirring about, *not one of them wore the colours of either party*, though (between ourselves) each man had the colours of both parties in his pocket. They appeared studiously to abstain from a display of party feeling—though several of them *could* not resist a leering wink of the eye when the yellow band went clashing past them. They had, moreover, a band of their own, which went about the town, preceded by their own standard—a very broad sheet of sky-blue, stretched between two poles, supported by two men : and the droll device it bore, was—an enormous man's face, with an intense squint, and two hands, with the thumbs of each resting on the nose, and the fingers spread out towards the beholder. It produced—as it seemed designed to produce—shouts of laughter wherever it made its appearance. Every member of the Quaint Club wore a grave face ; as if they were the only persons who appreciated the nature of the exalted functions which they were about to

exercise. No one could tell which way they intended to vote, though all expected that they were to come in at the last, and place the yellows in a triumphant majority of a hundred, at least. Though it had been a matter of notoriety that they were Mr Titmouse's men, before Mr Delamere appeared in the field ; yet, *since* then, they had suddenly exhibited a politic and persevering silence and reserve, even among their personal friends and acquaintance. The yellow band performed one feat which was greatly applauded by the yellow crowd which attended them, and evidenced the delicacy by which those who guided their movements were actuated : viz. they frequently passed and repassed Mr Delamere's committee-room, playing that truly inspiring air, " The Rogue's March." Then the yellows dressed up a poor old donkey in Mr Delamere's colours, which were plentifully attached to the animal's ears and tail, and paraded him, with great cheering, before the doors of the Hare and Hounds, and Mr Delamere's principal friends and adherents. Nay—one of the more vivacious of the crowd threw a stone at a little corner window of the blue committee room, through which it went smashing on its way, till it hit upon the inkstand of calm Mr Crafty, who sat alone in the little room, busy at work with pen, ink, and paper. He looked up for a moment, called for a fresh inkstand, and presently resumed his pen, as if nothing had happened.

The hustings were erected upon a very convenient and commodious green, at the southern extremity of the town ; and thither might be seen, first on its way, a little after eleven o'clock, the procession of the popular candidate—Mr Titmouse. Here and there might be heard, as he passed, the startling sounds of mimic ordnance, fired by little boys from house-tops. As they passed the church, its bells rang their merriest peal ; and, at a little distance further on, the little boys of Mr Hic Hæc Hoc, each with a small rosetta tied to his jacket, struck up a squeaking and enthusiastic " hurrah ! " while from the upper windows, the young ladies (three in number) of Mrs Hic Hæc Hoc's " establishment " waved their little white pocket handkerchiefs. Next on their way, they passed the " Reverend " Smirk Mud-

flint's chapel, which was in very unenviable and queer contiguity to an establishment of a very questionable character—in fact, adjoining it. Against the upper part of the chapel hung a device calculated to arrest, as it *did* arrest, universal attention and admiration—viz. an *inverted* copy of the New Testament; over it, the figure of a church turned upside down, with the point of its steeple resting on the word “Revelation;” and upon the aforesaid church stood proudly erect an exact representation of Mr Smirk Muddflint's chapel, over which were the words—“FREEDOM OF OPINION! and TRUTH TRIUMPHANT!” But I do not know whether another device, worked by Miss Muddflint—a skinny, tallow-faced, and flinty-hearted young lady of five and twenty—was not still more striking and original; viz. a Triangle, and an Eye with rays, and the words—“*Titmouse! Truth! Peace!*” Three cheers for Mr Muddflint were given here; and Mr Muddflint bowed all round with an air of proud excitement—feeling, moreover, an intense desire to stop the procession and make a speech while opposite to his own little dunghill. First in the procession marched a big fellow, with one eye, bearing a flag, with a red cap on a pike, and the words, in large black characters—

“TITMOUSE OF DEATH!!!
“LET TYRANTS TREMBLE!!!!”

Then came the band; and next to them walked—TITLIEAT TITMOUSE, Esq., dressed exactly as he was when he encountered, in their canvass, the party of his opponent, as I have already described—only that he wore a yellow rosette, attached to a button-hole on the left side of his drab great-coat. His protuberant light-blue eyes danced with delight, and his face was flushed with excitement. His hat was off and on every moment, in acknowledgment of the universal salutations which greeted him, and which so occupied him that he even forgot to use his eyeglass. On his left hand walked, wrapped up in a plain dark-hued great-coat, a somewhat different person—Mr Gammon. The expression which his features wore was one of intense anxiety; and any tolerably close observer might have detected the mortification and disgust with which his eye occasionally glanced at,

and was as suddenly withdrawn from, the figure of the grinning idiot beside him. Who do you think, reader, walked on Mr Titmouse's right-hand side? Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wild. fire, Baronet, whose keen political feelings, added to a sincere desire to secure a chance of his daughter's becoming the mistress of Yatton, had obliterated all unkindly recollection of Mr Titmouse's gross conduct on a former occasion, after having received, through the medium of Mr Bloodsuck, senior, as a common friend, a satisfactory apology. Next walked Mr Titmouse's mover and seconder, the “*Reverend*” Mr Muddflint, and Going Gone, “*Esquire.*” Then came Mr Centipede and Mr Woodlouse, Mr Grogam and Mr Ginblossom; Mr Gargle Glistler, and Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck; and others of the leading friends of Mr Titmouse, followed by some two hundred of others, two and two. Thus passed along the main street of Grilston, in splendid array, what might too truly have been called the *triumphal* procession of the popular candidate; his progress being accompanied by the enlivening music of his band, the repeated acclamations of the excited and intelligent crowd, the waving of banners and flags below, and handkerchiefs and scarfs from the ladies at the windows, and desperate strugglings from time to time, on the part of the crowd, to catch a glimpse of Mr Titmouse. Mr Gammon had the day before *hired ten pounds' worth of mob*—a device alone sufficient to have made Mr Titmouse the popular candidate, and it now told excellently; for the aforesaid ten pounds' worth disposed itself in truly admirable order, in front of the hustings—and, on Mr Titmouse's making his appearance there, set up a sudden and enthusiastic shout, which rent the air, and was calculated to strike dismay into the heart of the enemy. Mr Titmouse, on gaining the hustings, changed colour visibly, and, coming in front, took off his glossy hat, and bowed repeatedly in all directions. Mr Delamere's procession was of a vastly superior description, yet too palpably that of the unpopular candidate—every member of it, from first to last, having made up his mind to encounter incivility, and even insult, however really anxious to avoid the slightest occasion for it. The band

was numerous, and played admirably. There was a profusion of gay and handsome flags and banners. Mr Delamere walked next to the band, with a gallant bearing, a gay and cheerful smile, yet oft darkened by anxiety as he perceived indubitable symptoms of a disposition to rough treatment on the part of the crowd. On his right hand side walked Mr St Aubyn; on his left, Sir Percival Pickering, the late member for the borough. Following them came Mr Gold, the banker, and Mr Milnthorpe, an extensive and highly-respectable flour factor—these being Mr Delamere's mover and seconder: and they were followed by at least three hundred others, two and two, all of substantial and respectable appearance, and most resolute air to boot. No amount of mob that day in Grilston would have ventured an attack, in passing, upon that stout-hearted body of yeomen. A great many white handkerchiefs were waved from the windows, as Delamere passed along—waved by the hands of hundreds of fair creatures, whose hearts throbbed with fond fears lest an unoffending gentleman should be maltreated by the mob. When Mr Delamere approached a large bow window, opposite to the town-hall, his heart began to beat quickly. There were four as beautiful and high-born young women as England could have produced—all gazing down upon him with eager and anxious looks. It was not they, however, who occasioned Mr Delamere's emotion. He knew that in that room was Lady de la Zouch—*his mother*; and he grew silent and excited as he approached it. One of the loveliest of the four, as he stopped and with respectful bow looked up for an instant—Lady Alethea Larymer—suddenly and quite unexpectedly stepped aside; and there stood revealed the figure of Lady de la Zouch. She would have waved her handkerchief, but that she required it to conceal her emotion. The lips of neither mother nor son moved; but their *hearts* uttered reciprocal benedictions—and Delamere passed on. As he neared the church, I regret to have it to put on record, but, at the bidding of the Reverend Gideon Fleshpot, the bells *told as for a funeral*!!

Could any thing have been more lamentable and disgusting? If the sudden and unexpected sight of his

mother had been calculated in any degree to subdue, for a moment, his feelings, what ensued within a minute or two afterwards was sufficient to excite his sternest mood; for as soon as ever the head of his procession became visible to the crowd on the green, there arose a tremendous storm of yelling, hooting, hissing, and groaning: and when Mr Delamere made his appearance in front of the hustings, you might have imagined that you were witnessing the reception given to some loathsome miscreant mounting the gallows to expiate with his life a dreadful crime. He advanced, nevertheless, with a smile of cheerful resolution and good-humour, though he changed colour a little; and, taking off his hat, bowed in all directions. Gracious heaven! what a contrast he presented to his popular rival, Mr Titmouse, who stood grinning and winking to the wretches immediately underneath, evidently with a spiteful gratification at the treatment which his opponent was experiencing. Any one on the hustings or in the crowd had but to call out "Three cheers for Mr Titmouse!" to be instantly obeyed; then "Three *groans* for the young boroughmonger!" were responded to with amazing vehemence and effect. Viewed from a distance sufficient to prevent your observing the furious faces of the dense mob, and hearing the opprobrious epithets which were levelled against the unpopular candidate, the scene appeared both interesting and exciting. On the outskirts of the crowd were to be seen a great number of carriages, both close and open, principally occupied by ladies—and I need hardly say who was the favourite in *those* quarters. Then the rival bands moved continually about, playing well known national airs; while the banners and flags, blue and yellow, heightened the exhilarating and picturesque effect of the whole. The hustings were strong and commodious; Mr Titmouse and his friends stood on the right, Mr Delamere and his friends on the left side. He was dressed in a simple dark blue surtout and plain black stock. He was tall, elegant, and easy in his person, appearance, and gestures; his countenance was prepossessing, and bespoke a little excitement, which did not, however, obscure its good-nature. And beside him stood his

mover and seconder, Mr Gold and Mr Milnthorpe; the two late members; and about twenty or thirty other gentlemen—the whole party forming such a strong contrast to their opponents, as must have challenged any one's observation in an instant. Titmouse stood in the centre, leaning (as he supposed) gracefully against the front bar; on his right stood the burly, slovenly figure of Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, with his big, bloated, blotchy face: on Mr Titmouse's left stood his proposer, the "Reverend" Mr Smirk Mudflint. His lean, sallow face wore a very disagreeable and bitter expression, which was aggravated by a sinister cast of one of his eyes. He was dressed in black, with a white neck-kerchief and no shirt collars. Next to him stood Going Gone, Esq., Mr Titmouse's seconder, with a ruddy complexion, light hair, a droll eye, and an expression of coarse but by no means ill-natured energy. Gammon stood immediately behind Titmouse, into whose ear he whispered frequently and anxiously. There were also the Reverend Gideon Fleshpot, (though he evidently did not wish to make himself conspicuous,) Mr Glistler, Mr Grogram, Mr Woodlouse, Mr Centipede, Mr Gimblossom, Mr Hic Hæc Hoc, the Messrs Bloodsuck, father and son. The business of the day having been opened with the ordinary formalities by the returning officer, he earnestly besought the assembled multitude to remember that they were Englishmen, and to give both parties fair play, allowing every one who might address them from the hustings, to be heard without serious interruption. It had been arranged between the two committees that Mr Titmouse should be first proposed; and the moment, therefore, that the returning officer ceased speaking, the "Reverend" Mr Mudflint took off his hat and prepared to address the "electors;" but he had to wait for at least a minute in order that the applause with which he had been greeted might subside, during which little anxious interval, he could not help directing towards his opponent a look of bitter exultation. He spoke with the self-possession, fluency, and precision of a practised public speaker. If the day's proceedings were to take their tone from that of the opening speech, 'twas a thousand

pities that it fell to the lot of the "Reverend" Mr Mudflint to deliver it. He had so clear a voice, spoke with such distinctness and deliberation, and amidst such silence, that every word he uttered was audible all over the crowd; and any thing more unchristian, uncourteous, unfair towards his opponents, and calculated to excite towards them the hatred of the crowd, could hardly have been conceived. In what offensive and indecent terms he spoke of the Established Church and its ministers! of the aristocracy, ("those natural tyrants," he said,) and indeed of all the best and time-hallowed institutions of dear glorious old England—which might well blush to own such a creature as he, as one entitled by birth to call himself one of her sons! How he hailed the approaching downfall of priest-craft and king craft!—"A new light," he said, "was diffusing itself over benighted mankind—'twas the pure and steady light of REASON, and all filthy things were flying from before it," (immense cheers followed the announcement of so important and interesting a fact.) He said, "the Bible was a book of excellent common sense; and nothing but villainous priestcraft had attempted to torture and dislocate it into all sorts of fantastic mysteries, which led to rank idolatry and blasphemy, equally revolting to God and man." (Perceiving that this was going a little too rapidly a-head, from the coolness with which it was received, he dropped that subject altogether, and soon regained the ear of his audience, by descanting in very declamatory and inflammatory terms upon the resplendent victory which the people had recently gained in the glorious Bill for giving Everybody Everything.) "They had burst their bonds with a noble effort; but their chains would be quickly re-riveted, unless they followed up their advantage, and never stopped short of crushing a heartless and tyrannical and insolent oligarchy; unless the people were now true to themselves, and returned to the House of Commons good men and true, to watch over the energies of reviving liberty, lest they should be strangled in their way—(the remainder of the sentence was inaudible in the storm of applause which it excited.) Under these circumstances Providence itself had pointed out

an individual whom he was proud and happy to propose to their notice—(here he turned and bowed to Mr Titmouse, who, plucking off his hat, bobbed in return, and blushed, amidst the deafening cheers of all before them, to whom also he bowed repeatedly.) A gentleman who seemed—as it were—made for them; who, in his own person, might be said to afford a lively illustration of the regeneration of society—who, to borrow for a moment an absurd word from his opponents, had by a sort of *miracle* (with what an infernal emphasis he pronounced this word!) been placed where he was, in his present proud position; who had totally and happily changed the whole aspect of affairs in the neighbourhood, which had already become the scene of his profuse and yet discriminating generosity and hospitality; who stood in bright and bold relief from out a long gloomy line of ancestors, all of whom had lived and died in enmity to the people—also who had distinguished themselves by nothing except their bigotry and hatred of civil and religious liberty. Mr Titmouse was the first of his ancient family to claim the proud title of—The Man of the People. (Here a voice called out, “three cheers for Mr Titmouse!”—which were given spontaneously, and most effectively.) His ‘*address*’ was worthy of him—it did equal honour to his head and his heart, (it is impossible to describe the smile which here just glanced over the countenance of Mr Gammon)—touching nothing that it did not adorn—at once bold, comprehensive, uncompromising!—He had had the felicity of enjoying the acquaintance, he might venture perhaps to say the friendship, of Mr Titmouse, since he had taken up his abode at the home of his ancestors, and very proud he was to be able to say so. He could assure the electors, from his own personal knowledge of Mr Titmouse, that they would have cause to be proud of their future representative—of the choice which they were about to make. (Here the worthy speaker had some sudden misgivings as to the display likely to be made by Titmouse, when it came to his turn to address the electors:—so he added in *rather* a subdued tone)—It was true that they might not have, in Mr Titmouse, a magpie in the House, (*laughter*;) a mere chat-

terer—much cry and little wool; they had had enough of mere speechifiers at St Stephen’s—but they would have a good working member, (*cheers*;) one always at his post in the hour of danger, (*cheers*;) a good committee-man, and one whose princely fortune rendered him independent of party and of the blandishments of power. In the language of the ancient poet (!) Mr Mudflint would exclaim on such an occasion, ‘*Facia, non verba quero*,’ (*great cheering*.) And now a word for his opponent, (*groans*.) He was a mere puppet, held in the hands of some one out of sight, (*laughter*)—it *might* be of a base old boroughmonger, (*groans*), who sought to make Yatton a rotten borough, (*hisses*), a stepping stone to ascendancy in the county, (cries of “Will he, though, lad, eh?”) who would buy and sell them like slaves, (*hisses*), and would never rest satisfied till he had restored the intolerable old vassalage of feudalism, (*groans* and *hisses* here burst forth from that enlightened assemblage, at the idea of any thing so frightful.) He meant nothing personally offensive to the honourable candidate—but *was* he worthy of a moment’s serious notice? (*great laughter*.) Had he an opinion of his own? (*loud laughter*.) Had he not better, to use the language of a book that was much misunderstood, *tarry at Jerusalem (!!!)* till his beard was grown? Was he not, in fact, a nonentity, unworthy of a reasonable man’s serious notice? Was he not reeking from Oxford, (*groans*), that hot-bed of pedantic ignorance and venerable bigotry, (*hootings*), surrounded by a dismal and lurid halo of superstition?”

Finer and finer was Mr Mudflint becoming every moment as he warmed with his subject—but unfortunately his audience was beginning very unequivocally to intimate that they were quite satisfied with what they had already heard. A cry for instance was heard—“The rest of my discourse next Sunday!”—for the crowd knew that they were kept all this while from one of their greatest favourites, Mr Going Gone, who had also himself been latterly rather frequently and significantly winking his eye and shrugging his shoulders. Mr Mudflint, therefore, with feelings of vivid vexation, pique, and envy, concluded rather abruptly by proposing TITMURAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE, of

YATTON, as a fit and proper person to represent them in Parliament. Up went hats into the air, and shouts of the most joyous and enthusiastic description rent the air for several minutes. Then took off his hat the jolly Mr Going Gone—a signal for roars of laughter, and cries of coarse and droll welcome, in expectancy of fun. Nor were they disappointed. He kept them in good-humour and fits of laughter during the whole of his “address;” and though destitute of any pretence to refinement, I must say that I could not detect any traces of real ill-nature in it. He concluded by seconding the nomination of Mr Titmouse, amidst tumultuous cheers; and, after waiting for some few minutes in order that they might subside, Mr Gold took off his hat, and essayed to address the crowd. Now he really was what he looked, an old man of unaffected and very great good-humour and benevolence, and that, too, was extensive and systematic. He had only the week before distributed soup, blankets, coals, and potatoes to two hundred poor families in the borough, even as he had done at that period of the year for many years before. No tale of distress was ever told him in vain, unless palpably fictitious and fraudulent. The moment that his bare head, scantily covered with gray hairs, was visible, there arose, at a given signal from Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck, a dreadful hissing and hooting from all parts of the crowd. If he appeared disposed to persevere in addressing the two or three immediately around him, that only infuriated the mob against the poor old man, who bore it all, however, with great good-humour and fortitude. But it was in vain. After some twenty minutes spent in useless efforts to make himself audible, he concluded, in mere dumb show, by proposing the Honourable Geoffrey Lovel Delamere, at the mention of whose name there again arose a perfect tempest of howling, hissing, groaning, and hooting. Then Mr Milnthorpe came forward, determined not to be “*put down*.” He was a very tall and powerfully-built man; bold and determined, with a prodigious power of voice, and the heart of a lion. “Now, lads, I’m ready to try which can tire the other out first!” he roared, in a truly stentorian voice, that was heard over all their

uproar, which it *redoubled*. How vain the attempt! How ridiculous the challenge! Confident of his lungs, he smiled good-humouredly at the hissing and bellowing mass before him, and for half an hour persevered in his attempts to make himself heard. At length, however, without his having in the slightest degree succeeded, his pertinacity began to irritate the crowd, who, in fact, felt themselves being *bullied*, and that no crowd that ever I saw or heard of can bear for one instant; and *what is one against so many?* Hundreds of fists were held up and shaken at him. A missile of some sort or another was flung at him, though it missed him; and then the returning officer advised him to desist from his attempts, lest mischief should ensue; on which he shouted at the top of his voice, “I second Mr Delamere!” and amidst immense groaning and hissing replaced his hat on his head, thereby owning himself vanquished, which the mob also perceiving, they burst into loud and long-continued laughter.

“Now, Mr Titmouse,” said the returning officer, on hearing whose words the gentleman he addressed turned as white as a sheet of paper, and felt very much disposed to be sick. He pulled out of his coat-pocket a well-worn little roll of paper, on which was the speech which Mr Gammon had prepared for him, as I have already intimated; and with a shaking hand unrolled it, casting at its contents a glance—momentary and despairing. What then would that little fool have given for memory, voice, and manner enough to “speak the speech that had been set down for him!” He cast a dismal look over his shoulder at Mr Gammon, and took off his hat—Sir Harkaway clapping him on the back, exclaiming, “Now for’t, lad—have at ’em and away—never fear!” The moment that he stood bare-headed, and prepared to address the writhing mass of faces before him, he was greeted with a prodigious shout—hats, some waved, others flung into the air—and it was two or three minutes before the uproar abated in the least. With fearful rapidity, however, every species of noise and interruption ceased—and a perfect silence prevailed. The sea of eager excited faces—all turned towards *him*—was a spectacle that might for a moment have shaken

the nerves of even a *man*—had he been “unaccustomed to public speaking.” The speech, which—brief and simple as it was—he had never been able to make his own, even after copying it out half-a-dozen times, and trying to learn it off for an hour or two daily during the preceding fortnight, he had now utterly forgotten; and he would have given a hundred pounds to retire at once from the contest, or sink unperceived under the floor of the hustings.

“Begin! Begin!” whispered Gammon, earnestly.

“Ya—a-s—but—what shall I say?”—stammered Titmouse.

“Your speech”—answered Gammon, impatiently.

“I—I—’pon my—soul—I’ve—for-got every word of it!”

Mr Titmouse's ACTUAL Speech.

“GENTLEMEN—Most uncommon, “unaccustomed as I am, (*cheers*)—“happy—memorable—proudest—“high honour—unworthy, (*cheering*.) “day of my life—important crisis, “(*cheers*)—day gone by, and arrived—“too late, (*cheering*)—civil and religious liberty all over the world, (*im-mense cheering, led off by Mr Mud-flint*.) Yes, gentlemen—I could “observe—it is unnecessary to say—“passing of that truly glorious Bill—“charter—Britons never shall be “slaves, (*enthusiastic cheers*)—Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to address an assembly of this—a-hem, “(*hear! hear! hear! and cheers*)—civil “and religious liberty all over the “world, (*cheers*)—yet the tongue can “feel where the heart cannot express “the (*cheers*)—universal suffrage and “cheap and enlightened equality, (*cries of ‘that’s it, lad!’*)—which can never “fear to see established in this country, (*cheers*)—if only true to—industrial classes and corn-laws—yes, “Gentlemen, I say corn-laws—for “I am of op— (*hush! hear him!* “*silence!*) working out the principles “which conduced to the establishment “a—a—a—civil and religious liberty “of the press! (*cheers!*) and the “working classes, (*hush!*)—Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am—well “—at any rate—will you—I say—“will you? (*vehement cries of No!* “*No! Never!*) unless you are true “to yourselves! Gentlemen, without “going into—Vote by Ballot (*cheers*)

“Then read it,” said Gammon, in a furious whisper—“Good God, you’ll be hissed off the hustings!—Read from the paper, do you hear?”—he added, almost gnashing his teeth.

Matters having come to this fearful issue, “Gentlemen,” he commenced, faintly—

“Hear him! Hear, hear!—Hush! Ts! Ts!” cried the impatient and expectant crowd.

Now, I happen to have a short-hand writer’s notes of every word uttered by Titmouse, together with an account of the reception it met with: and I shall here give the reader, first, Mr Titmouse’s *real*, and secondly, Mr Titmouse’s *supposed* speech, as it appeared two or three days afterwards in the columns of the *Yorkshire Stingo*.

Mr Titmouse's REPORTED Speech.

“Silence having been restored, Mr “Titmouse said, that he feared it was “but too evident that he was unaccustomed to scenes so exciting as “the present one—that was one source “of his embarrassment; but the “greatest was, the enthusiastic reception with which he was honoured, “and of which he owned himself quite “unworthy, (*cheers*.) He agreed “with the gentlemen who had proposed him in so very able and “powerful a speech, (*cheers*.) that we “had arrived at a crisis in our national history, (*cheering*.)—a point “at which it would be ruin to go back, “while to stand still was impossible, “(*cheers*;) and, therefore, there was “nothing for it but to go forward, “(*great cheering*.) He looked upon the “passing of the Bill for giving Everybody Everything, as establishing an “entirely new order of things, (*cheers*), “in which the people had been roused “to a sense of their being the only legitimate source of power, (*cheering*.) “They had, like Samson, though “weakened by the cruelty and torture “of his tyrants, bound down and “broken into pieces the gloomy fabric of aristocracy. The words “‘Civil and Religious Liberty’ were “now no longer a by-word and a reproach, (*cheers*;) but, as was finely “observed by the gentleman who so “eloquently proposed him to their “notice, the glorious truth had gone “forth to the ends of the earth, that “no man was under any responsibility

"and quarterly Parliaments, (*loud cheering*)—three polar stars of my public conduct—(here the great central banner was waved to and fro, amidst enthusiastic cheering)—and "reducing the overgrown Church Establishment to a—difference between me and my honourable opponent, (*loud cheers and groans*)—I live among you, (*cheers*)—money in the borough, (*cheers*)—no business to come here, (*No, no!*)—right about, close borough, (*hisses*)—patient attention, which I will not further trespass upon, (*hear! hear! and loud cheering*)—full explanation—rush early to the—base, bloody, and brutal (*cheers*)—poll triumphant—extinguish for ever, (*cheers.*)—Gentlemen, these are my sentiments—wish you many happy—re—hem! a—hem—and by early displaying a determination to—(*cries of 'we will, we will,'*)—eyes of the whole country upon you—crisis of our national representation—patient attention—latest day of my life"—

With this Mr Titmouse made a great number of very profound bows, and replaced his hat upon his head, amidst prolonged and enthusiastic cheering, which, on Mr Delamere's essaying to address the crowd, was suddenly converted into a perfect hurricane of hissing; like as we now and then find a shower of rain suddenly change into hail. Mr Delamere stood the pitiless pelting of the storm with calmness, resolution, and good humour. Ten minutes had elapsed, and he had not been allowed to utter one syllable audible to any one beyond four or five feet from him. Every fresh effort he made to speak caused a renewal of the uproar,

"for his opinions or his belief, any more than for the shape of his nose, (*loud cheers.*) A spirit of tolerance, amelioration, and renovation was now abroad, actively engaged in repairing our defective and dilapidated constitution, the relic of a barbarous age—with some traces of modern beauty, but more of ancient ignorance and unsightliness, (*cheers.*) The great Bill he alluded to had roused the masses into political being, and made them sensible of the necessity of keeping down a rapacious and domineering oligarchy. Was not the liberty of the press placed now upon an intelligible and imperishable basis?—Already were its purifying and invigorating influences perceptible, (*cheering*)—and he trusted that it would never cease to direct its powerful energies to the demolition of the many remaining barriers to the improvement of mankind, (*cheers.*) The corn laws must be repealed, the taxes must be lowered, the army and navy reduced; vote by ballot and universal suffrage conceded, and the quarterly meeting of Parliament secured. He found that there were three words on his banner, which were worth a thousand speeches—*Peace, Retrenchment, Reform*—which had been happily observed by the gentleman who had so ably proposed him"—

[And so on, for a column more, in the course of which there were so many flattering allusions to the opening speech of the proposer of Titmouse, that it has often occurred to me as probable, that the "Reverend" Mr Mudflint had supplied the above report of Mr Titmouse's speech.]

and many very offensive and opprobrious epithets were applied to him. Surely this was disgraceful, disgusting! What had he done to deserve such treatment? Had he been guilty of offering some gross indignity and outrage to every person present, individually, could he have fared worse than he did? He had conducted his canvass with scrupulous and exemplary honour and integrity—with the utmost courtesy to all parties, whether adverse or favourable. He was surely not deficient in those qualities of head and of heart—of personal appearance, even, which usually secure man favour with his fellows. *Who* could lay any thing to his charge—except that

he had ventured to solicit the suffrages of the electors of Yatton, in competition with Mr Titmouse? If men of a determined character and of princely means have to calculate upon such brutal usage as this, can those who sanction or perpetrate it wonder at bribery and other undue means being resorted to, in absolute self-defence? Is it meant to deter any one from coming forward that has not a forehead of brass, and heart of marble? After upwards of a quarter of an hour had been thus consumed, without Mr Delamere's having been permitted to utter two consecutive sentences, though he stood up against it patiently and gallantly, the returning officer, who had often appealed to them in vain, earnestly besought Mr Titmouse to use his influence with the crowd, in order to secure Mr Delamere a moment's hearing.

"'Pon my life—I—eh?" quoth Titmouse. "A likely thing! He'd do it for *me*, would'nt he? Every man for himself—all fair at an election, eh, Gammon?"

"Do it, sir!" whispered Gammon, indignantly—"do it, and instantly—or you are not worthy of the name of gentleman!" Titmouse, on this, took off his hat, with a very bad grace, and addressing the crowd, said, "I—I—suppose you'll hear what he's got to say for himself, gents"—But all was in vain: "Off! off! No!—Go home!—ah!—ah!—a—a—a—h!—St!—St!—Get away home with you, you young boroughmonger!—a—a—h!" came in louder and fiercer tones from the mob. Yet Mr Delamere did not like to give up without another and a desperate effort to catch the ear of the mob; but while he was in the act of raising his right hand, and exclaiming—"Gentlemen, only a word or two—I pledge my honour that I will not keep you three minutes"—some barbarous miscreant, from the body of the crowd, aimed at him a stone, not a very large one to be sure, yet flung with very considerable force, and hit him just about the centre of the upper lip, which it cut open. He instantly turned pale, and applied to it his white pocket-handkerchief, which was speedily stained with blood which issued copiously from the wound, and must have greatly gratified the crowd. Still the gallant young fellow stood his ground with

firmness, and the smile which he endeavoured to assume was enough to have brought tears into one's eyes to witness. The instant that Gammon had seen the stone take effect, he rushed over towards where Mr Delamere stood amidst his agitated friends, who were dissuading him from persevering in his attempt to address the crowd—

"You are severely hurt, sir!" exclaimed Gammon, with much agitation, taking off his hat with an air of earnest and respectful sympathy. Then he turned with an air of excitement towards the crowd, who seemed shocked into silence by the incident which had taken place, and were uttering increasing cries of "shame! shame!"—

"Shame?—shame, *shame*, indeed, gentlemen!"—he exclaimed vehemently—"Where is that atrocious miscreant? In the name of Mr Titmouse, who is too much agitated to address you himself, I conjure you to secure that abominable ruffian, and let him be brought to justice! If not, Mr Titmouse protests solemnly that he will withdraw from the election."

"Bravo, Titmouse! bravo! Spoke like a man!" exclaimed several voices. A desperate struggle was soon perceived about that quarter where the man who flung the stone must have been standing; he had been seized, and being in a trice most severely handled, a couple of men almost throttled him with the tightness of their grasp round his neck—these two the very men who had encouraged him to perpetrate the outrage!—and, amidst a shower of kicks and blows, he was hauled off, and deposited, half dead, in the cage:

"Three cheers for Delamere!" cried a voice from the crowd; and never had a more vehement shout issued from them than in response to that summons.

"Delamere! Delamere!—Hear him!—Speak out!—Delamere! Delamere!" cried a great number of voices, of people growing more and more excited as they beheld his handkerchief becoming suffused with blood. But he was not in a condition then to respond to their call. He was suffering really not a little pain; and moreover, his feelings had for a moment—just for a moment—given way, when he adverted to the possibility that Lady de la Zouch might have wit-

nessed the outrage, or received exaggerated accounts of it. Mr St Aubyn, however, stood forward in Mr Delamere's stead—and in a very feeling and judicious but brief address, roused the feelings of the crowd to a high pitch of sympathy for Mr Delamere, who stood beside him, hat in hand—vehemently, and at length successfully, struggling to repress his rising emotions. If only one out of a hundred of those present had had a vote, this little incident might have changed the fate of the election. The returning officer then proceeded to call for a show of hands, on which a very great number were held up in favour of Mr Titmouse; but when Mr Delamere's name was called, it really seemed as if every one present had extended both his hands—there could be no mistake, no room for doubt. Titmouse turned as pale as a sheet, and gazed with an expression of ludicrous consternation at Gammon, who also looked, in common indeed with his whole party, not a little disconcerted. The returning officer, having procured silence, declared that the choice of the electors had fallen upon Mr Delamere, on which a tremendous cheering followed, which lasted for several minutes; and, luckily recollecting the utter nullity of a show of hands as a test or evidence, either way, of the result of the election,* Mr Gammon directed Muddflint formally to demand a poll on behalf of Mr Titmouse; on which the returning officer announced that the poll would take place at eight o'clock the next morning: and thereupon the day's proceedings closed. Mr Delamere, in a very few words, returned thanks to the electors for the honour which they had conferred upon him, and entreated them to go early to the poll. He and his friends then left the bustings. His procession quickly formed; his band struck up with extraordinary energy and spirit—"See the conquering hero comes!" but the rolling of the drums, the clashing of cymbals, the rich deep tones of the bassoons, trombones, and French horns, and clear and lively tones of flute and clarionette, were quite overpowered by the acclamations of the crowd

which attended them to Mr Delamere's committee-room. Sir Percival Pickering, throwing open the bow-window of the committee-room, addressed a word or two to the immense crowd, and then, having given three lusty cheers, they withdrew. A glass of weak wine and water quickly refreshed the spirits of Mr Delamere, and a surgeon having arrived, found it necessary only to direct that a little piece of court plaster should be applied to the upper lip, assuring him that by the morning no disfiguring traces of the accident would be visible. As for Mr Crafty, as soon as he heard what had taken place, he uttered, as he felt bound to do, a few casual expressions of sympathy; but what passed through his *thoughts*, as he resumed his seat before his papers, was—"What a pity that all those fellows had not had votes, and that the poll had not commenced *instantly*!" The truly unexpected issue of the day's proceedings, while it elevated the spirits of all Mr Delamere's friends, produced only one effect upon the imperturbable Mr Crafty; he strongly suspected that the other side would probably be resorting during the night to measures of a desperate and unscrupulous description, in order to counteract the unfavourable impression calculated to be effected by the defeat of Mr Titmouse at the show of hands. As for that gentleman, by the way, he became very insolent towards Gammon on reaching the committee-room, and protested, with fury in his face, that it had all been brought about by the "cursed officious meddling with Mr Titmouse's name before the mob after the stone had been thrown:" on hearing which, "Go on to the Hall, sir, dine, and get drunk if you choose," said Gammon, bitterly and peremptorily; "I shall remain here all night. Powerful as are your energies, they require relaxation after the fatigues of the day!" and with a very *decisive*, but not violent degree of force, Titmouse was in a twinkling in the outer committee-room. Mr Gammon had, indeed, as much serious work before him that night as Mr Crafty, and prepared for secret and decisive action every whit

* "The show of hands," (says Lord Stowell, in *Anthony v. Seager*, 1 Hag. Cons. Rep. 13.) "is only a rude and imperfect declaration of the sentiments of the electors."

as calmly and effectively as he. Mr Crafty's arrangements were admirable. During the day he had parcelled out the borough into a number of small departments, each of which he committed to some steady and resolute friend of Mr Delamere, who was to look after every elector in his division about whom there was the least fear, in respect either of apprehended violent abduction, or of treachery. These gentlemen were to be relieved at intervals; and from one to the other of them, perpetually, were the personal agents of Crafty to go their rounds, in order to see that all was right, and carry any intelligence to headquarters. Then others were intrusted with the ticklish and tiresome duty of watching the movements of the enemy in quarters where Crafty had sure information of intended operations during the night. Complete arrangements had been made, also, for bringing up voters to the poll at the exact times, and in the numbers, and in the manner, which might on the morrow be determined on by Mr Crafty. Names were noted down of those to whom the bribery oath was to be administered. Prudent as were these precautions, they did not entirely prevent the mischief against which they were levelled. As the night wore on, evidence was, from time to time, brought in to Mr Crafty that the enemy were at work—at their expected tricks.

"Jacob Jolliffe is missing. Wife says she knows nothing about him. Enquire."

"Send at least a couple of men to watch Peter Jiggins, or he'll be out of the way when he's wanted."

"Haste—haste. G. Atkins and Adam Hutton, both safe ten minutes ago, are off; enticed out into a post-chaise—gone towards York.—(Half-past eleven.)"

"Send some one to the Jolly Snobs to watch the treating going on.—*Most important.* Mr Titmouse has been there, and drunk a glass of rum with them."

Then more mysterious missives made their appearance from Mr Crafty's own familiars.

"Q.C.S.H.O.—12."—(i.e. "The Quaint Club still holds out.—Twelve o'clock.")

"Q. C. G. W.— $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 1."—(i.e. "The Quaint Club are *going wrong*.—Half-past one o'clock.)

"S. B.; G. O.  + 

 H. $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2."—(i.e. "I have seen Bran. Gammon offers ten pounds, in addition to the ten pounds already given.—They hesitate.—A quarter to two o'clock.")

" $\frac{3}{\text{heard}}$ & S. B. & M. w. B. O. Q. C. 12—3."—(i.e. "Three of our people have just overheard and *seen* Bloodsuck and Muddflint, with Bran, offering the Quaint Club *twelve* pounds.—Three o'clock.")

"Q. C. G. R. w. Y. & C. T. T. Y. M. S. I.—4."—(i.e. "The Quaint Club are getting restive with *you*, and coming to terms with Titmouse. You must stir instantly.—Four o'clock.")

" $\Delta\Delta$.  10 m. 4."—These mysterious symbols caused Mr Crafty instantly to bestir himself. He changed colour a *little*, and went into the adjoining room. The meaning of the communication was—*Great danger to both parties.*

In the adjoining room, where two candles were burning down in their very sockets, and the fire nearly out, were some four or five trusty friends of Mr Delamere—gentlemen who had placed themselves entirely at Mr Crafty's service throughout the night. When he entered, they were all nearly asleep, or at least dozing. Beckoning two of them into his own room, he instructed one of them to go and plant himself openly, as conspicuously as possible, near the door of Mr Titmouse's committee-room, so as not to fail of being recognised by any one leaving or entering it, as a well-known friend of Mr Delamere's; in fact, they were to discover that their motions were watched. The other he, instructed to act similarly opposite the door of a small house, in a narrow court—the residence, in fact, of Ben Bran, where all the night's negotiations with the Quaint Club had been carried on. Immediately afterwards Mr Crafty felt it his duty, as between man and man, to warn his opponent of the mortal peril in which he was placed; and found means to convey the following note into the committee-room where Mr Gammon and one or two others were sitting:—

"Take care!! You are deceived! betrayed! Q. C. is sold out and out to the *Blues*!! And part of the bargain, that B. B. shall betray you into bribery in the presence of witnesses—not one man of the club safe; this

have just learnt from the wife of one of them. From a well-wishing friend, but *obligated* to vote (against his conscience) for the Blues.

"P.S.—Lord D. in the town with lots of *the needful*, and doing business sharply."

While Mr Gammon and his companions were canvassing this letter, in came the two gentlemen who had been watched, in the way I have stated, from Ben Bran's house to Mr Titmouse's committee-room, pale and agitated, with intelligence of that fact. Though heretofore Gammon's colour deserted his cheek, he affected to treat the matter very lightly, and laughed at the idea of being deluded by such boy's play. If Lord de la Zeuch had hired Crafty only to play tricks like *these*, he might as well have saved the trouble and expense. Here a slight bustle was heard at the door; and the ostler made his appearance, saying that a man had just given him what he produced to Mr Gammon; who, taking from the ostler a dirty and ill-folded paper, read as follows:—

"To Squire Titmouse. you Are All Wrong. the blues is *wide* Awake All Night and nos all, Lord Dillysonsh about with One hundred Spies; And look Out for traiters in the Camp. A friend or Enemy as you Will, but loving Fair Play."

"Poh!" exclaimed Gammon, flinging it on the table contemptuously.

Now, I may as well mention here, that about nine o'clock in the evening, Mr Parkinson brought to Crafty *sure* intelligence that a very zealous and influential fellow, who was entirely in the confidence of the enemy, had come to him a little while before, and candidly disclosed the very melancholy position of his financial affairs; and Mr Parkinson happened to be in a condition to verify the truth of the man's statement, that there was a writ out against him for L.250, and unless he could meet it he would have to quit the county before daybreak, and his very promising prospects in business would be utterly ruined. Mr Parkinson happened to know these matters professionally; and, in short, Crafty was given to understand, that so disgusted was Mr M'Do'em with Whig principles (his inexorable creditor being a Whig) and practices, such as the bribery, treating, and corruption at that moment going on,

that—his conscience pricked him—and—ahem!—the poor penitent was ready to make all the amends in his power by discovering villany to its intended victims. Crafty having felt the ground pretty safe underneath him, took upon himself to say, that Mr M'Do'em need be under no further apprehension as to his pecuniary liabilities; but, in the mean while, he would certainly wish for a little *evidence* of the *bona fides* of his present conduct.

"Come," quoth M'Do'em, after receiving a pregnant wink from Mr Crafty—"send some one whom you can rely upon with me *immediately*, to do as I bid him—and let him tell you."

No sooner said than done. A trusty managing clerk of Mr Parkinson's forthwith accompanied M'Do'em on a secret expedition.

They stood at a window, with a broken pane. 'Twas a small ill-furnished kitchen, and in the corner, close to the fire, sate smoking a middle-aged man, in a paper cap. Opposite to him sate two persons, in very earnest conversation with him. They were Mr Muddint and Mr Bloodsuck, junior.

"Come, come, *that's* decidedly unreasonable," quoth the former.

"No, Sir, it *an't*. It quite cut me to the heart, I 'sure you, sir, to see Master Delamere so dreadfully used—my good missus, that's in bed, says to me—says she"—

"But what had Mr Titmouse to do with it, you know?" said Muddint, taking out of his pocket a bit of crumpled paper, at which the man he addressed gazed listlessly, and exclaimed, "*No, it won't do*—He didn't deserve such treatment, poor young gentleman." (Here Bloodsuck and Muddint whispered—and the latter, with a very bad grace, produced a second bit of crumpled paper.)

"*That's* something like"—said the man, rather more good-humouredly.

"Now, mind, by a quarter past eight—eh?" enquired Muddint, very anxiously, and somewhat sullenly.

"I'm a man of my word—no one can say I ever broke it in earnest; and as for a straightforward bit o' business like this, I say, I'm your man—so here's my hand."

"Don't *that* look rather like business?" enquired M'Do'em, in a whisper, after they had lightly stepped away.—"But come along!"

After another similar scene, the two returned to the Hare and Hounds, and the matter was satisfactorily settled between Crafty and M'Do'em—one hundred down, and the rest on the morning after the election. He was to poll for Titmouse, and that, too, early in the day; and be as conspicuous and active as possible in his exertions in behalf of that gentleman—to appear, in short, one of his most staunch and confidential supporters. Whether Lord de la Zouch or his son would have sanctioned such conduct as this, had they had an inkling of it, I leave to the reader to conjecture; but Crafty was easy about the matter—it was only manœuvring; and all weapons are fair against a burglar or highwayman; all devices against a swindler. M'Do'em gave Crafty a list of nine voters at Grilston who had received five pounds a-piece; and enabled him to discover a case of wholesale treating, brought home to one of the leading members of Mr Titmouse's committee. Well, this worthy capped all his honourable services, by hurrying into Gammon, some quarter of an hour after he had received the second anonymous letter, and with a perfect appearance of consternation, after carefully shutting the door and eyeing the window, faltered that all was going wrong—traitors were in the camp;—that Lord de la Zouch had *bought every man of the Quaint Club two days before at thirty pounds a-head!* half already paid down, the rest to be paid on the morning of the *fifteenth day after Parliament had met*—(M'Do'em said he did not know what that meant; but Gammon was more influenced and alarmed by it than any thing else that had happened;)—that *Ben Bran was playing false*, having received a large sum—though how much M'Do'em had not yet learned—as head-money from Lord de la Zouch; and that, if one single farthing were after that moment paid or promised to any single member of the club, either by Mr Titmouse, or any one on his behalf, they were all delivered, bound hand and foot, into the power of Lord de la Zouch; and at his mercy. That so daring and yet artful was Lord de la Zouch, that his agents had attempted to tamper with even HIM, M'Do'em! but so as to afford him not the least hold of them. Moreover, he knew a fellow townsman who would, despite all

his promises to the liberal candidate, poll for Delamere; but nothings should induce him—M'Do'em—to disclose the name of that person, on account of the peculiar way in which he—M'Do'em—had come to know the fact. On hearing all this, Gammon calmly made up his mind for the worst; and immediately resolved to close all further negotiation with the Quaint Club. To have acted otherwise would have been mere madness, and court-ing destruction. The more he reflected on the exorbitant demand of the Quaint Club—and so *suddenly* exorbitant, and enforced by such an insolent sort of quiet pertinacity, the more he saw to corroborate—had that occurred to him as necessary—the alarming intelligence of M'Do'em. Mr Gammon concealed much of his emotion; but he ground his teeth together with the effort. Towards six o'clock, there was a room full of the friends and agents of Titmouse; to whom Gammon, despite all that had happened, and which was known to only four or five of those present, gave a highly encouraging account of the day's prospects, but impressed upon them all, with infinite energy, the necessity for caution and activity. A great effort was to be made to head the poll from the first, in order at once to do away with the *prestige* of the show of hands; and the “friends of Mr Titmouse,” (i. e. the ten pounds' worth of mob,) were to be in attendance round the polling-booth at seven o'clock, and remain there the rest of the day, in order, by their presence, to encourage and protect (!) the voters of Mr Titmouse. This and one or two other matters having been thus arranged, Mr Gammon, who was completely exhausted with his long labour, retired to a bedroom, and directed that he should without fail be called in one hour's time. As he threw himself on the bed, with his clothes on, and extinguished his candle, he had at least the consolation of reflecting, that nine of the enemy's voters were safely stowed away, (as he imagined,) and that seven or eight of the *accessibles*, pledged to Mr Delamere, had promised to reconsider the matter.

If Gammon had taken the precaution of packing the front of the polling-booth in the way I have mentioned, Mr Crafty had not overlooked the necessity of securing efficient protection for his

voters; and between seven and eight o'clock no fewer than between four and five hundred stout yeomen, tenants of Lord de la Zouch and others of the surrounding nobility and gentry, made their appearance in the town, and insinuated themselves into the rapidly accumulating crowd; many of them, however, remaining at large, at the command of Mr Delamere's committee, in order, when necessary, to secure safe access to the poll for those who might require such assistance. It was strongly urged upon Mr Crafty to bring up a strong body of voters at the commencement, in order to head the polling at the end of the first hour. "Not the least occasion for it," said Crafty, quietly—"I don't care a straw for it: in a small borough no end can be gained, where the voters are so few in number that every man's vote is secured long beforehand, to a dead certainty. There's no *prestige* to be gained or supported. No. Bring up *first* all the distant and most uncertain voters—the timid, the feeble, the wavering; secure them early while you have time and opportunity. Again, for the first few hours poll languidly; it *may* render the enemy over easy. You may perhaps make a sham *rush* of about twenty or thirty between twelve and one o'clock, to give them the idea that you are doing your very best. Then fall off, poll a man now and then only, and see what *they* will do, how *they* are playing off their men. If you can hang back till late in the day, then direct, very secretly and cautiously, the bribery oath and the questions to be put to each of their men as they come up; and, while you are thus picking their men off, pour in your own before they are aware of your game, and the hour for closing the poll *may* perhaps arrive while some dozen or so of their men are unpollled. But above all, gentlemen," said Crafty, "every one to his own work only. One thing at a time throughout the day, which is quite long enough for all you have to do. Don't try to bring up several at once; if you have *one* ready, take him up at once and have done with him. Don't give yourselves the least concern about ascertaining the numbers that *have* polled, but only those that *have yet to be* polled: the returns I will look after. Let those stand behind the check-clerks, who are best acquainted with the names, persons, and circum-

stances of the voters who come up, and can detect imposture of any sort before the vote is recorded and the mischief done. The scoundrel may be thus easily *kept off* the poll-books, whom it may cost you a thousand pounds hereafter to attempt to remove, in vain."

The day was bright and frosty; and long before eight o'clock the little town was all alive with music, flags, cheering, and crowds passing to and fro. The polling-booth was exceedingly commodious and well constructed, with a view to the most rapid access and departure of the voters. By eight o'clock there were more than a thousand persons collected before the booth; and, significant evidence of the transient nature of yesterday's excitement, the yellow colours appeared as five to one. Just before eight o'clock up drove Mr Titmouse in a dog-cart, from which he jumped out amidst the cheers of almost all present, and skipped on to the bench behind his own check-clerk, with the intention of remaining there all day to acknowledge the votes given for him. But Mr Delamere, with a just delicacy and pride, avoided making his appearance either at or near the booth, at all events till the voting was over. The first vote given was that of Obadiah Holt, the gigantic landlord of the Hare and Hounds, and for Mr Delamere, the event being announced by a tremendous groan; but no one ventured any personal incivility to the laughing giant that passed through them. A loud cheer, as well as a sudden bobbing of the head on the part of Titmouse, announced that the second vote had been recorded for him; and, indeed, during the next twenty minutes he polled fifteen for Delamere's eight. At nine o'clock the poll stood thus—

Titmouse,	.	.	31
Delamere,	.	.	18
Majority,	.	.	11

Steadily adhering to Mr Crafty's system, at ten o'clock the poll stood—

Titmouse,	.	.	53
Delamere,	.	.	29
Majority,	.	.	24

At eleven o'clock—

Titmouse,	.	.	89
Delamere,	.	.	41
Majority,	.	.	48

At twelve o'clock—

Titmouse,	.	.	94
Delamere,	.	.	60
Majority,	.	.	34

At one o'clock—

Titmouse,	.	.	129
Delamere,	.	.	84
Majority,	.	.	54

At this point they remained stationary for some time; but Delamere had polled all his *worst* votes, Titmouse almost all his *best*. The latter had, indeed, only *seventeen* more in reserve, independently of the Quaint Club, and the still neutral *twenty* accessibles; while Delamere had yet, provided his promises stood firm, and none of his men were hounded or kidnapped, forty-five good men and true—and some faint hopes, also, of the aforesaid *twenty* accessibles. For a quarter of an hour, not one man came up for either party; but at length two of Delamere's leading friends came up, with faces full of anxiety, and recorded their votes for Delamere, amidst loud laughter. About half-past one o'clock, a prodigious—and I protest that it was both to Lord de la Zouch and Mr Delamere a totally unexpected—rush was made on behalf of Delamere, consisting of the *twenty* accessibles; who, in the midst of yelling, and hissing, and violent abuse, voted one after another for Delamere. Whether or not a strong pressure had been resorted to by some zealous and powerful gentlemen in their neighbourhood, but entirely independent of Mr Delamere, I know not; but the fact was as I have stated. At *two* o'clock the poll stood thus—

Titmouse 145
Delamere 134

— Majority 11.

Thus Titmouse had then polled within one of his positive reserve, and yet was only eleven above Delamere, who had still *fifteen* men to come up!

"Where is the Quaint Club?" began to be more and more frequently and earnestly asked among the crowd; but no one could give a satisfactory answer; and more than one conjecture was hazarded, as to the possibility of their coming up under *blue* colours. But—*where were they?* Watching the state of the poll, and under marching orders for the moment when the enemy should be at his extremity? Between two o'clock and a quarter

past, not one voter was polled on either side; and the crowd, wearied with their long labours of hissing and shouting, looked dispirited, listless, exhausted. By-and-by Mr Gammon, and Messrs Bloodsuck, (senior and junior,) Muddflint, Centipede, Ginblossom, Going Gone, and others, made their appearance in the booth, around Titmouse. They all looked sour, and depressed, and fatigued. Their faces were indeed enough to sadden and silence the crowd. Were Mr Titmouse's forces exhausted?—"Where's the Quaint Club?" roared out a man in the crowd, addressing Mr Gammon, who smiled *wretchedly* in silence. The reason of his then appearing at the polling-booth was certainly the one first suggested; but he had another; for he had received information that within a short time Dr Tatham, and also fourteen of the Yatton tenantry, were coming up to the poll. Mr Gammon, accordingly, had not stood there more than five minutes, before a sudden hissing and groaning announced the approach of a blue—in fact, it proved to be little Dr Tatham, who had been prevented from earlier coming up, through attendance on one or two sick parishioners. It cost the quiet stout-hearted old man no little effort, and occasioned him a little discomposure, elbowed, and jolted, and insulted as he was; but at length there he stood before the poll-clerks—who did not require to ask him his name or residence. Gammon gazed at him with folded arms, and a stern and sad countenance. Presently, inclining slightly towards Muddflint, he seemed to whisper in that gentleman's ear; and—"Administer the bribery oath," said he to the returning officer, eagerly.

"Sir!" exclaimed that functionary in a low tone, with amazement—"The bribery oath! To Dr Tatham? Are you in earnest?"

"Do your duty, sir!" replied Muddflint, in a bitter insulting tone.

"I regret to say, sir, that I am required to administer the bribery oath to you," said the returning officer.

"What? What? The bribery oath? To *me*?" enquired Dr Tatham, giving a sudden start, and flushing violently: at which stringent evidence of his guilt—

"Ah, ha!" cried those of the crowd nearest to him—"Come, old gentleman! Thou must bolt it now!"

"Is it pretended to be believed," faltered Dr Tatham, with visible emotion—"that *I am bribed?*" But at that moment his eye happened to light upon the exulting countenance of "the Reverend" Mr Mudflint. It calmed him. Removing his hat, he took the Testament into his hand, while the crowd ceased hooting for a moment, in order to hear the oath read; and with dignity he endured the indignity. He then recorded his vote for Mr Delamere; and after fixing a sorrowful and surprised eye on Mr Gammon, who stood with his hat slouched a good deal over his face, and looking in another direction, withdrew; and as he turned his mild and venerable face towards the crowd, the hissing subsided. Shortly afterwards came up, amidst great uproar, several of the tenantry of Mr Titmouse—all of them looking as if they had come up, poor souls! rather to receive punishment for a crime, than to exercise their elective franchise in a free country. Gammon coloured a little, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and fixing on the first of the tenantry, Mark Hackett, the eye as it were of a suddenly-revived serpent, wrote down his name in silence—but what an expression was in his face! Thus he acted towards every one of those unhappy and doomed persons; replacing his pocket-book whence he had taken it, as soon as the last of the little body had polled. It was now a quarter to three o'clock, (the poll closing finally at *four*,) and thus stood the numbers:—

Delamere, . . .	149
Titmouse, . . .	146
Majority, . . .	3

On these figures being exhibited by an eager member of Mr Delamere's committee, there arose a tremendous uproar among the crowd, and cries of "Tear it down! Tear it down! Ah! Bribery and corruption! Three groans for Delamere! O—h! o—h! o—h!" Matters seemed, indeed, getting desperate with the crowd; yet they seemed to feel a sort of comfort in gazing at the stern, determined, yet chagrined countenance of the ruling spirit of the day, Mr Gammon. He was a "deep hand,"—he knew his game; and, depend upon it, he was only waiting till the enemy was clean done, and then he would pour in the

Quaint Club, and crush them for ever. Thus thought hundreds in the crowd. Not a vote was offered for a quarter of an hour; and the poll clerks, with their pens behind their ears, employed the interval in munching sandwiches, and drinking sherry out of a black bottle—the crowd cutting many jokes upon them while thus pleasantly engaged. Symptoms were soon visible, in the increasing proportion of blue rosettes in and about the crowd, that this promising state of things was reviving the hopes of Mr Delamere's party, while it as plainly depressed those in the yellow interest. Not for one moment, during the whole of that close and exciting contest, had Mr Crafty quitted his little inner apartment, where he had planned the battle, and conducted it to its present point of success. Nor had his phlegmatic temperament suffered the least excitement or disturbance: cold as ice though his heart might be, his head was ever clear as crystal. Certainly his strategy had been admirable. Vigilant, circumspect, equal to every emergency, he had brought up his forces in perfect order throughout the day; the enemy had not caught the least inkling of his real game. By his incessant, ingenious, and *safe* manœuvring, he had kept that dreaded body, the Quaint Club, in play up to this advanced period of the day—in a state of exquisite embarrassment and irresolution, balancing between hopes and fears; and he had, moreover, rendered a temporary reverse on the field upon which he then fought, of little real importance, by reason of the measures he had taken to cut off the enemy entirely in their very next move. He was now left entirely alone in his little room, standing quietly before the fire with his hands behind him, with real composure, feeling that he had done his duty, and awaiting the issue patiently. The hustings, all this while, exhibited an exciting spectacle. Another quarter of an hour had elapsed without a single vote being added to the poll. The crowd was very great, and evidently experiencing no little of the agitation and suspense experienced by those within the booth—(except Mr Titmouse, whose frequent potations of brandy and water during the day, had composed him at length to sleep—as he leaned, absolutely snoring, against the corner of the booth, out of sight of the crowd.) The poll

clerks were laughing and talking unconcernedly together. The leading Blues mustered strongly in their part of the booth; elated undoubtedly, but with the feelings of men who have desperately fought their way, inch by inch, sword to sword, bayonet to bayonet, up to a point where they expect, nevertheless, momentarily to be blown into the air. What *could* have become of the Quaint Club? thought *they* also, with silent astonishment and apprehension. Gammon continued standing, motionless and silent, with folded arms—his dark surtout buttoned carelessly at the top, and his hat slouched over his eyes, as if he sought to conceal their restlessness and agitation. Excitement—intense anxiety—physical exhaustion—were visible in his countenance. He seemed indisposed to speak, even in answer to any one who addressed him.

"O cursed Quaint Club! O cursed Crafty! I am beaten—beaten hollow—ridiculously. How the miscreants have bubbled me! Crafty can now do without them, and won't endanger the election by polling them! We are ruined! And what will be said at headquarters, after what I have led them to believe—bah!"—he almost stamped with the vehemence of his emotions. "There's certainly yet a resource; nay, but that also is too late—a riot—a nod, a breath of mine—those fine fellows there—down with hustings—poll-books destroyed. No, no; it is not to be thought of—the time's gone by."

It was now nearly a quarter past three, the poll closing at four. "It's passing strange!" thought Gammon, as he looked at his watch; "what can be in the wind? Not a man of them come up! Perhaps, after all, Lord de la Zouch may not have come up to their mark, and may now be merely standing on the chance of *our* being unable to come to terms with them. But what can I do, without certain destruction, after what I have heard? It will be simply jumping down into the pit." A thought struck him; and with forced calmness he slipped away from the polling-booth, and, with an affectation of indifference, made his way to a house where a trusty emissary awaited his orders. 'Twas a Grilston man, a yellow voter, as much at Gammon's beck and call as Ben Bran was represented to be at the command of Lord de la Zouch. Gammon dispatched

him on this enterprise—to rush alarmingly among the club, who knew him, but not his devotion to Gammon—to tell them that he had just discovered, by mere accident, the frightful danger in which they were placed, owing to Mr Gammon's being enraged against them on account of their last proposal—that he had now made up his mind to the loss of the election, and also to commence prosecution for bribery against every single member of the club; for that, having early suspected foul play, he was in a position "to nail every man of them," without fixing himself or Mr Titmouse. If he succeeded thus far—viz. in alarming them—then, after apparently dire perplexity, he was suddenly to suggest one mode of at once securing themselves, and foiling their bitter enemy, Gammon; viz. hasten up to the poll without a word to any one, and, by placing Titmouse at the top of the poll, *destroy Gammon's motive for commencing his vindictive proceedings*, and so take him in his own trap. Gammon then returned to the polling-booth, (having named the signal by which he was to be apprized of success,) and resumed his former position, without giving to any one near him the slightest intimation of what he had been doing. If he imagined that any movement of *his*, at so critical a moment, had not been watched, he was grievously mistaken. There were three persons whose sole business it had been, during the whole of that day, to keep a lynx eye upon his every movement, especially as connected with the Quaint Club. But his cunning emissary was equal to the exigency; and having (unseen) reconnoitred the street for a few moments, he imagined he detected one, if not two spies, lurking about. He therefore slipped out of a low back window, got down four or five back yards, and so across a small hidden alley, which enabled him to slip, unperceivedly, into the back-room of the house he wished.

"Ben! Ben!" he gasped, with an air of consternation.

"Hallo, man! what is't?" quoth Ben.

"Done! every man of you sold! Mr Gammon turned tail on you. Just happened to overhear him swear a solemn oath to Mr Mudflint, that before four-and-twenty hours" * * *

"Lord!—you, did you really?"

"So help me —!" exclaimed the man, aghast.

"What's to be done?" quoth Ben, the perspiration bursting out all over his forehead. "We've been made the cursed fools of by some one. Hang me if I think the old beast at Fotheringham, or the young cub either, has ever meant!"

"What signifies it? It's all too late now."

"Isn't there *any* way—eh? To be sure, I own I thought we were pitched a *leettle* too high with Mr Gam—"

"But he has you *now*, though; and you'll find he's a devil incarnate. But stop, I see"—he seemed as if a thought had suddenly glanced across his puzzled and alarmed mind—"I'll tell you how to do him, and save yourselves yet."

"O Lord!—eh?" exclaimed Ben, breathlessly.

"But are they all together?"

"Oh ay! In five minutes' time we could all be on our way to the booth."

"Then don't lose a minute—or all's lost!—Don't explain to them the fix they're in till it's all over—and if *ever* you tell 'em, or any one, the bit o' service I've—"

"Never, Thomas, so help me——!" quoth Ben, grasping his companion's hand as in a vice.

"Off all of you to the booth, and poll for life and death, for *Titmouse*."

"What? Come—come, Master Thomas!"

"Ay, ay—you fool! Don't you see? Make him win the election, and then *in course* Gammon's no cause to be at you—he'll have got all he wants."

"My eyes!" exclaimed Ben, as he suddenly perceived the stroke of policy. He snapped his finger, buttoned his coat, popped out of the house—within a few moments he was in the midst of the club, who were all in a back yard, behind a small tavern which they frequented. "Now, lads!" he exclaimed, with a wink of his eye. He took the yellow and the blue colours out of his bosom; returned the blue and mounted the yellow: so in a trice did every one present, not one single question having been asked of Ben, in whom they had perfect confidence.

But, to return to Mr Gammon. It was now a moment or two past the half hour—there was scarcely half an hour more before the election must close. The mob were getting sullen. The Quaint Club were being asked for—

now with hisses, then with cheers. All eyes were on Gammon, who felt that it was so. His face bore witness to the intensity of his emotions; he did not even attempt to disguise his desperate disappointment. His nerves were strung to their highest pitch of tension; and his eye glanced incessantly, but half-closed, towards a corner house at a little distance: ah! it was suddenly lit up, as it were, with fire—never was such an instantaneous change seen in a man's face before. He had at length caught the appointed signal; a man appeared at a window, and waved a little stick through it. A mighty sigh escaped from the pent-up bosom of Gammon, and relieved him from a sense of suffocation. His feelings might have been compared to those excited in our great commander, when the Prussians made their appearance at Waterloo. The battle was won; defeat converted into triumph; but suddenly recollecting himself—aware that every muscle of his face was watched—he relapsed into his former gloom. Presently were heard the approaching sounds of music—nearer and nearer came the clash of cymbals, the clangour of trombone and trumpet, the roll of the drum;—all the crowd turned their faces towards the quarter whence the sounds came, and within a few seconds' time was seen turning the corner, full on its way to the booth, the banner of the Quaint Club, with yellow rosettes streaming from the top of each pole—yellow ribands on every one's breast.

THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE HAD TRIUMPHED! Their oppressors were prostrate! A wild and deafening shout of triumph burst from the crowd as if they had been one man; and continued for several minutes intermingling with the inspiring sounds of the noble air—"Rule Britannia!" played by the two bands, (that of Mr Titmouse having instantly joined them.) On marched the club, two and two, and arm in arm, with rapid step; their faces flushed with excitement and exultation—their hands vehemently shaken by the shouting crowd, who opened a broad lane for them up to the polling booth. Oh, the contrast exhibited in the faces of those standing *there*! What profound gloom, what vivid vexation, rigid despair, on the one hand—what signs of frantic excitement, joy, and triumph on the other! "Titmouse!" cried the first member of the club, as he gave

his vote; "Titmouse!" cried the second; "Titmouse!" cried the third; "Titmouse!" cried the fourth. The battle was won. Mr Titmouse was in a majority, which went on increasing every minute amidst tremendous cheering. Mr Gammon's face and figure would at that moment have afforded a study for a picture; the strongly repressed feeling of triumph yet indicating its swelling influence upon his marked and expressive countenance, where an accurate eye might have detected also the presence of anxiety. Again and again were his hands shaken by those near him. Bloodsuck, Centipede, Mudflint, Going Gone, Ginblossom, as they enthusiastically gave him credit for the transcendent skill he had exhibited, and the glorious result it had secured. As the church clock struck four, the books were closed, the election was declared at an end, with eighteen of Mr Titmouse's voters yet unpolled. Within a few minutes afterwards Mr Going Gone hastily chalked up on the board, and held it up exultingly to the crowd—

Titmouse, . . .	237
Delamere, . . .	149
Majority, . . .	88!

"Hurrah!—hurrah!—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" pealed from the crowd, while hands were upraised and whirled round, hats flung into the air, and every other mark of popular excitement exhibited. "Titmouse!—Titmouse!—NINE TIMES NINE FOR MR TITMOUSE!" was called for, and responded to with thrilling and overpowering effect. The newly elected member, however, could not be pinched, or shaken, or roused, out of the drunken stupor into which, from the combined influence of liquor and excitement, he had sunk. To enable him to go through the responsible duties of the day—viz. bobbing his head every now and then to the worthy and independent electors who came to invest him with the prond character of their representative in the House of Commons—he had brought in his pocket a flask of brandy, which had been thrice replenished: in a word, the popular idol was decidedly not presentable; and under the impulse of strong excitement, Mr Gammon, infinitely to the disgust of the Reverend Smirk Mudflint, who was charged up to his throat with combustible matter, and ready to

go off at an instant's notice, stepped forward, and on removing his hat was received with several distinct and long-continued rounds of applause. Silence having been at length partially restored—

"Yes, gentlemen," he commenced, in an energetic tone and with an excited and determined air and manner, "well may you utter those shouts of joy, for you have fought a noble fight and won a glorious victory, (*great cheering.*) Your cause, the cause of freedom and good government, is triumphant over all opposition, (*immense cheering.*) The hideous forms of bigotry and tyranny are at this moment lying crushed and writhing, (*vehement cheering rendered the rest of the sentence inaudible.*) Gentlemen, truth and independence have this day met and overthrown falsehood and slavery, (*cheers,*) in spite of the monstrous weapons with which they came into the field, (*groans*)—bribery, (*groans,*) corruption, (*groans,*) intimidation, (*hisses,*) coercion and treachery, (*mingled groans and hisses.*) But, gentlemen, thank God, all was in vain! (*enthusiastic cheering.*) I will not say that a defeated despot is at this moment sitting with sullen scowl in a neighbouring castle, (*tremendous shouts of applause;*) all his schemes frustrated, all his gold scattered in vain, and trampled under foot by the virtuous electors whom he sought first to corrupt, and then degrade into slaves, (*great cheering.*) Gentlemen, let us laugh at his defeat, (*loud and prolonged laughter;*) but let us rejoice like men, like freemen, that the degraded and execrable faction to which he belongs is defeated, (*cheering.*)—Gentlemen, if ever there was a contest in which public spirit and principle triumphed over public and private profligacy, this has been it; and by this time to-morrow, hundreds of constituencies will be told, as their own struggles are approaching, to—look at Yatton—to emulate her proud and noble example; and England will soon be enabled to throw off the hateful incubus that has so long oppressed her, (*immense cheering.*) But, gentlemen, you are all exhausted, (*No! no! and vehement cheers;*) we are all exhausted, after the great labour and excitement of this glorious day, and need repose, in order that on the morrow we may meet refreshed to enjoy the full measure of our triumph,

(cheering.) In particular, your distinguished representative, Mr Titmouse, worn out with the excitement of the day, long depressed by the adverse aspect of the poll, was so overpowered with the sudden and glorious change effected by that band of patriots who—(the rest of the sentence was drowned in cheering.) Gentlemen, he is young, and unaccustomed to such extraordinary and exciting scenes, (*hear, hear, hear!*) but by the morrow he will have recovered sufficiently to present himself before you, (*cheers.*) In his name, gentlemen, I do from my soul thank you for the honour which you have conferred upon him, and assure you that he considers any past success with which Providence may have blessed him (*hear, hear, hear!*) as nothing, when compared with the issue of this day's struggle, (*cheering.*) Rely upon it that his conduct in Parliament will not disgrace you, (*no, no, no!*) And now, gentlemen, I must conclude, trusting that with victory will cease animosity, and that there will be an immediate declaration of those feelings of frank and manly cordiality, and good feeling, which ought to distinguish free fellow-citizens, and, above all, is signally characteristic of Englishmen, (*cheering.*) Shake hands, gentlemen, with a fallen enemy, (*we will, we will!*) and forget, when you have conquered, that you ever fought!"

With these words, uttered with the fervour and eloquence which had indeed distinguished the whole of his brief address, he resumed his hat, amidst "three times three for Mr Titmouse!"—"three times three for Mr Gammon!"—"nine times nine groans for Mr Delamere!"—all of which were given with tumultuous energy. The two bands approached; the procession formed; the nearly insensible Titmouse, his face deadly pale and hat awry, was partly supported and partly dragged along between Mr Gammon and Mr Going Gone; and to the inspiring air of "See the Conquering Hero comes," and accompanied by the cheering crowd, they all marched in procession to Mr Titmouse's committee-room. He was hurried up-stairs; then led into a bed-room; and there, soon, alas! experienced the overmastering power of sickness, which instantly obliterated all recollection of his triumph, and made him utterly unconscious of the brilliant position to

which he had just been elevated—equally to the honour of himself and his constituency, who justly and proudly regarded

"TITTLBAT TITMOUSE, Esq. M.P."

as the glorious first-fruits to them of the glorious "*Bill for giving Everybody Everything.*"

At a late hour that night, an interview took place between Ben Bran and Mr Gammon, of which all that I shall say at present is, that it was equally confidential and satisfactory. There can be no harm, however, in intimating that Mr Gammon made no allusion to the arrival of the Greek kalends; but he *did* to—the fifteenth day after the meeting of Parliament. He satisfied Ben—and through him the Quaint Club—that Lord de la Zouch's agents had been only deluding them, and had laid a deep plan for ensnaring the club—which Gammon had early seen through, and endeavoured to defeat. A little circumstance which happened some two or three days afterwards, seemed to corroborate the truth of at least a portion of his statements—viz. eight prosecutions for bribery were brought against some members of the Quaint Club: and on their hastily assembling to consult upon so startling an incident, one still more so came to light;—five leading members were *not to be found*. Writs in actions for penalties of £500 each, were on the same day served upon—Barnabas Bloodsuck, Smirk Mudflint, (otherwise called the Reverend Smirk Mudflint,) Cephas Woodlouse, and—woe is me that I should have it to record!—"OILY GAMMON, gentleman, one of the attorneys of our lord the king, before the king himself, at Westminster." The amount claimed from him was L.4000; from Bloodsuck L.3000; and from Mudflint L.2500, which would, alas, have alone absorbed all the pew-rents of his little establishment for one hundred years to come, if his system of moral teaching should so long live. What was the consternation of these gentlemen to discover, when in their turn they called a private meeting of their leading friends, that one of them also was missing, viz. *Judas M'Do'em!* Moreover, it was palpable that amidst an ominous silence and calmness on the other side—even on the part of *True Blue*—the most guarded and systematic and persevering search for evi-

dence was going on; and with all Gammon's self-possession, the sudden sight of Mr Crafty stealthily quitting the house of an humble Yellow voter, a week after the election, occasioned him somewhat sickening sensations. Gammon was not unaccustomed to wade in deep waters; but these were very deep! However, a great point had been gained. Mr Titmouse was M.P. for Yatton; and Mr Gammon had maintained his credit in high quarters, where he stood pledged as to the result of the election; having been long before assured that every member returned into the new Parliament was worth his weight in gold. Such were the thoughts passing through the acute and powerful mind of Gammon, as he sat late one night alone at Yatton, Mr Titmouse having retired to his bed-room half stupefied with liquor, and anxious to complete matters by smoking himself to sleep. The wind whistled cheerlessly round the angle of the Hall in which was situated the room where he sat, his feet resting on the fender, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the fire. Then he took up the newspaper, recently arrived from town, which contained a report of his speech to the electors at the close of the poll; it was the organ of the Whig party—the *Morning Groul*; and its leading article commented in very encomiastic terms upon his address, "given in another part of the paper." His soul heaved with disgust at the thoughts of his own dissimulation;—"Independence!" "Purity of Election!" "Public Principle!" "Triumph of Principle!" "Popular enthusiasm!" "Man of the people!" Look, thought he—ugh—at Titmouse! Is representation an utter farce—a mere imaginary privilege of the people? If not, what but public swindlers are we who procure the return of such idiots as—faugh! Would I had been on the other."—He rose, sighed, lit his chamber candle, and retired—to bed, but not to rest; for he spent several hours in endeavouring to retrace every step which he had taken in the election—with a view to ascertaining how far it could be proved that he had legally implicated himself. The position in which, indeed, he and those associated with him in the election were placed, was one which required his most anxious consideration, with a view, not merely to the retention of the seat so hardly won, but to the

tremendous personal liabilities with which it was sought to fix him. The enquiries which he instituted into the practices which he had been led to believe prevailed openly upon the other side, led to no satisfactory results. If the enemy had bribed, they had done so with consummate skill and caution. Yet he chose to assume the air of one who thought otherwise; and gave directions for writs for penalties to be forthwith served upon Mr Parkinson, Mr Gold, Mr St Aubyn, and Mr Milnthorpe—all of whom, as indeed he had expected, only laughed at him. But it was wofully different as regarded himself and his friends: for before Mr Crafty took his departure from Yatton, he had collected a body of evidence against all of them, of the most fearful stringency and completeness. In fact, Lord de la Zouch had determined that, if it cost him ten thousand pounds more, he would spare no effort, as well to secure the seat for his son, as to punish those who had been guilty of the atrocious practices which had been revealed to him.

Need I say with what intense interest, with what absorbing anxiety, the progress of this contest had been watched by the Aubreys? From Lady de la Zouch and other friends, but more especially from Dr Tatham, who had regularly forwarded the *True Blue*, and also written frequent and full letters, they had learned, from time to time, all that was going on. Mr Aubrey had prepared them for the adverse issue of the affair; he had never looked for anything else; but could he or any of them feel otherwise than a painful and indignant sympathy with the little Doctor, on reading his account of the gross insult which had been offered to him at the hustings? Kate, before she had read half of it, sprang from her chair, threw down the letter, cried bitterly, then kissed the venerable Doctor's hand-writing, and walked to and fro, flashing lightning from her eyes, as her vivid fancy painted to her with painful distinctness that scene of wanton and brutal outrage, on one of the most gentle, benevolent, and spotless of God's creatures, whose name was associated in all their minds, with every thing that was pious, pure, and good—indeed they were all powerfully affected. As for the Reverend Smirk Mudflint—"Presumptuous wretch!" quoth Kate, as her flashing eye met that of her brother: and he felt that

his feelings, like her own, could not be expressed. The first account she received of the outrage perpetrated on Delamere was in the columns of the *True Blue*, which being published that evening, had been instantly forwarded to town by Dr Tatham. It blanched her cheek; she then felt a mist coming over her eyes—a numbness—a faintness ensued, and she sank upon the sofa, and swooned. It was a long while after she had recovered before a flood of tears relieved her excitement. 'Twas no use disguising matters, even had she felt so disposed, before those who felt so exquisite and vivid a sympathy with her; and who did not restrain their ardent and enthusiastic expressions of admiration at the spirited and noble manner in which Delamere had commenced and carried on his adventure. At whose instance, and to please whom, had it been really undertaken? Kate's heart fluttered intensely at the bare notion of seeing him again in Vivian Street. He would come—she felt—with a sort of *claim* upon her!—And he made his desired and dreadful appearance some days afterwards, quite unexpectedly. Kate was playing on the piano, and had not heard his knock; so that he was actually in the drawing-room before she was aware of his being in London, or had formed the slightest expectation of such a thing.

"Heavens, Mr Delamere!—Is it you!" she stammered, rising from the piano, her face having suddenly become pale.

"Ay, sweet Kate—unless I am become some one else, as—the *rejected of Yatton*"—he replied fondly, as he grasped her hands fervently in his own, and led her to the sofa.

"Don't—don't—Mr Delamere"—said she faintly, striving to release one of her hands, which she instantly placed before her eyes to conceal her rising and violent emotion. Her brother and Mrs Aubrey considerably came to her relief, by engaging Delamere in conversation. He saw their object; and releasing Miss Aubrey, for the present, from his attentions, soon had entered into a long and very animated account of all his Yatton do-

ings. In spite of herself, as it were, Kate drew near the table, and, engrossed with interest, listened, and joined in the conversation, as if it had not been actually DELAMERE who was sitting beside her.—He made very light of the little accident of the wounded lip—but as he went on, Kate looked another way, her eyes obstructed with tears, and her very heart yearning towards him. "Oh, Mr Delamere!"—she suddenly and vehemently exclaimed—"what *wretches* they were to use you so!"—and then blushed scarlet. Shortly afterwards Mr Aubrey went down-stairs to fetch up one of Doctor Tatham's letters for a particular purpose; and—what will my lady readers say?—I—I—in fact, it is useless mincing matters,—Delamere, who was sitting next to Kate, thought that no time was like the present—she never looked so beautiful—he threw his arms round her, and kissed her white forehead half a dozen times—

"Fie, fie, Mr Delamere!" said Mrs Aubrey, slightly colouring, but not with a *very* angry air—"are these the tricks you have learned at Yatton?"

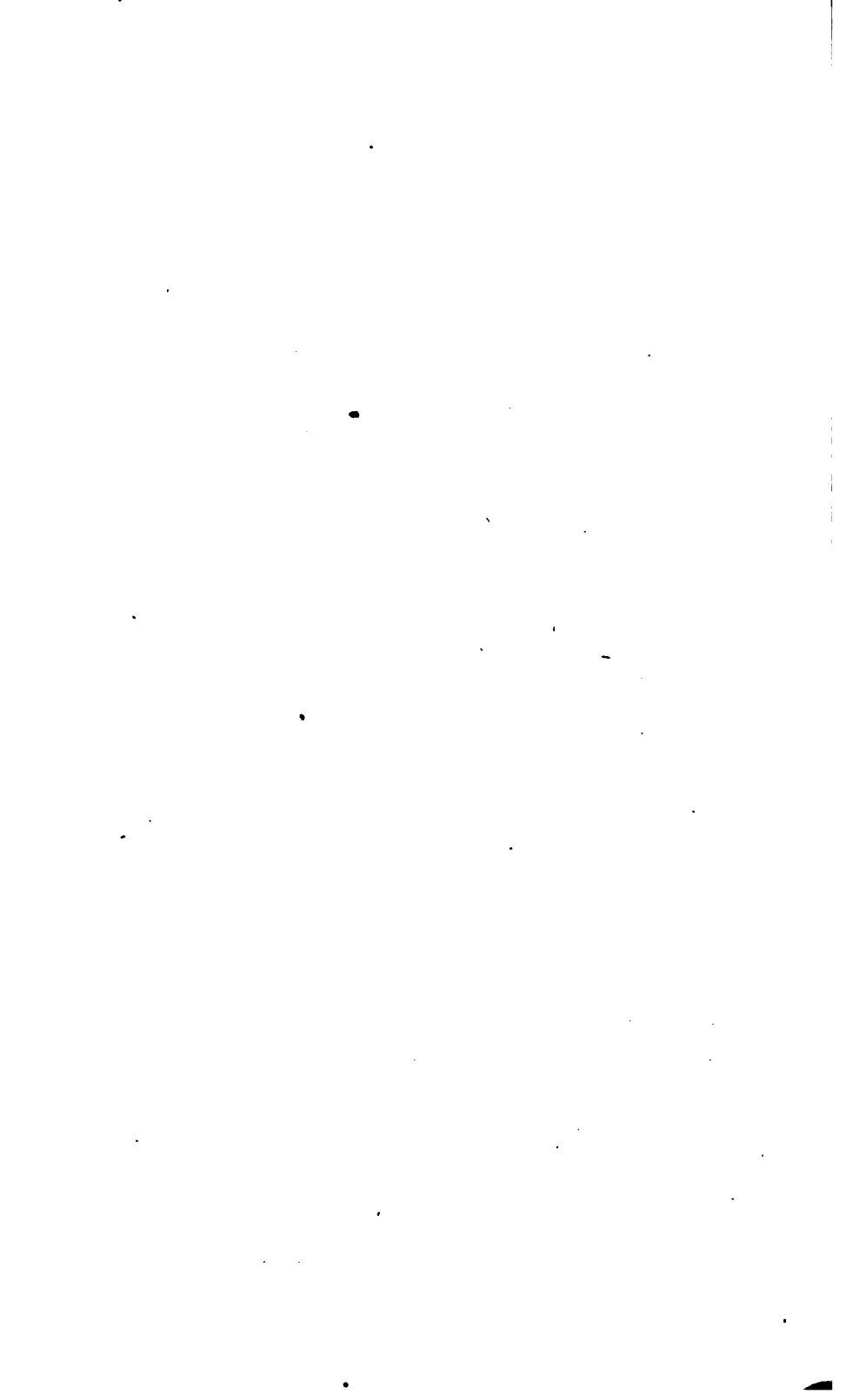
"Pray, Mr Delamere—I beg—I entreat of you—*don't*"—quoth Kate, striving vehemently to detach his arms from her waist, which she barely succeeded in doing before her brother re-entered the room. The faces of all three of them burned like fire—and if Aubrey suspected any thing, he *said* nothing, but was soon engaged with the letter he had gone in quest of.

"Well—see if I'm not M.P. for Yatton, yet!"—said Delamere, with a confident air, just before he rose to go—"and that within a few weeks, too; and *then*"—

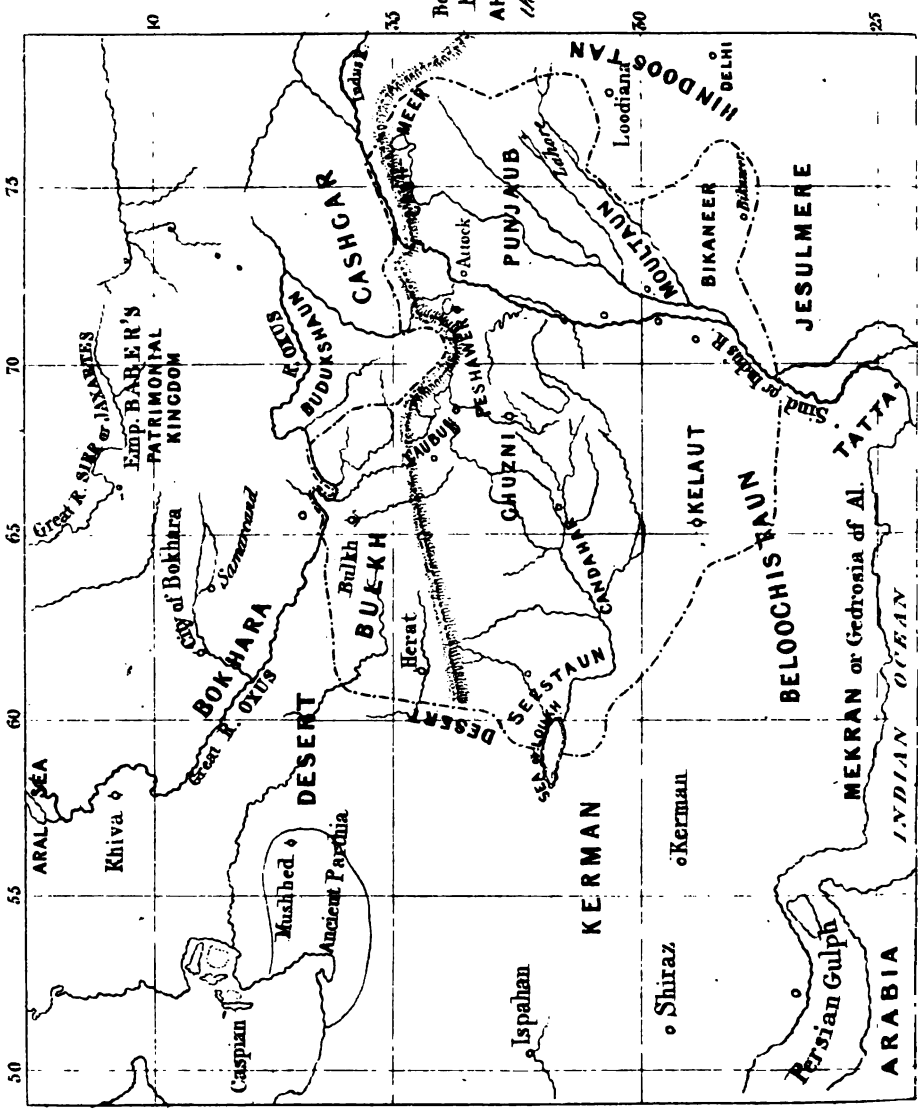
"Don't be too sure of *that*," said Aubrey gravely.

"Sure? I've no more doubt of it," replied Delamere briskly, "than I have of our now being in Vivian Street—if there be the slightest pretence to fairness in a committee of the House of Commons. Why, upon my honour, we've got no fewer than eleven distinct, unequivocal!"—

"If election committees are to be framed of such people as appear to have been returned!"— * * *



Boundary of the
Kingdom of
AHMED SHAH
thus



line of the
HINDOO KOOSH
range of
MOUNTAINS
thus

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THE DOURRAUNEE EMPIRE.

WHAT is the meaning of the word *Dourraunee*? Why is the Affghan territory denominated by its present ruler, and by the *London Gazette*, the Dourraunee empire? That question is soon answered. The Dourraunees happen to be the ascendant tribe amongst the Affghans, and have been so for a century; and Affghanistan is called after them by the same synecdoche under which Great Britain is called England. The contest for supremacy lies, and has always lain, between the Dourraunees and the Ghiljies. In the reign of our Queen Anne, and early in that of George I., this latter tribe predominated: they made a conquest of Persia; and it required nothing less than a sanguinary Napoleon like Nadir Shah, himself an usurper, to terminate this Affghan possession of the Persian throne. This man, a mere adventurer, but who had prudently married a Persian princess, fiercely retaliated: Affghanistan itself, Dourraunees and Ghiljies alike, conquerors and conquered, all crunched beneath his iron mace. But in the year 1747 he was assassinated; and after the Asiatic fashion, where all depends on personal qualities, every thing from India to the frontiers of Turkey recoiled into its former insulation, and Affghanistan sprang back into sudden vigour. But the Affghan contingent in Nadir's army, whose dangerous superiority in their master's favour had in fact caused his assassination, happened to be so composed as to throw a great overbalance into the Affghan tribe of the Dourraunees.

This good fortune was improved by the accident, that a young chieftain at that time commanded them, Ahmed Shah, who far outran all his Affghan competitors in talents and the spirit of enterprise. He fought his way through the midst of the mutinous Persian camp; marched back to Affghanistan; by singular and critical good-luck intercepted a treasure convoy then on its road from Delhi to Nadir; caused himself to be crowned king at Candahar; led his armies to Indian conquests; fought two of the most memorable battles in the annals of Hindostan against that great Marhatta confederacy which, in a dozen years after, became the capital enemy of British India; left the Affghan throne to his son; and, by succession from him, to a grandson, whom the English for thirty years have feared as a menacing enemy, supported as a suppliant, and restored as a sovereign. The result is, that from his coronation in 1747 to this day, short of a century by little more than six years, there has never been wanting a Dourraunee kingdom four times as large as France, nor a great king bearing the title of the Dourraunee Shah, who is by much the most potent monarch in Southern Asia.

Let us now take a flying view of this great Dourraunee kingdom, under the two heads of Geographical Position, and Quality and General Condition of its Population.

I. The best way of impressing on the mind a general idea of Southern Asia

in the distribution of its great empires, both as to succession and proportion, is to conceive the entire continent, from the Mediterranean shore of Asia Minor to the Eastern shore of China, bisected into two great chambers pretty nearly equal. And by what bisector? By the river Indus; in all respects, except breadth of diffusion and popular sanctity, the mightiest of Indian rivers. In a gross general way, each of these two halves or bisections may be taken as measuring across, from west to east, about three thousand miles; and each may be subdivided into three realms. Of the eastern half, we need not say more than this:—that, reserving 1200 miles for Hindostan, there will remain 1800 unequally divisible between the Burmese regions and China. But the western half, the *cis-Indus* half, admits of a pretty equal subdivision into three great empires, of a thousand miles each if measured across from east to west, viz.—Asiatic Turkey in the first place, Persia next, and thirdly, Afghanistan. Traversing these empires in the latitude of Constantinople, from which we will suppose the measurement to start—that is, from about 41 of north latitude—it will be found that the distance across is about nine hundred miles for each empire. In a more southern latitude, where the degrees of longitude expand, the distance will, of course, be more. And, if we were to take Major Rennell's allowance of one-sixth additional for the winding of roads, the result would be still further increased. But we will confine ourselves to the latitude we have mentioned, and to the mere horizontal distance, "as the crow flies."—First, then, to begin with Asiatic Turkey, we will find that Mount Ararat—which is but about twenty-five miles to the east of the boundary line between Turkey and Persia, so that popularly it may be taken for that boundary, and which is so near to the latitude of Constantinople, as in a gross popular way to be coincident with that latitude—is in the longitude of 44 E., whilst Constantinople is in 29. This gives a difference of fifteen degrees of longitude as the distance between Constantinople and Ararat, and, consequently, as the breadth of Asiatic Turkey in that part where it is narrowest.—II. Starting from Ararat in longitude 44, we shall find that the

longitude of 59 coincides with the bisecting line of that desert which forms the western frontier of Afghanistan, and, for that reason, the eastern frontier of Persia. This again gives fifteen degrees of longitude to the breadth of Persia.—III. As the Indus, which forms the true natural eastern boundary of Cabul or Afghanistan, lies chiefly in the longitude of 72½, this will give about 13½ degrees to Afghanistan. But if we were to include Cashmere, and other places to the east of the Indus, which have been repeatedly united with Afghanistan in a political sense by conquest, the total extent from east to west would be from 15 to 16 degrees. But this arrangement we reject, both for political considerations of the future, which make the resumption of Cashmere impossible, (unless by British concession,) and because we began by adopting the river Indus as the capital bisecting line for the two great chambers of South Asia; and, as a consequence of that adoption, we assumed it to be the eastern boundary for Afghanistan. It is true, that this breadth of 13½ degrees, applies to the northern part of Afghanistan, about Herat; to the south of which city the boundary line continues to trend westerly, so as to gain upon Persia, and to increase the breadth of Afghanistan, through a space of 400 miles. But as this excess does no more than compensate the defect still further to the south, where Kerman usurps upon Afghanistan in its provinces of Sweestann and Beloochistan, [the Gedrosia of Alexander,] we shall assume that, when integrated, by applying its excesses and *salient* parts to the filling up of its *re-entrant* angles, Afghanistan presents us *even now*, when shorn of its eastern conquests, with a solid quadrangular mass measuring 850 miles across in any direction whatever. Cashmere, and the other Indian dependencies of Afghanistan to the south of Cashmere, constituted, not perhaps quite one-third part, but certainly three-eleventh parts, of the Dourraunee empire. These are gone. But Bulkhan to the north, and Beloochistan to the south, are *not* gone. They are permanent dependencies of the Afghan throne. So that, north and south, this vast extent of Afghanistan remains unimpaired; whilst east and west, reckoning upon forty

or fifty miles of the desert, which *every where* runs down the western frontier of Afghanistan, (and which, from the position of Herat, is so much nearer home for the armies of this land than of its enemy Persia,) we are, upon the whole, entitled to assume a territory of 900 miles square as still composing this great Affghan empire, the third in succession of those vast Mahometan states which fill the western chamber or bisecton of Southern Asia.

In this review the main object is properly to settle and determine the idea of Persia: because, if this (which forms the central state of the three) be once fixed in its true position, then it will assign proper boundaries, by a mere consequence or corollary, to the other two. But it is singular that in all ages a misconception has taken possession of men's minds with regard to Persia; and a misconception in both directions;—one giving it too western a tendency by a thousand miles, the other too eastern a tendency by the same excess. Gibbon it was who first made himself merry with the error upon this point of our simple forefathers, the Crusaders. That those men should have made the blunder, who fought for the Holy Sepulchre and wept about the foot of the Cross, naturally gave a zest to his merriment which made the joke too good to be concealed. Meantime, we will undertake to show, that in these days of general knowledge as to mere facts, and even in literary quarters, a worse blunder (because resting on no shadow of an obsolete truth) is daily propagated by our journals upon this very subject of Persia. The mistake of our martial fathers, at the time of the first crusade, was this: so erroneous (but rather, we ought to say, so superannuated) was their Asiatic geography, that they fancied Persia to commence from the eastern shore of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Their simple notion was, that immediately on swimming across the Hellespont, or taking a boat across the Propontis, they would find themselves in Persia. It is undeniable that they *did* make this mistake. Circumstances, it is well known, led the first crusaders to march overland through Asia Minor; in which there was already established a formidable kingdom of Turks, having its capital at Iconium. This was the first Maho-

metan ground which their feet touched, and personal experience soon rectified their error. But up to Constantinople their error had been, to expect sceptred descendants from Cyrus, at all events Persia; if not Persians, on their first landing in Asia Minor. The fact is as Gibbon states; but so far from arguing that gross ignorance which he holds out as the moral of the anecdote and the sting of the jest, it is interesting the other way—as showing that an education in some degree classical must have been given to the aristocracy of western Europe; else why should they have anticipated a condition of things that was never true except from Cyrus to the last Darius?—that is, from Pisistratus and Solon (555 B. C.) to Alexander of Macedon (333 B. C.) Unacquainted with this classical interval of 222 years, (which precisely comprehends every glory of Greece, martial or intellectual,) what reason could they have had for anticipating a Persian population on the left bank of the Hellespont, rather than a Scythian, or Turkish, or Mameluke?

Thus far there was an error in the Crusaders; but not the gross one which Gibbon seems to think. On the other hand, contrasted with this pardonable oversight in our pious ancestors, notice the egregious blunder perpetrated daily by our modern newspapers. In one of those mercenary annunciations, which it would be invidious to connect with any individual name, since the disgrace belongs to the modern usage of literature, not to the special publisher and author, who do but practise an artifice of self-protection, a particular book of travels is "puffed," as deriving a seasonable interest from its bearing on the current campaigns in Afghanistan. What, then, is the particular seat of these travels? Hear it, ye insulted crusaders: it is Mesopotamia and Curdistan—viz. the country lying about the heads of the Euphrates and the Araxes, and the country that lies directly between the Euphrates and Tigris. Now, an English traveller in Mesopotamia might happen at a particular moment (but in these days not very probably) to be next neighbour, in a series of Englishmen, to those at Cabul or Ghuzni; but upon the same principle as the people of Clew Bay, in the county of Mayo, esteem them-

selves next door neighbours to the people in New York: there is certainly no resident householder between them; nothing but three thousand square miles of water. And the Mesopotamian traveller would find *only* a part of Asiatic Turkey, and the entire mass of Persia, one thousand miles across, lying between him and Herat; which, after all, is but the very westernmost city of Afghanistan, and still removed from the English tents by four or five hundred miles.

"It is a far cry to Lochawe:" and that man must have strong ears who could catch the roll of the English drums from the ramparts of Ghuzni, or their trumpets from Kelaut in Beloochistan. It is true that Afghanistan has been connected often with Persia as the eastern limb of its empire. But those days are gone; and since 1747, Persia and Afghanistan have been thoroughly independent empires.

Here, therefore, we see a modern blunder and vagueness of conception as to Persia, wide of the truth by 1500 miles, to balance Mr Gibbon's blunder of the Crusaders. On the one side, the old superannuated idea of the Persian empire, as extended by Cyrus, misled the Crusaders into a translation of this idea too westerly. On the other hand, from the remoteness of Afghanistan, and, till 1797, its want of relation to ourselves, like a star too deeply immersed within the sun's rays, it was confounded with the great orb of Persia; and thus a traveller as yet to the west of the western limit of Persia, is actually advertised as in some mysterious way connected with objects lying five hundred miles beyond its eastern limit. Nothing but the very wildest ideas of Persia, as if it filled up the whole interspace between the Mediterranean archipelago and India, could have connected together Mesopotamia and Candahar through the imaginary link of Persia. We will, therefore, here suggest to any person wishing either to form or to communicate a just notion of this kingdom, so important from its position both to modern and ancient history, the following elementary principle:—The true, central idea of Persia, applying to all ages alike, is this, that it is the country stretched out from the southern shore of the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. Within these

limits let the eye look for all that has ever been Persia in any age. Within these limits lies whatever has continued to be Persia under all revolutions. The rest to the left and to the right might come and go; but this connecting tablet between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, has always contained the true nucleus of this most famous and most ancient of empires. Let the reader represent to himself a vast pavilion, stretched, as regards its basis, upon the Persian Gulf, and having its head or apex coincident with the southern shore of the Caspian. Such a tent will naturally widen a little as it descends to the south; but any expansions beyond what naturally belong to the necessities of the figure, he may regard as accidental and collateral awnings of the great imperial pavilion—the variable adjuncts of a fixed centre. This fixed centre of the pavilion is Persia. And the proof lies in these two facts: 1. That no province has ever given name to this empire—Assyria, Media, Persia, Parthia, or again Persia—which does not lie within this range as now defined; viz. a range widening like a pavilion from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. 2. And that of all the great cities which have ever surmounted this great empire as its capital, not one can be mentioned which did not lie within the same exact compass, excepting, perhaps, that Ecbatana lay a very little to the west of it. As to the *cities* generally, there has been a summer capital advancing northwards to catch the Caspian breezes, and a winter capital to the south. Thus, in our own days, we see Teheraun for the summer, Ispahau for the winter residence; Ecbatana (the present Hamadan) for the summer, Susa for the winter; Rhages, or Ré, to the north, Persepolis to the south. These and any other cities that could be mentioned as in any age capitals of Persia, fall within the limits here assigned to Persia. As to the *provinces* that have successively given name to the collective empire, Major Rennell justly observes, (*Geography of Hindostan*)—that it is the self-same empire which was first of all known to us by the name of *Assyria*, from a province on the north-east quarter of the Tigris; next (but after a period of division into several smaller collateral kingdoms) was re-absorbed into

unity under the name of *Media*, (a vast province still further to the east, and more central;) thirdly, that became known to the Greeks by the name of *Persia*, a mountainous region of the south, answering to the modern Farsitan; fourthly, that for nearly 500 years, bisected by the birth of Christ, was overshadowed by *Parthia*, and took the name of *Parthia*, a martial district at the south-east angle of the Caspian; then again resumed its old name of *Persia* to western nations, though a name unknown to the East. But whatever might be the prevalent name, the kingdom indicated has always been the same; viz. that section of land measured downwards from the base line of the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf. All the vast cities that through twenty-six centuries have crested this great monarchy; all the provinces that have given it a name, are found gathered within this "*block of land*" (to borrow an American phrase) which we have indicated. Babylon, indeed, lies too westerly to fall within it; but then this never was the capital, in a ceremonial sense, for the *federal* empire. It was such for one of those independent kingdoms which branched out from the ruins of Persia, under Sardanapalus, when denominated Assyria. But that parenthesis, as we may call it, lasted only for two centuries; and in 555 B.C., when Cyrus re-established the unity of the empire, under the name of his little patrimonial kingdom, Persia, Babylon was retained as a capital, probably upon this consideration, that, having carried the empire westwards by a thousand miles, he felt the want of some apparent depositary for the confluence of public business, more westerly and central than the old capitals to the eastward. The very same reason in virtue under the successors of Cyrus—viz. the extension of the empire eastwards into India—would create a corresponding argument for restoring the equipoise by capitals in the general centre. But under the successors of Alexander, Persia recoiled into her old limits east of Ararat and the Tigris; which limits, as regards the west, she has never again transcended.

Pursuing our course to the east, about 360 miles beyond the easternmost angle of the Caspian, we come

to a desert. This desert runs down from north to south, so as to form a most effectual boundary line for the third great region of South Asia; viz. Afghanistan. In one part, upon its northern quarter, this desert is traversed by a narrow isthmus of cultivated land, connecting it with northern Persia. But, generally speaking, there cannot be a more firmly drawn, nor a more regular boundary line, than the desert forms for Afghanistan on the west. On the east, the boundary is equally determined; viz. the river Indus. Afghanistan, along its whole extent from north to south, is accompanied by this vast river, which of late years was found to throw a body of water into the sea equal to four times the delivery of the Ganges, under corresponding circumstances as to rain. In a wide political sense—that is, taking the word Afghanistan to represent, not the region native to the race called Afghans, but the aggregate kingdom formed out of this region, and its conquests—in that sense, Afghanistan, at the end of the eighteenth century, had become an immense monarchy. Early in this century, and in particular at the time of Mr Elphinstone's visit in quality of English Envoy, it was by much the most potent of all Asiatic states; and, if we except China, the largest under one sceptre. Mr Elphinstone, in those days, computed its breadth from north to south at nine hundred and ten miles, its length from west to east at nearly twelve hundred. And when we add, that in the whole world there is not so compact an empire, it will be easy to judge how potent a neighbour we have before us in all time coming. It is now shorn of its latest conquests; it is therefore diminished in magnitude, and by nearly one-third; but by that very misfortune its compactness is improved.

At present, no doubt, Afghanistan has retired within her natural limits; nor will she ever again overflow those limits, in consequence of having been at length brought face to face with a great power at the summit of civilization. But it marks strongly the trivial interest directed until lately to Asiatic affairs, and the consequent vagueness of the ideas applied to such questions as matters of geographical or historic knowledge, that until recently, for the whole world of Chris-

tendom, Afghanistan had no separate existence. In the popular mind there was no distinct place assigned to this country, as there was to its neighbours right and left. And it is an undeniable fact, that a great empire, equal (as we repeat) to France taken four times over, had not any one aggregate name in our geographies, nor any recognized existence in our political speculations.

What, then, is the proper and collective name of this great empire? Its aboriginal name, if that can be recovered? For the present conventional name of "Dourraunee empire" is founded (as we have explained) upon an accident, and upon an accident that might easily be effaced; viz. That the particular tribe of Dourraunees had received a military organization from the robber king of Persia, Nadir; that this organized body had benefited by unusual experience during Nadir's invasion of Hindostan; that upon this experience, a sudden revolutionary opportunity opened; that this opportunity happened to be improved by an aspiring young leader of talent; and finally, that this young leader, in the very crisis of his attempt, was so fortunate as to capture a great Indian treasure. Now, it is evident that such a confluence of prosperous accidents could not continue to operate in favour of the same tribe. The royal family, as belonging to the Dourraunee tribe, can doubtless do much (as they have done) to maintain for the tribe that supremacy by art which originally was due to luck, improved by energy. And in a rebellion, about forty years ago, the Ghiljies were again beaten by the Dourraunees. But still the silent revolutions of things are counterworking all efforts of man. One tribe grows steadily in the darkness; and another, with all the countenance of the court, may dwindle in the broad sunshine. A new name may be derived from some inauguration of a great era in 1847, as this present name was derived from such an era in 1747. The question will then arise, both at home and abroad, what is the true original name, recalling to the mind no factious symbol of strife and partisanship, but that patriarchal love of elder days, which sought to gather all as brothers and as equals under the unity of a common appellation,

Is there, then, any such name for Afghanistan? This name of Afghanistan is Persian, and not recognized by the Afghan people. But is there a native vernacular name for the whole country—not derived from foreigners?

Mr Elphinstone, whose opportunities of enquiry were great, says that there is not. But we, with submission to his far superior knowledge of the case, would venture to suggest that there is. The language which all Afghan tribes alike converse in forms a common connecting bond, and seems therefore to present a basis for such a name. What language is that? The Pushtoo. No other language is spoken by any of them as a native and appropriate language; though many, by way of accomplishment, talk Persian: no other nation but themselves use this language as a traditional legacy from their ancestors. The two circles of the language and the people coincide with each other. Mere nature, one may suppose, would force upon the Afghan, under any movement of anger or pride, the necessity of collecting his whole nation into one representative expression, drawn from any feature whatsoever in which they all agreed, were it even a mean feature, much more from one so elevated as language. Mr Elphinstone himself records that a number of chieftains expressed their sensibility to national honour by saying, that they would do so or so out of regard to the Pushtoo-wulle or Afghan usage. The land of the Pushtawnee, which is the plural of Pushtoo, might therefore, we conceive, in default of a better, furnish an Afghan name for Afghanistan.

In searching, therefore, for the limits of Afghanistan *proper*, we may safely rely on the limits of the Pushtoo language as our guide; but for *aggregate* Afghanistan, or Afghanistan in its *political* sense, we refer the reader to the map of Mr Elphinstone, as abstracted by him from that which had been framed, with great official advantages, by Lieut. Macartney. For the purpose of bringing under the eye what is primary, to the exclusion of all that is secondary or tertiary, it must be remembered that the very smallness of the map is itself an advantage, since exactly as the scale increases, in the same ratio does its power diminish for exhibiting the re-

lations of figure accurately; the successive parts cannot be brought under the field of the eye simultaneously.

One feature which we have added to this map—a feature, however, not omitted, but elaborately relieved by shadow, in Lieut. Macartney's *original* map—is the dotted line indicating the direction pursued by the vast alpine range of the Hindoo Coosh or Caucasus, which traverses the entire north of Afghanistan from west to east, after which, at the extreme north-east point of the Afghan kingdom, as then existing, viz. the north-east point of Cashmere, the Hindoo Coosh unites with the Himalaya range, which then descends rapidly to the south-east, with an angle like that of a house roof. This vast mountainous range had, in those days, (1809–15, between which limits Mr Elphinstone wrote and published,) recently begun to command the attention which the progress of geology has of late years attracted to all similar subjects. From being classed with the Pyrenees, whose highest peaks range about twelve thousand feet—next with the Alps, which reach an altitude of fifteen thousand—next with the Andes, whose extreme elevation was popularly rated at twenty thousand, or less than four English miles, the loftiest summits of the Himalaya range were now already ranked above the Andes. It is interesting, however, to see how strong truths always throw out that mysterious ante-dawn—that prelibation of the full daylight, which, under the name of the *Zodiacal light*, perplexes the oriental surveyor of the heavens more frequently than elsewhere. Already a suspicion—a mis-giving rather than any argumentative belief—was beginning to gain ground, that these ancient brotherhoods were far a-head of the Andes; and in a very few years the war with the Ghoorkes, the bravest amongst our Indian enemies, (except, if exception there is, the people of Rohilcund,) led us into the very aisles of those vast natural cathedrals, by carrying us into the recesses of Nepal. It was then ascertained definitively that twenty-six and even twenty-seven thousand feet, five clear English miles of perpendicular ascent—whereas Mont Blanc is not quite three, and the highest of the Andes not quite four—were the altitudes attained by those

“saintly” hills, as we may justly call eminences so solemn and so inaccessible to the “earth-sullyng wing of mortality.” Now, if this western prolongation of the Himalaya range had happened to coincide with the political limits of Afghanistan to the north—as upon the west and east sides, the natural boundaries of a wilderness and a mighty river do actually coincide with the real political boundaries—then we should have seen the very boldest penciling of nature for defining the outlines of this country. Or rather it might be called the chiseling of nature; for it would have been indestructible sculpture, and no mere tracing of forms, liable to obliteration. These would, then, have been the following gigantic barriers for determining the Afghan patrimony, and shutting up the owners, like Rasselas, in a beautiful prison:—On the east, running almost in one uniform course nearly south, we should have seen the most ample, if not the most sacred of Indian rivers. On the north, a process of the Himalaya, the Caucasus of the east, and far more colossal than its brother in the west. Along the entire margin of the west, cutting it off from Persia as with a ploughshare of interdict, would have run, as in fact it *does* run, the desert. And finally, on the south, with one single political absorption of Beloochistan, for effecting the *arrondissement* of the ring fence, would have run the Indian ocean. The ocean, the desert, the Hindoo Coosh, the Indus—what more would a man wish for, or an enchanter promise, as fences for keeping out all enemies, and, if that were possible, for keeping in the restless inhabitants? Yet all was insufficient. Beyond the mountains to the north, the Affghans have, in earlier times, by conquest, added *Bulk*, as Mr Elphinstone writes it—(the *Balk* of earlier writers, or *Bactria* of Alexander the Great.) Even Herat, that most memorable of Affghan cities, so often contested by Persian or by native princes since the rise of Mahometan thrones in this part of Asia, (that is, since Mahomet of Ghuzni in A. D. 1000,) is not in Affghanistan Proper; for it lies to the north of the great mountains, which in that quarter, and eastwards, until they reach the longitude of Cabul, may be designated by their Greek name of Paropamide.

On this north quarter the Affghans have carried out their frontier to the great river Oxus. Coming round to the west, on that quarter only we find no change made by political ambition. The desert will scarcely allow of alteration. To the south, by the absorption of Beloochistan into their own kingdom, the Affghans had carried out their limits to the ocean; and this change, like that to the north with respect to Balk, is likely to endure, and for the same reason; viz. the comparative weakness of the conquered territory, and the consequent certainty of re-conquest under any momentary assertion of independence. But finally, upon the east it was that, in Mr Elphinstone's time, the evidences of a royal and conquering ambition had chiefly displayed themselves. Not content with the Indus as their limit, the Affghans had possessed it, and appropriated Cashmere. This was not a difficult conquest; but they made such frequent attempts upon the more dangerous ground of the Punjaub, that even this part of India is introduced into Mr Elphinstone's map as an occasional element of the Affghan empire. Even in that gentleman's time (thirty-two years back) the Punjaub had been lost, except for a nominal tribute. Were it only with native energies that the Affghans had to deal, the usual oriental circle might be relied on for retrieving such misfortunes: great splendour in the second or third generation of a newly raised house: voluptuous life and indolent reliance upon viziers: total imbecility of the prince, or perhaps infancy: his imprisonment or murder: usurpation of the minister; and the same miserable cycle repeated through a new dynasty in the minister's own family. In such circumstances there would offer a continual succession of chances for recovering the hold once relinquished upon an Indian state; and especially upon one divided only by a river like the Indus, having its fordable seasons. It is true that the new sovereign of the Punjaub, Runjeet Singh, in his capital of Lahore, was no ordinary opponent. Already, in Mr Elphinstone's time, from the title of rajah, as one chief amongst other co-equal chiefs, (which was his rank in 1805,) or at most maharajah, (arch-rajah,) he had ascended to that of king within three years. And his whole people, the Sikhs, were a nation of

energetic men. The reader is perhaps aware, that what constitutes the interesting feature in the development of this modern race, is the circumstance that they have attempted to unite the religious principles of Brahminism and Mahometanism. One would have supposed beforehand that such a syncretism between the two great divisions of Indian sects must be impossible. To blend any form of polytheism with the unitarian theism of Mahomet, any mode whatever of idolatry with that religion which founds its very principle in hostility to all idolatry, seems like an attempt to find something intermediate between a positive and a negative. The one seems the mere blank denial of the other. However, this was not deemed unattainable to Hindoo casuistry. About the time of our Richard the Third, Naumach, the founder and legislator of the Sikhs, began his mission. Ostensibly an equal favour was held out to both religions. But the persecutions sustained from Mahometans soon gave so determined a bias towards Hindooism, that upon every Mahometan convert was imposed a probationary test of eating pork, by way of expressing scorn for his former faith; whereas, in the corresponding superstition of the Hindoos with regard to the sanctity of the cow, so far from abjuring it the Sikh goes further than a Brahmin, since he will not even countenance the sale of cows to the British army. In spite of this bigotry, however, the Sikh character is said to be gay and cheerful by original tendency. But such was the exterminating fury with which at one period they were pursued by Mahometan princes, that unhappily a taint of sanguinary malignity has been inoculated upon their character. This at present is turned against ourselves, as the power whom chiefly they fear. But the quality to which Runjeet Singh was so much indebted for his sudden aggrandizement, was the energy of the Sikh, and his principle of perseverance, so rarely found upon Indian ground. In this quality the Affghans themselves had a still more advantageous distinction from the timid and apathetic Hindoo. And, as respects their chance of retrieving the hold which they had lost upon the Punjaub, through that revolving series of martial activity, voluptuous indolence, and imbecility, which we have

noticed as throwing all Indian governments into cycles of almost systematic change,—we have ourselves seen the great opening recently made amongst the Sikhs for such a restoration, an opening that would assuredly have been improved had there been no foreign influence in the field; and we have seen how entirely this opening has been neglected by the Affghans, under the feeling that British neighbourhood would summarily defeat all movements in that direction. Within the last two years we have seen the Sikh government fearfully shaken by the death of Runjeet Singh, (an event that had been anticipated for two years, in consequence of his immoderate indulgence in opium and raw brandy;) and just now we have seen it nearly stripped bare, by two sudden deaths amongst his successors, of all the strength connected with an undisputed hereditary succession. In short, we have seen the Sikh kingdom, what is usually called the kingdom of Lahore, or the kingdom of the Punjaub, thrown back upon its native strength as it existed thirty years ago, when Runjeet was yet only beginning his great military establishments. These establishments, it is true, remain yet in their integrity; but it was the energetic nature of Runjeet, an Indian Mahomet Ali, that gave to them their significance and value in the universal politics of western India. Had we been out of the way, there is not a doubt that the Affghan influence, which, since the year 1756, has been repeatedly exerted with effect up to the gates of Delhi, would have been restored at this time; when the vigorous King of Lahore is gone. And in fact a foreign expedition, (meaning by foreign across the Indus,) would perhaps have been found to offer the best vent for their domestic feuds.

But concurrently with the silent changes worked in the Lahore state for the last thirty years by the advancing civilization of the Sikhs, and the more noisy changes promoted by their active king—others have been going on less observed, which must now have

made themselves felt by those who were most blind to them in their state of growth. The majority of readers, we mean of readers having no peculiar interest in the subject of India, are aware of our three ancient Presidencies—Bombay, Madras, Bengal; but are not aware of a fourth Presidency at Agra. Now this establishment in itself, by carrying us into the west of India, carried us near to the Punjaub. But that great change soon led to others. "The Sikhs," says a person resident amongst them for years, "are the most quarrelsome and pugnacious people in existence;" and the round towers, standing in every village and upon every private estate, from which it is the custom to take a "pot shot," as our sportsmen call it, at any enemy (most frequently a neighbour) who may happen to pass, are already good evidences of their excessive litigiousness. Out of this one quality in the Sikh character, soon arose those appeals to us, as neutral umpires, which might have been foreseen. Land is the one thing valued amongst them; and it happened that, upon the south-east side of the Sutlege, or eastern boundary of the Punjaub, lay some remarkably rich land belonging to Sikh families. The Sutlege* is the Hysudrus of Alexander, and the last of the five Punjaub rivers; that river at which his army paused and mutinied, inexorably refusing to advance; as well they might, since soon after they must have found themselves on the edge of a vast desert. In such a neighbourhood, the value of rich land is keenly felt. Runjeet, though native to the other side of the river, had fixed an admiring eye upon the same land. The passion was pretty generally diffused; and, consequently, the jealousy amongst the lovers. All parties became aware that the royal lover would be likely to prevail, unless some vigorous step was taken; and, under that conviction, a remarkable treaty was concluded with the British. They were bound to afford protection in the case of any violent assault from Runjeet: and for this

* Major Archer and other officers have fancied the Sutlege to be the Greek Hyphasis. But this is a mistake. The Hysudrus was the last or easternmost of the five Punjaub rivers; (the word is *Punj*, five, *ab*, pronounced *aub*, a river:) and therefore, on that argument, must be the Sutlege. A second argument lies in the words: throw off the initial *Hy*, common to most of the Greek names in the Punjaub, and pronounce *sood*, you recognise the *soot* of Sootledge. The rest is mere terminal form, except for the *l* and *r*, which, as liquids, easily interchange.

obligation, which entailed considerable expense, in fact the expense of separate cantonments devoted to that one object, it was reasonable that they should receive some indemnification. But of what nature? Against the ordinary modes, by subsidy or direct tribute, there were local objections. And a singular arrangement was made—that the British government should succeed to all estates which might lapse into a condition of sequestrated and contested succession through default of male heirs. This reversionary claim for the British might seem not likely to become very productive: but the fact is otherwise.

Cherry brandy and opium, taken in most cases conjointly, so rapidly shorten the male lives, that already, in 1827, a considerable proportion of the landed estates had escheated to the British. These habits were known to the framers of the stipulations, and, no doubt, relied on. In fact, so general is the excess amongst those who are rich enough to purchase cherry brandy, that when Lord Combermere as commander-in-chief made a progress through that country, not unfrequently he was received by rajahs half stupified; others, again, were disabled from returning the visit in time; and others altogether forgot their appointments. "John Company," however, or "Honourable John," as the East India Company is often called, forgot nothing: and their memory, like some people's gratitude, was alive not merely for the past but for "favours to come." On the edge of the Sutlege they purchased some land for a military station, paying a ground-rent of fifty pounds a-month. This rent went chiefly for the military cantonments at Loodianah: but they also raised a fort, and stationed at this point a very vigilant agent, with the official title of superintendent for Sikh affairs.

What is the result? Is it that which usually followed such political agencies of the Romans—the end and the secret instructions of which terminated in picking out materials for a quarrel, or in fomenting some intestine quarrel already existing? Radical politicians, like Mr Mill, say yes; but honest reporters say far otherwise. One of these, a plain free-spoken soldier, by no means complimentary to the Company, upon whom he is too often unwarrantably censorious, speaks thus, in a report made after eight months'

residence on the ground:—"Thus the chiefs and the people" [for the equity on our part is of that nature which refuses to conciliate the great at the expense of the poor] "enjoy every freedom and security, for which they would have vainly looked under the domination of a prince of their own religion."

We may readily understand that such a system would be unacceptable to the neighbouring king, Runjeet, in the exact ratio of its equity. Without war or any intrigue even, merely as pacific mediators, we were obtaining all the fruits of war. We were locally present to all the changes or capital disputes of the Punjab; and in a certain indirect way we were permanent parties to them, in the character of arbitrators, whenever they could be shown to affect the interest of our clients on the Sutlege. Besides that, our great north-western presidency of Agra gave us a profound interest in all that could affect that region of India. Thus we became objects of jealousy to Runjeet, and, for the very same reason, to the Afghans. Runjeet, to whom in all other qualities we have ascribed the merits of Mahomet Ali, possessed also—if not his perfect dissimulation in manner—at least his self-control in act. He treated us, therefore, with studied politeness. But we believe that he sent downwards throughout all ranks, military and non-military, a gloomy hatred of us British: as bigots, they cannot feel it any recommendation that we are Christians: as maintainers of cow sanctity, they cannot but view with horror a nation of beef-eaters. But what points their hostility is the truth, felt by an instinct under all forms and disguises, that we from our permanent station on the Sutlege overlook and finally control their political movements. Were it not for us, they would be free to march upon Delhi, and, perhaps, upon all central India to operate as masters. Though even here they make one gross oversight: since who was it that broke the force of central India, so as to leave this field of action open to the Sikhs in the case of our withdrawing? Who but ourselves? The temptation and the possibility for the Sikhs, or for Afghans, in the existing state of India, is quite as much due to us as the vigilance which checks their power to profit by that temptation. We, that

intercept the prize, are the very same who, by putting down one robber state after another, were the first to create it.

This digression to the Sikhs we have introduced, not merely as applying virtually for all its effects to the relations between ourselves and the Affghans, but as being identically the very steps by which originally we have approached the Affghans, and because it is through the Lahore state that the Affghans have menaced us. Recently we have embarked in a direct expedition to Affghanistan, not primarily with the view of restoring the prince, but using that restoration as the best means of overthrowing the usurper; which overthrow had become the sole means of counteracting his policy, equally obstinate and blind, for bringing both Persia and Affghanistan to bear upon the Maharajah's Sikh kingdom, and thus defeating our pacific schemes for opening the Indus to commerce. Otherwise our known principle of non-interference in local disputes, supported in this instance by refusals, resolute and repeated, to take advantage of favourable openings for interference in 1809, followed by our long neutrality in keeping Shah Shooja quiet as our pensioner at Loodianah, left Dost Mahommed without a pretence for believing that, unassailed, we could ever be brought to assail him. Our late expedition, therefore, is not really an offensive enterprise; it is strictly defensive, and after very great provocation. And, previously to *that*, we had made no military advance of our permanent great outposts from Delhi towards the north and north-west, or so as at all to menace the Affghans, except precisely by those cantonnments on the Sutlege which we have explained. These were designed originally with a view to the Sikhs, and it was no fault of ours that the same road led to Affghanistan; or that the same measures were applicable to two restless nations, each bold and semi-

civilized, which had been originally meant for one; or again, that those trans-Indus possessions, which the Affghans did not lose through us, yet through us they are fated never to recover.

But if this be no fault of ours—if in part we must view it as an accident, and in part as a blind inevitable effect from a wise policy—it is not the less offensive to the bold insubordinate people of Affghanistan. One generation at least must pass away before they will be reconciled to the control which we dare not cease to exercise. Their nation has given great rulers to India in past ages, and bold leaders in every age. They have always been a name of power amongst the feeble Hindoos. We ourselves have found some of our earliest opponents amongst princes of Affghan blood.* It is natural on every account—interest for the future, or great remembrances for the past—that their minds should turn to India; and in that proportion should be alienated from those who now thwart their communication with India. Yet thwart them we must; our mutual positions will never again suffer us to dismiss them from our inspection, nor in some measure from our control.

II. What strikes every body at first sight, on coming amongst the Affghans, is their manliness and simplicity of demeanour by comparison with all eastern nations. If you approach them from the east, you feel that you are amongst a nation of men; whilst the timid and submissive Hindoo suggests a painful feeling that here is a people meant to be conquered. If you approach them on the other side from Persia, you pass from an atmosphere of French egotism, garrulity, and showy ostentation, to that of an almost British self-control. The Persians, indeed, conscious of the greater dignity in the deportment of the Affghan, seek relief to their

* "Of Affghan blood." For some reasons which Dr Leyden, Mr Elphinstone, and many others, have failed to explain satisfactorily, the Affghans have generally borne the name of *Patans*, (or, as some write it, *Pitons*.) upon Indian ground. Aliverdi, the Bengal nabob who thwarted us in George II.'s reign, was of Affghan blood; as was consequently the monster Suraja, Aliverdi's grandson, who allowed the atrocity of the Black Hole to go unpunished. But generally the Affghan soldiers in the middle of that century, bore a name different from either Patan or Affghan, as we shall notice further on.

wounded vanity by taxing him with brutal ignorance. This imputation is a calumny. Knowledge, such as it is or can be in Mahometan nations, meets with esteem and favour in Afghanistan; a fact which is proved by the large establishments for study at Peshawar and elsewhere. But it seems true, that knowledge is worn less ostentatiously as an accomplishment than amongst the Persians, who conceive it to be one feature in a gentleman's character that he should have poetic passages at his tongue's end. Learning, like religion, is not always the most revered where it is the most demonstrative in its social expressions. But it is in moral principle that the difference goes deepest between the two nations. And in particular, the reverence for truth, generally the foundation of moral uprightness, is at the highest point of the scale (measuring it by oriental standards) among the Affghans, at the very lowest amongst the Persians. All observers agree in this. Approaching them, again, from the far north—that is, from the less civilized tribes of Tartars beyond Bokhara and beyond the Usbecks—you are struck with the polish of the Affghans: in the midst of simplicity, and oftentimes of rusticity, you meet every where from the true native Affghan with a natural politeness. So little ground is there for the "barbarism" or "brutality" imputed by Persia. Thus far it might strike the reader that they resemble the Arabs: and it is true that most observers notice an impression of something patriarchal and dignified in the carriage of both. But in the Arab there is more often a haughtiness perceptibly diffused over his intercourse. This is doubtless derived from his deeper sense of religious distinctions. "The Christian dog" is too domineering an idea for the Arab nearer to the great household of European nations: whilst the Affghan, who naturally should be a bigot from his local relation to the heretic Persian, yet never having had any collision with Christian states, is in practice found to be unusually tolerant. It is true that, when characterizing any assemblage from different nations in Hindostan, as at great fairs or religious ceremonies, English travellers often speak of "the stern Affghan;" but this applies only to the gravity of

his demeanour, and perhaps to a slight shade of contempt for the supple Hindoo. But so much is the Affghan character marked by civility to strangers, that even on approaching the Indus from the east, through a region only veined by Affghan population, Mr Elphinstone constantly notices their affability and social polish as the qualities which most struck him. Near the ferry on the Indus by which the British party crossed, he notes down, "The people were remarkably civil and well-behaved." Further on, he says, "Besides those persons whom we met in towns, and the common labouring people, the general desire to see us, gave opportunities of observing almost all descriptions of men. Sometimes a number of horsemen would join us on the line of march, two or three sallying from every village we passed; they were often on mares, with the foals running after them, and armed with long spears. They were always very civil. The notions entertained of us were not a little extraordinary. They believed we carried great guns packed up in trunks; and that we had certain small boxes so contrived as to explode and kill half-a-dozen men each, without hurting us. Some thought we could raise the dead: and there was a story current that we had made and animated a wooden ram at Moultan; that we had sold him as a ram; and that it was not until the purchaser began to eat him, that the material of which he was made was discovered."

Soon after this, the mission found itself traversing a vast plain collateral with the Indus, upon which were encamped "several hordes of wandering shepherds." These were in part Bulochees, but in a district where they are intermingled with Affghans; and in a political sense they composed then (1809,) as they do now, one people. Every where the English party was received with the most communicative and obliging manners. Some Affghan shepherds from the distant region about Ghuzni were attending a herd of fifty camels, amongst which was one "pure white, with blue eyes," and therefore interesting to the gentlemen of the mission. Now, these gentlemen were themselves objects of a curiosity far more intense; not for their persons only, religion, country, but even in a spirit of anxiety as re-

garded their objects. Yet, with great self-control, the Affghans suspend their own passion, which by that time was at a distressing height, for the gratification of the foreigner. "The Affghans," says Mr Elphinstone, "spoke no Persian nor Hindoostanee. They were very civil; stopped the white camel till we had examined it;" showed us their swords, the hilts of which differed from those both of Persia and India," &c. After this, and when, upon the Homeric plan, the travellers were supposed to have had enough, the rage of hungry curiosity being slaked in the English party, next came the Affghian turn:—"One man, who appeared to have been in India, addressed me in a kind of Hindoostanee—asking what brought us there? Whither we were not contented with our own possessions—Cawnpore, and Lucknow, and all those fine places? I said, we came as friends, and were going to the king. After this, we soon got intimate; and by degrees we were surrounded by people. The number of children was incredible; they were mostly fair and handsome. The girls, I particularly observed, had aquiline noses and Jewish features. The men were generally dark, though some were quite fair. One young man in particular, who stood and stared in silent astonishment, had exactly the colour, features, and appearance of an Irish haymaker. They had generally high noses; and their stature was rather small than large." These were wandering Affghans; but the resident Beloochees, who, in a political sense, have long been Affghans, are described by every body as a very fine race in person, though disorderly and ineffective as soldiers. Mr Elphinstone also describes the Beloochees of this neighbourhood as "large and bony men, with long coarse hair; plain and rough, but pleasing in their manners. Some had brown woollen great-coats, but most had white cotton clothes; and they all wore white turbans." But

this was merely local; for generally (except towards the east) the turban is exchanged for the Tartar cap. "They did not seem at all jealous of their women. Men, women, and children, crowded round us; felt our coats, examined our plated stirrups, opened our holsters, and showed great curiosity, but were not troublesome. Scarce one of them understood any language but Pushtoo; but in their manners they were all free, good-humoured, and civil." As usual in such cases, the professional interpreter turned out to be the man whom *nobody* could understand; had he been away, the natural acuteness of the parties would soon have led to some interchange of ideas. But "there were too many," says Mr E., "both of English and of Affghans, to admit of any attempt at a regular conversation;" which after all, we fear, would have been rather irregular under the little defect of any common language.

With respect to the remark here made, that these Affghian faces exhibited Jewish features, we pause to interpose a question as to the origin of the Affghans: was it really, as many times has been maintained, derived from the ten tribes of exiled Israelites? A little volume might be collected of the opinions which have been scattered up and down the works of travellers and of oriental antiquaries upon this striking phenomenon—the reappearance of the peculiar Jewish countenance in a region so far from its natal land. The reader who comes fresh to the subject, must understand, that not the Affghans only, occupying the right bank of the Indus, but the Sikhs, who occupy the left, have often been challenged as wearing this strong cast of features; and that the fact is so cannot be doubted. Now this fact of family likeness tallies with a tradition that the ten tribes (Israel, as opposed to Judah and Benjamin) had been transplanted to this part of Asia at an early period of their Persian captivity. The capture and translation of the two

* The white and blue-eyed camel, it is added as a singular fact, after being thus met accidentally by an English party in the wildest plains of central South Asia, was afterwards exhibited in London. As a mere coincidence, it would certainly be singular. But possibly enough the one case was parent to the other. The interest excited amongst the English by this singular camel, might suggest it as a good speculation to send the animal for exhibition in that mighty capital of the west.

tribes, whose separate capital was Jerusalem, had occurred at a later time. Cyrus, we know, permitted the return of a small section from these later exiles; and in subsequent reigns they obtained edicts which enabled them to build the second temple, and to fortify, as well as re-occupy, Jerusalem. Only a section of this section was, in fact, permitted to return; and not the whole two tribes, as people generally imagine. But still it seems to require explanation why no part of the ten tribes should have been re-united with their ancient brethren in this pious task of restoring their national worship; especially as they were still prayed for in the general intercession for the children of Abraham. Now, this explanation would be found in the fact of their being removed to the Indus—a distance of eighteen hundred miles to the east of the captives near the Euphrates. This we offer as one argument for believing the tradition. A second argument, and a very strong one, as it strikes us, will exist in the coincidence of the local tradition with the unquestionable fact of the resemblance. Undoubtedly this will go for nothing, if it should appear that the tradition arose out of the reported resemblance, or if the notion of the resemblance arose out of the tradition; but we believe this to be far otherwise. On the contrary, we believe the two to be not only independent as to origin, but even locally distinct as to currency. The tradition is strongest in Persia; exactly the place where the countenance is not generally known. And on the other hand, (Lahore, for instance,) where the countenance is familiar, so far from the tradition having any local currency, we are assured by Major Archer that no greater affront could be offered a Sikh than to tell him he is like a Jew, or to insinuate that he has Jewish blood in his veins. Probably the Affghan would quite as little think it a compliment. If, after all, both Sikh and Affghan really have this Hebrew ancestry, we may certainly see in such a fact the very strongest exemplification of the curse denounced against the unbelieving Jews in Scripture. Can there be a greater monument of disgrace for the Jew, than that their own posterity should deny their Jewish descent with loathing; nay, make it a

ground of capital feud that any man should insinuate a parentage of that race? and that both Sikh and Affghan should abjure the blood to which, probably, they owe the energy characterising both nations among the feeble Asiatics?

Sir William Jones was amongst those who countenanced the belief of a descent from the ten tribes in the Sikhs and Affghans; and in the *Asiatic Researches* he has given four arguments, not very strong, in support of it. Perhaps in that one argument which relies upon the Affghan name for a range of mountains—"the Bolymaunnee mountains," and the "*Tukhte Solimaun*," or "throne of Solomon," given to the highest summit—there is some weight; for an Israelitish tribe would be likely to confer upon so grand an object the name of that illustrious king who had built their earliest temple, (the only temple that they could have heard of.) But to the argument derived from the prevalence of Jewish names amongst the Affghans, we attach as little importance as any critic. For not only is it certain that all these names would reach Mahometan countries for the same reason that the Jewish and Christian doctrines were pillaged; viz. from the sterility of invention in Mahomet, and the close intercourse which had long subsisted between the northern Arabia, Judea, and Jewish Idumea—but also we have recently seen, in the French war-minister's report upon Algiers, the attention of Europe justly summoned to this fact of Mahometan stupidity, as illustrated in the very case of names. For it seems that one cause of Mahometan disputes, is the want of proper means for authenticating deeds, or for proving any person's existence or any person's death; and what is the cause of that want? Why, amongst other things, the fact that not above nine male names, and at the most fifteen, are in use amongst them. This is the reason that, in reading oriental history, Turkish, Curdish, Mameluke, Persian, no matter what, everlastingly those names of Solymán Pasha, Ali Pasha, Sultan Mohammed, Mohammed Shah, &c., revolve in such monotony, that no age or land is distinguished from any other.

In quitting this topic of the Affghan and Sikh connexion with Jewish an-

cestry, it is remarkable that in the very same region where stands the *Tukhtie Solimann*, or Solomon's throne, a mountain consecrated by the very same superstition as Ararat in the west, (both probably derived from Jews)—viz. that the ark of Noah found a resting-place on its topmost peak—there occurs a tribe of robbers, but, for all that, "civil and decent," says Mr Elphinstone, in their behaviour, whose chief (habited with a republican simplicity, in no point of dress or usage claiming any superiority to the rest of his clan) rode along with Mr Elphinstone upon the most friendly terms; whilst his people, in the quietest manner possible, robbed part of the retinue—both that belonging to Mr E., and to the king, Shah Shooja. This tribe were so swarthy, as at the first glance to make Mr Elphinstone suppose them from Hindostan; but a moment's observation dispersed that idea. "A certain independent and manly air marked them for Affghans," says Mr E. Secondly, their beards, which Affghans let grow to a patriarchal length; thirdly, "the loose folds of their turbans; and lastly, their long and thick hair." Now, is it not remarkable, in connexion with so many other vestiges of Jewish descent, that this long-haired tribe is called *Esau-khail*—khail being the word for *clan*, or subdivision of a tribe, and Esau being memorable in the Jewish Scriptures for his hirsute appearance? We may add, as another striking coincidence with Hebrew antiquities, that persons, setting themselves apart for the duty of champions, keep their hair sacred from the razor, like Samson.

Of Affghan life, in its general tenor, as it moves in cities, perhaps a few picturesque sketches from Mr Elphinstone will give the best idea. The first describes the British public entry into Peshawer, the largest city on the east side of the kingdom:—

"There was a great crowd all the way. The banks on each side of the road were covered with people; and many climbed up trees to see us pass. The crowd increased as we approached the city; but we were put to no inconvenience by it, as the king's horse charged the mob vigorously, and used their whips without compunction. One man attracted particular notice: he wore a red cap of a conical shape, with some folds of cloth round the

bottom, and a white plume: he had a short jacket of skin, black pantaloons, and brown boots. He was an uncommonly fine figure, tall and thin, with swelling muscles, a high nose, and an animated countenance: he was mounted on a very fine grey horse, and rode with long stirrups, and very well. He carried a long spear without a head, with which he charged the mob at speed, shouting with a loud and deep voice. He not only dispersed the mob, but rode at grave people sitting on terraces with the greatest fury, and kept all clear wherever he went. His name was Russool Dewauneh, or *Russool the Mad*. He was well known for a good and brave soldier, but an irregular and unsettled person. He afterwards was in great favour with most of the mission; and was equipped in an English helmet and cavalry uniform, which well became him. By the time we had entered the town, the roads were so narrow that our progress became very slow, and we had time to hear the remarks of the spectators, which were expressive of wonder at the procession, and of good-will towards us; but the crowd and bustle were too great to admit of any distinct observations. At length we reached the house prepared for us, and were ushered into an apartment spread with carpets and felts for sitting on. Here we were seated on the ground in the Persian manner, and trays of sweetmeats were placed before us. They consisted of sugared almonds; and there was a loaf of sugar for making sherbet in the midst of each tray. Soon after, our conductors observed that we required rest, and withdrew."

The house is peculiarly interesting, because (like all Eastern dwellings) it exhibited the universal arrangement of domestic comforts—where the highest and the lowest differ only as to the degree of costliness, but not as to the modes of luxury, or the standards of convenience.

"We had now time to examine our lodging, which had been built by the king's chief butler before he went into rebellion. It was large, and, though quite unfinished, was much more convenient than could have been expected at Peshawer, which is not the fixed residence of the court. The whole of our premises consisted of a square, enclosed by a rampart of earth, or unburned brick, within which was

another square, enclosed by high walls. The space between the walls and the rampart was divided into many courts, in one of which was a little garden, where there were small trees, rose-bushes, stock gilliflowers, and other flowers. The inner square was divided by a high wall into two courts; and at one end of each was a house, containing two large halls of the whole height of the building. On each side of the halls were many smaller rooms in two stories, some of which looked into the halls. One of the courts contained no other building; but the three remaining sides of the other court were occupied by apartments. All the windows in this last court were furnished with sashes of open wood work," [*i. e.* trellis or lattice work, and sometimes with elaborate reticulations like lace.] "which, while they admitted the air and light, prevented the room from being seen into from without; and there were fire-places in several of the rooms in both courts. What struck us most were the cellars, intended for a retreat from the heats of summer. There was one under each house. One was only a spacious and handsome hall of burned brick and mortar. But the other was exactly of the same plan and dimensions as the house itself, with the same halls and the same apartments, in two stories, as above ground. The whole of this subterranean mansion was lighted by broad but low windows near the top." [It is to be regretted that this part of the arrangement has not been explained. We must presume the rooms to be really subterraneous; and in that case a difficulty would arise with the lower story, though certainly capable of being remedied in more ways than one.] "The house I am speaking of was unfinished; but, when complete, the cellars are painted and furnished in the same manner as the rooms above, and have generally a fountain in the middle of the hall. Even the poor at Peshawar have them under their houses; but they are not required in the temperate climates further west." [Yet Captain Havelock mentions them in Candabar, the western capital.] "I always sat in mine in the hot weather, and found it equally agreeable and wholesome."

The king, according to immemorial custom in eastern lands, furnished the

diet of the embassy. "On the day of our arrival, our dinner was composed of the dishes sent us by the king, which we found excellent. Afterwards we had always our English meals; but the king continued to send breakfast, luncheon, and dinner for ourselves, with provisions for two thousand persons, (a number exceeding that of the embassy,) and two hundred horses, besides elephants, &c.; nor was it without great difficulty that I prevailed on his majesty, at the end of a month, to dispense with this expensive proof of his hospitality."

This liberal king was Shooja ool Moolk—precisely that king whom our army has so lately replaced on his throne by the capture of Ghuzni. He is described as "a handsome man, about thirty years of age, of an olive complexion, with a thick black beard. The expression of his countenance was dignified and pleasing; his voice clear, and his address princely." It has been a frequent allegation of Radical journals at home, that he is personally unacceptable to his people; and these journals have attempted to leave an impression upon their readers, that his exile was, in itself, a consequence of some popular representative act. Now, it arose simply out of the king's reverses in war.

In numbers, the Affghan people, taken in an aggregate sense, are supposed to reach the amount of fifteen millions, which may seem to an European reader, bringing with him our false prejudgements as to Asiatic populousness, a very slender population for an empire territorially so vast. But it is more by three millions than the population of Persia, as reported circumstantially for official purposes to Napoleon. And universally we may rest assured of this fact—that under all Mahometan governments the population dwindles. Of the three great Mahometan empires at present upon the earth—all lying in the same genial latitudes, (*viz.* between 30 and 42 degrees of north latitude;) warm, therefore, unless when very elevated ground raises particular districts to a colder atmosphere; consequently under circumstances demanding a low and uncostly scale of artificial comforts; yet all on the other hand free from the most depressing effects of heat within the tropics—*viz.* Turkey, Persia, Affghanistan—all are deserts; as to the

population they carry, merely deserts. It is true that these three empires are all alike so vast as to leave room for real natural deserts, in the ordinary meaning, interspersed amongst their cultivated regions:

"The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large

The prospect was, that here and there was room

For barren desert fountainless and dry."

But this, so far from being an apology for the Mahometan governments, is the worst form in which their vicious tendency could be recorded. It is the sloth of Mahometanism which has suffered many of these deserts to arise. Egypt, it has long been perceived, is falling continually more and more within the encroachments of the sand. And why? There was always the same power of nature at work to cause sand-drifts. But there was once a power in collision with this natural power—viz. the energy of man; and *that* kept the mischief in check. But this power has drooped since the Mahometan era. A country, which is the nearest *fac-simile* of Egypt in natural conformation—viz. Lower Sind—to the west of Afghanistan, is very nearly the same in condition from the same causes. But Sweestaun, which is now an integral part of Southern Afghanistan, recalls the situation of Egypt exactly, so far as it is caused by human sloth. There is no country whose beauty and fertility the Persian poets of past ages have celebrated with more enthusiasm, and it might be thought *now* that all was fiction. Not at all. "The numerous ruins which it still contains," says Mr Elphinstone, "testify Sweestaun to have been a fertile country, full of cities, which in extent and magnificence are scarcely surpassed by any in Asia." What then has caused this dreadful change? Precisely the same cause as that which is now choking up the valley of the Nile: "The province is surrounded by wide and dismal deserts," [a desert, as we have already observed, forms the western boundary of Afghanistan, consequently of Sweestaun,] "whence every wind brings clouds of a light shifting sand;" now this sand it is which "destroys the fertility of the fields, and gradually overwhelms the villages." At this day it is upon the rivers only that this district retains its old fertility.

Napoleon noted down in Egypt this growing encroachment of the sand; he declared that he could see with his bodily eye the sand-drifts as they increased their lodgments; and he predicted the gradual conversion of the whole valley into desert, except under the very circumstances which now form the exception for Sweestaun, viz. the immediate vicinity of a fertilizing river. It may be fancied, certainly, that the decay of population, dependent upon other causes, has produced the decay of the land; and *not* that the loss of land has gradually reduced the population. Doubtless the Mahometan decay operates in both ways, through loss of soil upon the people, and through loss of people upon the soil. But originally there is no doubt that the Asiatic indolence, which is but a name of disguise for Mahometan indolence, drooping continually in the war which it is necessary to maintain in sandy regions with great natural forces of usurpation, is the original principle of movement in these awful changes. And, with some exceptions for Afghanistan Proper, where more is seen of human energy indestructible by vices of religion, than in any other part of Mahometan Asia, it may be affirmed boldly that the great Mahometan states have long been travelling downwards to extinction. Unless saved by the fortunate interposition of England and Russia, they will make deserts of Southern Asia from the Mediterranean to the Indus. And this in a virtual sense they have already accomplished.

The Affghans, to speak of them in their physical character, are all of a robust make, and are generally lean, though bony and muscular. The character of their faces is thus described by Mr Elphinstone:—"They have high noses, high cheek-bones, and long faces. Their hair and beards are generally black, sometimes brown, and rarely red. Their hair is always coarse and strong. The tribes near towns wear it short; but the rest have long and large locks hanging down on each side of the head. They wear long and thick beards. Their countenance has an expression of manliness and deliberation, united to an air of simplicity not allied to weakness." These lineaments, however, and this expression, are more decided amongst the eastern Affghans. Among the

western there is a much greater variety of countenance: but the high cheek-bones prevail every where. "The western Affghans," says Mr Elphinstone, "are taller and stouter than those of the east, and some Dourraunces and Ghilziees are of surprising strength and stature; but, generally speaking, the Affghans are not so tall as the English."

A circumstance which, at first sight, seems more remarkable, is the extraordinary variety of the complexions. The eastern Affghan has the dark Hindoo complexion; the western a clear olive. Yet amongst both these will be found many men as fair as Europeans. This we ascribe to the variable height of the inhabited land, which, according to Captain Havelock, forced the British army through all the opposite hardships of frost the most extreme—so that Sir Willoughby Cotton, by simply riding twenty-eight times through a winding river on a freezing day, gathered about the red shalloon lining of his cloak a weight of ice which actually broke off three buttons; and in the other extreme, forced them through heat so intense as to drive all who happened to be inhabitants of towns into subterranean chambers. The variable levels of the land, sometimes below the sea, sometimes raised six or seven thousand feet above it, have all the effect, as to climate, of passing from Spain to Lapland within perhaps one day's journey.

In general, for differences more important than complexion or bodily structure, the Affghans derive a leading impulse from the accident of east or west in their birth. Universally, the civilization of eastern Afghanistan has been derived from India; of western from Persia. Hence also it is, that whilst Hindoones, a class of mixed people originally Hindoo, and Hindoos themselves, are found chiefly on the east, as at Peshawer, which is the great eastern capital of Afghanistan; on the other hand Tanjiks, who are properly Persians by original descent, and perhaps also are sometimes Arabs, but born in Afghanistan of parents settled there for generations, prevail greatly on the west. Hence, also, the Persian language is spoken very extensively in the west. It is, in fact, one form of the Persian character in which the Affghans write

their own language: and many of the primary words appear to be deduced from the Pehlevi or ancient Persian. But this is not so certain, as some of these words seem common to the Zend, to the Sanscrit, and to the Chaldaic—all ancient forms of eastern language; and other words are derived from some obscure root not yet indicated. But it marks the strength of the Affghan character, that they have powerfully resisted the Hindoo civilization on the east; and the Persian on the west. In each case they have been modified externally by these influences; but the native Affghan elements have still predominated in their character.

The Affghan government is of the very loosest texture. Simply in his own character, the king has no power at all: for, in a strict sense, he has no subjects, except the khauns or heads of clans. He governs indirectly through *them*. Yet, again, clan-ship, according to Mr Elphinstone's representation, is perfectly different from that institution as it formerly existed in feudal rigour amongst the Highland Scotch. The head of the clan, as head, and simply in that character, is nobody in Afghanistan: he may chance to be identified with some great interest of the clan; and *that* will give him weight. But it is the common welfare of the clan, not loyalty towards the chieftain, which constitutes the point of honour for the clansmen.

Hence it may be supposed, and especially when the nomadic habits of many Affghans are considered, vast multitudes living through the whole year a wandering life under tents, (a life which they speak of with enthusiasm,) that predatory habits will prevail extensively; and that the security for property can be but imperfect. "In Afghanistan," says Captain Havelock, (p. 176, vol. ii.) "no pass is without its tribe of plunderers." And in districts that are professionally trained to robbery, as amongst the lawless Khyberrees, whose position brings them into contact with travellers passing to the west from Peshawer, all the males are "trained from infancy to aim with a long musket, the range of which far exceeds that of the ordinary firelock in use in the British ranks, and gives the brigands a great advantage

in skirmishing on mountains scarcely accessible." This advantage was occasionally felt painfully in our own partisan warfare, on the various transits we have recently made through their country. Meantime, all Affghans are not Khyberees. But all are too much in the habit of relying on private guerilla warfare for every purpose; all think it reasonable to recognize a local right of that sort in the ancient occupier of a mountain pass; and, therefore, to regard this right as a regular article of marketable traffic. Out of towns, and at present daring civil dissensions within the largest towns, all Affghans have arms, if not in their hands, always lying ready in their houses or tents; viz. *amprimis*, a musket and long bayonet, "which last, a fit emblem of the state of the land," says an officer of our army, "is constructed so as never to unfix;" *secundo*, upon the same authority, "a sword and shield;" *tertio*, a dagger; *quarto*, "a pistol or a musketoon."

From this atmosphere of lawless life, or rather perhaps not lawless so much as governed by laws of variable interpretation, and entrusted to the execution of private hands, (since even the Khyberees, the little pestilent hornets that sally out upon all men alike, infidel or believer, still look down upon the Arab who attacks a Hadjee near Mecca as an ungentlemanly scoundrel,) it has naturally arisen that the Affghans, as a nation, display a phenomenon in the features of their intercourse with strangers, not paralleled elsewhere upon earth. On the one hand, their hospitality is unbounded: and on two separate impulses; first, in the light of charity, which they conceive to be an imperative duty towards every man in want; secondly, on a noble feeling of the sanctity which belongs to each man's fireside. They rather force hospitality upon a stranger than wait to have it claimed; and hence it happens that, in cases without number, the very same man who is the object of their rapacity on the open roads or fields, may become the object of their affectionate hospitality within their houses. Your host, who can never do enough for your comfort at breakfast, will be found waiting for you at a corner of the road, with a hint for saving trouble, in the shape of a large horse pistol. And, quite as likely as not, if you are

pillaged at nightfall, and in that character claim a night's hospitality at the nearest cottage, you will find your plunderer himself, in his new character of host, most cheerfully prepared to refund part of his booty in the shape of a 'good night's entertainment for man and horse. Mr Elphinstone had heard much of this extraordinary case as one of customary occurrence: and, well aware that his own high rank as envoy, with a personal escort of four hundred good soldiers, made it hopeless for him to expect any illustrative experience in his own person, he sought for testimony from some person in a situation humble enough to allow of such experiences, yet sufficiently veracious to resist the temptations of wonder-making. Such a witness at length he found, long after he had returned to Hindostan, in the person of a Mr Durie, born at Calcutta, and one of that very interesting (some think dangerous) class, called the Indo-British children, that is to say, of Hindoo mothers and British fathers. This eccentric person, having upon him the instinct of rambling, had travelled extensively in Affghanistan on foot, and as an avowed mendicant. He was every where received with fervent hospitality. From his journal (since published) it does not appear that he ever felt himself in danger from mere want of food; but, on the other hand, he had his pockets felt and probed with equal fervour. In his case there was nothing to rob; the pockets were empty; but it happened ludicrously enough that mere excess of poverty had left about him one sole delusive indication of wealth: various trowsers, which had successively fallen away in rags from the lower parts, remained as so many zones or belts in their upper portions (which had been more strongly lined) about his hips. Suffering much from cold in the winter, as a native of Bengal, he could not resolve to sacrifice these accumulated strata, these northern frontiers of ancient trowsers; and dire was the suffering which he thus created to himself and to many of his kind hosts. Often he was called out into the dark by an affectionate friend, who would entreat to know what treasure it was that he carried about him, causing this regular swell about the equator of his person; and then a search would commence, terminating of course in disappointment; but this

disappointment never led to any bad feeling, or to any interruption of the hospitality. Most amusing, from simple *naïveté*, are Mr Durie's summing up of his Afghan experience in this point, and the moral inference which he founds upon it.

Thus the simple traveller revolved amongst this simple nation, every man giving him food, every man feeling his pockets, until his perfidious trowsers became as well known in Afghanistan as the Hindoo Koosh, or Cape Disappointment to sailors in Baffin's Bay. "But," says Mr Elphinstone, "so much more do they attend to granting favours than to respecting rights, that the same Afghan who would plunder a traveller of a cloak if he had one, would give him a cloak if he had none." There is, in fact, a sort of wild elevation in the principle on which Mr Elphinstone is disposed to rest the original growth of this marauding practice. The fiction, but originally it was no fiction, on which it may be supposed to stand, is that every robber acts on his own personal peril and responsibility; since every man abroad upon the roads must be presumed a member of some clan, which in honour is charged with his defence. The retaliation, therefore, upon which the robber counts, as a reversionary settlement of the account, however distant, constitutes to a clansman some attraction and some justification in a mode of violence, which is never accompanied willingly by personal ill usage. That the general sentiment towards the stranger is that of generous protection and forbearance, is evident from the very frequent collusion with Mr Durie, practised by stern Mahometans, in concealing his Christianity where it might have operated unfavourably for his interest. His errors, and his evident want of practice in going through Mahometan prayers or rites of worship, were continually observed; and privately he was taxed with being a Christian. But no person, of the many to whom the secret had become known, ever used it maliciously against him.

Captain Havelock is, therefore, too hasty in charging upon "the people of the country," and as "a proof of their depraved and sanguinary habits," the murder of Lieutenant-Colonel Herring. He calls it, besides, an "additional proof," alluding probably to a

previous murder, not less cowardly and unprovoked, of Lieutenant Inverarity. Both murders agreed in this feature—that they were perpetrated with no view to plunder; and probably the temptation to either had arisen in that excess of generous incaution which with a brave and frank-hearted man, such as the Afghan generally is, would have proved the best guarantee for the unfortunate stranger's safety.

But the Khyberes (who command a formidable mountain pass of four marches, says Captain Havelock, of "about twenty-five miles," says Mr Elphinstone)—they also are professional, almost, one might say, legal and official robbers. "In quiet times, the Khyberes have stations on different parts of the pass to collect an authorized toll on passengers; but in times of trouble they are all on the alert. If a single traveller endeavour to make his way through, the noise of his horse's feet sounds up the long narrow valleys, and soon brings the Khyberes in troops from the hills and ravines; but if they expect a caravan, they assemble in hundreds on the side of a hill, and sit patiently with their matchlocks in their hands, waiting its approach." What a picturesque circumstance is that of the unfortunate traveller's giving warning against himself by the hollow sound of his horse's hoofs echoing up the narrow corridors amongst the rocky hills! How like to some incidents in our early metrical romances! And during the centuries which have witnessed this occupation of the hills by the Khyberes, (who recall to our minds the Isaurian robbers, seated for a thousand years, at the least, in the defiles of Cilicia,) what agonizing trials of horsemanship there must have been on the part of travellers who sought safety by swift riding! Captain Havelock, when mentioning that we occupied this long pass with military posts, adds, that the Khyberes swarmed round them at night, and in winter, like herds of wolves. This also suggests picturesque images. The allusion to wolves reminds us of that dreadful scene, imagined by De Foe, when he makes Robinson Crusoe, on his return to Europe, overtaken in a severe winter by an army of wolves. The case occurs in the north of Spain. In this instance the horses of the party were an additional temptation to the famished wolves.

And precisely such an extra temptation for the Khyberes lay in the fact, that one of our pests was an old haunt of their own, in which lay buried a treasure of 12,000 rupees. It may be imagined what a *nidor*, or incense as from roasted meat, would arise in the nostrils of these little famished wolves upon such an *extra* excitement. What an insult, that their enemies should actually come like a band of American "squatters,"—squatting deliberately upon the Khyberes buried exchequer! Six thousand of these little fiends gathered about the post! Most unhappily the troops who held it were merely *nuccebs*—a word which implies, by a flattering fiction, that the parties are "noble," and that they are "volunteers;" whereas they are mercenary troops in British pay. It is very honourable to these poor men, that, having a vast proportion of their party disabled by the sickness then general throughout our chain of posts, and with only a weak field-work by way of fortification, four hundred men for a long time kept the six thousand at bay. At last, however, the wolves forced an entrance; and, it needs scarcely be added, put the whole of this gallant party to the sword. Captain Harris in another post, which was also fiercely attacked, maintained his ground against similar disadvantages. Some will enquire why our Indian government, to whom the bribing of such a tribe must be a trifle, should not in that way have purchased their forbearance. They did so: at last it seemed the shortest plan to toss a few bones to the wolves. But what was the result? It really makes us laugh as we record it. Lieutenant Mackesson, upon a day regularly dated, concluded a treaty for the payment of eighty thousand rupees, (*i. e.*, at the modern rate of exchange, exactly eight thousand pounds sterling,) by way of annuity in return for neutrality. The next horseman who arrived from Cabul at Peshawer brought word that, precisely on the morning *succeeding* to the signature of this treaty, the Khyberes made a desperate attack on Colonel Wheeler, who proved rather too old a soldier for their calculation, and beat them off with great loss. This issue confirmed what Mr Elphinstone's sagacity had predicted in 1814.

With so much violence and feudal

dissension systematized amongst the Affghans, it is impossible that landed property can reach a high value. In the most settled parts, it is held by Mr Forster that it sells for nine years' purchase; and that under favourable circumstances it may reach twelve. What may be the condition of rural economy amongst the Affghans, it is difficult to ascertain: not one of the half dozen persons who have yet written on this unexplored country, having had any previous training or practice in this department. Generally, however, it happens, in the genial climates between 40 and 30 degrees of latitude, that the soil yields an abundant return almost spontaneously. Vegetables and fruits appear to be cheap in a degree which seems romantic. Oranges are the only fruit adapted to the necessities of a hot climate which can be called scarce. Grapes of a quality equal to those grown in our hot-houses at 3s. to 5s. per lb., not the thick-skinned rubbish of Lisbon, are sold at a farthing a pound. They are given to swine even by cart-loads. The potatoe, however, though introduced by the British in Kanour and other provinces of Hindostan to the north of the Himalaya, (*i. e.* of its first range,) is still unknown to the west of the Indus. Though disliked at first, it turned out so excellent in a few years after the English had introduced it, that the peasantry are annually extending its culture. This is, no doubt, one of the many gifts which we shall soon naturalize in Affghanistan.

Meantime, the mere extent of the empire, even without that extraordinary variation of level which gives, in particular districts, to Affghanistan the compass of all climates within a hundred miles square, must continually remind the reader that what is true for one city, may be false for another: the commonest object in the streets of an eastern city may be an exotic rarity in a central or in a western city; and a popular usage of the north may be unheard of in the south. These harsh local transitions are also dependent upon arbitrary tastes of tribes, or traditional customs, not less than upon climate. We reckon Affghanistan to contain from 420,000 to 460,000 square miles; England Proper containing about 57,000 such spaces, Scotland about 30,000, Ireland about as many, France from

140,000 to 160,000. The capital cities distributed over this vast region are few and far between; five only are worth remembering—First, and in a literal sense first to those who approach from Hindostan, is Peshawar: the city in which Mr Elphinstone resided in 1809. The population was then about 100,000. Secondly, for the more central and western capital, Candahar. Thirdly, Cabul for the north. Fourthly, Herat for the entrance north-west. And finally, as a city memorable to modern ears, whilst to ears historical it has a romantic

importance since the era of Mahomud the Ghuznavide, first Mahometan invader of Hindostan, comes Ghuzni. Not one of these cities is equal to Edinburgh in size: and as to materials, they are usually composed of mud baked into the hardness of granite by the sun's heat. Sir Alexander Burnes was the first person who sported glass in a Cabul house; this he accomplished by purchasing Russian mirrors, scraping away the quicksilver, and inserting them into carved picture-frames.

A LOUNGE ON THE LEA.

*Magister artis doctus piscatoris
Walton, salve! magne dux arundinis.
Seu tu reducta valle solus ambulas
Præterfluente interim observans aquas—
Seu forte puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine et ripa sedens
Fallis perita aquasum pecora manu;
O quæ volaptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musculæque literæque dum incumbis, hec
intensus hæmo, interque piscandum studeas.*

JACO. DUFFERT, D.D. AD ISAAC WALTON.

EXPLAIN, immortal Christopher, if you please, how comes it that all men are anglers? I do not mean to insinuate that all men are adepts in the art wherein you excel; nor even that all men are anglers, that is, catchers of fish; nor yet that all care to catch fish when they can: but this is a puzzler.—How comes it that all men are anglers in their hearts?

Methinks I see the honourable and learned Christopher rise to explain.

He rises, but speaks not—the eye speaketh, the lip is eloquent, but there lives not a sound “twixt it and silence:” the orator is eloquent in gesture; ten thousand remembrances of rushing torrents, wild and untractable as infancy, growing by degrees into the frolicsome boyhood of wimpling streamlets; then expanding into the ardent and ambitious promise of the youthful river; and anon, swelling forth in the stately majesty of full-grown riverhood, flash across the soul that filled itself to overflowing with nature's own poesy upon their banks. He *would* speak, but cannot; he would tell his triumphs once again. He would tell us that *he is* an angler—he would (would that he would) once again “twaddle upon Tweedside,” but he cannot; his heart is too full;

fuller than his well filled *creel*. He has on his fishing-jacket, but he thinks not of it; neither are his imaginations of fish or fishing; yet is there no lack of information in his eye, though the tongue speaks not. See you not, dull sons of clay, that Christopher, when going out to fish, goes not alone a-fishing? The man is an angler if you will—ay, but he is also a poet!

Never-dying Kit! How often have we gone a-fishing with you—how often has thy bright example seduced us into going a-fishing by ourselves—how often have we fished all day with thee, catching nothing, and yet catching much; seizing, as they fell from thy lips, words of wit consecrated to virtue—seeing, through thy eyes, not so much nature in her harmony and beauty, as the God of nature in His providence and wisdom; and returning with thee, reckless of the fortune—the fishing fortune—of the day, and satisfied with a heart attuned to the harmony of thy heart, and a soul soaring with thine far above the streams, and scurrs, and braes, and misty mountains that mingle with the clouds, to the contemplation of Him who made them all!

Bah! Tell me of anglers as such. How many thousand disciples of Chris-

topher are there in this breathing world, who, never going out to fish, are for ever going out a fishing?

Of these am I. My angling achievements are limited to the capture of a solitary trout. Nor did I triumph over him by any exertion of piscatory ingenuity or skill. My line floated unartistically adown the stream, and my tail-fly involved itself within the slowly circling waters of the eddying pool below. I was thinking of other things, nor did I well know what was the matter when I found my line submerged, and my pilant rod bent vertically upon the stream. Something, I thought, must have happened, and thereupon did as other men would have done—pulled away lustily, and whisked over my left shoulder on the green grass, without so much as thinking of the *science* of the art, a thumping two-pounder! How beautiful it looked! I thought him, at the least, a salmon. I could have sworn at the moment, so highly was my captive magnified in my eyes, that he *was* a salmon—his side bright with orange, azure, and gold, “bedropped more-over with crimson hail.” So agile was he, though a fish out of water, that even out of his element, I could hardly make him my own—at last I *had* him. His gaspings became more and more prolonged; the whiskings of his supple tail became less and less energetic; he was at the last kick. I looked at the stream, and thought of returning him to the bosom of his native waters.

And you did?

Did I? Excuse me, lady mine, I did no such thing. In the fish-basket, had I ever encumbered myself with an appendage so ostentatious and to me unnecessary, he should have gone; but as it was, I folded him up, mummy-wise, in a layer of sweet meadow grass, and put him—in my pocket!

This, my solitary triumph over the artful trout—for I plead guilty to many seductions of roach, perch, gudgeon, and other the meaner fry of Cockney sportsmanship—I merely allude to for the purpose of disarming the prejudices of the anti-cruelty people. I plead guilty to one case of trout-slaughter, but defy any water-bailiff in Christendom to convict me of slaying that individual malice *prepanse*. As I said before, when he hooked himself, I was thinking of other things.

What was I thinking of?

I was thinking how much we humble lovers of nature, we poor caged birds of society, we Cockney starlings, poor devils “who can’t get out,” are beholden to the brothers of the angle: how much they give us, albeit they bestow on us none of their fish, reserving *them*, as all choice anglers should, for the pretty milk-maids of their acquaintances; but, nevertheless, we are, I repeat, much bounden to them—they do for us what we cannot do for ourselves—give us sweet glimpses of that nature, which, to us “in populous city pent,” is “as a book sealed, and as a fountain closed up,”—keep alive in us that poetry of the heart which is ever connected with all the shows and forms of nature, even though seen through the medium of the imagination alone—carry us on their backs across the rushing ford, and set us down on the opening bank to look about us,—lead us up and down like blind men, as we are, discoursing to us, not like fishmongers, but like preachers, filling our spirits with content, and our souls with sober satisfaction; and, by withdrawing our thoughts for the time from the grovelling ambitions and carking cares of the city and city life, prevent our hearts becoming harder than the nether millstone. Truly, nature is a great medicine; and he who, in the spring-time of the year, neglects to take a dose of her, is much to blame. She is a marvellous detergent, or rubber off of city dirt from about your reins and heart: she disperseth vapours, melancholies, blue and other devils: she maketh you to caper, and to smile, like the gas called nitric oxide: she putteth a spring into thy right heel and thy left, that maketh thee to skip over her prim-roses, ladysmocks, and violets, on elastic toe, like a Quaker at a christening: she removeth a great load from about thy heart, and enableth thee, without repletion, to subdue, to thine own cheek, a boiled leg of mutton with trimmings: she giveth thee to inhale sweet air, for which she chargeth thee nothing: thy nose she maketh dainty with the savoury odours of thousand flowers which thou mayest pluck for thy sweetheart, and welcome: thy lips she regaleth with berries and hips, of which thou wilt not eat too plentifully; and in the season of the year, lashings of nuts; also, if thou

be young and comely, with the dainty breath of innocent milkmaids, towards whom thy better nature, and the memory of thy mother, if thou hast one, will suggest to thee discreet behaviour. If haply thou be a grave and sober man, nature maketh thee a frolicsome hobbledehoy: if a boy, thou sportest as a child upon her bosom: if, like him who inditeth for thy entertainment, thou art bent with age and care, and in a dolorous contention with the hard necessities of thy lot have anticipated decay, nature deceiveth thee pleasantly into imaginations of youth, she seemeth to renew thy years;—as in spring the sap ascendeth briskly, so in spring-time thy blood floweth vigorously through thy veins: thou art young once again, nor art thou poor; nature is thine own—thou art one of creation's heirs; *thy* enjoyment is not the monopoly of one poor spot of earth, by men called an estate; the world is thy estate, which, while thou contempest in a right mind, bringeth thee in a rich revenue of rapturous enjoyment.

Go forth into the country for physic, and also for food—food for the mind and heart—spiritual food—food for meditation! The contemplation of nature is not merely a luxury, it is a lesson; nature is not a penny magazine, nor even a penny-halfpenny magazine, embellished with cuts, and unfolded for the entertainment of ignorant little boys and men; she is a vast volume of divinity, adorned with every grace that style, and argument, and lucid order can give; but not setting forth her own adornment—not prating of herself, but continually appealing *upwards*, continually drawing up thy heart in one on-pouring song of thankfulness—"not loud but deep,"—until it loses sight of earth and things of earth, and catches above the clouds glimpses of the purity and celestial calm of an eternal heaven!

Therefore, go to church—

"Why need we lack a hallow'd spot?

A church is in each poor man's cot,

A temple in each grove that spreads

Its living roof above our heads;"

and, as you lie with eyes half-closed, yet far from sleepy, supine upon the sod, drinking in, with thirsty ear, the anthem pealing forth from every grove and hedgerow—when the incense of fresh flowers and the new-mown hay, of which you have made your hassock, and other sweet rural

smells, delight the sense, you may easily forget whether within the bills of mortality may flourish a fashionable preacher. You will have no reasonable cause of complaint if you profit not by the sermon. You must be indeed far gone in scepticism and obduracy, if field sermons, such as nature preaches, cannot win their way through the hard hide of your worldly heart, and touch it to the quick.

It is because the country is a luxury and a lesson, that we love every association connecting us with it even in spirit. Though our domicile be situated in one of the narrowest of narrow city passages; though the tufts of grass among the tombstones of St Paul's Churchyard be the only verdure that daily meets our brick and mortared sight; though our prospect of blue sky is limited to less than the quantity that would make a pair of breeches for a Dutchman; though tiles and chimney-pots are *my* firmament, and an old strip of worn-out Turkey carpet *my* turf; though a bullfinch who does not pipe, and a starling who does not *speak*—confusion light on the rogue who sold them me!—form my feathered choristers, yet I can enjoy the country; I can inhale the breeze of his native mountains—not fresher or more health-bestowing than his own conceptions—from the pages of Christopher; and I can, although confined to my garret, lounge along the Lea in the sweet society of Izaak!

Blessings on both of you, my jolly old cocks!

Whenever I have occasion to go to Lombard Street on business—[I mention Lombard Street merely to lead you into the fallacy that I am going to my bankers,—Lord help thee, silly one!—if you knew what I did in Lombard Street—but no matter]—I always, going to Lombard Street, make it a point to make a *detour* through Crooked Lane.

Crooked Lane is classic ground to me; there, first attracted by a perch of some four or five pounds' weight, stuffed, with his mouth wide open, to show his triple row of teeth, and to catch the flies that abounded in the glass case, I purchased my earliest apparatus; there I first became familiar with the mysteries of hazel tops, bamboo butts, spliced tops, loaded joints, reels, wheels, swivels, hair lines, silk lines, Limerick hooks,

live bait; and there it was that I bought my first edition—one of many now before me—of my old master, Izaak Walton.

What a treasure has not that book been to me since! Not that I ever caught a fish by it; not that I have not seen fish miraculously hooked out by expert Joskins, who never even heard of old Izaak; but because it made me an angler; because it set me on foot after the haunts of old Piscator, and inspired me with a love of the country, *under pretence* of being an angler.

It was on a dewy, soft, balmy May morning—one of those May mornings giving your lungs to understand that summer may be daily expected—that I met my old friend Double G. by appointment, at Izaak Walton's in Chancery Lane. Don't start—it was at Izaak's old house, nearly opposite the Inner Temple gate, that we agreed to meet, previous to setting out upon what Eustace would have called a classical tour, but which we were content, with more humility, to designate a Lounge on the Lea. Double G. I made my friend on one of my pretended angling excursions. Being always supplied superabundantly with apparatus, and every thing (save patience and skill) essential to the capture of the finny tribe, I was able to oblige Double G. with a spare top of capital workmanship; he screwed on the top, and from that day to this our tops and hearts have been spliced together. Double G., though proud of his art, is not a mere angler; he is, in addition, a classical topographer, and has visited, at one time or another, every spot of earth in England that genius has consecrated to fame. He knows to a nicety where classic spots are to be found—who made them so, and when, where, and how; can tell you where the poet, orator, statesman, was born, where he lived, and where he is buried; he has all passages by heart that refer to places associated with mind; he is the slave of association; nor can he see beauty in the landscape, however lovely, that is not consecrated in never-dying prose, or married to immortal verse. He has no opinion of Dryden, because Dryden had no love of *place*; no pleasure in associating the scenes of his youth with his poetry; he doats upon Sir Walter Scott for the possession of the opposite quality; he laments that Admiral Kem-

penfeldt should have been drowned, because he cannot point out to you exactly where he is buried, and regrets, for the self-same reason, that young Cibber had not been hanged. He will dine nowhere but at the Mitre, and in no box but that once occupied by Dr Johnson and his attendant Bozzy. He sleeps in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, because he has discovered that Dr Goldsmith used to sleep there seventy-five years ago; his furniture is gathered bit by bit, and prized for the men who had it before him; the ring which he wears on his finger, he wears not for ostentation—it is valuable to him as one of the identical mourning rings bequeathed to divers persons by Izaak Walton; his cane was the property of John Philip Kemble; his snuff-box was a present from Shelley; he has a pair of spurs which graced the heels, if we may believe him, of Washington; and (but this is a secret) he showed me the other day a bundle of reddish hair, assuring me, with great solemnity, that it was the identical wig worn by the immortal Garrick, when reproducing his new version of Shakspeare's play of Richard the Third.

It was, as I have said, in front of old Izaak's shop in Fleet Street, where, upon a time, he carried on the respectable trade of a hosier, that my classical friend Double G. and myself shook hands, one fine May morning, to the mighty astonishment of several watchmen of the olden time, who stared at us in breathless wonder, accoutred as we were in all the paraphernalia of disciples of the gentle master of our contemplative art.

We were about to knock Izaak up, but, recollecting that he had been defunct since the 15th of December 1683, when he died, during the great frost, at Winchester, we were content to take with us that faithful miniature of himself and his pure mind, which he gave to the world in his *Complete Angler*. Turning the corner into Chancery Lane, we were speedily in Holborn; thence we made our way by Snowhill into Smithfield; and so through St John's Gate in Clerkenwell, under which we rested for a few moments, while my brother angler gave me an account of Cave, and, by implication, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; whence rising, we set out, full of hope and confidence, in the direction of Tottenham.

I could not help observing, as we walked along, how very different the route Izaak must have taken on his way to the fishing-ground, although going the same way. I could conceive, not without probability, that he must have walked along a high road, whereas we walked along a high street. Emerging from St John's Gate, Walton gained the country; we only gained the suburbs. He, once beyond the gate, was without the noise, bustle, and confusion of the city; we only exchanged the noise, bustle, and confusion of the city for the noise, bustle, and confusion of London out of town. Indeed it would require a very forcible imagination to transfer the London of the time of Walton to the London of our day. Then London had limits; now it is impossible to say where town ends and country begins. Then it was possible to rise with the lark and reach a green field by sunset. Now, if you eschew railways, short stages, or busses, you may wander from dawn to dark without seeing more of the country than is contained in the shrubberies before the doors, or in the bough-pots of the first floor windows. As my excellent friend observed, with an accent full of melancholy, brick and mortar have built up all our old associations.

It could not have been earlier than eight of the clock, when, feeling rather warm than otherwise, we began to stretch our legs up Tottenham Hill, as our Master had so often done before us.

"Piscator.—You are well overtaken, gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine May morning."

"Venator.—Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hodsden; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me; but for this gentleman that you see with me, I knew not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company that I have scarce had time to ask him the question."

"Auceps.—Sir, I shall, by your favour, bear you company as far as THEOBALD'S, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house,

who mews a hawk for me, which I long to see."

"Venator.—Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine fresh cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the other's company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, good company in a journey maketh the way to seem the shorter."

"Auceps.—It may do, sir, with the help of a good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully; and for my part I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers."

"Venator.—And, sir, I promise the like."

"Piscator.—I am right glad to hear your answers."

And so the three gentlemen walk briskly, and talk merrily as gentlemen should, enlarging upon their several pursuits with such eloquence, learning, and discretion, dashed every now and then with a little pedantry, to give their conversation a relish, that, as my friend and I walked, and talked, and read with Piscator, Auceps, and Venator all the way to Hodsden, or Hoddesden as it is now written, we were fishermen, huntsmen, and falconers by turns. We were still, however—not Piscator, Auceps, and Venator, but my friend and I in turn. The way from London to Tottenham is but one long lane, which belies the proverb—and even between Tottenham and Hodsden, brick and mortar is grievously aggregated, and nature peeps timidly in between, as if looking out, like a lost child, for the pretty rural spots that she was formerly accustomed to call her own.

To return, however, to the association that makes our Queen's highway a strip of classic ground.

"Piscator.—Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these verses, because they are more pleasant and suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me; for both of them have brought us within the sight of the Thatched House."

"Venator.—Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, that good company

makes the way seem short; for trust me, sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house till you showed it me. But, now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink and a little rest."

"*Piscator*.—Most gladly, sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the other hunters that are to meet you to-morrow."

"*Venator*.—That we will, sir; and to all the lovers of angling, too, of which number *I am now willing to be one myself*; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of angling, and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you, and we two will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing."

"*Piscator*.—Sir, a match, sir; I will not fail you, God willing, to be at AMWELL HILL to-morrow morning before sun-rising."

Alas for old associations! Double G., who is a portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent, was buoyed up all the morning with the hope of refreshing himself with a cup of drink and a little rest at Hodsden; he would take a glass nowhere else—it would do him no good, he declared, to drink any where else—rest elsewhere could be no rest for him. On entering Hodsden, our first enquiry, as may be supposed, was for the Thatched House. Alas! there was no Thatched House in all Hodsden; the memory of it even had passed away. Geese and Gridirons there were, and Swans, and King's Arms (of course) as thick as blackberries; but the Thatched House—the hostelry of Walton—the snug wainscoted parlour wherein he was used to sit and take a moderate glass, and carol a cheerful song; *there* we had hoped to sit, and drink, and sing—but vain are the hopes of mortals! the house was gone years and years ago, nor was it until we had ferreted out a senior of some three-score and ten years, that we were enabled to satisfy ourselves of the spot where the tavern had stood. Double G. was pathetic almost to tears.

Damé Quickly's in Eastcheap is gone, he said, and the old Ben Jen-

son's head is pulled down: Will's coffee-house has disappeared, and they talk of renovating (curse all renovations!) the old Cheshire Cheese: and now, the Thatched House at Hodsden is no more!

Double G. was absorbed in sorrowful meditation; but sorrow, as Seneca says, is dry! We forthwith crossed from the high-road into the country, and soon came upon the verge of the declivity that, gently descending into the vale, forms the western boundary of the lovely valley of the Lea. We now regretted our error in having been so misled by our anxiety to follow exactly the localities immortalized by Izaak, as to keep the high-road, or rather high street to Tottenham Cross, where there is really nothing but the street to see, instead of diverging by the way of Hackney, as far as Lea bridge—the John-o'-Groat's of East-end Cockneys—and keeping the river's bank all the way to Ware. However, we were now right—the valley of the Lea was before us, and in the distance in the opposing bank was the Rye-house, of plotting celebrity. This is a feature in the landscape, and relieves the rather tame and uniform flatness of the immediate banks of the Lea, which hereabouts, as indeed during a great part of the river's course, are little raised above the level of the stream. The Rye-house is a square brick tower, with a curious corkscrew chimney towering high in air—a moated grange, surrounded by a fosse, into which the water of the Lea finds its way during the winter inundations,—a dismal mansion, remarkably well calculated, from its solitary position, to become the rendezvous of the turbulent and disaffected. Close to this deserted tower is the *new Rye-house*: a vast improvement upon the ancient structure; one of those pretty, unpretending little hostelries, like the fishing house of Walton and Cotton, over whose humble porch might be inscribed, not inaptly, *piscatoribus sacrum*; boasting a snug little parlour, decorated, as is the custom, with fishes of unusual magnitude, fished, if you may believe mine host, from the abundantly stocked waters of his own preserve; and not unsupplied with the creature comforts which none better than anglers can do justice to, and which none so well as anglers deserve. When we had repose and refreshed ourselves, Double G. put up his tackle,

and betook him to his vocation—the book; I betook me to mine—the book; and, nestling myself under a honeysuckle hedge, screened from the intrusive sun, amused myself with various passages from Izaak, until my worthy friend, having had but indifferent success, came to enquire if I had caught any thing.

That I have, replied I.

Let us see.

You shall hear.

“Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing: and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it—

‘I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my
birth.’

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me,—’twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men often do; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid’s mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.”

“Call you that nothing?” enquired I.

“I have caught nothing,” replied Double G.; and, taking down his tackle—for the day was too bright, we set off along the river’s bank towards Amwell Hill.

This pretty spot may be indicated

as the second scene of that charming pastoral given to the world by Walton in his “Complete Angler.” Here Piscator and Venator meet by appointment; and Venator addresses his new master.

“My friend, Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts: for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, for the hunters have just now come to this place, and the dogs have just put down an otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks—there you may see what work they make: Look! look! you may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.”

From the hill of Amwell there is a delightful view, not alone of Middlesex, but of the richly wooded plains of Essex, and to the north and west of the gently swelling hills of Hertfordshire.

The village is secluded, and here, at an honest ale-house, we were glad to dine on eggs and bacon, and to do ample justice to a horn of stunning ale; after which we set out on our return by Trout-hall or Bleak-hall, for the topography of these classic spots is, my friend informs me, somewhat confused; and so indeed it is; for, on referring to my favourite copy, I find Izaak eulogizing Trout-hall:—“Not far,” he says, “from this place where I purpose to lodge to-night, and where there is usually an angler that proves good company,”—while a little later in the day he informs the mother of pretty Maudlin, that “he has been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak-hall to his bed:”—which is the only passage Double G. dislikes in Walton, inasmuch as it is the only one wherein the unities of place are at all confounded. It was to Bleak-hall, properly speaking, that we were now on our way, by the river’s side.

“Bleak-hall,” according to the “Sporting Magazine,” “is situated on the cross road from Edmonton to Chingford. This water is below and adjoining Shury’s, and is in extent about two miles and a half. There are many excellent holes and swims, with a variety of good fish; many fine pike and perch are taken here. Mr Wicks, the proprietor, about four or five years ago, built a new house, more convenient and better situated for business, being nearer the road. About a hundred yards from the new

is the old house, an irregular building, most rurally placed among a mass of willows."—*Aude Izaak.*

"Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so fast together at this very door. Come, hostess, where are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter, and Corydon, to you both! Come, drink, and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three; look, here's eight, and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned both weary and hungry, and now meat and drink will be pleasant."

Well said, worthy Izaak—every syllable of that speech, the ten trouts excepted, (for in truth, neither Double-G. nor myself had more to brag of than half a score of gudgeons, roach, and one jack,) will apply to us at this moment."

"Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper, with what haste you may." No sooner said than done—no sooner done than eaten; and the cloth being removed—our first toast was, you may suppose, to the memory of Izaak Walton.

"I know not whether most to admire," observed my brother angler, "the beauty of our great master's writings, or their tendency. After all, though I do not wish to say any thing derogatory to Izaak, I think he was a greater moralist than angler: much as he loved fishing, he loved virtue more; and, Heaven forgive me! when I rummage my scantily stocked bookshelves for the 'Whole Duty of Man,' I find myself often taking down old Izaak by mistake."

"It must be instinct," said I.

"Do you think so?" interrupted my friend. "I dare say it is—I wonder I never thought of that before."

"I would just refer you," continued my classical friend, "to some of his sweet discourses upon content—you call them essays or what you please: I say they are sermons."

"But, master, let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent

from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields; for I could there sit quietly, and looking on the waters, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours. Looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves. Looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks; and there a girl cropping culver-keys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May. These, and many other field flowers so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily, of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and lose their hottest scent. I say, as thus I sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they *enjoy* what the others possess and enjoy not; for *anglers* are meek, quiet spirited—are free from those high, those restless thoughts which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it—

"Hail! bless'd estate of lowliness!

Happy enjoyments of such minds

As, rich in self-contentedness,

Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,

By yielding make that blow but small,

At which proud oaks and cedars fall."

"Beautiful, indeed!" exclaimed I rapturously—"suppose we order in another of the same—warm with sugar."

MISS BIDDY WHELAN'S BUSINESS.

“ ————— Mercer still,
A WOMAN PIQUED WHO HAS HER WILL.”—LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

It is now nearly sixty years since a house, whose ruins still stand about a stone's throw from what was formerly the principal highway over the bleak and lofty range of the Kilworth Mountains in the county of Cork, and little more than a mile's distance from the village of that name which lies lazily at their feet, was tenanted by a beneficent old gentlewoman, a childless widow, and sufficiently endowed with the gifts of fortune. Her name was Boylan. Her husband had been curate of the little parish in which she was a resident; but her fortune was inherited from her father, a person of opulence in a neighbouring county, who at his death had demised his estates, real and personal, to this his only child. In addition to her residence, Mrs Boylan was the proprietor of a large farm adjoining it, in the management and control of which she was assisted by a young man, the orphan-nephew of her late husband, and who, with two or three servants, alone constituted her domestic establishment. To this nephew Mrs Boylan was strongly attached, and it was generally considered he was to be her heir — she had reared him from a childhood whose claims upon her affection were strongly enforced by its being a sickly and precarious one; but which her watchful care had gradually fostered into vigorous and hardy maturity.

Francis Boylan was now in his two-and-twentieth year, happy in the possession of all the buoyant spirits and elastic nerves of that joyous period, and gifted with much of the energy for making his way through the world that his countrymen are fond of ascribing to such incongruous advantages as “a light heart and a thin pair of—pantaloons.” He was not without an occasional dash of romance in his disposition, probably owing to the study of a vast quantity of old poetry, fairy tales, and bloody-minded histories, which had been his principal solace in those years that debarred him from more active and healthful employment.

He was greatly attached to his aunt, who was an indulgent benefactress, though at times she exhibited an inflexibility of disposition which showed that her affection was not without its limits. She had much confidence in the good figure and rustic acquirements of Master Francis, who she was anxious, in proportion as her years and infirmities increased, to see settled in life; and for whom, in furtherance of this object, she had already fixed upon a wealthy helpmate.

At the bottom of the mountain, upon the Cork side, flows one of those many streams that take their rise in that elevated part of the county. It is a wild ungovernable thing, which, after leaping, with all the assurance of a torrent, from the embraces of its parent until it gains the valley, proceeds in a very brawling and turbulent manner to join the Black Water, at a couple of miles' distance. About half-way down, its course at that time was distinguished by a very white mill, with a clamorous wheel, which elbowed and shouldered the streamlet as it brushed by, in a most unmannerly “giving-as-much-as-I-get” way. Connected with the white mill stood a flaunting yellow-coloured house, with a great many windows, whose frames, painted a sickly brick colour, betokened the low state of taste in that neighbourhood. An open field, as bare as a bowling-green, and split down the middle by a rigid stony-hearted pathway leading to a gate, answered for a lawn in front. The rear of the dwelling was in no manner dissimilar from the rear of every other such abode in Munster at that period. It was in a high state of fortification, if stacks of black turf and hay, corn-ricks, and pyramidal-crowned potato-pits could supply the place of bastion, redoubt, and counterscarp. The house and appurtenances of Douglass were as much sources of enviable admiration to the residents in its vicinity, as the mill was an object of endearment and respect in a place where no similar convenience was to be found within several miles. And

when it is told that the whole was the sole and undivided inheritance of one of the softer sex, and that one a spinster of no alarming age, it may be concluded such attractions were exactly doubled in the estimation of the calculating and discriminating parents of the locality.

Miss Bridget—or, as she was termed in that simple and anti-euphonic period, Miss Biddy Whelan—the fair proprietress in question, was the last survivor of several brothers and sisters. Her parents had been dead some years, and she remained sole successor to their wealth. This, comprising extensive leasehold possessions, a good deal of money in the funds, and the lucrative business of the mill, (which had been hereditary in her family,) very nearly amounted to a good six hundred a-year, which, considering the value of money at the time, and in that country, was really a most ample and desirable inheritance, and gave its possessor a right to look for an unexceptionable match amongst the opulent families of the district. Miss Biddy had been committed to the guardianship of a distant relative; but as she was considerably past the tender age which is supposed to require this tutelary protection, and as she was of a very active and industrious disposition, she continued to reside in the house of her fathers, pursuing the business that—we mean not to pun—first brought grist to their mill, and which continued to prosper under her superintendence. In the barony of Condons and Clongibbons—where our story is laid—people at that time, provided rectitude and decency of conduct exalted in reality, did not much consult observances, which are but the offspring of a later and vicious state of society. We therefore state without hesitation, that Miss Biddy lived in solitary dignity at her ancestral mansion, requiring neither tuff-hunter nor toady to enliven her by their company; her strong, serviceable, two-handed servant girls, Nell Magner and Kautheen Walsh, being sufficient for that purpose, when a repose from the occupations of the day permitted Miss Whelan to indulge in a little gossip with these hard-working individuals, who—having dispatched the multifold transactions of making fires, fetching water, milking, (morning,) churning, brewing, bak-

ing, washing, spreading out the clothes, (a devil of an affair in showery weather,) ironing, (we state for the information of youth, and those of London in particular, that mangles were unknown to our mothers in those days,) cooking, cleaning up the things, milking, (evening,) scouring, and feeding pigs—related themselves by spinning for the remainder of the night, at which time alone their mistress was wont to honour them with her presence, by the side of the ample kitchen fire. It was at this favourable time, too, she mostly gave audience to her principal minister and serving-man, John Duggan, as he was called in high quarters, but who was known to his familiars, from his dark and sullen complexion, by the more expressive appellation of Shawn Sourk, of whom we shall have to make fuller mention in a future part of this narrative.

We have said that Miss Whelan was long past the years of tutelage; and as she made rather a remarkable figure in her day, some slight description of her person may not be unacceptable. Her story, and all connected with it, are so well known in the county of which we write, that without any imputation on our politeness, we may say she was now about thirty-five years of age, or perhaps nearer to forty. In figure she was very tall and very straight, and looked in her flowered cotton gown like an economy bed-post, with its own portion of the curtains looped tightly round it. Her features, which had been gently touched by the small-pox, were harsh, and, save when lighted up by anger or other emotions, inexpressive. Her hair, inclining to red, and surmounted by a mob-cap, resembled a winter supply of carrots stowed away in a pent-house. She wore her dress, if estimated by the graceful length now in fashion, of a savage shortness, causing thereby an unnecessary display of half-a-yard of legs and feet clothed in white woollen stockings and stout buckled shoes. Whenever she went abroad, to church, (for she was too wealthy not to be a Protestant,) or to “take the air,” as they called it in former times, she rode single on a huge grey mare, and equipped, according to the prevailing mode, in a red riding-habit, and large hat, looped mightily at the sides, and furnished with a silver-mounted cut-

ting-whip, as hard and as long as its bearer.

The business of the mill did not admit of Miss Bridget's entering much into amusements; but she lived on amicable terms with her neighbours, occasionally interchanging the pleasures of hospitality. Now and then, too, she would ask some respectable female dependent upon a visit to her, particularly when there was any table or house-linen to be cut out and made up, at which time she insisted upon their continuous abode with her, nor would she hear of their departure so long as a pillow-case remained unhemmed, or an additional diamond was to be put to the patch-work quilt.

Now, some sagacious readers will predict that Miss Biddy—her position in all its bearings considered—must have had numerous admirers, and repeated proposals of marriage, in a county abounding with young men of those needy and idle habits that so unequivocally bespeak gentility; and we are happy, therefore, to bear testimony to the correctness of such anticipations. The heart of Miss Whelan had been repeatedly assailed, and as repeatedly had she repulsed its besiegers. Not from want of any violent inclination to the married state—a transition to which we shall see that, like most of her sex, she seriously meditated; but rather from the fact that none of the attacking parties could as yet countermine her through the medium of the affections. In downright terms, Miss Biddy liked none of her wooers. She had already disposed of her affections, and had settled that her person and property should erelong follow them.

Whether that Mrs Boylan of Balinvogher was her nearest neighbour, or from the accident of their having both been heiresses, there existed a strong sympathy between that lady and Miss Bridget. In reality, they were very different persons; still the old gentlewoman was fond of sauntering down the hill of a fine summer evening, leaning on her nephew, and dropping in to tea at Miss Bridget's, who in like manner favoured her venerable friend with a hasty call now and then in the winter nights, when it could not be expected the old lady would venture out. Of late Miss Whelan's visits were oftener repeated,

and invariably became more extended in duration. From a single game of cribbage with Mrs Boylan, the evening amusements were now enlarged to a party at whist, in which Francis Boylan and the fair visitant encountered his aunt, and that impalpable but indefatigable agent—Dumby—with no very signal success. Frank was at no time a passionate admirer of cards; and as the visits of Miss Whelan became more frequent, and with them the interruptions to his evening communings with Shakespeare and Spenser, he was insensibly led to draw comparisons between Miranda or Juliet, or Una and the Maid of the Mill, by no means to the advantage of the latter. Then, it was a piece of indispensable gallantry, that when Miss Whelan took her leave, he should see her home, a distance of an Irish mile or so—which was another "monstrous cantle" out of his hour of relaxation. To be sure, it was obvious that her servant, Shawn Sourk, might always be at hand to attend upon his lady; but unluckily at the foot of the hill, half-way upon their road, stood a *fookeragh* or ruined house, whose former tenant—said to have been a respected vicar of the parish—it was rumoured, had in his last illness been spared "the pain, the bliss of dying," having been carried (as the Roman Catholic population devoutly believed) clean away out of his bed by the arch-enemy of mankind, who was too impatient to wait for the dismissal of the reverend patient by the more regular process of his attendant physician. This spot no person of the lower order would, upon any account, attempt to pass after nightfall, unless they chose to have an especial interview with the angel of darkness himself, who usually sat on the gable, in a surplice and jack-boots, smoking a *dhudeen*, (or short pipe,) after a very vehement and irreverent fashion.

Now, as Miss Whelan protested that Shawn Sourk was in nowise behind his acquaintances in entertaining a pious horror of such rencontres, it is evident she was wholly dependent upon Mr Francis Boylan's chivalry in seeing her safely by this unhallowed spot on her return from his aunt's; and nothing could be more interesting than the entireness of relying confidence in which she clung to his arm, with a slight shriek, whenever a gust

of wind on the ivied walls, or a rustle of the tall trees, that made the melancholy dimness of the ruin still more dismal, excited her apprehensions. When once the *fooheragh* was past, and supernatural terrors overcome, Miss Biddy had horrors of the material world to encounter. Robbers, with blunderbusses, seemed to peep from every second bush; not a stray towel could dangle to dry upon a hedge, but seemed to her a Shanavesth with his shirt on; so that, by the time they reached Douglass, Frank was generally in doubt whether he had not carried Miss Bridget the greater part of the way with her head on his shoulder. Then there was a pause at the door, and an entreaty that he would walk in and take something before parting; but the only thing at such times that the gentleman could be prevailed on to take, was (no, ladies, you mistake—not a kiss—but) to take himself off as fast as his feet could carry him. Insensible fellow! he always returned in the same philosophic mood from those expeditions, sometimes exhibiting a slight degree of impatience at his aunt's encomiums on her visitor; and apparently placing little confidence in her protestations, that whoever would get Biddy Whelan as a wife, was not born with a wooden spoon in his mouth. Meanwhile that fair and fatal damsel, after inspecting her stables and dairy, and ascertaining that there was hay enough down for the horses, or that the black cow was going back in her milk, and having seen her doors and windows properly secured, retired to her solitary couch and the contemplation of Francis Boylan; for it was him she had destined, with herself "and all her worldly goods," to endow.

Matters thus wore on for a winter or two without producing any event likely to lead to a decisive result. Mrs. Boylan—who had long decided that her nephew should be the husband of Miss Whelan, whose predilections in his favour the old lady had for some time been fully sensible of—at first decided on letting matters take their natural course, and allowing the germs of affection to expand themselves gradually, instead of forcing them into premature existence; as she knew that,

if any difference of opinion arose between herself and her nephew on the subject, he too much resembled his aunt not to be excessively pertinacious and resolute in adhering to any determination he chose to take. But at length the patience with which she awaited the completion of a scheme that was to secure the closing felicity of her life became exhausted; she therefore resolved to bring the affair to a conclusion upon the first convenient opportunity.

The indifference to his promised good fortune exhibited by Francis, has already been glanced at. For a length of time he shut his eyes to the conviction that such a splendid lot was designed for him; but by degrees, when the comforts and amusements of his evenings—the only leisure time afforded him, for he was occupied all day in attending to the concerns of the farm—began to be abridged; when he was more frequently teased by his aunt to account for where he had passed the night if he had been out, or worried by her wondering what he could see in those musty books if he solaced himself at home; and when he was latterly often summoned in the day from the superintendence of his workmen to attend at Douglass, to give its fair proprietor his opinion of the alarming illness of a horse, or to overlook some more than usually crabbed account which defied the arithmetical analysis of her clerk, John Dooly—a little pot-bellied fellow, with a face as red as a trumpeter's on active service—who, for the imposing salary of ten pounds a-year, acted in the capacity of miller, manager, corn-buyer, and book-keeper; and when, at the termination of the last year, Francis was requested as a favour to assist in closing the books, and reporting faithfully the net profits—(oh, Miss Biddy!)—of the past twelve months, he felt the absurdity of affecting any longer to misunderstand the view entertained by the lady in his favour; and as he was senseless enough to think his life intolerable, he, like his aunt, but with a very different intention, awaited some favourable moment to terminate his anxiety for ever.

CHAPTER II.

It was market-day at Mitchelstown—a thriving village six miles away, under the shadow of the great Galtee mountains—and Frank Boylan had attended there. After disposing of a score of sheep, and taking a hasty but hearty dinner, he mounted his horse and moved for home. He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by Dick Desmond—a young man from his own neighbourhood, with whom Boylan was well acquainted, though, from a dissimilarity in their pursuits, they did not often meet—and who immediately assured him of the pleasure he should feel in accompanying him homewards; as he, Desmond, was riding a shy half-broken colt, whose volatility, he hoped, would be neutralized by the sobriety of Boylan's steed; or, as Dick with more perspicuity expressed it, "The brute would travel quieter in company."

"Well, Dick, what were you after in Mitchelstown?" asked his friend. "I didn't see you in the market, and I know you do nothing in stock."

"Not I, man," said Dick, "I trouble my head very little about farming; never fear. I came over to fight a main o' cocks with a chap from the county Limerick—one Lysaght. A match for five guineas—'twas dependin' these six months."

"And you won it?"

"By the law! I didn't, Frank; I lost it hollow; an' two as fine birds as ever crew, to boot. They were the real sort, out of a clutch I got from old Ned Kiffin of Birr, the greatest breed that ever drew a spur in Munster;—but the worse luck now the better another time. Why don't you thry your hand at a match sometimes?"

"I haven't leisure for it, Dick; and, what's more, I have no inclination that way."

"See that, now!" said Desmond. "Well, for my part, I'm always for a sportin' cock-fight; or let me turn a hare with the dogs alongside o' the mountain, or give me a good run with the Kilmore Hunt. I hate farming! Lord be merciful to my poor father, that left me and my brothers, Ned

and Neish,* enough to keep us easy, without having to earn it by farming! Hoh!"

The pious apostrophe to his father's memory sustained a sudden fracture at this moment, from an unexpected halt made by the hitherto well-conducted steed he bestrode; but who now stopped short with a jerk, whose projectile force would have gone far to lessen the number of his lamented parent's legatees, had Dick not availed himself of a grasp at the mane before he was completely unseated.

Sweetlips—such was the amiable appellation of the long-backed, straddle-legged colt in question, as thin as an iron gate, and with no more mouth than a rhinoceros—had at first ambled on as if he entertained serious notions of being placable; and having beguiled his rider into a trusting forgetfulness of all former feuds, took the earliest opportunity, after obtaining a good grip of the bit in his teeth, to make the short stop alluded to, and wheeling round, as if he had forgotten something in Mitchelstown, insisted on carrying his master halfway back upon the road they had so lately traversed. This produced an angry and violent altercation; then a seeming truce was again established, and again Boylan and his friend were under weigh together. But Sweetlips, like many a froward animal that can boast but half his number of legs, was not to be wheedled or pleased by any thing. His aversion to an unusually stout milestone, or an obtrusive thorn, or a browsing goat, was such as constantly to risk the safety of his rider's neck. Now he snorted and shyed to the right; now he plunged to the left, jostling Boylan in the saddle, and letting drive a random kick at his fellow quadruped ere he rooted himself to the opposite side of the road, as a frigate fires a salute before dropping to her anchorage. Anon he reared and ramped upon his hind legs, then he lashed out from his fore; and again he ducked his head to the ground, with a hope of pulling his opponent over. Vain hope, however! As the barque shaken by the billows,

* Ignatius.

in the "Lady of the Lake," he shook Dick's frame

—"with ceaseless beat,
But could not heave him from his seat!"

He, however, completely succeeded in upsetting his temper, which the hearty laughter of Boylan did not contribute to restore.

In this way the travellers pursued their journey until they had crossed the mountain, and had reached the descent, from whose summit the first view of the immense and fertile valley of the Blackwater—one of the noblest in the south of Ireland—is afforded. It now lay before them, extending for miles in every direction, floating in the light of sunset, its dark woods indistinct beneath a purple haze, while castle, hamlet, country-seat and cottage, gleamed whitely through that golden flood.

Even the fatigued and fiery-hearted cock-fighter yielded to the overpowering softness and beauty of the scene and hour; and when a momentary steadiness of pace in Sweetlips allowed, he ejaculated with great fervour, "Well, it's a beautiful evenin', thank God!" It was the close of April.

"Beautiful, Dick! You miss a great deal of health and pleasure in not being a farmer; no one enjoys fine weather more than we do."

"I wouldn't be bothered watchin' it, Frank; first dhreadin' the frost, an' the blight, an' the mildew for the wheat; and then when it was grown, an' reapt, an' stooked, an' stacked, an' thrashed, watching a price for it. An' a devil of a hard market that girl yondher makes of it, I believe," he said, pointing where, far below them, the mill and homestead of Douglass were standing up for a share in the departing light. "But I say, Boylan, when Miss Biddy gives you up possession, you must alther all that, and not be so hard in splitting the difference with the poor man."

"What do you mean?" said his friend, who rather wished he didn't feel his face slightly colouring.

"Oh, be easy, Frank! you won't come over me that way. Only just when you do the decent thing by Miss Whelan, (an' it's almost time now,) see that you give the farmers fair play, what they haven't this many a day—they must travel to Rockmills, twelve miles, or sell to Biddy Whelan."

"I really don't understand you," stammered the unconscious Boylan.

"All right, my boy!—But for all that, 'tis a little too cool o' you to pretend you think I don't know what every one in the three parishes, Kilworth, Leitrim, and Macrony, knows, that you're engaged to Miss Biddy this year back. Only, by Gad, Frank, why don't you"——

"Then I take leave to tell you, Desmond, that the three parishes, and every head in them, with your own equally wise one to boot, are paying me a compliment at the expense of the lady in question, that I neither deserve nor des"——

"All right—all right again, Frank!—You have the best reason to know your own business; an' till every thing is in a proper train, an' the settlements made out, and the 'torney matters over, nobody ought to interfere or bother you with compliments."

"I tell you," cried his irritated companion, "I will not allow this nonsense where a woman's name is concerned. Miss Whelan is no more to me this moment than any other girl in the barony; and she is as likely to be your wife as mine, for aught I know," he muttered, substituting the last monosyllable for the one which, we fear, was about to burst from his lips.

"Then hang it, Boylan, why don't you declare off at once, like a man, an' give other poor fellows a chance! There's not such a match on this side Corrin. For my own part, I have no fancy in that quarter. Heigho! my heart is in safe keeping already," and the speaker winked; and, whatever was the reason, Boylan's soul felt as if it winked too, and was going out altogether. "But there's Ned and Neish, I know they'd think themselves the luckiest dogs alive if they had a chance of the maid of the mill. For to tell you the truth, Ned finds that a pack of fox-hounds think no more o' tattering through three hundred a-year freehold property—(we all had the same, share and share alike, as the will said)—than they would of eatin' the huntsman, boots and all, when they're hungry. An' Neish sports too much upon eards an' coursing-matches, not to hop like a cock at a gooseberry at the least opportunity of doin' the agreeable in that quarter."

"Then why don't they throw off

like dashing sportsmen," said Boylan in a gay tone; "one fair run, an' they'll have a clear take at the end of it."

"Why, Frank, afther what you've said, it isn't for me to doubt a mau's word; but it'll be hard to persuade the counthry that it's no match between you an' Biddy Whelan;—besides, man, I have authority, at least as good as yours, for still thinking you're running it sly on us all."

"Then be good enough to enlighten me on the subject," said the uneasy Boylan.

"Why, Biddy Whelan herself has given it out that you're engaged to her this many a day, (quiet, Sweetlips, quiet—woh!) an' I have it direct from the person she tould it to."

"Maybe she made yourself her confidant, Dick?" said the tormented swain.

"I never looked for the luck," said Desmond; "I was tould it by Grace Riall, who was at Douglass th' other day, an' had it from the lady herself."

"Grace Riall?—by heaven!"

"Not a doubt of it," said his friend; "from the purtiest girl from this to Glanworth, though she isn't high bred, an' hasn't a rap; one betther deserving a lord for a husband than Biddy Whelan with mill, money, an' moveables into the bargain. An' what's more, Boylan, though my father an' all belonging to me were gentlemen, and though ould Lord Longueville was a third cousin of my grandmother's, I don't care who knows it," he continued, growing warm in the theme, "I have a love an' likin' for Grace Riall this many a long day—an' well her father knows it—an' if I can once pay off a little mortgage on my share o' the property, I'll athrike under, an' make her my wedded wife."

Boylan pulled up for an instant, and regarded the enamoured equestrian with a look in which contempt seemed struggling with some deeper and sharper emotion.

"You left out one little proviso in your handsome intentions towards Miss Riall, Dick."

"Oh! I understrand you," said Desmond; "she's a Catholic and I'm a Protestant—that's easy got over."

"Is there no other trifle in the way?"

"No—what is it?"

"Don't you think the girl's consent would be a necessary preliminary to the honour you meditate her?"

"By the law! sir—I don't well see what objection she could have to me. Pray, what better match in this county can she expect?—a publican's child! whose father keeps the half-way house in the Five-Alley at Barry's Cross!"

"Yet his daughter deserves a lord for a husband. Come, push on—or we shall be on the road all night;" and Boylan hastily broke up the dialogue by increasing their pace to a rapid trot.

"Well, here we are at Barry's Cross now," said Desmond, after some twenty minutes' quick travelling; "we wont part without something to wash the dust out of our mouths. Holloa!—Spatther!"

"Here, Masther Dick!" and a lank, nimble-looking lad, in a hat of coarse wheaten straw and flannel jacket, made his appearance, and who, after reconnoitring Sweetlips from every quarter, to ascertain upon which point he might make an offer for the bridle of that sinister-eyed quadruped with the least risk of a kick in the midriff, he suddenly darted upon his near shoulder, and led him to the stable in triumph, not without a most villanous depression of ears upon the part of the captive. Boylan's horse was taken charge of by one half of a dozen urchins who waited round the door.

The two friends entered the way-side house. It was a capacious building, suited to the extensive business carried on within its precincts; for its owner, Phill Riall, was not only bailiff to the Lord of the Manor, but, as Desmond hinted a little while back, he was also a publican, or dealer and retailer in spirits and groceries. He was likewise Innkeeper—Tobacconist—Postmaster—Stationer—Salt manufacturer—Coal importer—and Timber merchant, and the fashion of his domicile partook of those manifold and diversified callings. At one end it was low and thatched, with a few small windows,—here a mighty signboard, dangling from a post that projected over the door, exhibited the figure of a warrior, evidently a copy after that well known original, the Knave of Clubs—but with a truculent aspect very little resembling the latter's arch and impudent regards—and informed the admiring stranger, with a parenthesis

bearing the words "The Earl of Charlemont," that *entertainment for man and beast* was to be had within. This was the shop department, presided over by the younger daughters of the occupant, where the daily coach from Dublin, by Cashel, to Cork, stopped *up and down* ten minutes to permit its weary passengers to swallow a glass of port-negus or egg-flip: and here were to be found the chambers to which the well-conducted farmers of the surrounding districts retired to discuss their gallon of Beamish-and-Crawford on returning from fair or market. In the centre, the house rose to two stories, and extended to a considerable range of apartments, with many windows, all differing from each other in architecture. This was the Inn, over which Phill himself dominated, or in his absence Joany his cook—one of the most important members of the household, seeing that Riall had been long a widower. Joany, upon the arrival of guests, provided for their animal wants, while Denny Regan—better known by the sobriquet of Spatter-the-gutter, and so generally for shortness, Spatter, from the energy with which he dashed over slops and stiles in the performance of his errands—did the duties of waiter, hostler, and boots. The remaining wing of the building, instead of unfolding its diminished height in symmetrical accordance with its corresponding neighbour, slanted from the summit of the central roof with a thorough disregard to Palladio's principles, and formed a kind of out-offices, in which the remainder of the trades above enumerated were pursued by trustworthy servants, always subject to the constant and active surveillance of the several members of Mr Riall's family, which we may now say consisted of that worthy individual himself—a tall, gaunt, grey-headed, hard-visaged, wide-mouthed man of about sixty—three daughters—grown, growing,

and about to grow—and a young lad, his only son.

Desmond and Boylan, as old acquaintances, and persons of considerable importance, entered the inn parlour and rang the bell. It was responded to by Phill himself, who greeted the travellers heartily, but with perceptible shades of cordiality.

"How d'ye do, Masther Frank?—ah—Dick, my hearty, how goes it? Them were fine flies you promised me; well, Dick, if a red trout is not taken in the Funcheon till he's caught with them flies, Father Burke will be many a Friday without fish."

"'Twas only yesterday I tied 'em, Phill—send Spatther down to me to-morrow, an' I'll send you as splendid a set of grey hackle as ever coaxed a trout from the Castle-hole. How are the girls? Where's Grace? Tell Joany to send us in materials for three—sit down Phill an' join us, we'll just have one tumbler and be off." And without waiting a reply to his enquiries, Mr. Desmond flung himself in a chair—slapped the bottom of another emphatically as a signal for his host to bring to—and pushing a third towards Boylan, intimated that he was to follow their example. Joany now appeared with the glasses and ingredients, a fiery-faced, hearty, well-favoured housekeeping woman, who appeared to regard Dick with especial favour, and who was, as she would term it herself, "civil and strange" to Boylan. After an hour's chat, refreshed by more than one repetition of their first stoup, and when Desmond had been assured that the girls were well, and informed what price coals were in Cork, and who won the last match at ball in the alley, he accepted the challenge of his host to try a hit at backgammon, and allowed his companion, who had been sunk in a brown study for the last half-hour, to finish his tumbler in silence, and then go and see after their horses.

CHAPTER III.

Boylan did not, however, all at once emerge from Phill Riall's domicile upon quitting the parlour. On the contrary, passing by the ever-open inn door, he traversed the long passage, which, extending nearly across the house, gave access to the

several apartments of a better description, and turned up a narrow corridor, terminated by one of the three staircases with which the separate portions of the commodious mansion were supplied, encountering in his way various persons, some sauntering idly about,

others eagerly but quietly hastening to refresh themselves in the rooms set apart for that purpose. He had now, however, reached a more secluded region; and ascending the stairs, which, though dark and narrow, he traced with the step of one conversant with the way, stood before a low door, at which, after pausing for a few seconds, he knocked gently. There was no response, and he again repeated the solicitation. A voice now desired him to enter, and, raising the latch, Boylan admitted himself to a small apartment so filled with the western light of evening, that, after quitting the dark passage, he was some minutes before he recovered the transition to such sudden brightness. The apartment was a very plain one, but scrupulously neat. It was covered with common matting, and stowed with old-fashioned chairs, and furnished with drawers and eupboards of dark walnut-wood. Some books were lying about, and round the walls hung a few faded pictures in large tarnished frames, probably the purchase of some old family auction, which, however, were relieved by a mirror of such ample dimensions, as clearly indicated the sex to whom the spot was sacred. A couple of goldfinches and a green linnet in cages, were filling the room with music as they hung in the only window which opened upon an ample and sequestered garden.

Seated by a small table near that window, deeply engaged at her needle, sat the only inmate of the apartment, a girl in the loveliest years of youthful beauty. Her head was bent above her work, nor did she raise it when Boylan entered, although it was evident she was fully sensible of his presence.

"Grace!" he said, when he had recovered himself, and his startled vision was reconciled to the broad and floating sunset—"Grace, dearest! thank you for permitting one of your fondest and truest friends to enquire how you are. I was on my way home, and, as usual, could not pass without snatching one moment of the delight that is so seldom mine."

The girl raised her head—flinging back at the same time the masses of raven hair, whose curls had until then drooped over her face in clustering luxuriance, and, like an embodied ray of the rosy light around her, looked

full in the eyes of her anxious visitor, and, with a half-uttered murmur of impatience, instantly resumed her former position.

"Is this the welcome you give so old a friend, Grace?" said the intruder in an unquiet tone.

"Offer your friendship when it is asked for," replied the lady laconically.

"I did that long and long ago, Grace."

"If you force such a valuable present," she said, rather sharply, "upon those who neither request nor require it, you are what I never yet took you for."

"And what is that, my pretty Grace?"

"An extravagant fool, then, if you want to know," was the answer.

"Yet, Grace, there was a time, when in this very room—in that garden—by the banks of yonder river—the gift I so gladly proffered, was returned to me a thousand-fold by the sweet frankness with which you received it; what can have changed you thus?"

"That from which I hope I am about to improve, as I believe you are about to profit—Experience, sir."

"My own dear girl," he said—playfully attempting to snatch her hand—"I will not allow you to quarrel with me without cause"—and he bent over her.

The angry beauty started to her feet—her eyes flashing like a Pythoness—"Attempt to stir one step—attempt but to touch the table where I stand, and I will instantly call my father; and you know enough of him, I think, to sober you at once into manners."

"I know he was always to me what his daughter has not been until this evening—cold and repulsive," said Boylan—"I am not hunter, nor fisher, nor fowler enough for *his* taste; perhaps *yours* has been improved by his example and that of his friend; and that such a companion as Dick Desmond will open to you the sports of the field, as I once taught you to value Shakespeare."

"I am not accountable to you, at all events, for the choices of my society."

"Yet I remember the time, Grace, when you only liked those I associated with, and when my pursuits were not contemptible in your eyes."

"I am sorry I can't boast of so good a memory, sir," pursued the damsel, "nor will I allow that I ever gave you cause to consider"—

"This is too cruel, Grace: some infamous person has been slandering me during the few months I have been more than usually out of your society; and I will and *shall* know who and why it is. Surely you have not allowed yourself to be influenced by the idle tales that I understand have been circulated about Miss Whelan and myself!"

"Miss Whelan and you!—psha!" she said, looking up with ineffable contempt—"Pray, what are Miss Whelan and you to *me*? I tell you that you are presuming, if you consider you have any right to talk in this way to me, or to imagine I care one farthing about any report concerning you."

"Then," said her tortured auditor—drawing from inside his vest a luxuriant braid of hair that bore a most suspicious resemblance to the dark tresses that rolled in unbound profusion round her ivory neck—"then the hopes and prospects of the evening last year, when you bestowed upon me this beloved token, and when, with your hand clasped in mine, you consented in silence to my plans for our future union, are all as bright and fleeting as—as—that ray that has sunk this instant?"

"Haven't I said that experience has made us wiser, sir?" she said—"if—which I disavow—I ever was foolish enough to think seriously of you as a friend—you, *you*!" and she laughed scornfully.

"I swear to you it is false—this story—that I ever bestowed a thought upon Bridget Whelan—for to that I ascribe"—

"False!—then are you doubly a deceiver. For have you not, by constant attention—by barefaced flattery—by relinquishing your former acquaintances—by giving her all your time—by assisting her in business—by escorting her wherever she went, endeavoured, and successfully, to persuade the girl—the *rich* girl, (well you know how rich she is!)—that you sought her in marriage."

"Hear me, Grace! I can explain"

"Leave the room, sir!"—and the beautiful rustic stamped as imperious-

ly as a lady patroness of Almacks.—"Leave the room, or I must quit it myself."

"Mark my words—Grace—you will live to be sorry for this."

"Hollo!—Grace!—Grace!—where are you?" and her boisterous brother rushed into the room. "Yerrah, Francis Boylan, is it there you are? What made you stay away from us all so long? Where's the nice kite you were to make me? Ah, Frank, you can tell fibs purtily! So Grace says, at any rate—Don't you, Grace? Come, make haste an' get our tea—Father is comin' up for some, an' Dick Desmond is to get some too, an' I am to go down an' tell 'em when 'tis ready—Frank Boylan"—

But Boylan had vanished.

Mr Richard Desmond, attended by Phill Riall and one of his younger daughters, and preceded by the tea equipage, now presented himself in the rustic boudoir, from whose fair occupant he met a cool and constrained reception, but which produced no interruption to the rolling fire of remarks and compliments with which that gentleman thought proper to support his attack.

"Grace—by Gad, Grace, you're lookin' as lovely as the flowers o' May! Eh, Phill—isn't it true?—as the flowers o' May—an' that puts me in mind of a song poor Tim Deacy made, an' a neat hand he was at it—an' a sweet finger he had on the fiddle too—

"The flower in the mornin' in spring-time looks gay,
An' 'tis oft it reminds me o' the queen o' the May!"

and there you are, Grace, a real queen!" "I think you're a real May fool, Dick," said Kitty Riall, the younger sister, who was about to do the honours—"Grace is dying with a headache, and so hold your tongue."

"If I did I'd wet my fingers, Kitty"—and Dick tumbled up and down the room—now he whistled to the goldfinches—now he took up a book, and in an audible manner spelled his way through the title-page, or constructed the name *Francis Boylan*, written in several of them.

"Well, that Boylan is a good scholar, Phill—but I wouldn't give the toss of a ha'penny for his judgment in a dog. By Gad, do you know—I always fall asleep over a book? Whether it is the tumbler o' punch an' the read-

in' together, but they are both too strong for me. (Grace, them birds want water)—There's a purty story-book—the history of Lady Lucy—did you ever read it, Grace?"

Here Miss Riall arose, and pleading indisposition in reply to her father's enquiries, departed with her sister, and Phill and his guest were left together alone.

"Phill Riall!" said Desmond after a solemn pause, and striking his hand upon the table to give his assertion the greater degree of earnestness. "Phill Riall—I'm in love with your daughter!"

"Pooh—get out, man!" said the sire, with affected incredulity.

"By Gor, I am, Phill—an' I don't care who knows it, an' so—gi' me your hand—on'y say—" Dick Desmond, I give you my consent! an' I'll just ride off to Cork afther to-morrow, an' see 'torney Skilhorn, an' be down again next day, an' we'll see when Grace will say the word."

"But, Dick, what'll your brothers say? They're all too high for my poor girl; an' though I say it that oughtn't to say it, there's not a lady in the land knows what good breedin' is betther than Grace—'twould surprise you to see what a letther she can write."

"She's a darlin' creature; an' though ould Lord Longueville was a third cousin o' my gran'mother's, I don't care a fig what any one says to the match!"

"But, Mr Desmond, ye don't go the same way, you underthand me,* an' that'll make a sore difference with Grace."

"Never mind that, Phill—leave Grace an' me to settle that; an' now, suppose she an' I are agreeable, what are you ready to give us—eh?" enquired the guest.

"Oh! I'll be plain with you, Dick; I'm a sthrugglin' man—an' I have a heavy charge, an' a weighty business, an' times are hard. My girls have nothin' but whatever thrife I may be able to leave 'em hereafter."

"Well, I'll never be the man to go back o' my word; you know my property, an' my relations—ould Lord Longueville was a third!"—

"I know it well," interrupted Riall, having heard the observation about to be communicated every time he had the satisfaction of enjoying Desmond's society for the past ten years; "but I can give no money now; for though we have full an' plenty about us, we have nothin' to spare."

"Then in place of fortune," said Dick, "give me your hand and word that you'll stand to me, to see that Grace don't jilt a man, an' change her fancy, an' all that—you undherstand me?"

"I do—I do; an' I'll answer for it, that when I tell Grace of your honourable proposal, she's not the girl to go agen her father's will. She never did yet, an' I'll take care she never will."

"But suppose—suppose," said Desmond, hesitating—"that Grace wasn't *very* willing—was bashful, you know, in that case, what am I to expect?"

"My hand to you, Desmond, but you shall have my daughter—an' the sooner the better. There's some people comin' about this place this many a day that I'd just as soon never came near it. I have no notion of people makin' fools o' girls—turnin' their heads with ballits, an' thrash o' books, an' all that. I'm for the man that'll speak out like yourself. Gi' me the hand, Dick. I've a thrue regard for you; come down, come down out o' this, and let us take one more tumbler to our further friendship."

CHAPTER IV.

Frank Boylan, when he had disappeared from the presence of Miss Riall, did not linger in the house. Having regained his saddle, he dashed homewards with the vexatious haste of an irritated man, who had been accused, and taunted, and stung for con-

duct of which he felt he was incapable, though at the same time he was not unconscious that appearances were disagreeably against him. To be charged not only with deceit towards a woman, but with mercenary motives for using that deceit, was, in reality,

* "Go the same way."—Go to the same place of worship.

bad enough; but coming from the lips of the being, we may now conclude, he had so long and tenderly loved, it was intolerable. It was likewise an additional torment to one of so sensitive a disposition, to find his proceedings a subject of attention to that merciless circle generally included within the comprehensive term of "the whole country." The state of feeling induced by those reflections was by no means favourable to the felicity of the fair cause of his mortification: and upon giving his horse to the attendant, as he alighted at his own door, it is probable that he never entered the abode with less disposition to be gratified with the enquiries concerning, and encomiums upon Miss Whelan, with which his aunt was latterly so much in the habit of closing the summary of the day's proceedings.

He found the old lady seated in her elbow-chair, in her happiest mood. The floor was freshly sanded, a joyous black-turf fire was blazing through the room, and roaring up the chimney; while the tall old clock, cheerfully ticking in the corner, looked, as its shining face now and then flickered out in the fire-light, as if it were blinking from a sense of downright comfort. Mrs Boylan was alone, (with the exception of her favourite cat, who sat at the opposite side of the hearth, deeply occupied in washing its face,) and at her elbow stood a tall glass filled with pale ale.

The usual reception over, and the proceedings of market, farm, and household, glanced at, Francis was subjected to the enquiries he had anticipated; and a hope was indulged in by the old lady, that the lateness of his return was caused by a duteous delay at Douglass, on his way home. The young man replied in a peevish strain, more than ordinarily free from the respect with which he generally addressed his benefactress. This led to a more explicit declaration than she had yet made him, of her designs for securing his future good fortune, and of the well-grounded expectations she had formed of his perfect submission to her wishes. Her nephew saw this was too favourable an opportunity to be neglected of expressing his long-smothered sentiments upon a matter

that for many months had so seriously interfered with his domestic comforts, and which now struck at the very root of his happiness. He boldly spoke his mind, professed his utter insensibility either to the person or the purse of her favourite; and growing warm and vehement as he gave vent to his chagrin, expressed his sense of the little daily and nightly intrusions inflicted on him so long by that fair person, in terms of greater candour than politeness, concluding by a solemn and earnest injunction to his aunt to put the matter completely out of her head, and never venture again to mention it to him.

"An' do you tell me to my face that you have no notion of Biddy Whelan?" said the astonished old lady.

"No more than I have of marrying that long clock in the corner," said Frank.

"Nor never had?" continued his aunt.

"Never dreamed of it. Do you suppose I'm tired of my life, ma'am, already?—though really I *have* had some slight foretaste of such a state of existence."

"An' what did you mean by making a hand o' the girl?—*eatin' the barneen-bracks,*" an' *dhinking the metheglin* an' the *gooseberry-wine* she used to send us—an' *readin' her newspaper,* an' *seein' her mare get physic-balls,* an' *mendin' pens* for her, an' *cuttin' the claws* of her canaries, an' *gettin' breedin'-cages* for 'em; an' *settlin' her accounts,* an' *tellin' me the heap o' guineas* she cleared last year, an' *playin' cribbage* with her, an' *bein' her partner* at cards, an' *seein' her home* at night. Why, sorrow take me! but it's not a week ago since Docthor Nagle wished me joy o' the match; an' do you think I'm goin' to let you threat the decent respectable young woman in this way?"

"It's all your own fault, and hers, too," said Francis. "I have had no peace or quiet these two years back between you, and I am determined to put a stop to it."

"An' I'm determined that you shall not, Frank," said his aunt; "remember what you're about—remember which of us both ought to have their way;

an' do you think that I who reared you, an' clothed you, an' fed you this twenty year—yes, this twenty year!" she said, her wrath flaming fiercer as she gave it vent. "You ungrateful beggar!"

"You may spare your words, ma'am," interrupted the culprit: "I know I owe almost every thing to you; but I will sooner enlist as a common soldier than give in to your unreasonable whims."

"You list as a soger!—Wisha, you haven't that much spirit in you, you poor sprissawn—you'd rather sit mopin' at the fire over your ould books, an' makin' ballads not fit for the Bocoogs themselves to sing at the fair. Now, I'll be plain with you—have your choice—either marry Bridget Whelan, or take the outside o' my door."

"I'd take the outside of heaven before I'd please you in such a matter," said the vexed and goaded Boylan, buttoning his coat and snatching up his hat—his misery not by any means alleviated by the insinuation just uttered so derogatory to his poetical propensities.

"Then off with you at once, you ungrateful viper! Katty Nowlan—Katty Nowlan, I say—open the doore there—an', do you hear me?—tell Pad Fenmissy to get the hoss ready at daybreak, to be off to the county Waterford for my cousin Tom. I'll make him rue the day he ever said agen my will. There is not a stick nor stitch of every thing I'm worth in the world that I won't leave away from him, to them that have a betther right to it.—Off with you, you villyan!"

"Good-night, ma'am, God bless you! You'll live to repent this," said the outcast, bursting from the room, and issuing out into the night, which was dismally wet and dark.

Francis Boylan, though reserved and sensitive in habits, as is often the case with those who, like him, have been debarr'd by early ill health from the vigorous and braeing pursuits of youth, and have thereby learned to lean, as on friends, upon solitude and study, and to feel shy of the noisy and less faithful resources of society, was by no means unpopular, as such persons often are; and amongst the neighbourhood by which he was surrounded, though there were few who knew him thoroughly, there were se-

veral by whom he was regarded with kind and friendly feelings. To the house of one of those acquaintances he now bent his steps for shelter and a bed for the night. In his way he had to pass by the gate leading up to the residence of her who had been, he could not find it in his heart to say unconsciously, the source of all his vexations, and especially of the more serious misfortunes of that day, which, in the space of a few hours, saw him sneered at by his acquaintances, discarded by his mistress, and expelled from his only home. He stopped for a moment. It was still early in the night—and lights about the dwelling, which was within a short distance of the gate, showed him that its mistress had not yet retired to rest. The thought occurred to him that, matters having now reached such an extremity, he ought at least to save himself from any additional accusation that might be preferred against him, of having trifled with Miss Whelan's feelings, or tacitly encouraged her predilections, by never manfully undeceiving her with regard to the impossibility of his cherishing for her any sentiments but those of a disinterested friend. A more convenient opportunity than the present might never occur again; for he knew his aunt's inflexible temper too well not to feel assured that the disagreement that had occurred between them would be a permanent one, and that consequently their separation, and the cause of it, would be universally known. He therefore resolved upon going up to the house—seeing Miss Bridget—and, if he found her labouring under the delusion which appeared to rage like an epidemic amongst his friends, to awaken her to a state of sanity by declaring, in the most delicate but straightforward manner, the untoward circumstances in which he was placed.

Acting under this impulse, Frank bounded over the stile which always did night-duty for its neighbour the gate—the latter being regularly tied up, after dark, with a chain and padlock, in place of the mastiff, then let loose, who new, in the third hour of his emancipation, gave most oracular notice of the approach of an invading step upon the sacred precincts he was set to guard.

As Boylan happened to be a familiar acquaintance of Bully's, he was

enabled to make his advances under circumstances infinitely more favourable than most of his fellow-parishioners, who, had they ascertained the fact, would have testified a well-founded surprise at the intruder's reaching the hall-door without at least the loss of an essential portion of his habiliments, and no inconsiderable quantity of the most opulent part of his person besides.

The door, however, was reached unscathed, and Boylan gave a friendly and decided knock. Some time elapsed before an attendant responded to the summons, who, upon hearing the visitor's voice, at once admitted him.

"Oh, wisha—Masther Frank, welcome! an' what dhruv you over to us at this hour o' the night?" was the salutation with which Kautheen Walsh met, as she supposed, her future master.

"Well, Kautheen, how is your mistress? Is she at home?"

"Oh yeh! to be sure she is, sir.—Miss Bridget!" (and she pitched her voice to a key adapted to reach the kitchen,) "Miss Bridget!—Come in, Masther Frank—walk into the parlour, sir;" and, opening the door of that apartment, she placed her solitary light upon a table, and hastened to the culinary regions.

An audible rustling in the passage now took place, with a rapid rushing up stairs—then a movement overhead to the quarter appropriated, it might be presumed, to the toilet, and after a short silence the step clattered back again, descended the stairs, and Miss Whelan burst in full blaze upon her expectant visitor.

"Mr Francis Boylan! I declare!" she exclaimed in a mighty surprise. "Nell Magner, bring me the cleaver!"

(Yes—thought Boylan—I wish she would! I wish to goodness she *would* settle the business that way; 'twould be far preferable to being pulled to atoms by the red-hot pincers I feel tagging at me this moment.)

"Bring me the cleaver!" pursued the figurative speaker, "till I put a large notch in the mantelpiece at receiving a visit from Mr Boylan. Oh, then, what a stranger you are at all times, Francis! Sit down, sit down, man; Kaut! Nell! bring up some turf an' a jug of scalding hot water.—My dear life! how wet you are!"

Francis replied in his politest manner; and—though he was far from feel-

ing any thing but dismally depressed and disconcerted—he assumed a gay and unembarrassed air. He replied to Miss Whelan's questions with as much exactness as their rapid succession allowed; said his aunt was very well; drew his chair to a more equal position between the table and the fire, so as to preserve a proximity to both; jostled the former and poked the latter; and finally transferred from a large case of brandy the contents of a wine-glass to the bottom of his rummer; poured thereon a steaming libation from the newly arrived jug, added the due proportion of sugar, and succeeded in making what his pressing hostess called "a screeching hot tumbler of punch;"—having filled a glass from this reservoir, he placed it before Miss Whelan, took a consummate pull from the tumbler, and then awaited with firmness till the mine exploded.

"I suppose," said the hostess, after a preliminary sip, "you were at the market of Mitchelstown to day?"

"Oh! of course I was," said Frank; "I seldom miss it at this time of year!"

"Was there much wheat there?" enquired the speculatist.

"Not so much as you'd expect now that they've begun to thrash," replied Boylan; "there were only two buyers I think, one from Rockmills, and another from Glanworth—the samples were poor, and prices dull."

"Little fear that I'd have the luck to have any one there to buy for me!" said the pensive maiden.

"And why hadn't you?" asked Frank, "where was John Dooly?"

"Psha! John Dooly—the good-for-nothing Satchel! he'd be in liquor before he was half the way to the market. 'Twas only the other morning he came to his business complaining that he was fallin' off in flesh of late from drinking nothing but new milk, and he was as drunk the same time as Lieum Harrish the piper, who wasn't sober these twenty years.—O Lord help the lone woman, an' the orphan like me! 'tis little assistance they can expect in their trifling business."

Francis saw the cloud coming, and prepared for its bursting—"Why don't you marry, Miss Bridget?" he said, with a faint smile which he intended for gayety.

"And pray who would I marry?"

said Miss Bridget bridling—her interest greatly excited.

"Sure you have lots to choose from—what do you say to John Finley of Downing?"

"Is it that fellow?—the muddling idle mope!"

"Well—Ned Desmond?"

"Worse an' worse—the greatest gambler, an' sweerer, an' fighter, an' spendthrift in Condons and Clongibbons."

"Well, his brother Neish—or Dick Carey—or Will Joyce?"

"All birds o' one nest! No—no—give me the young man that minds his business—that neither bets nor blackguards himself; but keeps himself to himself, an' makes himself an' his family respected—that's the lad for my money."

"I'd like to see such a fellow!" said Boylan.

"Go to the glass there, then, and look at him," bluntly said the lady.

"Oh, come—that's not fair, Miss Whelan—no quizzing!"

"Ah! where's thouse in bein' mealy-mouthed any longer, Frank?—There's only one man in the world I'll ever marry, and he has my affections, an' good-will, an' kind heart this many a day, an' that's yourself sittin' before me this moment."

"Oh, God forbid, Miss Whelan!" earnestly said Boylan, "you do me too much kindness and honour—that would indeed be throwing yourself away."

"Why, I know you have nothing on earth, Frank, only what your aunt may leave you, an' her temper is hasty, an' her county-Waterford relations are very 'cute—an' if ever she fell out with you, you're the same as a beggar for life.—But no matter, I have enough for us both," and she slapped her pocket.

"But that's not what I mean."

"Oh! I know that you have a high spirit, and that you don't wish to press yourself on me.—Ah! you're a cunning fellow. Sure many a time, when you used to be comin' over here to settle the books, and take the profit and loss, you knew 'twould be all your own one time or another."

"No, no—you mistake me, dear Miss Whelan; there's a greater bar to the good fortune you would confer on me than all this," exclaimed the visitor.

"Is it about the consent o' my father's executors or guardians—or whatever they call 'em?"

"No, it is not," said Boylan, faintly.

"If it's because of my age—or any thing about the chance of a family, or"—

"Oh, nonsense!—none of these—none of these."

"And what the d—! I is it, then?" she exclaimed, her temper and curiosity giving way together.

"In one word, then," said Boylan, with the sensation one condemned may be supposed to feel upon placing his neck under the blade of the guillotine—"I am already engaged."

"Engaged! how! engaged! what do you mean?"

"I am attached to another girl," he answered, "and under a promise never to marry any one but her."

Bridget Whelan had hitherto been sitting forward with both her arms leaning on the table—in an air and posture at once energetic and interesting. As the last words, however, passed the speaker's lips, every fibre in her frame relaxed, as if from some paralysing blow that annihilated both sense and motion. Her hands dropped powerless to her sides, and she sank back in her chair—her eyes straining as if to comprehend the sentence that so shook her. In a minute or two her face darkened—she drew her breath in tightly, fiercely, and, springing up, appeared about to fly at the throat of him who felt at once that he was in the presence of a dreadful and a deadly foe. Whether such was her purpose, and that she was deterred from it by the collected though disturbed demeanour of Boylan—(who now rose hastily, for something in the very air of the room chilled and dismayed him, as if with the breath of a charnel-house—he seemed to have pronounced his death-doom, but could not utter a word)—can only be conjecture; she checked herself—gave one mingled shriek and groan, and pointed to the door. Francis hesitated—he would fain have said something courteous and soothing; but the terrible creature before him grew more frantic—she stamped wildly, motioned him again to depart—strove to speak, but in vain, and as the door closed upon Boylan, overpowered by contending passions, she sank upon the floor.

CHAPTER V.

Grace Riall arose, the morning following the visit of Boylan and his friend to Barry's-Cross, much relieved from the headache that had so unsuited her for the enlivening conversation of Mr Desmond at tea the evening before. On descending to the little room which her careful father had reserved as sacred for the use of his daughters, apart from the rest of his profaned and accommodating dwelling, she found that breakfast was over, and that she had been enquired for by Phill, who had something, it was added, particular to say to her. Conjecturing that he was about to chide her for her inattention to business and the concerns of the family, of which her conscience told her she had latterly been guilty, she made some secret resolutions of amendment in this respect, and awaited, without much anxiety, the expected admonition.

In a short time, Phill Riall appeared—enquired after her health—made some remark upon the loss he had lately sustained by her moping up in her room by herself—asked her what she meant by it—expressed, in the most fatherly manner, his apprehension that she was in love, and, as an infallible remedy for that evil disease, communicated, without much preface, Dick Desmond's splendid proposal of the preceding night.

From the slight sketch we have incidentally afforded our readers, a page or two ago, of Miss Riall, and of the tone of decision in which that young lady was wont to declare her sentiments, they perhaps will not be taken by surprise if we now observe that, though born to humble fortunes, and reared in an humble line of life, she was—we reluctantly state it—a spoiled pet. She had been greatly indulged by a parent to whom all his children were peculiarly endeared, from their having lost their mother before they could be fully sensible of that saddest and most serious of earthly calamities. The mind of his eldest daughter, as she grew in years and beauty, was remarkable for its intelligence, and for that innate refinement and delicacy, whose seeds seem as if they were borne about and sown at random by the winds of heaven, they are met with blooming in so many scenes, and brightening so many bosoms where

they are supposed to be least likely to flourish, and where they are most seldom looked for. With all the country people round that made their thoroughfare by her father's door, Grace was, from childhood, a favourite. The old women brought her presents of their rarest knitting, or most precious honeycombs, or most beautiful bantam-eggs. The carriers, as they journeyed from Cork to Dublin, brought her pretty toys, or such as were not to be had in that remote county—wonderful dancing-masters of surprising agility—ingenious little dogs, standing on wind instruments, that (as one of the domors from Ballycotton Strand described it) upon touching them westward on the tail, barked, *gaff, gaff*. Even the little boys of her neighbourhood were proud to bring their tribute to her feet; they set cribs to catch birds for her—they peeled osiers to make her cages—the young carpenters built her book-cases—the nascent gardeners filled her windows with flowers. To be sure, for all this there was ever a mug of beer and a stray seat in her father's kitchen; but had Grace herself not been the bright, blithe thing she was, her countrymen would have been tempted by the mug and seat in vain. Amid all this—exposed to the intercourse of people so rude as those with whom her father's business brought her in contact, Grace grew as purely beautiful in soul and sense as the lily that, rained on by the sullyng and pitiless cloud, waves its delicate head, the next moment of sunshine, as lovely and stainless as ever. Within the last year or two, however, a change had been wrought in the maiden's spirit; and if they who listened with us to the scene between her and Francis Boylan in her evening-lighted room, do not guess the nature of that change, we shall ascribe the fault to our failing pen, not to our companion's ignorance of, or insensibility to the most jealous and engrossing of all human passions.

It was to a creature so gifted with beauty, and so filled with anxious and disappointed feelings, that her father now communicated the advantages likely to result from the match which, he stated, he was prepared to effect between her and his sporting friend.

Now, though Grace had retired—we will not say to rest—the night before, with all the internal satisfaction a girl who thinks she has been slighted feels at completely discomfiting her traitor-lover by making him experience the full sense of her anger and contempt,—though she satisfied herself that she was happy in the idea of never more beholding him, and had asked herself if Francis Boylan should break his neck before he reached home that evening, whether it would be a source of great affliction to her, and had replied with a most consolatory negative—it never entered into her head to finish the picture of her perfect felicity by contemplating her own marriage, and that without delay, to another. Another!—even before he, who had trifled with and deceived her, incurred this the extremest mark of her indifference, by wedding her rival! It was, therefore, with flushed and fading cheek, and drooping head, and bosom heaving in a little tempest, that she listened while her father, in his homely way, eulogized his intended son-in-law—enlarged upon the respectability of his family—complimented himself upon his past conduct as a parent, and his present prudence in securing his daughter's happiness.

"An' now, Grace a-weenoch, I've tould you my mind—an' so I expect you'll not be dilly-dallying with the honest proper young man—but let him know you're willin' and ready to please your father, and to be agreeable to the decent boy himself."

As this was the fourth time that Mr Riall had paused enquiringly, in what his daughter suffered to be a soliloquy of half-an-hour's length, he grew rather impatient upon still obtaining neither reply nor comment. After waiting some minutes, he said, in rather a hasty tone, "Why the dickens don't you speak, girl?"

"Because I like to hear you talk, father," was the reply at last; "go on—have you any more to say?"

"Nothin' but what I said before, Gracey—that Dick Desmond has my consent and good wishes—all we want now is for you to say the word."

"Do you know Kannan's Inches, father?" said the girl—still not raising her head, her fingers playing listlessly with a long black riband that depended from her neck.

"Do I know 'em—is it the big

Inches along the Funcheon?—do I know my right hand?"

"Do you know the deepest hole in the river—just above the weir?"

"An' well. Many is the time I fished it and cross-fished it, with Dick, ay, an' thryed it with night lines too."

"As you know it so well, then, father," she responded, "you will know where to find me before you get me to marry Dick Desmond."

"Eh—yerrah—death-alive!" exclaimed the petrified parent. "What's the girl sayin'? What are you sayin', at all, at all?" he added, starting up. "Are you takin' leave o' your senses?"

There was no reply.

"By this an' by thati you *shall* marry Dick Desmond, though. I 'ont have the fair honest chap put off that way. Yerrah, Grace—there's some one has a hand in you. There's some one at the bottom of all this. There's some one"—he said, walking up and down the room, snatching certain well-remembered books, and auspicious, though simple-looking, albums off the shelves, and flinging them with a bang upon the tables—and eyeing the boisterous linnet, who was singing after the vain-boasting fashion of a reckless favourite, in a beautiful cage in the window, as if he meditated dashing cage and all into the garden below. "There's some one has come over you with their smooth tongues—the sleeveens—to make you say what you have to your own father; an' Boylan," he continued, his wrath rising—"Boylan—that's the fellow has done it all, with his song-books, an' his flute, an' his double-tongueing, an' all that, an' now he's got cool on the matter—an' laughs at you—an' serves you right—sure the whole counthry knows he's goin' to be married to Biddy Whelan of Douglass. The villyan! to be comin' to any honest house an' threaten' a daughter of mine so. Sure if you had the spirit of a cat you ought to turn him out—the blackguard, an' the"—

He could not finish the word—his unhappy daughter had started from her seat, and, placing one hand upon his lips, she flung her arm round his neck. "Oh, father, father! kill me on this spot, but spare *him*!" and, burying her face in his bosom, she sobbed aloud.

"Well—there—there—Grace, ma colleen, there, my darling," said the softened parent; "there, I 'ont say

any more, only be a good girl, an' don't fret the father who doats on you. Go up an' dhry your eyes, an' we'll not say anything more to-day at any rate."

But, though no more was urged upon the matter that day, the advantage of uniting his daughter to his favourite was too serious a one to be slightly relinquished by Riall. Accordingly he returned to the attack the following day, and for several subsequent ones, until the high-spirited girl's health exhibited symptoms of a complete break-up under the conflict she had to sustain between her secret love, her smitten pride, and the distracting misery of supporting her father's alternate reproaches and commands. Latterly, too, the suitor himself inflicted upon her, by his daily visits, an additional hour of torture; for, though Desmond was a creature totally unworthy of being associated in fate with Grace Riall, he was naturally well-disposed, and had an easy good-humoured temper, which made it difficult for any one to quarrel with him; and, above all, rendered it impossible for a generous and forbearing woman to attempt to subdue him by the only weapons with which she can effectually check the addresses of one disagreeable to her—derision and contempt. For Desmond really made

his advances so deferentially, and expressed with such frankness, in his own peculiar way, his desire to be dealt with entirely as Grace's heart would dictate, and repeated so often that he but asked her leave to see her every day, and to wait until time effected in his favour what his own eloquence had hitherto failed to perform, that his society was productive of less pain to the fair sufferer than any of her remaining ills: so that, whether it was she hoped to procrastinate, by not driving her father to extremities, in declaring to his favourite her determination upon the subject of his addresses—or whether declining health had undermined her energy—or that, lastly, the gentleman's perseverance, aided by her father's solicitations, was overcoming her aversion, days had rolled away; and, though Desmond was not accepted, he was not dismissed. He was seldom absent from the abode of his mistress—a spot where he no longer feared a rival, for there no rival appeared; and, in short, it was settled to the satisfaction of all his acquaintances, and Dick himself no longer doubted the beguiling dream, that the expiration of another month would behold him the enviable possessor of the Beauty of Barry's Cross.

CHAPTER VI.

The passionate but powerful frame of Miss Whelan did not long succumb to the shock under which Boylan saw her sink as he abruptly left her dwelling. Her first sensation, upon arousing from the fit of momentary madness under which her animal strength had failed, was joy at perceiving she was alone, and that her woman's spirit was saved that bitterest of all vexations—to have her soul's weakness laid bare to those of her own sex. Her female servants, it was evident, had not been spectators of her shame—the fire had nearly burned out—the single light upon the table was dim and faint for want of puffing; and the dead midnight silence all around contrasted strangely with the fierce hot war that raged within the bosom of the being who now sat solitary in that dark parlour—her face alternately red with the recollection of sudden shame—or dark with meditated revenge. She that had from childhood been uncontrolled—

that never knew what it was to be crossed or thwarted in the merest whim that fancy could devise and money satisfy—she that had been so courted by the humble, and feared by the poor, and sought and sued by so many gay and glad some wooers—and who had scoffed at the humble—and oppressed the poor—and insulted those suitors—and estranged her every acquaintance—all for the sake of him who, on the floor of that room, not an hour ago, told her that all this she had done in vain: that—worse, far worse—as her own heart predicted, she was henceforth to be a byword and a scoffing to her generation,—how was she to bear life under this accumulated scorn? Such was the train of thought that swept through the clouded brain of the disappointed woman: every throb that had once resembled affection converted into stings that filled her blood with poison. Her's had been no refined, no delicate passion; and, in proportion

to the coarseness of her predilection, now rose her insatiable hatred to its object. The more she brooded over the unexpected blow from which she suffered, the more intolerable became her feelings. She was no longer able to keep her seat—she paced up and down the apartment—now with folded arms, now burying her hands in her dishevelled hair—and again resuming her seat only to quit it again with abruptness, as before. And then to be rejected for another! For some baby-faced object, whose nights of wedded triumph were to be amused by the tale of her rejection, whispered by him who had thus disgraced her! Could she bear all this, and face the day!

She turned to the door—opened it—advanced into the passage, and in a voice as calm and subdued as if she had risen from the sacrament in her quiet parish church, called Kauth Walsh.

The slumbering domestic started from her seat by the kitchen-fire, and answered that her fellow-servant had long gone to rest.

"Well, then, do you go and call Shawn Sourk," she said; "I suppose he is in bed too?"

"O yeh—hours ago, Miss!" replied the servant, as she proceeded lazily to undo the back-door, and arouse the man from his sleeping apartment over the stables.

Shawn Sourk was too well accustomed to the demands on his attention which his mistress's extensive business required, often at the most unreasonable hours, to evince any surprise at the summons. At that time of night, however, he seldom obeyed it, that his sullen temper was not excited to a degree of insubordination and anger, which at other times he did not think it so prudent to exhibit. But he was so old a retainer—had served Miss Bridget so long and so arduously—was so inflexible in executing her commands, so unwearied in serving her processes, and so unrelenting in his efforts to recover their amount—that he took less trouble in disguising his sentiments than less favoured menials are wont to do. Indeed, in his intercourse with his mistress generally, he assumed an air of equality, in which she—unless under some unfavourable

turn of temper—thought it proper and politic to humour him.

He now obeyed the call of Nell Magner, and shortly appeared before Miss Whelan, having deferred that postscript of his toilet—getting on his coat—until he reached her presence.

"Well," he said gruffly, as he entered—his low swarthy forehead and repulsive features exhibiting ill-suppressed vexation, while he slowly insinuated an arm into the sleeve of his vacant garment—"Well, what's the matter now?" and he was about to complete the evolution by assuming the remaining portion of the coat, when his half-closed eyes settled on his mistress, whose aspect at once fixed him immovably to the spot.

Unheeding his amazement, Bridget Whelan shut the door, and was about to speak; but utterance seemed to fail her, and she again paced the apartment.

"Dhar Dhieu! Misthus," at last said the man, rousing himself, and with a hasty exertion heaving on the coat, and with it a load of inquisitive apprehension, scarcely less cumbrous and ample—"Dhar Dhieu! what's come over you now—what is the matter?"

"Shawn Sourk," she said, snatching a chair, placing it, and sitting down full before him, "Shawn Sourk," dropping her voice to a low unshaken tone, "how long are you in my family?"

"One-an'—no—two-an'-forty years next Cardringha fair," he said, without a moment's hesitation; "that's with your father an' yourself."

"And what brought you first to live with us?"

"The mather—God rest his sowl!—took my mother an' the paushthees* an' myself (bein' only a gorsoon,) when we wor lyin' undher Pyne's-ditch the day after Duke Flinn turned us out of our cabin?"

"Well?"

"Your father then, Miss," he continued, quite subdued by this strange catechising at such an hour, "gave us a cabin an' a garden, an' took me into the mill, an' there I am ever since—is it any thing you have agin me?"

"Did my father never do any thing else for you?" she went on, regardless of the enquiry.

* Children.

"Shure he gave me my wages, three shillins a-week, an' my vittles, an' his ould clothes; an' a good warrant he was to wear 'em out afore he gave 'em away—God be good to him!"

"Did he do nothing else for you, I say?"

"Nothin' else? Oh! he gave me his ould hats—I forgot that—an' a pair of new brogues every Easther Tuesday, that's Kilworth fair."

"Go on—recollect yourself."

"Recollect myself!" he repeated, exhibiting signs of great and increasing uneasiness; "you mean the two wigs he left afther him? Shure I didn't want either, Miss," and he smoothed down his hair with a gesture of satisfaction.

"Who saved your life?" she cried, starting up, with a voice of thunder—"Answer me that?"

"You did, Miss Bridget," he replied, in a conciliating tone. "You did—you gev me the dhrink an' I in the fever, when chick nor child 'ould come near me—an' if I could lay down mine for you!"

"Liar!" she said, "you poor, shuffling, cowardly liar! Who saved you from the jail fever and Canty's collar* when you murdered Hickey on his way from The Pattern? Who paid the attorneys for you? Who blinded the bailiffs' eyes with goold, till they couldn't see the blood up to the elbows on your shirt sleeves? Answer me that?"

But her servant had lost the power to answer. His face grew as white as the wall against which he leant—and his lips, drawn back with agony, showed his grinning teeth fiercely shut in that mortal spasm.

"Ha!" she said, "have you found your memory?"

"Stop there—Miss Bridget—stop there, I tell you!" said Shawn Sourk, "or you'll pay dear for it—I thruck him fair!"

"Maybe you'll repay the father now by murdering his daughter," she continued; "you'd betther do it!—I dare you, you villain!—I'm disgraced by one man—let me be murdered by another."

"What, in the name of the Ould Boy, is the matter vid you, or what do you want o' me in this way?—Who disgraced you?"

"Are you ready to take my part if I tell you?"

"Why shouldn't I take your part?—Only I tell you once more, you'd betther let the one thing alone you mentioned jest now. Why shouldn't I take your part when you're all in the world I have to depend on?"

"You're quite sure of that?"

"Quite shure."

"An' you know that when I'm gone your character is so well known, that not one in the counthry will give you a day's work?"

"I suppose so."

"Then," she said, stooping down and fervently kissing the Bible that lay beneath her hand upon the table—"then, by the contents of this book! the man that disgraced me and I shall never be twelve months longer alive in the same world. He or I must go. Take your choice."

"Thon-am-usth a chree!" exclaimed her excited auditor; "will you speak out—who is *He*?"

"Francis Boylan," she replied in a low whisper.

"Is it the boy you're going—why, cuerp-an-dhou! you don't mean to say *he* laid a hand upon you?"

"If he had," she replied, "he'd have shamed himself as well as disgraced me, and that would be some satisfaction; but now—but now the disgrace is all on *my* side. Here—here!" she continued, pressing her hand on her heart; "'tis here he has hit me sorely, and I cannot—will not live to bear it;" and the frantic woman dashed her hands against her face, and bowed her head on the table.

"I see it all now!—I see it all!" said Shawn Sourk. He moved from the door, where he had hitherto stood, and, coming over to the side of his mistress, he touched her shoulder.—"You saved my life once," he said, "your father saved it a second time. Say no more about it; you shall have revenge—let them do their worst; they can hang me but wonst."

His mistress raised her head—"And so it's your life you're thinking of," she said. "Off with you! If I had your strength—if I thought he couldn't beat me down by main force, I'd have his heart's blood before to-morrow night with my own hand."

"I tell you again I don't valy my

* Canty was the hangman at Cork for many years.

life, but give me fair play for it—put by the price o' my passage to 'Merica, if I want it; and—and—give me some money now; I can't do it without help," he said in a hollow tone.

She started up, and, mounting a chair in the back part of the room, took from its hiding-place, at the top of a large old-fashioned cupboard, a small box, which she unlocked. It was completely filled with guineas—the gold coin then in circulation.

"Help yourself," she said, and the miserable man took a few pieces.

"Remember my oath!" she resumed as she closed the box. "He and I are not alive together this day twelvemonth."

"What 'ould we be thinking of it for one month—let alone twelve?" said Shawn Sourk; "as you won't be satisfied any other way, let it be done at worst."

"At once, then—at once, then—in the name of the devil he has put into my heart."

At that moment the light, which had long been burning unheeded in the socket, dropped; and while the pair were left in utter darkness, the flap of wings was distinctly heard as if flitting from that sinful room.

"Dhar Dhieu! Dhar Dhieu!" exclaimed the man; "the light—where's the light, or the senses 'll leave me—there's some one in the room with us!"

"If there is, it is some one that can come in, and no thanks to bolts and hinges," she said coolly, as she blew a slumbering coal into life, and placed a fresh light upon the table—"don't you see it's the Liebeen-lahr* I disturbed from the top of the cupboard?"

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. III.—ON THE DRAMATIC.

MILTON got eight or nine pounds for his "Paradise Lost," and O'Keefe received four or five hundred for his "Highland Reel,"—an incontestable proof that the drama is the highest walk of literature. Many people could write epics if they would try. A boarding-school miss's letter is very often an epic poem, without the verse; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; it has for its hero a distinguished warrior, (a lieutenant in the marines,) whose adventures by sea and land are far superior to those of Ulysses or Æneas—hard-hearted parents are the adverse deities, and the "Deus ex machinâ" is the blacksmith at Gretna-Green. But I should like to know who can write a drama in this easy off-hand manner? Does a boarding-school miss know any thing of exits and entrances—of thumps on the breast directed to the galleries, or confidential whispers to the pit? Do people of higher pretensions than a boarding-school miss know any thing of dramatic style—the proper places to pause—the proper places to roar—where to cry, and where to thank Heaven? I fear not. Shakspeare himself was a little deficient in these points, and put words into his charac-

ters' mouths—great, stout, thrilling words—that showed what men thought and felt in every situation, but trusted entirely to nature and truth for their effects. Nature and truth on the stage! honesty and plain dealing in M. Thiers! Why, the man must either have been mad; or nature and truth—or, what is perhaps more likely than either, the stage—must have altered very much since his day; and, if altered, it has of course been improved. Let no man, therefore, study Shakspeare who wishes to attain success in the dramatic—not that I object to the introduction of as many obsolete words as you can gather from a glossary, or an allusion *apropos* to the manners and customs, or fashions and dress, of the Elizabethan period—for these things give an appearance of study and research to your performance, and take off the meanness and baldness of modern costume and language. Therefore, let the favourite of Semiramis be a Knight of the Garter, like the Earl of Essex, and let your Druidesses or Priestesses of the Sun sport ruffs and farthingales. But these things are not indispensable, they are only helps.

Three things only are absolutely

* Leather-wing—The Bat.

required—a plot—a knowledge of the actors—and a style. And of these I shall now treat in their order.

All comedies end in a reconciliation or a marriage; all tragedies end in a death; but the best and most popular of dramatic poems is that where tragedy and comedy are combined; where the four first acts portend nothing but blood and misery; and the fifth, to the astonishment and delight of every philanthropist, rescues the sufferers from their threatened calamities, and leaves them happily in a house in Grosvenor Square, with thirty thousand a-year. Now, whenever you have determined which of these to write, be under no uneasiness as to your plot; for, strange as it may appear to those who look only on the surface, there is not in reality any difference in the plots of any two tragedies, or any two comedies, or any two half-and-halves you like to mention—"Cato" and "Venice Preserved;" "The School for Scandal" and the "Good-Natured Man;" "False Delicacy" and the "Stranger," are identical. And the same holds good in every pair of dramas you can find in "Inchbald's Theatre." There are certainly some slight differences—some new characters are introduced—the language is of course modified by the scene and time; but in all the material portions of the story, there is no difference whatever. The following is the cast of every tragedy in every language. Three first acts—a gallant lover hindered by adverse circumstances (a tyrant, a father, a powerful rival, or some other monster) from the completion of his happiness; a young lady sighing through some scenes and storming through others; a confidant of the hero, generally false; a confidante of the heroine, generally faithful; two or three brutes; two or three noodles; occasional quarrels, and one or two declarations of love trenching very closely on the improper. Fourth act—a glimpse of hope. The hero distinguishes himself in a fight, softens the father, or banishes the rival; confidant in a passion at the failure of his designs, and the apparent prosperity of his friend—confidante radiant with joy, and in immediate anticipation of the bride-cake. Fifth act—clouds again. Confidant successful, but murdered by the infuriate hero in the midst of his triumph; suicide of the hero, broken heart of the heroine,

mi-
curtain this—
gedy you!—
not fit it, with a very few (*Brutus*)
So take no trouble about the
your tragedy; for it is the simplest thing in the world to alter its whole appearance by changing the tyrant or father into an unnatural, proud-spirited mother. The discovery in the fifth act, that the heroine is the hero's sister or child, has also a fine effect; and a few of these scientific touches with husband and wife in a perpetual state of war—brothers continually stabbing each other at the aside scenes—and sisters perpetually swearing in blank verse—so effectually conceal the real sameness of the incidents, that you are certain of being held up as a pattern of ingenuity and invention. In comedy it is nearly the same. A fine handsome young fellow kept out of his estate by the machinations of some attorney-minded rivals, and admitted to his lady-love's presence by the acuteness of his servant—a boasting captain—a clever chambermaid—a ridiculous aunt and passionate guardian; these, with the usual number of changes of dress, rope-ladders, and pistol-firings, constitute the whole plot, beginning, of course, with a quarrel, and ending with a wedding. The only very serious caution I must give you in the distribution of these uncommon incidents, is, that you must make them as un-matter-of-fact as possible. Guardians, for instance, are very often passionate in real life; but it would be very undramatic to represent them such as they really are. Let them be passionate in a way that no man ever is passionate in. Let them, for instance, be angry only when their affairs prosper, and when they ought to be best humoured—pleased only with people that vex and hate them—delighted to pay their enemies' debts, and grudging a single sixpence to their favourite sons. In fact, in holding the mirror up to Nature, you must hold it upside down—or, as the easiest way of all, hold up one that has no quicksilver at the back; the audience then, instead of seeing themselves, see nothing but the actors. And this is the second great requisite I must impress on your attention—Write for the actors, and snap your fingers at the audience.

Let us take John Kemble and Mr

「March.

life, but give me fair play for it—^{ere}
by the price o' my passage to M^{ore}.
if I want it; and—and gi^{ve} there
money no^t ^{for} ^{me}. One the
help,^d or six-foot-one hero; the
^{is} the vivid, or five-feet three
8. Ten inches made all the dif-
ference. But what a difference it was!
in every thing it was apparent. All
heroes are, of course, disdainful: so
we will take it in the expression of
disdain. The six-feet-one hero anni-
hilates his adversary with a contemptu-
ous wave of his arm; the five-feet-
three hero runs his enemy right
through the body with a withering
glance of his eye. The arm of the
one is long and graceful; the eye of
the other is very bright. Therefore,
let the big fellow utter his threaten-
ings in long tens and Alexandrines;
but the little one must accompany his
scowl with a short and powerful ex-
pression, such as dog! beast! brute!
or liar! as the case may be. The dif-
ference is equally palpable in the man-
ner of making love. The big man
must bluster and roar like an amorous
volcano; the little one whisper and
wheedle like a sentimental haberdash-
er disposing of French gloves—for
the voice of the one is as a soul-in-
spiring trumpet to the gallery; and
the voice of the other soft and musi-
cal—a Syren's song to the stage-boxes
and four front rows of the pit. Shak-
speare, though an ass on the whole,
had some faint glimmering of this im-
portant fact; for he never would have
made Coriolanus turn round and an-
swer the announcement of his banish-
ment with the great words, "I banish
you!" unless Burbidge had been six
feet high. It needed that height, at
least, to enable a man to banish so

majestic a city as Rome—it would puzzle a hero of five feet three to banish the village of Currie; and as to Highgate or Hampstead, they would laugh at him.

There is another thing to be attended to, which saves a mighty deal of trouble to the author; and that is, to take care that there is only one six-foot-one hero in the whole play. Let the rest be dwarfs or cripples. The contrast is very striking, and saves much difficulty both to the actor and writer; for if a poor devil has to go, taking the measure of a dozen men's mouths to know what words will fit them—interjections for one, soliloquies for another, irony for a third, and so on—his trade will not be half so easy, and much worse paid, than a fashionable tailor's. Put all the cream into one gigantic cheese, as the Wiltshire farmers did for the Queen, and let the inferior wretches starve on skim milk. And you will be amazed how easily this is done. You imagine, for instance, that it was impossible for Shakspeare, in his play of "Julius Cæsar," to have given all the striking speeches to Brutus or Cassius; but in this you are much mistaken. If Shakspeare had lived in our day, and had the advantage of the present improved taste in the drama, he would have written very differently; for what is so easy as to transfer the whole quarrel scene—the most celebrated in the play—to the credit account of either of the patriots, making the other only a stuffed figure, set up on purpose to be talked at? Observe how it is managed—by giving Cassius credit for immense penetration—to give him all the talk:—

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this.
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of—

(*Pauses*)—

I wrong'd myself to write in such a case?—
In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment—

(*Brutus shakes his head*)—

What then, you think I—Cassius—I myself
Am much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart my offices for gold
To undeservers?—*(He waits for a reply)*—
—I an itching palm ?

You know that you are Brutus that hint this—
 Or, by the gods, this hour were else your last!—
(Walks four times across the stage, and stops opposite Brutus)
 Oh,—'tis my name that honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide its head?—*(No answer)*
 Chastisement!—Yes, I know what you would say;
 You'd say—"The Ides, the Ides of March remember!
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake,
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?"
 You'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman?—Brutus! bay not me!
 I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions—but you think I'm not—
 I am!—*(Brutus shakes his head in the negative)*—
 —You say I'm not—
 Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further—
(Brutus looks indignant, and doubles his fist)—
 Out with it, bid me go; call me alight man!—
 Ask me to hear you; for your wrath will speak.
 Ask if you still must yield to my rash choler,
 And still be frighted if a madman stares—
 Oh gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?—
(Pauses, and looks intently in Brutus's face)—
 Brutus, I see—I know what you would say—
 You'd say to me—"Fret till your proud heart break!
 Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour?—By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you; for from this day forth
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
 When you are waspish."—
(Lays his hand on Brutus's shoulder)—
 Is it come to this?—

In this way you perceive it would be possible for a fine tragic actor to perform a whole play himself, like the late Charles Mathews in one of his monopolylogues. He has nothing to do but to stop his enemy or friend, as the case may be, before he has said a syllable, and say the whole speech for him, getting his authority for so interpreting his sentiments, by some insinuating question, such as "Is it not so, Sempronius?"—"You would say thus, Titinius?"—"Let me be midwife to your pregnant thought, and speak for you,—have I your leave, Fer-

nando?"—And after having provided in this copious manner for your hero, you must be particular in leaving every other person as beggarly and poor as possible. If they must speak at all, let it be about the weather, or to announce a carriage, or to tell what's o'clock. Shakspeare himself has some fine examples of this admirable art of making interesting remarks at the proper time; incontrovertible truths that prove the speaker's superior discernment and zeal in the diffusion of useful knowledge. What can be finer in its way than,

"'Tis ten o'clock, and in another hour
 'Twill be eleven?"

If that man lived, he would be a more popular contributor to the Penny Magazine than Lord Nugent. When Mr Macready had the management of Covent-Garden, he entirely lost sight of one of the best rules of his art. He had actually the bad taste to prefer getting up a play perfectly in all its parts, to starring it himself, "sole as the sun in heaven." The consequence was, that people took some little interest in the fate of the minor characters. Macduff, Banquo, and even old Duncan, stood out as living and breathing men; and, though Macready had the arrangement of every thing in his own hands, he trusted entirely to his own genius and Shakespeare. A foolish man, and no longer manager; very different indeed were some of the Macbeths I have seen—gentlemen who showed their courage, and disregard of the rural police, by stating their determination to cut old Duncan's throat, in a whisper that must have been heard by every domestic in the castle, not to mention the constables in the neighbouring village; and as boastful of the "deed without a name," as if it had been a document properly signed, conveying to them and their heirs for ever the fee-simple of the kingdom of Fife. What tremendous voices murderers are always endowed with! but the brilliant contrast to the fire and fury of the hero of a tragedy, is generally the sombre quietude and passive endurance of all the rest of the people concerned. I have seen Wallack thundering along the back scene with sword drawn, stamping with both feet, and flinging about his arms in a manner known only to bandits and wind-mills. Every one felt his whole soul agitated with the most dreadful emotions; for there, in a palpable shape before you, disguised in hair and velvet, stood the incarnation of Burke and Bishop—the little door to which, after the mode of a frigate beating up channel in an easterly wind, he was making with many tacks and turnings, was the only impediment that lay between him and the tired old lady whom we saw arrive a few minutes before, with a profusion of trunks and jewel-boxes. Horror stands on tiptoe, and listens for the trickling of blood—but luckily the mind of the spectator is re-assured by the philosophic gravity of the two minor assassins, whose thoughts, so far from being bent on

murder, are evidently absorbed in the anticipation of a pot of porter. Their easy negligent lounge, with a pistol in the right hand and the left stuffed into their trousers'-pocket, shows at once, that whatever the audience may think of it, they are fully persuaded that the old lady's life is in no danger whatever; and that Mr Wallack is a gentleman of the most humane feelings, who would scorn to treat advantage of any lady—particularly of Mrs Orger. This fine passiveness or apathy of the assistants, brings into prominent relief the graceful and picturesque acting of the principal. Be careful, therefore, to give directions in small type to the secondary characters in your play, that they are not to presume to take the smallest interest in what the hero is doing. When he addresses them a speech before a battle, let them stand mutely looking up to the gallery, or whisper to each other. When they answer his questions, let them look to the pit—and, in short, let them show as decidedly as they can, that they care still less for Hecuba than Hecuba cares for them. If there be among the lamplighters or candle-snuffers any one more than usually in-knee'd, with no particular feature you can call a nose—but nose altogether—no shoulders, and a voice like a penny-trumpet, dress him up in paper armour, give him a gilt sword, and let him advance to the foot lights when your hero exclaims—

"Who's he will lead up to the deadly breach,

Scornful of death and emulous of fame?"

and answer—

"That man am I!"

The effect will be tremendous. Your hero will rise at once—in comparison with this bold volunteer—above the sphere of humanity altogether, and every body will go to bed persuaded that there is but one great actor on the English stage, and one great writer for it. Knock-knees are of great use on the boards. I have known very good effects, also, produced by the opposite peculiarity, where gentlemen seem to be balancing themselves with some difficulty on the two hemispheres of a hoop. But of the two the knock-knee is the more powerful auxiliary to the hero's shape; for your bandy-legged fellow, though his con-

figuration is not exactly adapted to stopping a pig, is generally as strong as a horse, and therefore does not form so advantageous a contrast as our pusillanimous friend on the crossed drumsticks.

With regard to the ladies—some have pretty faces and some have beautiful legs—you will of course take these varieties into your consideration in writing your play; and have a page's disguise for the fine figure, and a balcony scene for the pretty face. When the sweet smile and tapering leg are united—as in the instance of Mrs Nesbitt—it is of no consequence what words you set down for her. Bring her forward as much as you can—sometimes in female apparel, sometimes in slashed doublet, and sometimes, in imitation of the Chevalier D'Eon, in a combination of both; and people in general will trust to their eyes, and give their ears a holiday. For my own part, I would rather at any time see a beauty than hear a genius—for depend upon it, Minerva was first cousin to the Gorgons. There are a thousand ways of

introducing any little accomplishment your heroine may possess. If she dances well, let her go through the cachuca preparatory to her sacrifice; or if she sings, let her favour her executioners with a bravura as they are hurrying her to the block. All these directions, of course, apply to tragedy; in comedy they are still more easily obeyed. Some critics—sour fellows for whom the Free List has been suspended—object to the introduction of a song just previous to a murder; but can any thing be more natural? Swans sing before they die, and very few people retain the power of doing so afterwards; so they avail themselves of the last opportunity they are likely to have, and, at the same time, give twenty minutes to the mechanist to arrange the scaffold for the next scene.
—E. g.—

Rawhead Pasha has determined on executing his Lemnian captive, Zara, for refusing his hand, and calling him any thing but a gentleman; and while the attendants are busy pinioning her arms, she starts forward:—

Zara. Pasha! a word—one word!

Pasha. Say on.

Zara. A boon I crave—one little, trifling boon.
Bid them unhand me! let not these base grooms
Pollute me with their touch. If I must die,
Let it be calmly—meekly—as beseems
A daughter of my land, where the pure soul
Knew how to leave its tenement of clay
Without a tear. Never did Sappho spring
More joyous from her own bold promontory,
To give her name to the loud trump of fame,
Sounding for ever through all future times,
Like the wild waves that were her sepulchre—
Never more gladly did young Arria feel
The first mild touch of death chilling her blood;
And tell her Pætus 'twas a pleasant path,
That led to freedom and forgetfulness—
Never did maiden die in a great cause
More happily than I shall die this day.
Yet there are thoughts—fancies—fond foolish fancies—
Come round me in this hour;—voices I hear
That sounded round my cradle—round my bed,
When I did lay me down in childhood;—sights
Rise up before me;—there's a lonely hut
Hid by thick vines—a river winding by—
A tree—a great high tree—a spreading palm,
And an old well-place with its statue broken;
—'Tis a young Fawn—I see them all—

Ah! me,

And I must die!—

I do remember me
Of a wild song—my old nurse taught it me—
She was a fierce Albanian, but a kind—

Bid them unhand me!—Do! my heart will break
If the full tones that swell within my breast
Are check'd—

Pasha. Unhand her—Let her sing the song.

[*Music*—*ZARA* sings *Robin Adair*—is twice encored, and curtsying respectfully to the house and the Pasha, is conducted off the stage.

You perceive, in the present instance, it is a song she begs permission to favour the company with; but if the lady's peculiar forte is in her heels, the same supplication will do, with the substitution of the word dance for song; and she can caper away to the "Downfall of Paris," to the gratification of a sympathizing audience, and the astonishment, no doubt, of the detestable old pasha. If she have a turn for the tight-rope, she might perhaps be gratified even in that; though I confess it might not be very easy to introduce a young maiden, on the eve of death, asking permission to make a display of so peculiar an accomplishment. It might, perhaps, be done by making the vindictive Mussulman condemn her to mount on the tight-rope, and dance herself to death, and you might add in a note, on your own authority, that in some districts of Turkey this was a very common punishment; insinuating at the same time, on the authority of M. Thiers, that dancing on a Turkish tight-rope is a very dangerous amusement, and certain at the best to end in a fall, which not only hurts you confoundedly at the time, but makes you lame and ridiculous for life.

The third point—namely, the style to be chosen—depends very much on the nature of your studies. If you think, by dining at a multitude of clubs, and having a considerable score against you in taverns and wine-vaults, that you have studied nature, then you will of course try a comedy of genteel life in prose. It is only bad gingerbread bakers that deal in gilding—Littlejohn's is plain as oat-cake. Therefore, trusting entirely to your powers of observation, and to a bold simplicity of language, discard blank verse, and make your personages talk like rational prose-speaking men. In this species of play, it is in fact almost impossible to make your hero too prosaic—the subject itself must be prosaic—the mode of treating it heartless and commonplace; and, to keep it from degenerating from the dignity of regular comedy into farce, be careful to

exclude every particle of fun. If your whole soul has been devoted to the acquisition of half-crowns; and if you feel impressed with an awful sense of the omnipotence of those excellent coins, you will probably borrow your subject from the mint, and indite a comedy on the desirableness of cash. Let your hero be poor and cynical in the first act—a vulgar Timon without his sarcasm. In the next, let him be a Croesus—and show the ennobling effects of wealth, by making him offended with one woman who has refused him, and offering his hand in her presence to another whom he despises. And to crown all, let him pretend to be a ruined man and a gambler, to test the sincerity of his affianced one; and let him feel disgusted because she has sense enough to dislike a penniless roué, who has shown his affections for her person by borrowing her money; and when you have worked out this, and introduced a few scenes of love-making, politics, Crookfordism, and sentiment, there is some chance of your becoming as popular a dramatist as the celebrated Vapid himself. And yet, after all, those simple comedies don't show off a man's poetical powers so much as blank verse; and, moreover, are not a whit more easily concocted. It is impossible to make plain prose the vehicle of metaphors or similes, without appearing forced or unnatural; or to make comedy useful, (as Alfred says in the play of "Money,") "by illuminating the shadows of life with glimpses of the holy and the true," unless it be written in lines of exactly ten syllables each. But as the author omitted to mention by what process a glimpse could illuminate a shadow, the failure of prose comedy in this respect is not perhaps of much consequence; and with this very short allusion to plays of the hum-drum order, I pass on to the only others that an aspiring genius ought to attend to. The dramatic field ought not to be very difficult of access, for you perceive there are three styles in it—the Grecian; the Roman; and the Compo-

site, or mingling of these two, which you will find is something not at all unlike the Elizabethan. Before commencing your play in either of these schools, you must devote at least three weeks to making yourself master of the classics. I should say that Goldsmith's Greece, Goldsmith's Rome, Pinnock's Catechism, and Lempriere's Dictionary, were indispensable. A roll-call of the Macedonian Phalanx, or the Tenth Legion, if such a thing were preserved, would be invaluable for proper names; for one is as much lost in the sameness of Ajaxes, Agamemnons, Nicias, and Therons of the Grecian style; as of Tulluses, Semproniuses, Marcuses, and Collatinuses of the Roman. Were there no Grotes among them—no Snookeses nor Tookeses, nor any of our thousand-and-one names adapted for comedy or farce, but which history will of course pass over in contemptuous silence? I am afraid not; so we must fall back on the old stock, only altering them as much as possible from their historical associations. If you have a lovesick philan-

thropist, call him Nero—your coward must be Marius, and your coxcomb Cato.

The difference between the Grecian and Roman styles is very great. When you deal with a Greek subject you must be very devout, and have unbounded reverence for Diana of the Ephesians; you must also believe in the second-sight; and be as solemn, calm, and passionless as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never descend to the slightest familiarity, nor lay off the stilts for a moment; and far from calling a spade a spade, call it

That sharp instrument
With which the Theban husbandman lays
bare
The breast of our great mother.

The Roman, on the other hand, may occasionally be jocular—but always warlike: one is like a miracle-play in a church—the other a *tableaux vivant* in a camp. If a Greek has occasion to ask his sweetheart “if her mother knows she's out,” and “if she has sold her mangle yet”—he says—

Menestheus. Cleanthe!

Cleanthe.

My lord?

Men. Your mother—your kind, excellent mother—
She who hung o'er your couch in infancy,
And felt within her heart the joyous pride
Of having such a daughter—does she know,
Sweetest Cleanthe! that you've left the shade
Of the maternal walls?

Clea.

She does, my lord.

Men. And—but I scarce can ask the question—when
I last beheld her, 'gainst the whiten'd wall
Stood a strong engine—flat, and broad, and heavy—
Its entrails stones—and moved on mighty rollers,
Rendering the crisped web as smooth and soft
As whitest snow. That engine, sweet Cleanthe!
Fit pedestal for household deity—
Lar and the old Penates—has she it still?
Or for gold bribes has she disposed of it?
I fain would know—pray, tell me—is it sold?

The Roman goes quicker to work:

Tell me, my Tullia, does your mother know
You're out:—and—Has she sold her mangle yet?

The Composite, or Elizabethan, has a smack of both:

Conradin. Ha! Celia, here! Come hither, pretty one.
Thou hast a mother, child?

Celia.

Most people have, sir.

Con. I' faith thou'rt sharp—thou hast a biting wit—
But does this mother—this epitome
Of what all other people are possess'd of—
Knows she thou'rt out and gadding?

Cle.

No, not gadding.

Out, sir—she knows I'm out.

Con. She had a tangle;
Faith 'twas a huge machine; and smooth'd the webs
Like snow—I've seen it oft—it was indeed
A right good mangle.

Cel. Then thou'rt not in thoughts
To buy it—or thou wouldst not praise it so.

Con. A parlous child!—keen as the cold north wind,
Yet light as Zephyrus—No—no—not buy it:
But hath she sold it, child?

All these styles are easy, the only difficulty being in the Grecian, where you must be as complete a pagan as you can, and display the same energy, which, in modern English plays, generally shows itself in breaking the third commandment, by swearing to your heart's content by Castor and Hercules. There is great force in this, and no sin. Another thing to be attended to is, the peculiarly Scottish turn of the Grecian mind in regard to

answering a question. It is never a good straightforward reply; but generally conveyed in the shape of a counter query. In this, recollect the story of the Englishman in Dundee, who betted he would get a plain answer to a plain question, and asked a decent-looking native the way to the post-office. "Ye'll be expeckin' a letter, sir?" was the reply; and this must be your type and model in Greek dialogue.

Theseus. When shall I see those eyes again, Ismene?

Ismene. When shall the summer from her golden urn
Fling odorous flowers, and buds of jessamine,
Upon our garden porch?—when shall the bee
Hum music round Hymettus' heathy side,
And the blest swallow o'er her callow brood
Hang twittering?—tell me, when shall these things be?

The Grecians resembled our northern countrymen also in another peculiarity—their regard for omens. Murphy would have been deified in Athens, and Francis Moore, physician, would have displaced Esculapius. Fire, air, earth, and water must all teem with auguries and portents. Cocks must keep constantly crowing at unreasonable hours, to set the listeners on the watch for something strange—birds must commit suicide in a most determined manner, by striking their heads against walls. Reports must be current of prodigies in all quarters

—asses braying on the Bema—foxes discovered among the robes of the interpreters of the law—several persons observed with two faces in the council of the Amphictyons—and, in short, the whole of your drama must be filled with a wild supernatural sort of darkness, in which horrible things are presented to the imagination, but nothing is seen distinctly. The following is a scene from a play called the Fates of Argos, which a friend of mine has written, under my advice and superintendence, and which we hope to produce at Astley's next summer.

MENANDER, HEGESIPPUS, and CHIRON.

MENANDER, *leaning on his sword in deep thought, while the others are speaking—*

Hegesippus. Well, then, we've triumph'd—Argos is once more
Itself, and the insulting Spartan shall be taught
To treat us better.

Chiron. He's a difficult scholar
That Spartan.

Hegesippus. Thou dost fear him!

Chiron.

I respect him.

Hegesippus. 'Tis in a sacred cause we draw the sword,
And the great gods that smile upon our city,
And drink the perfume of our sacrifice,
Will fight for us.

Chiron. And Sparta has her gods
Not less than Argos.

Hegesippus. God against god, man against man, we'll meet them.
Oh! how my spirit hearkens for the clirr
Of the clench'd sword!—the tramp that shakes the ground,
'Neath our bold legions—but if thou'rt dumb, my friend,
Cheer thee—the battle comes.

Menander. In Thessaly
They say a calf cried loudly, "Victory"
Within it's mother's womb.

Hegesippus. An excellent calf,
A friend of Argos.

Menander. In the market-place
The statue of Bellona was suffused
With moisture.

Hegesippus. 'Twas the weather.

Menander. It was sweat.

Hegesippus. Well, she was dreaming of the feats she'd do;
'Twill be hot work to tame the Spartan pride;
But we shall do it.

Menander. In Diana's fane,
Within the golden gates, a random heifer
Whisk'd her vile tail, and coil'd it in a knot
Around the statue of the goddess.

Chiron. Ha!
'Tis dreadful.

Enter High Priest of Jupiter.

Woe, woe, woe!—the gods desert us.

Menander! thy great spirit can bear up
No longer 'gainst the dread realities
That mock us at each turn—'Twas yesterday
Thou fix'd the holly berry round the crown
Of our protecting Jove, and the great god
Wore happier features as he bent his head
To meet thy hands; this morning I arose
And gazed on the majestic form, admiring
The chaplet glossy red, when suddenly,
Whizzing on busy wing, a little bird,
Red breasted, small of beak and weak of wing,
A miserable robin, dash'd along,
And, settling in the mighty statue's eyelid,
Peck'd the red fruit till not a berry staid
To deck the circle—snappishly it peck'd,
And tore, and spoilt them—then triumphantly
Eating its small wings, and chirping proudly,
It dash'd into the clear blue sky again—
'Tis a sad portent!

Menander. Very sad, indeed;
For in that mischievous bird, that proud cock robin,
I see the Spartan figured.

Hegesippus. We will clip
His wings, and give him bitterer fruit to peck at.

High Priest.—What atheistic charlatan is this
That sneers at Jove?

Hegesippus. 'Twas but at a cock robin.

High Priest. 'Twas Jove's cock robin;—he who sneers at that
Respects not Jove himself: Menander yields,—
'Twere madness to resist such auguries,
Or fight against the gods!

This constant allusion to omens and portents gives a fine solemn air to the play, and makes one breathe, as it were, the atmosphere of Tooke's *Pantheon*. But the best points, I think,

of the Grecian style, as to versification and simplicity, are shown in a modern subject treated in an antique manner. I have now beside me a tragedy (nearly finished) on the murder of Mr

Weir, where Thurtell is impelled to the crime by a hidden power working upon his mind, and converting him into a mere instrument to the performance of an inevitable act. He is pure and innocent in all other respects; in

fact, a blind agent in the hands of Destiny. I am enabled, by the disinterested kindness of its illustrious author, to present another, shorter and more perfect, as an example of what I mean. Its title is

HAROLD; OR, THE PREDESTINED THIEF.

SCENE.—*Warehouse of ABRAHAM MENDEZ. Gold snuff-boxes, silver candlesticks, bundles of clothes, and handkerchiefs, lying in regular order on the counter.*

Men. Morning and Evening, and the agreeable change
Of sun and moonlight; Night, that sinks to rest
Illumined by the starry tracery
Of the blue canopy that shades her sleep,
To wake up in the blaze of the hot day:
These, and the thousand sounds and sights of joy—
Rivers that gurgle through the meadows—trees
That wave beneath the light wind's touch—all these
Pass me unheeded: happier when I see
Streets gas-illuminated—hear the rush of wheels,
And the loud crack of whips: These things to me
Are strong realities. Let them dream who list—
I am no dreamer. Ha! are these candlesticks
Pure silver? He who brought them said so,
And he has ne'er deceived me. Butlers have
Mighty advantages in turning plate
To their own uses. This gold epaulet
And diamond snuff-box—these were brought to me
By a rich colonel's valet: dangerous things,
And must be melted. Mercy! who is there?

Enter MIRIAM.

My daughter! Why d'ye knock? You startled me.
Well, have you prosper'd?

Mir. As the fisher prospers
Who hooks his fish.

Men. You've caught him then; he'll do it?

Mir. Have you no touch of pity, father?

Men. Has
The eagle pity when his claw is closed
Upon the struggling lamb?

Mir. He struggles not;
He is all willing. Yet remorse may come
And check him ere the deed is fully done.
The jewels are worth several thousand pounds.

Men. We'll have them, girl! We'll have them, every one;
Necklace, and comb, and ring, and bracelet; all—
We'll not leave one; no, not the pencil-top
She seals her notes with.

Mir. And young Harold?

Men. He
Be hang'd! He'll bring the little casket here,
Fear not: he is her favourite page. She'll ne'er
Suspect him. If she does—

Mir. You'll let him go.

Men. To Botany Bay—only to Botany Bay:
'Tis only breach of trust: they'll never hang him.
But let us to our work. The conjurer—
Is he prepared

Mir. He knows his lesson well:
Leave all to me: nay, leave me—Harold comes!

Men. Well, but be careful. Such a girl you are!—[*Exit.*

Enter HAROLD.

Har. Miriam, I wish you would not smile so sweetly,
Nor speak so kindly: no, nor take my hand
So tenderly. I wish you'd let me go,
And never look in your sweet eyes again.

Mir. Why, Harold?—why?

Har. I had a dream last night:

I fell asleep beside the kitchen fire;
Methought a glossy serpent fix'd its coils
Round my rack'd heart, tightening its dreadful folds
Till it had ceased to beat. I cast my eyes,
Frenzied with terror: and, alas! alas!
That I should tell you such a dismal tale!
It's head cast off its slimy brilliancy,
And rose to human beauty—soon a nose
Swell'd prominent—its lips became twin cherries;
Its cheeks were shadow'd 'neath black lustrous hair;
Its eyes—oh, they were mutely eloquent!
Brighter than stars—were your's, the eyes were your's.
The head, the cheek, the hair, the smile, the nose,
Were Miriam's—in an agony I woke,
And felt my heart still pain'd, as if the coils
I fancied had been real—Are you sure
You're not a serpent, Miriam?

Mir.

Are you sure

You're not a donkey? nice young gentleman
You are!—I think you might have known
By this time what I was. Your dreams are feints
To screen your alter'd mind,—come, be a man
And trouble me no more with paltry dreams!—
You've seen the casket?

Har.

Yesterday I saw it,

My hand was on its lid—don't hurry me;
I know that 'tis decreed that I should do it;
I feel it here—I dream of it—I try
To shake me free from the debasing thought,
But all in vain—it haunts me; press me not.
I'll do't—One of our carriage horses neigh'd
Last night, and in the neigh I heard clear words—
The deaf might hear them—"Steal the casket, Harold!"
This morn my lady's tabby cat cried "mew."
—No—no—not "mew!" but "Steal the casket, Harold."
As I came hither, a canary bird
Hung in a window, whistled, "Steal the casket!"
Heaven—earth—a horse—a bird—a mewing cat
All bid me do it!—tempt me no more now.
To night—to-morrow—any time but now.

Mir. But now is the fitting time—if you delay
You're lost to me for ever—

I am very sorry to break off at the most interesting and intensely antique part of the play, where a conjurer is introduced giving responses after the manner of the ancient oracles; but the following letter will explain the reason. It came to me this moment from the author of the drama:—

"Friday Night, 5th February 1841.

"I've this moment come out of the

House of Commons, where Macauley has shown his infernal spite against authors sure of immortality, by getting the Copyright Bill rejected. Too bad in a set of fellows like these, to take the whole value from my writings by hindering me from doing the public out of two or three prices for my book—one during my own life, and another in *sacula sæculorum*. Not that I would give twopence for my chance

of an additional guinea from the book-seller; but the look of the thing!—think of the look of the thing! Doesn't it make you blush to see Shakspeare selling for five shillings, and all Milton for half-a-crown? If they had retained their copyrights, or even if a bookseller had bought them, they would have brought a very different price, and added proportionately to the dignity of literature. Don't publish a line of my *Predestined Thief* till you have asked Mr Blackwood the difference in value between my copyright now and if it had been for

ever. I will hold you responsible if you do. The public must be punished for its meanness. I have great thoughts of not writing another line. All the authors in the House voted on our side. Nothing could be more disinterested. I was offered *Pelham* as I came here for eighteenpence—the binding was worth two shillings. See how literature is fallen even now! I expect people will offer us *De Lorme* for nothing, or perhaps give us a shilling or two to the bargain.—Yours in haste."

THE MARGATE VOYAGE.

- Who has not heard the little French ballad of the "*voyage*" from Paris to St Cloud?—a three mile trip—before venturing on which the Cockneys of the "*Grande Ville*" take a formal farewell of their shops, the Palais-Royal, and the Opera.

" Chantons, chantons, le refrain
Sur la Seine, sur la Seine."

But what can Paris show equal to the Margate voyage? The Seine to the Thames is a ditch; the French boat to the steamer is a barge; and who shall ever compare the Colonel Calicots with the solid obesity, the solid purse, and the solid humour of the London citizen?—not a mustache among them all: but money enough in any one of their pockets to purchase wigs and rouge, spurs and shirts, for the whole heroic population of the Parisian counters.

The voyage to Margate, too, is an undertaking too vast for the comprehension of a "lad of Paris:" it is almost a hundred miles of water. The *badaud* would as soon think of swimming across the Atlantic: for it occupies seven hours—a time which he never gave to any thing except curling his ringlets. It is altogether an undertaking too stupendous for his imagination. He might as well think of setting out for the antipodes—never to return.

But to John Bull—the brave, the adventurous, and the humorous—the voyage is second nature; a thing of sport, like Ariel's "putting a girdle round the earth, and asking but forty minutes to do it in." He rides on the waters of the Thames like a warrior on his charger, and makes mirth, love, and Madeira punch, with the ease of a philosopher, all the while.

'Twas just ten o'clock in the morning,
The sun to enlighten us scorning;
While a true London cloud gave us warning
That that cloud would soon turn to a streamer.
Then came, pouring in by the dozen,
John Bull, and his wife, and his cousin;
And the fiddlers began all to rosin,
On board of the Adelaide steamer.

Off we went, with our tall chimney smoking,
Five hundred, all squeezing and choking;
Some their heads o'er the vessel's side poking,
Which made their gay spirits much tamer.

But John Bull, though ever so cross, sir,
Is never at meals at a loss, sir;
So they soon began beef-steaks to toss, sir,
Down their throats, in the Adelaide steamer.

Our freight was, of course, rather various ;—
Some heroes, with faces nefarious ;
Some dames, of the order called " serious,"
Who make of this world a disclaimer ;
An alderman, with his fat wife, sir,
By their stomachs not long for this life, sir :
A young villain who practised the fife, sir,
On board of the Adelaide steamer.

Three milliners' maids ; a pale Quaker,
Clearly book'd for the next undertaker ;
A poet let loose from Long Acre,
One Fitzherbert Fitz-Romeo Fitz-Seymour,
A la Byron, no cravat or collar,
His wardrobe not cheap at a dollar,
A scholar—and *very* poor scholar—
On board of the Adelaide steamer.

Three smugglers from Deptford—a Jewess,
The belle of the gay town of Lewes,
Her tongue with a touch of the shrew-ess,
But her eyes !—pray, don't ask me to name her—
Such eyes as old gentlemen frighten
When they're met on the Chain-pier at Brighton.
They served my " seven ages " to lighten,
(Seven hours) in the Adelaide steamer.

Then we had Mynheer Von Sansculotte,
(From a white bear not very remote,)
Who for " War with the World " gave his vote,
(And I learn'd was a tailor from Namur ;)
With a Colonel Le Conte Petit Maitre,
Of England a very fierce hater,
(Who at Paris performs as a waiter ;)
On we roll'd in the Adelaide steamer.

Then we had a most erudite German,
With a flat, fishy face, like a merman,
Who prosed like a Methodist sermon,
And puff'd that great genius Von Roemer ;
(A blunderhead, book-making rover,
An ass who knows thistles from clover ;
Pray, are there no treadmills at Dover ?)
On we roll'd in the Adelaide steamer.

By my side sat a Donna Melrosa,
The wife of a " Duc de Mendoza,"
Who ran off with another " Duc's " *sposa* ;
So she cut him ; no Christian could blame her.
She rattled her wrongs off so glib, sir,
Who could dream each third word was a fib, sir ?
I thought she'd like me for a rib, sir,
A new catch, in the Adelaide steamer.

Then we had a Sir Blarney O'Brogue, sir,
With the ladies immensely in vogue, sir,

And a look very much like a rogue, sir,
 On the " Green Isle " a mighty declaimer.
 With the " chains of six hundred long years," sir,
 And his wig slyly dropt on his ears, sir,
 To hide the old work of the shears, sir ;
 On board of the Adelaide steamer.

Now from deck some slipp'd down to their rations,
 Some got sick with their porter-potations,
 Some got drunk, and made tender quotations,
 For your Sea is an old love inflamer.
 So we tumbled along by Gravesend, sir,
 A place which I much recommend, sir,
 To those who, by drowning, would end, sir—
 On we pitch'd in the Adelaide steamer.

Then we toss'd on the waves of the Nore, sir,
 A thing which I thought a great bore, sir ;
 The John Bulls soon all set up their roar, sir,
 I had on each side a fair screamer.
 Of their presents to me the young fellows
 Had no very great cause to be jealous—
 When " Margate " the engineer bellows ;
 So good-by to the Adelaide steamer.

ARRETINO.

A FIFTH CHAPTER OF TURKISH HISTORY.

THE WARS WITH THE MAMLUKES, NO. II.—THE CONQUEST OF EGYPT.

ALL was at first panic and confusion in the councils of the Mamlukes, when their dismayed and dispersed squadrons re-assembled at Cairo after the rout of Mardj-Dabik, and the subsequent retreat from Damascus. Their monarch, with more than one of their bravest leaders, had fallen on the field of battle : their treasures,* and half their territories, were in the hands of the enemy ; and the humiliation of defeat was embittered by the consciousness that their own unruly insubordination, rather than the fortune of the fight, had yielded an easy triumph to antagonists, whom, since the previous war, they had constantly professed to contemn as far inferior to themselves in martial courage and the management of their horses and weapons, and deriving solely from the distant use of their cannon and musketry an unworthy and precarious advantage,

which they were unable to maintain when forced to close conflict. The citadel of Cairo resounded with the fierce recriminations and stormy debates of the chief of the Korsans and Circassians, who met in armed conclave for the election of a new sultan ; the household Mamlukes of Kansuh-Ghuri vehemently advocating the claim of Seid-Mohammed, the youthful son of their deceased master, to the succession of his father ; while the opposite faction repudiated the assertion of hereditary rights in the present perilous crisis, and insisted that the tried valour and sagacity of the *dowadar*, Touman-Bey, pointed him out as best calculated to avert the ruin which impended over the empire. The dispute spread from the divan to the camp ; and an appeal to the sabre was already threatened by the partizans of each candidate, when Alem-Bey and

* A million of ducats, the produce of the revenues of Syria, were found in the treasury of Aleppo when the Turks entered that city ; and the military chest of Kansuh-Ghuri is said by Ottoman writers to have contained the incredible amount of 100 *kantars* (hundredweight) of gold coin, and 200 of silver !

Koord Bey, two distinguished leaders, interposed their mediation; and proposed that the throne should be conceded to the superior merit of the dowaḍar, who on the other hand should engage to respect the life and possessions of Seid-Mohammed, in consideration of the chiefs of his party undertaking to furnish an extraordinary contribution for the expenses of the ensuing campaign. To this arrangement all the other leaders finally assented; and in the assumption of the ensigns of royalty by Touman-Bey, the metropolis of Egypt witnessed for the last time (Sept. 1516) the martial inauguration of a Mamluke sovereign.

It was, in truth, no time for disunion and dissension, when a victorious enemy was already at the gates: for Selim, even while occupied at Damascus with the organization of his Syrian conquests, had pushed forward a select corps as far as Gaza, under the command of the famous eunuch Sinan-Pasha, his grand-vizir and favourite general; and had levied a vast number of camels for the passage of the sandy desert between Syria and Egypt. But notwithstanding the unhopèd-for measure of success which had hitherto crowned his arms, the Ottoman sultan was fully alive to the risk which must necessarily attend the invasion of Egypt, where the formidable strength of the Mamlukes, but little impaired by their former defeat, was concentrated in the midst of their adherents and resources, for a last and desperate struggle in defence of their independence and nationality; and where a reverse would at once, by intercepting his retreat to his own dominions, entail inevitable destruction on himself and his army. The precept of the Koran, which forbids the extermination of a vanquished enemy till he has been again summoned to submit, supplied him with a pretext for a last attempt to effect his object by negotiation: and before the grand army broke up from its quarters at Damascus, Mourad-Aga, a Circassian by birth, who held a high command in the spahis, was dispatched to Cairo, accompanied by a chief of the law, as the bearer of proposals of peace to Touman-Bey, on the same conditions which Timur had exacted, more than a century before, from Sultan Fa-

radj Ebn Barkok, the second of the Bordjite monarchs, after routing his armies at Damascus, and overrunning Syria. On surrendering to the Turks the territories which they had already conquered, the Mamluke sultan was offered the undisturbed possession of Egypt, subject only to the insertion of the name and titles of the Ottoman emperor on the coinage and in the public prayer—a concession equivalent, as has been already mentioned, to the acknowledgment of vassalage. The Ottoman envoys were introduced in full divan, and announced the demands of their sovereign to Touman-Bey and the assembled emirs: but on quitting the presence chamber, they were encountered by Alem-Bey, who had been accidentally absent from the conference, and who, on learning the tenor of their credentials, instantly unsheathed his scimitar, and struck off the heads of the unfortunate ambassadors without further parley. Then abruptly entering the divan, he avowed and justified the bloody deed which he had committed, denouncing the representatives of Selim as excluded from the privileges of the law of nations in consequence of the execution of the Persian ambassadors by their master's order, and the indignities offered in the Turkish camp to the former envoy of Kansuh-Ghauri—and inveighing against the degradation of submitting, after a single defeat, to the dictation of terms by the Ottomans, whom they had so often, in the days of Kayt-Bey, vanquished with inferior numbers. His denunciations were applauded and re-echoed by the crowd of military chiefs, whose fierce acclamations drowned the voices of the sheikhs and men of the law, and of the few Mamluke leaders who were inclined to more prudent and politic counsels:—the flame spread from the divan to the soldiery, who rushed with sudden fury to plunder the equipages and massacre the attendants of the murdered envoys; and thus was all hope of peace, or even of delaying the progress of the enemy by negotiation, recklessly abandoned.

The tidings of the reception which his proposals had met with at Cairo, inflamed Selim into such a paroxysm of wrath, that Hussein-Pasha, one of the *vizirs of the bench*,* who ventured

* The number of these high dignitaries was fixed by the *Kanoon-Nameh*, or Institutes of Mohammed II., at four, including the grand-vizir as president of the divan. The sul.
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to suggest the expediency of further evertures, atoned for his temerity by the instant loss of his head; and orders were sent to Sinan-Pasha to advance without delay:—but before the Turkish general received this mandate, the vanguard under his command had been assailed in the environs of Gaza by a mingled host of Bedowens and Mamlukes, led by ten beys, under the orders of Jan-berdi Ghazali. This chief, as has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, had been shaken in his fidelity by the offers of Selim, and even now maintained a secret correspondence with Khayer-Bey, the renegade governor of Aleppo: but he had been raised by the new sultan to the post of *atabek*, or generalissimo, and at this juncture was apparently wavering between his old allegiance and the rewards held out as the price of treason. He emerged so suddenly from the desert with his cavalry, as nearly to succeed in surprising the Turks; but Sinan speedily marshalled his forces for the fray, posting his horse, contrary to the usual tactics of the Ottomans, in the centre of his line, and strengthening the wings with all the artillery and janissaries. This novel arrangement was dictated by his past experience of the inability of the *spahis* to withstand the shock of the Circassian squadrons, and the result fully justified his foresight. The Mamlukes, burning to revenge the defeat of Mardj-Dabik, rushed with headlong fury on the Turkish centre, which was broken, and driven from the field: but the career of the victors was arrested by the heavy and continued fire poured upon each of their flanks from the Turkish wings, which wheeled round at right angles to their former position. The routed cavalry were rallied and brought back to the charge; and after a stern and unremitting conflict of nine hours, the Mamlukes, repulsed in all their efforts to capture the cannon by which their ranks were constantly enfiladed, effected a retreat into the desert, leaving the field in possession of the Ottomans. This victory was purchased by severe loss on the part of the Turks—2000 men having

fallen out of the division of 16,000 commanded by Sinan: on the side of their opponent, besides an unconsidered crowd of Arabs, 1000 Mamlukes were killed; and the head of Khoda-Wardi, Bey of Alexandria, whose body was discovered among the slain, was reared on a lance before the tent of the Turkish commander.

The advance of Jan-berdi had been hailed as an omen of deliverance by the inhabitants of Gaza, who were strongly attached to the Mamluke interests, and who forthwith rose in revolt and expelled the Turkish garrison, massacring even the sick and wounded in the military hospital. Similar scenes occurred at Ramla and other places on the frontier; and a body of 200 (or, as some writers state, 2000) select cavalry, which had been sent in all haste from the headquarters of the army at Damascus to reinforce Sinan, was surrounded on its march by a swarm of the desert Arabs, and cut to pieces almost to a man—only six of the number, according to Saad-ed-deen, escaping to carry the news of this disaster to the presence of the Sultan. In accordance with his previous system of conciliating the inhabitants of the conquered countries by an extraordinary appearance of devotion, Selim had quitted the camp with a small retinue for the purpose of visiting the shrines of Jerusalem and Hebron; but this unwelcome intelligence quickly recalled him to the army, which advanced by forced marches through the mountain defiles of Palestine to relieve and co-operate with Sinan, all communication with whom had been intercepted. The gorges near Naplous were choked with snow, and the heights above them occupied by the Arabs, who rolled masses of rock on the encumbered and straggling columns; but the janissaries, whose fire-arms were rendered unserviceable by the wet, gallantly scaled the heights, and put the enemy to flight with the sword: the natural obstacles of the route were surmounted by the perseverance of the troops; and on descending into the level country, Selim was met by the messengers of Sinan, who announced

tan originally presided in person; but this custom was discontinued shortly after the conquest of Constantinople, in consequence (as stated by Solak-Zadah) of the disgust conceived by Mohammed at the unceremonious address of a rustic Turkman, who made his way into the council-chamber, and exclaimed, in the uncouth dialect of Anatolia, "I have business with the Padishah of the Osmanlis—which of you all be he?"

the safety of the advanced corps, and the victory of Gaza. At Ai-nal-safa (the *Pure Fountain*) the vizir himself, at the head of his troops, "presented himself to kiss the imperial stirrup of Selim," who invested his victorious lieutenant with a pelisse and sabre of honour, and distributed a donative to the soldiers who had been engaged in the late battle; while the revolted towns were punished by a general slaughter of the inhabitants.

This second overthrow struck dismay into the divan of Cairo, as it had been confidently anticipated that Ghazali would succeed in driving in the enemy's outposts and detached corps; and, by occupying the difficult country between Jerusalem and Damascus, prevent them from advancing upon Egypt at least till the following spring—an interval which would have afforded time for the return of a powerful squadron which Kansuh-Ghauri had dispatched, before the Turkish invasion, to cruise in the Indian seas against the Portuguese, and on board which were 4000 choice troops; and which would also have enabled Shah Ismail, who had promised his co-operation against the common foe, to collect the forces of his kingdom, and pour them into Syria on the rear of the Ottomans. But the news of the rout at Gaza, closely followed by the intelligence that the whole Turkish army was actually in full march for Egypt, disconcerted all these plans. The imminence and extremity of the danger could no longer be disguised, and the Sultan prepared in haste to meet the impending storm. All the Mamlukes in Upper Egypt were summoned to the capital; and the young slaves whose noviciate in arms was not yet completed, were assiduously exercised* to enable them to bear a part in the coming struggle: while the Arab sheikhs of Egypt were confirmed in their fidelity by largesses and promises, and sent forward with their wild followers to harass the advance of the invaders.

Stimulated by the offer of a piece of gold for every Turkish head sent to Cairo, these fierce auxiliaries hung like wolves on the track of the Ottomans, whose ranks they galled with incessant clouds of missiles, while the fleetness of their desert coursers quickly carried them beyond the reach of pursuit. Their numbers and audacity increased as the Turks penetrated further into the country; and on one occasion they assailed the line of march with such determination, that the beglerbeg of Roumelia, who commanded the division nearest the imperial tents, thinking a general action inevitable, ordered the equerries to caparison a battle-charger for the sultan; but so vehemently was the choler of Selim excited on learning the real amount of danger, that the unfortunate pasha was summarily consigned to the executioner for this well-meant but officious interference. Still, in spite of all obstacles, the Ottomans pressed onwards with unabated energy; a three days' rain, which saturated and rendered stable the shifting sands, facilitated their passage of the desert; the open country was rapidly traversed; and on the 21st January 1517, the proud *City of Victory*† saw, for the first time since the Fatimite dynasty had been overthrown by the Ayubites, the wide plains before her suburbs darkened by the tents of a hostile army.

The dawn of the following morning (the last day of the Mohammedan year 922) saw the two armies opposed between the villages of Matarea and Rodaniyah, six miles from the capital. Convinced at length by fatal experience of the irresistible efficacy of artillery, Touman-Bey had procured, either from the Venetians or the Rhodian knights, a number of heavy guns, which he had placed in battery in front of his position; and had further strengthened his line by digging pits and trenches, concealed by a slight covering of earth, across the road by which he expected the Ottomans to

* In the *Travels of Martin Baumgarten* (book i. chap. xxi.), who visited Egypt in 1507, we find a long and curious detail of the martial exercises of the Mamlukes, and their marvellous dexterity in the management of the horse and the bow, which he saw exhibited in the presence of the sultan and the caliph, for the entertainment of an Ottoman ambassador.—*Churchill's Collection of Voyages*, i. 444.

† Al-Kahirah (the *Victorious*) was the name given to the new metropolis of Egypt by its founder, Jawhar-al-Khayed, who built it by command of the Fatimite caliph Moazz Ledin'llah, A.D. 968: the European name, *Caire*, is corrupted from this.

advance. But Selim, forewarned of these preparations by some deserters, (or, as some accounts state, by the treason of Ghazali,) altered his route: and, marching with great part of his forces round the long hill of Mokattam, assaulted the Mamluke encampment in flank and rear—a manœuvre which rendered the Egyptian cannon useless, as, being unprovided with wheel carriages, the guns could not be moved from place to place in the heat of action. But though thus taken at advantage, and overborne by the superior numbers and artillery of their opponents, the Circassian chivalry worthily supported, in this last struggle for independence and empire, the ancient renown of their arms: and the battle continued to rage with undiminished obstinacy throughout the whole of the day. Contrary to the usage of the Ottoman monarchs, who ordinarily contented themselves with discharging the duties of a general without personally engaging in the *mêlée*, the Mamluke sultans frequently fought on horseback at the head of their household troops:—and Toulman-Bey, who stood unequalled among the cavaliers of his host, both in martial daring and dexterity in arms, continually traversed the field at the head of a select corps, sheathed in full armour, with whom he carried havoc through the Ottoman ranks. At one time the impetuosity of his onset broke and drove from their ground the European troops who held the first battle of the Turks, and who had never before been known to yield:—and knowing that the Sultan was posted in the second line, he still pushed onwards with undaunted ardour, hoping

to engage the Ottoman emperor hand to hand, and terminate the war at a single stroke. The fall of Selim, on a remote battle-field, would have entailed immediate panic and destruction on his army, and might probably in its consequences have changed the future history of the East;—but the Mamluke champion, misled by the glittering cortège which surrounded the grand-vizir, directed his career against Sinan-Pasha, whom he encountered with lance in rest,* and bore from his saddle mortally wounded;† two other Turkish leaders of note were transpierced at the same instant by the weapons of Koord-Bey and Alem-Bey; and before the suite of the fallen vizir had recovered from the panic into which they had been thrown by the suddenness and fury of the assault, the three Mamluke heroes had again forced their way through the surrounding Turks, and rejoined their own party in triumph. But all the exertions of individual prowess were inadequate to withstand the numbers and tactics of the Ottomans, whose line continued gradually to gain ground, till at the close of the day, the Anatolian cavalry, which had hitherto been held in reserve, was brought into the field, fresh and vigorous, under the orders of Mustapha-Pasha, and poured charge after charge on the exhausted and diminished array of the Egyptians. But, though hemmed in on both flanks, and raked in all directions by the fire of the Turkish fieldpieces, “before which” (says Saad-ed-deen) “the Circassians fell as over-ripe corn sheds its grain before a fierce wind,” the Arabs and Mamlukes constantly

* Both the Mamlukes and Turks at this period appear to have used the lance by couching it under the arm, and charging with it thus levelled, like the knights of Europe; but it was never a favourite weapon with the Osmanlis, whose chief dependence was on the sabre. By the Persians, on the contrary, the spear was wielded *overhand*, like that employed (*parvis componere magna!*) by modern Anglo-Indian hog-hunters, as appears from the description of Knolles:—“The Persian horsemen, wearing their pouldrons and gauntlets, and bearing staves of good ash, armed at both ends, fight with them as occasion serveth at the halfe staffe, after the manner of the Numidians, and with doubling and redoubling their often thrusts from on high, doe easily wound or kill the unarmed Turks, with their horses: whereas the Turkish horsemen, after the manner of the Græcians, couching their staves in their rests, doe at the first course most commonly breake the same, being made of light and brittle firre, and so presently come to their scimitars or horsemen’s maces.”

† The circumstances attending the fall of the vizir Sinan by the hand of the Egyptian sultan, are narrated by the historiographer of Saad-ed-deen on the authority of his father Hassan-Jan, who attended Selim in his Egyptian expedition.

serried afresh their crushed and shattered ranks, and forming themselves into a close phalanx, repulsed with indomitable gallantry the repeated charges of the janissaries, till the scene of slaughter was closed by the approach of night. The narrow plain of Rodaniyah was choked by the corpses of 5000 Mamlukes, and 20,000 Arabs and auxiliaries, the victims of this bloody day; and Touman-Bey, withdrawing the wreck of his gallant army under cover of the night, retreated to a fresh position between Cairo and the Nile. The wounded, among whom were Alem-Bey* and Bidon, another redoubted leader, were abandoned to the mercy of Selim: but they were all ruthlessly dispatched by his order, and their heads added to the piles already erected as trophies of the victory. The remains of the slain grand-vizir were interred with the honours due to a martyr on the spot where he had fallen; and a stately tomb was reared to his memory by command of Selim, who superintended in person the obsequies of his faithful minister, and was often heard in after days to exclaim—"What avail-eth it me that I am master of Egypt, when I have lost him whose counsels were as precious to me as were those of Yusef (Joseph) to Pharaoh!"

The Mamlukes had withdrawn all their forces from Cairo before the engagement at Rodaniyah: and as the city was without walls or defences of any kind, it was occupied without opposition, three days after the battle, by a Turkish detachment.† But this short interval had been diligently employed by Touman-Bey, in his new camp, in re-organizing his forces for a last effort to retrieve his fallen fortunes: 8000 Nubian slaves, the attendants of the remaining Mamlukes, were equipped and enrolled as auxiliaries:—and even the sons of Circassians were summoned to share in the conflict—a measure indicated by all the oriental historians as an extreme expedient, since (in accordance with the strange rules of the Mamluke body, noticed in the previous chapter) this class had hitherto been invariably

held unworthy to appear in arms by the side of their fathers. Thus strengthened, the Egyptians boldly resumed the offensive; and on the night of the 29th January, the garrison of Cairo was surprised and put to the sword by a strong force headed by Touman in person, which had penetrated silently into the city by by-paths:—an attack was made at the same time on the Ottoman camp, which had been removed to Boulak; but the Turks had been apprized of the meditated attempt; and the assailants, repulsed with loss, rejoined their comrades in the recovered city, which they proceeded to put in the best state of defence which the circumstances admitted. The principal street leading to the citadel, through which alone artillery could be brought up, was fortified at various points with palisades and trenches; the houses which overhung the other passages were filled with troops, and loopholed for archery: and thus, hastily intrenched, they resolved to abide the shock of their antagonists.

The recapture of Cairo was heard with rage and dismay by Selim, who foresaw that, if the Mamlukes succeeded in holding him at bay before the city, they might protract the war till the arrival of the expected succours from their allies enabled them to take the field in force against his diminished and exhausted army; while, as Alexandria and the other sea-coast towns were still held by the Egyptian governors, he could receive no reinforcements or supplies from his fleet, except by the circuitous and hazardous route of Syria, which might at any time be intercepted by an insurrection of the Arabs. It was therefore determined to carry the capital by storm, at whatever cost; and three columns of the élite of the army, commanded respectively by the Aga of the Janissaries, the Anadoli-Valesi Mustapha-Pasha, and Ferhad, the *alemdar* or grand standard-bearer of the empire, were directed against different points of attack. The barricades in the widest street were assaulted in front by the janissaries and field artillery:

* Other accounts state that Alem escaped from the field, and died of his wounds some time after at Bahnasa.

† The various accounts of these transactions are extremely contradictory and perplexing: and some writers even omit all notice of this first occupation of Cairo.

while the cavalry and light troops strove to effect an entrance through the narrow lanes on each side, so as to emerge on the flanks of the defenders. But the multiplicity and intricacy of these *sooks* or alleys, some of which would scarcely admit two men abreast,* bewildered and divided the Turks, whose numbers and discipline availed them nothing when they were entangled in these narrow passages, and opposed by the dismounted Mamlukes, whose knowledge of the locality, and skill in the use of the scimitar, gave them a fearful advantage in close fight. A terrible carnage ensued: "the dust," (according to the relation of a Turkish writer,) "which rose in dense clouds at the commencement of the conflict, was laid by the blood with which the ground was overflowed:"—the foremost of the janissaries, repulsed sword in hand from the barriers in the main entrance, and pressed onward by the throng of their comrades in the rear, were hurled into the deep trenches which had been dug across their route, and impaled on the palisades with which they were beset:—those in the by-lanes were overwhelmed with stones, darts, and missiles of every description, showered down on them from the flat terracerooft and projecting balconies of the houses: till after three days of incessant fighting, from lane to lane and house to house, Selim, seeing his troops foiled at every point by the desperate intrepidity of the garrison, ordered the city to be fired in several places. "On this" (says the Turkish historian Saad-ed-deen) "the Circassians, fearing the destruction of their families and possessions, held up their hands, and began to cry *Amān*, *Amān*!"—but the wind, suddenly changing, blew the smoke and flames against the Turks; and the janissaries, fearful of being surrounded by the fire, were compelled to use all their efforts to extinguish the conflagration: while the Mamlukes, re-animated by this incident, renewed the attack with such fury, that the enemy again gave ground, abandoning several of their

cannon; and Selim, hopeless of success, ordered a retreat. But at this critical juncture, a cry of alarm arose in the rear of the Egyptian defences. Mustapha-Pasha had made his way into the opposite quarter of the city with the Asiatic troops, and was on the point of possessing himself of the horses, which were held ready in the great square by the slaves, to ensure the escape of their masters in case of the worst;—and the Mamlukes, panic-stricken at the prospect of having their retreat cut off, abandoned their intrenchments, and dispersed to seek safety in flight. The Sultan, putting himself at the head of the remnant of his household troops, cut his way through the opposing masses to the open country, and was followed by all who succeeded in reaching their horses; the remainder sought shelter and concealment among their adherents in the obscure quarters of the town, excepting a few of the most determined, who threw themselves into a strong mosque, and held out till they obtained terms of capitulation. All resistance now ceased; and the military posts were occupied by the Ottomans:—but it was not till twelve days after the flight of Touman-Bey that Selim quitted the camp at Boulak, and repaired in procession, preceded by the imperial horse-tails and the *nakaraks* or kettle-drums, to the *Castle of the Mountain*, or citadel of Cairo, where he held a grand *dixan* of victory, and received the submission of Ghazali and other Circassian chiefs, who had made terms with the conqueror after the fall of the capital.

But though the *khutbah* was now recited in all the mosques in the name of the Osmanli monarch, he felt far from secure while numbers of the vanquished lords of the soil still lurked in the heart of the city, and afforded a nucleus for the hopes of their dependents and partisans; and by the advice of the traitor Khayer-Bey, a firman was published, offering an amnesty to all who voluntarily gave themselves up, and denouncing vengeance against such of the inhabitants

* "These streets give more the idea of private passages in a house, till you are undeceived by meeting people on horseback, and by their interminable extent and labyrinthic properties. Many are not much above a yard wide, few more than six or eight feet."—MR. RAMSAY'S *Journal in Lord Lindsay's Letters*, i. 41.—Representations of these streets are given in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, i. 6., and ii. 9.

as continued to harbour them. Eight hundred Mamlukes surrendered themselves on the faith of these promises, or were delivered up by the citizens; but faith and mercy were alike unknown to the ruthless policy of Selim: the whole number, excepting a few who took service with the Turks, were decapitated in the great square of Romeilah in the presence of the assembled army:—and this perfidious execution was followed by a general massacre of those favourable to the late rule, whose possessions were resigned as a booty to the Turkish soldiers.* Among the Mamluke leaders who fell victims on this occasion was Moghol-Bey, the luckless envoy sent by Kansuh to the camp of Selim at Aintab—and his fate was shared by the valiant Koord-Bey, whose gallantry, liberality, and eloquence, long preserved his fame in the popular traditions of Egypt as the flower of Circassian chivalry. The place of his retreat had been so well chosen, as to baffle all the researches of the Turkish emissaries, till Selim, solicitous to get this redoubted chieftain into his power, conveyed to him, through one of his confidants, a written assurance of security under his own hand, together with the copy of the Koran, on which he had sworn to spare his life. The sanctity of these pledges disarmed the apprehensions of Koord-Bey, and he presented himself at the levee of the victor, who surveyed with admiration the noble form and features for which the Circassian hero stood unrivalled even among his own countrymen, and after complimenting him on his prowess, invited him to range himself under his banner. But this offer was rejected with scorn by the undaunted Mamluke, who launched forth into an animated eulogium on the valorous achievements of his former comrades, “before whose weapons,” (he continued) “O son of Bayezid-Khan! both the cowardly engines which kill at a distance,* and to which alone thy triumphs are due, and the treason of the

caitiff whom I see standing by thy throne,” (Khayer-Bey,) “would have been alike powerless, had not the immutable course of destiny decreed that the rule of the Bordjites in Egypt should cease, as that of the Caliphs and the Ayubites had done in the days of old, and as thy own away, sooner or later, will assuredly crumble to dust when the Written Hour shall arrive.”—“Hast thou not heard,” replied Selim, exasperated at the audacity of this language, “that respect is due to the presence of kings? and is it thus that thou, a slave and a prisoner, darest to address a sultan?”—“I am no prisoner,” retorted Koord-Bey—“I stand here, free and secure, under the shadow of thine own oath and thy Koran: and if I have been bought and sold like the rest of the Mamlukes, what were thy ancestors but slaves, sprung from the dust under the feet of the mighty Seljooks, who were truly sultans of the Turks, and held the princes of the East and the West as the vassals of their stirrup?”—This second sarcasm inflamed the anger of Selim beyond all bounds, and, beckoning to an executioner, he again addressed the Bey—“I counsel thee to beware, lest thou loosest by thy untoward words the bond of the oath which protects thee!”—“I will counsel thee in return,” was the fearless answer—“my head will be little gain to thee, and little loss to my own sultan, whose trust is in Allah alone!—let the headsman rather do his work on Khayer-Bey, and so shalt thou escape the punishment which awaits in the next world those who foster one faithless to his bread and salt, and thus become partakers in his guilt.” His words were interrupted by the impatient wrath of Selim, who signed with his hand to the capidji, and the head of the bravest of the Mamlukes rolled on the floor of the council-chamber, at the feet of the traitor whom he had denounced with his last breath.

While the halls and palaces of Cairo were thus reeking with the blood of

* The number of those who perished is variously stated at from 10,000 to 30,000: Von Hammer even raises it, on the authority of a Turkish writer, to the incredible amount of 50,000! The order of time, in all the events subsequent to the capture of Cairo, differs considerably in the various accounts: and some writers place this slaughter after the death of Touman-Bey.

their late possessors, the unfortunate Touman-Bey, with the diminished and dispirited band who still adhered to him, took refuge at Djizeh on the further bank of the Nile, where he kept up a correspondence with his partizans in the capital, and negotiated with the sheikhs of the Hawareh tribes for aid. His promises, with the terror which the cruelties of the Ottomans had inspired, attracted to his standard several thousands of these warlike Arabs; and his forces received daily augmentations, while the Turks were deterred from attacking him by the difficulty of procuring a sufficient number of boats to attempt the passage of the river in face of an enemy. At length, however, a flotilla was equipped, carrying a strong force of troops and artillery under the command of the Kiashefs* Abu-Hamzah and Jannem-al-Seif, two renegade Mamluke chiefs, who had volunteered to give proof of their zeal in their new allegiance by accepting the conduct of this hazardous enterprise. A host of Arabs and Mamlukes disputed their landing; the former were dispersed by the first discharge of the artillery, the effects of which they had never experienced; but the Circassians, fighting with the energy of despair, and exasperated by the sight of their traitorous comrades in the front rank of the enemy, poured down on them with such fury that their order was broken at the first onset, and the combatants on both sides became mingled, horse and foot, in one indiscriminate mêlée, in which the individual address of the Mamlukes easily prevailed over antagonists whose chief reliance was on their musketry and discipline. The Arabs, on perceiving the confusion of their foes, returned to the charge, and the Osmanlis were falling fast under the scimitars of the Egyptians, when Jannem-al-Seif, recognizing in the thickest of the fray the person of Dowlat-Bey, a chief with whom he had

formerly been at feud, spurred his horse through the press towards his enemy, and with a loud cry defied him to combat. The challenge was promptly accepted, but the lance of the renegade shivered in the encounter against the armour of the Bey:—Jannem-al-Seif was wounded and unhorsed; and the fall of their leader decided the route of the Ottomans, who fled in confusion to their boats, bearing with them their disabled chief. But many of their vessels were already in possession of the victors, who embarked on the Nile in pursuit of the fugitives, while those whose retreat was intercepted, were cut down without mercy on the bank. The son of the Tartar Khan (brother-in-law to Selim) boldly plunged into the stream with the fearless horsemen of his own nation, and succeeded in surmounting the current and reaching the opposite shore—the remainder who escaped, committing their boats to the stream, hurried their flight till they attained the outposts of the main army.

This disaster, which cost Selim 6000 of his best troops, taught him that neither the spirit nor the prowess of the Mamlukes were yet broken by their previous reverses: and he viewed with disquietude and alarm the prospect of an indefinitely protracted warfare in the long valley of the Nile and its environing deserts. Triumphant as his arms had hitherto been, his army was sorely diminished in numbers by the conflicts which it had undergone; and independent of the danger of an attack on his rear, or an invasion of Syria or Anatolia by the Persians, his absence from Constantinople had already been prolonged beyond any former precedent, and the murmurs of the janissaries were with difficulty repressed by their officers. The question of a renewed attempt at negotiation was accordingly propounded in full divan; and though vehe-

* The Kiashefs were governors of districts subordinate to the Beys, to whom they bore the same relation in the Mamluke scale of precedence which the Turkish sandjak-beys do to the pashas. Von Hammer strangely renders the name Jannem-Seif, "*My soul! my sword!*"—thus making it a hybrid mixture of Turkish and Arabic:—but the addition of Seif merely implies that he had been a Mamluke of Kansuh-Ghauri, one of whose numerous titles was Seif-ed-deen, "*Sword of the Faith.*"—(Vide Note in p. 35 of the January No.) Tercier (Mem. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, xxi. 568) represents him as perishing in this encounter, but erroneously, as he was subsequently made sandjak of Bahassa by Selim.

mently opposed by Khayer-Bey, who had every thing to fear in the event of the Circassian power remaining erect, was carried in the affirmative by the influence of the new grand-vizir Yunus-Pasha, who had from the first protested against the campaign in Egypt as a rash and bootless expedition. Two military officers and the newly appointed cadhi of Cairo accordingly set forward,* attended by 500 horse to guard them against the desert Arabs, as the bearers of overtures to Touman-Bey, who was offered the government of Egypt for life, with investiture as a feudatory prince of the Ottoman empire, on condition of his acknowledging the sovereignty of Selim, striking the coin and reading the khotbah in his name, and surrendering Alexandria to the Turks. But these moderate propositions were destined never to reach the ear of the Egyptian sultan; a body of Mamlukes, infuriated by the recent massacres at Cairo, or (as a Turkish writer states) mistaking the formidable escort of the ambassadors for a military demonstration, waylaid them at Meit-Khassim, and cut off the whole party. A Mamluke chief, named Khoshkhadem, in the Turkish service, who ventured in spite of this warning to undertake a second mission, escaped a similar fate only by the fleetness of his horse; and Selim, swearing by the Koran that he would avenge these affronts by the extermination of the Circassians, left a strong garrison in Cairo under the command of the grand-vizir, and moved forward with all his remaining force to crush the enemy at a blow.

On the approach of the Ottoman legions, Touman-Bey, whose little army (though now strengthened by the addition of the garrisons which had been called in from Alexandria and the coast) was inadequate to cope with their numbers in the field, drew off towards the Pyramids, leaving

Shadi, the bravest and most loyal of the Beys who still adhered to his cause, to watch their march with a select body of Arabs and Mamlukes, and, if possible, to intercept their communication with the river† in their rear, through which they drew their supplies from the magazines at Cairo. But (in the words of an Oriental proverb) "as the fall of a house is portended by the rending of the walls, so does strife precede the dissolution of a kingdom," the jealousies between the Arab emirs and the Circassian chieftains, which had been with difficulty controlled by the presence of the Sultan, broke out with unrestrained violence in the corps of observation commanded by Shadi-Bey, and a regular conflict at length ensued between the Mamlukes and the Ghazali Arabs, a powerful desert 'tribe, of which the renegade bey, Jan-berdi, had become an adopted member (as implied by his surname) by the ties of marriage and hospitality. In the midst of this scene of confusion and slaughter, the Turkish army was descried advancing; and the Arabs, worsted by their Mamluke antagonists, fled towards the hostile columns for protection; but their purpose was misunderstood or disregarded by the Turks, and pursuers and pursued were alike mown down by a murderous fire, till the Mamlukes abandoned the unequal contest, and their leader hastened to rejoin the Sultan at Daschour, and to communicate the defection of the Arab auxiliaries. The Beys hastily assembled to deliberate on this alarming intelligence; and it was resolved to attempt, at all hazards, the conciliation of these important allies: but the Ghazali emirs, Ebn-Jemad and Selameh, had already tendered, through the intervention of their adoptive brother, Jan-berdi, their submission to the conqueror; and their answer to the mission from Touman was, "Allah forbid that we should again

* Leunclavius says that Touman-Bey had previously sent envoys to Selim, offering to submit; but this is mentioned by no other writer.

† It does not very clearly appear how the Turkish army was transported across the Nile. Paulus Jovius (lib. xviii.) describes Selim as building a bridge of boats; and this statement has been copied by Knolles and the authors of the "Universal History," who refer to this occasion the adventurous passage of the river by the son of the Tartar Khan; but no authority for this can be gathered from Oriental writers, whose narrative, particularly in the last scenes of the Egyptian campaign, it is often difficult to reconcile with the European accounts.

bear arms against the victorious Lord of Egypt, the Padishah Selim-Khan!" A further retreat now became inevitable, and the indomitable remnant of the Circassians proceeded to take post at Omdinar, near the left bank of the Nile, where they determined to resist to the uttermost. The enemy speedily appeared on all sides, and a succession of desperate skirmishes ensued, which occupied nearly the whole of March 1517. The achievements of the Mamluke champions, in this death-struggle of their splendour and power, are described by Oriental annalists as rivalling the deeds in arms ascribed to Antur and the other heroes of the elden time. "When Shadi advanced to the combat," says Ahmed-al-Mahalli, (an Arabic author quoted by Tercier,) "the strokes of the sword and mace resounded like the blows of the hammer on the anvil, or like horses galloping on stony ground." But the prowess of the Sultan himself was pre-eminent among all his followers; and wherever he turned his rein, the boldest of the Turkish cavaliers avoided his encounter.* On the side of the Ottomans, the Ghazali Arabs, thirsting for vengeance on their former lords, were foremost in every attack; and their traitorous associate, Jan-berdi, who had disguised himself by wearing a Bedoween garb with its hooded turban, over his mail, signalized himself by singly engaging the most renowned of the Circassian warriors. Kait-Bey-al-Rhahi, Kansuh-Koord, and Kilidj-Ali, three of their best and bravest chiefs, had successively fallen before his assaults, when the Sultan himself spurred for-

ward, and called on the unknown champion to meet him. In the career which followed, Ghazali was overthrown, horse and man, and the point of his adversary's lance was already at his breast, when, discovering his features, he exclaimed, "In the name of the prophet, and for the sake of the mystery of our sheikh, Abu-Sowoud-al-Jarihi, grant me mercy!" and at this *masonic* invocation (for such it appears to have been) Touman-Bey raised his lance, and suffered his vanquished enemy to mount and escape.†

But notwithstanding the gallantry of their defence, the ranks of the Mamlukes were thinned day by day in the contest against overwhelming numbers; and no tidings of the expected succours from Persia reached them in their extremity, till Selim, irritated by this prolonged and desultory warfare, summoned the Grand-Vizir, and Ayas, the aga of the janissaries, to join him with the greatest part of the troops which had been left at Cairo. The arrival of these reinforcements decided the struggle; and the ill-starred Sultan of Egypt, finding all further resistance hopeless, plunged into the desert with the handful of followers who still remained around him, and wandered for several days among its sandy wastes, uncertain whither to bend his further flight. In the remote districts of Upper Egypt and Nubia, he might have found a secure and inaccessible asylum till the retreat of the Turks enabled him to attempt the recovery of his throne and realm; "but it was written in the immutable page of destiny that the

* Touman-Bey was also an accomplished poet; and Seheiti has preserved a *Kasideh*, or Arabic ode of seventy-four couplets, composed at this period, in which the unfortunate monarch lamented the disasters which had fallen on the Mamluke rule, and the impending ruin of their dynasty.

† Von Hammer, who notices this characteristic incident, seems at a loss to explain "the mystery of our sheikh, Abu-Sowoud-al-Jarihi;" but this personage is mentioned by Lane ("Modern Egyptians," ii. 274,) as having been "a very famous saint, esteemed the most holy person of his day; . . . whose tomb is among the mounds of rubbish on the south of Cairo;" and the cry of Ghazali was doubtless the *symbol* or private token of some religious association in his honour, in which both he and the sultan had been initiated. "The tenets, rules, and ceremonies of the *durweehas*, like those of the free-masons, are not to be divulged to the uninitiated," (Ibid. i. 312.) A similar interposition, apparently miraculous, occurs in the "Arabian Nights," as translated by the same author, (ii. 262):—"And a Bedawee took his spear, and was about to thrust it into the breast of Alla-ed-deen, whereupon Alla-ed-deen said, 'O thy blessing, O my lord Abd-el-Kadir, O Geelancee!' and he saw a hand turn away the spear from his breast."

fortune of Malek-al-Ashraf" (a title of Touman-Bey) "should fall before that of Selim-Khan;" and he directed his course towards the Delta, with the view of seeking shelter from Sheikh-Safer and Hassan-al-Mehri, two powerful Arab chiefs, whose gratitude he had deserved by releasing them from the perpetual imprisonment to which they had been condemned by Kansuh-Ghauri. The fugitives were received with every exterior demonstration of respect; and Hassan-al-Mehri conducted them to a deep and hidden valley, accessible only by a single narrow approach between overhanging rocks; but this apparent solicitude was only a mask for meditated treachery; and on the approach of Ferhad-Pasha, who was scouring the country with 4000 horse, the perfidious emir hastened to acquaint him with the retreat of the sultan, and to conduct the Turks to the entrance of the defile. Thus surrounded and betrayed, Touman-Bey resigned himself to his fate, and presented his hands to the aga of the janissaries, who bound them across his breast,* and led the captive monarch, mounted on a mule, to the Ottoman encampment.

When the arrival of the royal prisoner was notified to Selim, he exclaimed with irrepressible exultation, "Maashallah! now is Egypt indeed conquered!" and his triumph was completed by the capture of Shadi-Bey, who had been given up, like his lord, by the Arab chief on whose protection he had thrown himself. The entry of the two illustrious captives was celebrated by the clangour of martial music and repeated salvos of artillery, and they proceeded through the ranks of the janissaries to the pavilion of Selim,† who, after an interval

of silence, opened the conference by demanding of Touman-Bey wherefore he had violated the law of nations by the murder of the Ottoman ambassadors, and had so long persevered in a hopeless resistance to the Turkish arms? "The murder of thy envoys," replied Touman, "was perpetrated without my knowledge, and contrary to my orders: and for the rest, is it not the duty of every sovereign to defend the subjects committed by Allah to his charge, in obedience to the text of the Koran, which says, 'He who is slain fighting for his home and his possessions dieth a martyr?' I fought for my kingdom and for the holy cities, of which I am the legitimate guardian, and which thou, in the lawless thirst of conquest, hast unjustly attacked."—"It was not for conquest, but to exact due vengeance for the injuries which I had received from Kansuh-Ghauri," retorted Selim, "that I undertook this war: and my purpose was sanctioned by the solemn fetwas of the mufti and the chiefs of the law."—"How can that cause be just, O Sultan of Roum!" answered the Egyptian, "which has prospered only by the aid of such wretches as Kayer and Ghazali? Is it not written, 'Let those who have dealings with a traitor, themselves perish by his treason?' Thou hast been the instrument through which our destiny has been accomplished: but though thy victories be many, yet shall the days of thy reign be few!" The dignified firmness of the fallen monarch inspired even the ferocious temperament of Selim with involuntary admiration, and remarking in the words of an Arabic proverb—"It is under the tongue that the man is hidden, and the words of this man are both bold and sincere," he announced his

* State criminals, and prisoners of rank, are thus confined in the East: only malefactors have their hands bound behind them.

† We have here, and in the succeeding details, followed the Turkish authors quoted by Von Hammer. The narrative of a Cadhilasker, translated by Angioletto in Ramusio, and copied by Knoller, states in express terms that he was never brought into the presence of Selim; and Paulus Jovius further represents him as having been barbarously tortured before his execution, to compel the discovery of the hidden treasures of Kansuh-Ghauri; but these treasures had fallen into the hands of the Turks after the defeat of Mardj-Dabik, and the story of the torture is contradicted by the silence of every Oriental writer. The circumstances of his capture are also differently related; most of the last-named authorities, with the *Univ. Hist.*, describe him as seized by the Arabs while standing up to the neck in a marsh; and Terrier, whom Von Hammer corrects in a note for following this account, is almost the only European writer who has not so related it! These discrepancies and contradictions may serve to show the confusion into which this part of history has fallen.

intention of sending him, with Shadi-Bey and the titular caliph Motawakel,* to Constantinople, where they might reside in honour and tranquillity. But this gleam of unwonted magnanimity was not of long continuance; the suspicious cruelty of the conqueror was awakened, and sedulously nourished by the artifices of Khayer-Bey, who represented to him that his tenure of Egypt would never be secure as long as the Circassian sultan was in existence; and a tumult at Cairo, in which the name of Touman was invoked with regret by the populace, had the effect of sealing his doom. Shehzuvar-Ali, a chief of the family of Zulkadr, who cherished an hereditary enmity to the Mamlukes from the execution of his father by the orders of Kansuh-Ghauri, was charged by Selim with the accomplishment of the fatal mandate; and the gallant Touman-Bey, after being paraded like a common malefactor through the streets of his former capital, was publicly hanged at the Zawilah gate of the city, April 13, 1517. Shadi-Bey shared at the same time the fate of the master whom he had so loyally served; and their bodies were deposited together in the splendid mausoleum† which Kansuh-Ghauri had erected for himself; while Selim assisted in person at the obsequies of his fallen adversary, and caused large sums to be distributed to the poor, as alms for the repose of the soul of the last sultan of Egypt!

"Thus it was that the kingdom of Misr, (Egypt,) with its 300 cities and 7000 villages, passed into the power of the victorious Sultan Selim, whose fame was exalted to the skies, while the rule and monarchy of the Bordjites sank in perpetual abasement."—

(Evliya Effendi.) The day after the death of Touman, Selim removed from the citadel to the palace in the isle of Roudha, where he published in full divan the firman declaring the incorporation of Egypt and its dependencies with his empire, and exacted the oath of allegiance from the imams and sheikhs of the capital, the chiefs of the four orthodox sects, and other high functionaries of the state; while the traitors, whose aid had so materially contributed to the conquest, received the stipulated rewards of their treason: Ghazali was invested with the pashalik of Damascus; and the viceroyalty of Egypt, which had at first been granted to the grand-vizir Yunus, was transferred to Khayer-Bey, whose superior knowledge of the country, and extensive influence over the Arabs, pointed him out as fittest for that important post. Jannem-al-Seifi, and other Mamluke renegades, received subordinate administrations; and Hassan-al-Mehri, with Ebn-Bekir, the betrayer of Shadi-Bey, were recompensed by the gift of robes of honour and large stipends in money.‡ In the mean time, the districts which had not yet been visited by the Turkish arms every where submitted on the appearance of the detachments sent to occupy them; the towns on the Mediterranean coast opened their gates, and the Turkish fleet, under Piri, the capitan-pasha, entered the port of Alexandria without opposition; while the triumphs of Selim were crowned by the surrender of the Egyptian squadron, the naval commander of which, Rais Soliman, learning, on his return from the Indian sea, the revolution which had taken place during his absence, forcibly overpowered the opposition

* Motawakel was the 18th (not 21st, as stated by Von Hammer) of the second or Egyptian branch of the Abbassides, (see our Jan. No., p. 37;) and it is in virtue of a cession said to have been made by him, that the Ottoman emperors have ever since claimed the title of Commander of the Faithful. He was detained in confinement during the life of Selim, but released, and suffered to return to Egypt, by Soliman the Magnificent, who assigned him a daily stipend of sixty silver dirhems. He died A.D. 1538, leaving two sons; and his descendants are said still to exist at Mekka.

† "The cemetery of the Mamluke sultans is one of the most interesting sights at Cairo. * * * A city of tombs and mosques—the most splendid domes, pillars of the most exquisite Saracenic architecture, and minarets the lightest and airiest imaginable, rising from the desert, like an Oriental Venice, to greet you."—LORD LINDSAY'S *Letters*, i. 41.

‡ Both these emirs were gibbeted at Cairo in 1525, on account of their participation in the revolt of Ahmed-Pasha—a just retribution for their former perfidy!

of his colleague, Azeez-Bey, the Mamluke general of the land forces, and, carrying the ships into the harbour of Suez, delivered them up to the Turkish commandant.

The work of conquest was now complete: but the reconstruction of the frame of government in his newly-acquired kingdom, with the realization of the immense booty arising from the public treasure and the confiscated wealth of the Mamluke chiefs, detained Selim yet four months in Egypt—an interval which was signalized by the arrival at Cairo of ambassadors from the King of Tunis and other potentates of Northern Africa, who hastened to avert, by congratulations and professions of amity, the further progress of the tide of conquest. The deputies of the Venetian republic also laid at the foot of the throne the tribute of 8000 golden zeechins, which had been annually paid to the later Bordjite sultans as an acknowledgment of homage for the kingdom of Cyprus*—but the religious pride of Selim was still more sensibly gratified by the appearance of Abu-Noman, son of Malek-al-Adel-Mohammed, the reigning shereef of Mekka, who in the name of his father presented to him the keys of the Kaaba in a silver basin, and hailed him as Vicar of the Prophet, and Protector of the two Holy Cities—thus ratifying the title conferred on him by anticipation in the mosque of Aleppo, and acknowledging him as the head of all the Moslem princes. To these new prerogatives was attached the duty of equipping the pilgrim-caravan, the journey of which had been interrupted by the war of the preceding year; but which now set forward with unusual pomp, accompanied by the new clothing of the Kaaba, the *mahmil* borne by the holy camel, and the other insignia of royalty, in the name of Selim: while a munificent donation of money and corn was distributed (under the name of the *surra*) to the sheikhs, the descendants of the prophet, and other ministers of religion resident in

the sacred territory; a largess which has been ever since annually continued. In the mean time the double work of spoliation and legislation rapidly proceeded: the most precious possessions of the country, the jewels and treasures accumulated by preceding sovereigns from the tributes of their wide dominions, were collected, and sent to Alexandria for embarkation on board the fleet; the libraries were stripped of all that was rare and valuable in their contents; and even the arabesques and marble carvings which decorated the palaces, were torn from the walls and forwarded to the same destination. In addition to this varied and costly freight, the fleet bore on its return to Constantinople the members of many of the principal Egyptian families, who were forcibly transplanted to Europe with the children of Khayer-Bey and the remaining Mamlukes, detained as hostages for the fidelity of their parents. The remnant of the Circassians, who had given in their adhesion to the Ottoman government, were suffered to retain their lands in the provinces, for the revenues of which they were made responsible; but the head of their body, under the title of *Sheikh-al-Belad*, or "chief of the land," was fixed at Cairo under the eye of the pasha, and their power was controlled by the institution of a provincial militia under the name of *Odjaklus*, literally *householders*, (often mentioned as the *janissaries of Egypt*), to whom was entrusted the custody of the citadel of Cairo, Alexandria, and other fortified points; and who were endowed with peculiar immunities and privileges, but forbidden to hold or acquire landed property. The commandant or aga of this corps ranked next in the divan of Cairo to the sultan's viceroy; and in order to mark more unequivocally the degradation to which the Mamlukes were reduced, the Sheikh-al-Belad was even compelled, on occasions of ceremony, to hold the stirrup while the *Odjaklu-Bashi* mounted his horse! Such was the system of mutual restraint devised

* This tribute had originated in 1427, when Cyprus was overrun, and the king, John II., carried prisoner to Cairo by the forces of the Egyptian sultan Barsebai; and the payment had been punctually continued by the Venetians, who, on the failure of the house of Lusignan, occupied the island by virtue of a donation (1489) from Catherine Cornaro, the widow of the last king.

† The *mahmil* is described and figured by Lane, ii. 182: Von Hammer incorrectly mentions it as containing the clothing of the Kaaba.

by Selim to hold in subjection a province to which its magnitude and remoteness rendered the ordinary Turkish regulations inapplicable—and so effectual did it prove, that it was not till the commencement of the 18th century, when the Odjaklu institution had fallen into utter decay and inefficiency, that the Mamlukessucceeded in regaining their former ascendancy, and exercising till the French invasion a sway under which the authority of the porte was reduced to a shadow, and which, under the famous Ali-Bey, even assumed for a short period the character of an independent sovereignty.*

It was not till the commencement of September 1677, that the Ottomans quitted the bleeding and devastated soil of Egypt, which has never since been visited by a Turkish sultan, and retraced their march to the frontiers of Syria, accompanied by a train of a thousand camels laden with spoil. As they traversed in their progress the desert of Al-Arish, the sultan, addressing the grand-vizir, whose opinion had always been adverse to the invasion of Egypt, asked him, "What sayest thou now? To-morrow we shall again be at Gaza, and in eight months we have achieved the conquest of Misr!"—"And what availeth our conquest?" retorted Yunus-Pasha; "we have lost half our army by fatigue or the sword, and Egypt, which was formerly held by an enemy, is now governed by a traitor, who is worse than an open foe." This reply, dictated by jealousy of Khayer-Bey, who had supplanted Yunus in the pashalik of Egypt, stung the sultan into ungovernable fury; and the unfortunate vizir was instantly dragged from his horse by his order, and decapitated by

the attendant Solaks or guards in the desert, where the caravanserai of Khan-el-Yunus, erected on the spot, still perpetuates the name of this victim of capricious cruelty. The remainder of the march was unmarked by any incident of importance, and Selim entered Constantinople in triumph, July 1518, after an absence of more than two years from his capital. The next year was consumed in redressing the disorders which this interregnum had occasioned, and quelling a revolt in Anatolia: but the restless spirit of Selim was incapable of repose, and in the spring of 1520 he announced his determination of effectually crushing, by a second invasion, the Sheah monarchy of Persia, now left without an ally by the extinction of the Mamluke empire. But in the midst of his preparations his constitution was undermined by a malignant cancer, which the skill of his physicians was inadequate to treat; and after enduring excruciating torments, he expired on the road from Constantinople to Adrianople, September 22, 1520, near the spot where, eight years before, he had given battle to his father. "The glory of his conquests," says a Turkish writer, "when compared to those of his forefathers, was as the splendour of the setting sun; for as they extended further, so was the time shorter during which he survived them: he reigned nine years, during which the khotbah was said in his name in a thousand and one mosques: but his renown was speedily eclipsed by that of his son, the invincible supporter of Islam, and cleaver of the heads of unbelievers, the illustrious Sultan Soliman-Khan Ghazi the Magnificent."

* We have been unable to find any oriental evidence of the treaty cited by Savary, (*Lettres sur l'Egypte*), which Selim is said to have granted to the conquered Mamlukes; but it appears probable that some such agreement was tacitly, if not formally, concluded; perhaps the true date is 1525, when the administration of Egypt was finally settled by Ibrahim, the famous grand-vizir of Soliman the Magnificent.

WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH is one of those on whom innumerable critiques and essays will be written—on whom a thousand attacks will be made, which will call forth as many ardent defences—whose very faults will be raised into peculiar merits—whose merits will be as often rendered questionable by near contiguity to some most assailable defect—and a right estimate of whom, as it will certainly occupy many pens, so perhaps from many pens only will it ever be safely gathered. Meanwhile let what follows take its place amongst the crowd of such performances, present or to come, and avail for what it may be worth towards a right understanding and fair appreciation of the poet. It will be observed that the writer of this paper assumes not here the editorial *we*. *Maga* must not be hastily compromised on so great a question in the courts critical. A praise perhaps too timid, a censure perhaps too blunt, a strain of remark perhaps distinguished not at all by peculiar refinement, must not be construed into the final sentence of *Maga* upon Wordsworth. So he keeps to his solitary *ego*; he foregoes, that he may not diminish, the *prestige* which in these pages so justly belongs to the plural of authorship; from mere modesty he becomes egotistical.

The strong, spontaneous passions, the stirring enterprizes of life, the pomp of war, and the beauty of woman—these have been the earliest, and will ever remain the most effective subjects of poetry; but nevertheless, as the minds of men become more generally cultivated, as reflection steals even upon the busy, agitated multitude, there enters into competition with these a new subject, or rather a new method of reviewing all the old topics with which the world has been ringing. Philosophic thought—that thought which every one of us indulges, who, pondering the world and his own existence, endeavours to frame for himself some intelligible *whole*, some understood scheme of things—this now demands its poetie exposition. It is no cold apathetic matter this philosophy, “not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;” neither is it always “musical as is Apollo’s lute.” Much

meditation, it is found, so far from stilling and pacifying the human breast, opens fresh sources of troubled feeling; and a retreat the most secure from outward shocks may prove but the undisturbed arena for conflicting passions. There needs no private grief to summon these eternal combatants to the stage, no apparatus of crowded circumstance, no dire event; the sources of incessant and contending emotions lie ever open to the meditative man—wide as the world without, and near to him as his own conscious spirit. He has but to look abroad on the great scene of humanity; he has but to look within on his own single being, and the tide of feeling flows. On these topics, so obvious, so inscrutable, he ponders with ever changeful results; and the two topics, himself and the world, though separable in terms, are, in fact, never dissociated; for it is the heart of the thinker which makes the world the mystery it seems; and the world, as it rolls on in the clear sunshine, or under the thick clouds of a philosophy as variable as the skies, throws back a confidence, or a terror, on the solitary heart. In the retirement of study, amidst the silence of thought, there may ensue, therefore, conflicts as long and desperate, attended with as intense excitement, with as sudden turns of fate, and by as lamentable fortunes, as were the clamorous wars of the *Iliad*. To this new battle-field, where the arrow hurtles not in the air, but is felt deep within the wound, the poet cannot fail to come: amidst these new encampments of hostile philosophies, the minstrel shall wander with his harp, and he shall find passions to sing of, as wild, as daring—ay, and as tender and moving too—as any that beleaguered city, or the fair form of woman, have given to his verse.

To this field of meditation, where the world is presented to each individual as if he were not a part of it, but an observer only—while that observation may perhaps constitute one of the most restless portions of this restless life—to this field our poets have betaken themselves in great force; and in this last age, especially, of our literature—this age, which should,

perhaps, be described as having just passed by, several of them are mainly distinguished by this characteristic—that the feelings they give forth are pre-eminently those of the reflective man; that they portray the passions of solitude, the pride and the despair of *thought*. Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, have it in common that their verse is an exposition of themselves; their own self-inflicted agitation, or well-earned tranquillity. It is not a picture of the world, dramatically drawn, which they present to us; but constantly the picture as seen through the medium of their personal feelings and convictions. And how widely different in some of them was this medium! To all the band, as to all thinking men, this life presents itself as a vision in great part painful and unintelligible; but the manner, how diverse, in which they encounter the eternal perplexity! Byron was against the world with vain and self-destructive violence; Shelley would madly create a new world, with man the god of it; Wordsworth clung to the old remedy, a great patience and a trust in Heaven. Viewed in relation to this philosophical arena, Wordsworth might be briefly described as one who drew his inspiration from the scene, but escaped its turbulence. In him this mental strife is seen only to be reprov'd, controlled, tranquillized. His harp is strung for peace and for virtue. Of course, you must not quarrel with him because he gives you none of those animating pictures of battle, or those strains of a tender resistless passion, which you may find abundantly elsewhere. A thoughtful calm is what he labours to induce; and themes like these he absolutely renounces:—

“ Noise is there not enough in doleful
war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand
forth,
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell
To multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless
love,
And in requited passion all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear,
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in each suffering breast?”

Such being the reflective cast of his poetry, he who undertakes a criti-

cism on Wordsworth, should endeavour, as his highest aim, to enter into the intellectual character—to explore the spirit of the man—to discover with what philosophy, or with what feeling, he habitually looked on human life—to set before us that temper, and those intimate convictions, which would even the very rapture of the poet's imagination. By so doing, he would place us on a vantage ground, from which we should truly appreciate and understand the poet. He would not amuse or perplex us by a mere string of epithets of praise or censure, but would let us into the workings of the poet's mind, and therefore into the real qualities of his verse. But before any attempt of this kind is made, there is one popular topic connected with the poetry of Wordsworth which seems to demand attention, and which it were better to discuss at once, and separately. It so happens that the name of Wordsworth is almost as generally associated with certain singularities of style, and with certain controversies on poetic diction, as with the nobler peculiarities of thought and sentiment; and I must pass judgment on that homeliness and simplicity of manner which distinguishes some of his earlier productions, and which, with many persons, is still the first thing called to mind on the mention of his name. To this topic, therefore, and perhaps to some others connected with his *style*, I will first address myself; and this arrangement of my subject will, at all events, produce an agreeable order of progression—for I shall have to commence with remarks somewhat cold and captious, and in the tone of censure and rebuke; and having performed this due sacrifice to critical justice, I shall be the better entitled to call for no scanty measure of esteem for the poetic *mind* of Wordsworth—for the tenor of his thoughts, so calm, so full of pathos—for passions steeped in meditation—for a benignant philosophy seeking utterance in chastened verse.

Wordsworth has set before us in his happiest efforts a model of pure and classic diction. In ten pages of the “Excursion,” there shall be found more signal instances of choice and original adaptation of language to thought, than in as many volumes of what, at one time, has passed current

for decent poetry. In this very matter of style, no writer has exercised over his contemporaries a more marked and fortunate influence. It may be observed, that a taste prevails amongst our minor, our most diminutive poets, for chaste and subdued expression, which is attributable in no small degree to his influence. Moreover, with some exceptions, which, on the present occasion, it would carry me too far to discuss, I cordially acquiesce in those strictures upon poetic diction which are contained in the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," and applaud that reformation amongst the muses which he there proposes, and which his better works have assisted to effect. Apparently, men used to think that a certain conventional idiom constituted, or was essential to, poetry; and to such an extent has this absurdity been carried, that the time has been, when it was absolutely considered a signal merit to raise a low subject, by sheer force of this lever of poetic diction; so that the attempt, in reality the most ridiculous conceivable, was ostentatiously made, to describe commonplace things in language the most heroic and imaginative. It was a matter of boast to select the most unpromising subject, that a miserable skill might be displayed in decorating it with ornaments quite foreign to its nature. To this perverted taste, the result of a slavish spirit of verbal imitation, whether of ancient classics or native predecessors—to this poetic pedantry Wordsworth gave the last and mortal blow. He must not be represented as engrossing the merit of some sudden reformation. Cowper had already, in his "Task," entered his practical and most efficient protest against overlaying the verse with mere adventitious ornament, with what may be called a poetic terminology. The fault, indeed, was one which no man of genius—one would think, no man of real feeling and energy of thought—would habitually commit, though the taste of the day might occasionally betray him into it. Enough, however, remained of this poetic affectation, when Wordsworth began to write, to vex his soul, and drive him to declared hostility against it; enough remained to entitle him to our gratitude for sweeping the lingering annoyance from our path.

But while I admire—none more
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admires—the cultivated plainness, the sweet sobriety of his better style, while I applaud the happy influence he has, on the whole, exerted upon our current literature, I beg most decidedly to protest against that exceeding homeliness of phrase and puerility of subject which deface the Lyrical Ballads, and which occasionally deform his more elaborate productions. Such things as "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," I beg not to be thought for a moment to tolerate. I regard them as mere excrescences on the works of Wordsworth. And why are they thus offensive? Not because of their simplicity. No: I quarrel with that style and manner which have called forth so much discussion, not because they are too simple or too natural, but because they depart from true simplicity—because they are *not* natural. In combating one affectation he fell into another, and a worse—the affectation of silliness and ignorance. It is, in fact, incorrectly called simplicity; it is affectation, and therefore, without doubt, detestable.

By all means let a writer, conscious of high culture and refined susceptibility, speak out boldly whatever his heart suggests to him—he will reach, I doubt not, the hearts of others. Let him do this fearlessly, undeterred by conventional prejudices, whether of the drawing-room or the scholar's study. I claim for him the utmost freedom in every movement of his own strong spirit. Every thing which the eye of that man seizes—which his soul moves to—let us have it; but let us have it as it appears to him, and in such language as from him it spontaneously calls forth. This were true simplicity, the simplicity which the subject forces upon the man; and this will always be effective. But is it true simplicity, is it any thing but ridiculous affectation, if a powerful writer, not writing for children, chooses to indite a nursery rhyme? Can it be a genuine operation of mind which brings this nursery rhyme from one accustomed to brood pensively over his subject?—which, above all, places a verse of childish doggerel in a poem where the very next stanza probably displays a singular refinement of thought or expression? What defence will be made? Will it be said that, on these occasions, the poet himself is not supposed to speak? that some ignorant person, some child

or old woman, innocent of letters, must be imagined to narrate the incident? If such a character should be faithfully sustained, (which in some instances may perhaps be readily conceded,) yet I see no peculiar charm in poetry indited by an ignorant person. But such a part is in general very ill sustained. The rustic, unlettered spokesman, if any such be intended, breaks out into the graces of the accomplished writer, into the sentiments of the most reflective of poets.

Or will it be thought enough to say of this silliness and triviality, that it is an imitation of the old ballad style? If it be so, this is no excuse. If we laugh at the hapless poet who cannot speak of the scent of a violet without talking of the "breath of Flora," are we to treat with any respect a wilful meanness and poverty of expression, because there is something like it in the ballad of *Cherry Chase*? If the study of the Greek and Latin classics is not admitted as sufficient apology for a cold, exotic, artificial diction, is an admiration for certain rude specimens of native genius to be an excuse for any bald disjointed chat—any *gossipry*—that an accomplished writer may please to descend to? Go into a Gothic cathedral, built and adorned, it may be, at the same time when these Gothic rhymes were writ—you shall find many a sculpture where the countenance exhibits much sweetness or dignity of expression; you shall find many a figure where the drapery is gracefully and nobly adjusted; if you are an artist, you cannot fail to gather some useful hints; but what sort of praise will you deserve, if, not content with extracting what is really excellent, you will also imitate what is rude, mean, and skillless, in these performances?—if you will revive those fleshless limbs, those straight shanks, those long thin hands, palpably never made to bend, never designed to take hold of any thing, whatever the sculptor may have inserted between the thumb and the unconscious fingers? Were an artist to model a figure, having one arm disposed with all the grace that a Canova or a Flaxman could bestow, and the other stiff and constrained as that of some venerable saint who stands compressed within her narrow niche, he would not be guilty of a greater absurdity than Wordsworth has committed in some of his injudicious combinations,

There is a little piece called *The Thorn*, which will be familiar to every reader of this poet. In parts of this piece, and especially at the commencement, there is a poetic fancy which could only be generated in a mind of refined cultivation; yet throughout the narrative we are treated with such lines as these—

"'Tis like an infant's grave in alse,
As like as like can be;"

and this—

"I cannot tell—I wish I could;"

and the repetition of this interesting declaration—

"More know I not—I wish I did—
And it should all be told to you."

The poet, I suppose, is the narrator here, for he seems to introduce himself in the following lines:

"But that she goes to this old thorn,
The thorn which I described to you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climb'd the mountain's height:
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee."

Such writing as this, of which, if the search were agreeable, far more egregious specimens might be found, may have its admirers and defenders. I will not be one. Let the poet take what flight he will upwards, and, though he venture near the clouds, I will do my best to follow him; but I will not, to please any man, make painful efforts to crawl and creep, and imitate the movements of the halt and the blind.

Every one remembers the verse which has been quoted in one of Byron's prefaces for especial ridicule—

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"

Thus commences, in this wanton doggerel, a little poem from which stanzas such as the two following may be extracted. They are gracefully moulded, and distinguishable for elegance and terseness of expression.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

Sweet is the lore which nature brings—

Our meddling intellect

Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,

We murder to dissect."

Now, what similarity, what congruity is there between these and the verse first quoted? What had such a verse to do here? Would the same mind, within the compass of one very brief composition, have written in these two opposite manners, if it had not been tampering with itself—if it had not been affecting singularity instead of working after its own natural impulses?

The poem of *Peter Bell* is too remarkable an instance of the peculiar hallucination which seems to have beset Wordsworth at one period of his career, to pass without notice. It is deserving, in this respect, of our especial attention. The subject itself of the poem shall by me pass uncensured. A hardy rogue and vagrant, penetrated by superstitious terror, and thus receiving an impulse towards a better course of life, may be no unfit subject for verse—if the verse be well fitted to the subject. I for one am not unwilling to hear of Peter Bell, of all he thought, or how he contrived, like many others, almost miraculously not to think at all. But the tone and manner in which the subject is treated are so uncertain, so various, so indecisive—there is such a confusion of the serious and comic, of high and low—that the reader is kept throughout in a most disagreeable state of perplexity as to what the writer himself is aiming at. Pray, into what mood of mind does he wish to throw his reader? What does he intend? Is he grave, or humorous? If both by turns, where ends the gravity—where begins the humour? The superstitious alarm of Peter Bell produces no mirth; and certainly his encounter with the jackass strikes us with no sympathetic horror—no awe or consternation. The main incident of the piece creates no impression whatever. I meet with nothing in the narrative which excites an interest of any kind in this Peter Bell. But amidst a confusion of divers styles, and discordant moods, I collect fragments of as exquisite poetry as Wordsworth ever wrote, but which have no more legitimate connexion with Peter Bell than with the last Christmas carol.

Never did poet select a subject less suitable to his powers than Words-

worth, when he undertook to celebrate the night adventures of this vagrant tinker. So little scope did the subject legitimately give to his own peculiar genius, that he was compelled to have recourse to one of the worst artifices of that artificial school of poetry which he has done so much to expose and to displace. That artifice consists in associating with an object, which itself affords no poetry, some other which does; and then, under pretence of describing the first, do little in reality but describe the second. This was one great means for raising the style, as it was called. Topics are suggested which, instead of coalescing with the original subject; insensibly draw off the attention from it. Now, let us take an example, the first that comes to hand, of the use of this expedient by a poet of the old school, and compare it with a passage in *Peter Bell*. Sommersville's *Chase* is a poem, the name of which at least is still familiar to our ears. Sommersville seems to have thought it a very meritorious thing to tell us all about dogs—their training and their feeding—in heroic language and sounding blank verse. Talking of dogs leads him naturally enough to the kennel, the structure of which he tells us is a matter of prime importance, as no doubt it is. To describe a kennel in all the majesty of blank verse was hard work. Well, but the sun shines upon a kennel as brightly as on a palace; why not describe the sun instead: or, at all events, so mingle together the sun and the landscape and the dog-kennel, that the reader shall hardly know which he is thinking of? Accordingly, we are treated with these lines:—

"First let the kennel be the huntsman's care!

Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild
he shines,

And gilds the mountain tops."

These palatial courts, these mountain tops, this rising sun, do they not constitute a glorious description of the dog-kennel? Wordsworth, after the like manner, when he came to describe his tinker, Peter Bell, found him to be no poetical subject. This man wandered through the country, and felt not like a poet; so he bethought him to

describe the poet he was *not*, and mingle this with the tinker that he was. Thus something would be done, some inlet would be contrived for the genius of the writer. And accordingly, the account of Peter Bell contains an exquisite description of the feelings of the poetic lover of nature. Sommersville and Wordsworth differ in this, that the one introduced mere commonplace, the other excellent poetry; but the artifice and trick is the same in both. Here is the passage from *Peter Bell*. It is a celebrated one, and parts of it are repeatedly quoted; but those who are familiar with these from quotation, would hardly suspect the connexion in which they stand in the original.

"In vain through every changeful year
Did nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle pannier'd train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

"In vain through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

"On a fair prospect some have look'd,
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

"Within the breast of Peter Bell
Such silent raptures had no place"—

Certainly not, nor should this have been the place for describing them. There are lines here which every one hastens to pluck from the poem. No one willingly recalls a second time their connexion with Peter Bell. They are quoted and remembered simply as Wordsworth's, and as the utterance of the poet. What fair relation, though it be one of contrast and opposition, can the tinker have to such a thought as this:—

"On a fair prospect some have look'd
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away!"

Having thus freely censured this affected homeliness of diction and of subject, which, it should be remembered, vitiates a small portion only of his writings, it is fit that I keep in view, if only for the sake of protecting this criticism from misinterpretation, that there is a genuine and beautiful simplicity in some of the minor pieces of Wordsworth, which no person of any taste will fail to discriminate. Some gentle sentiment, some touching characteristic of infancy, some fantastic pathos, such as the mind, if not under the dominion of severer thought, willingly admits is placed before us in a pure and really simple diction. Sometimes, amidst the summer fancies of the poet in his reverie, the shadows of a deeper and more melancholy thought are seen to blend; as in the *Lines written in Early Spring*, where a fantastic life and happiness assigned to nature leads to sad reflections on the infelicities of man. They are too familiar to need quotation: these are the closing verses:—

"The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

"From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If this be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man!"

Besides this peculiar and anomalous sort of rusticity, into which it cannot be said that he fell, but rather that he precipitated himself, Wordsworth has been censured for prolixity of style, and a choice of prosaic expressions. Neither do I attempt to vindicate him entirely from these critical charges. I must admit that he sometimes develops his ideas with a length and amplitude, and with a sinuous, languid movement, by no means suited to poetry. I must admit, for my own part at least, that there are many pages in the six volumes of Wordsworth, those especially which are devoted to the *Historical and Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, which it requires a little courage to go fairly through with. There is probably not one of those sonnets in

which some peculiar merit of thought or expression might not be found ; but to read fourteen lines of merely blameless matter, or where there is nothing remarkable except an artistical skill and mastery of language, for the sake, perhaps, of one line of rare excellence, is a wearisome task to any but a devotee. The proportion is not fair. They may finally reward our patience, but they certainly try it. Let me add, however, that these faults of style, prolixity, and a tendency to the prosaic, or passionless, ought to be looked on with somewhat more indulgence in Wordsworth than in another, because they are intimately connected with his peculiar merits—his anxious avoidance of all epigram and conceit ; his desire to escape the beaten path of poetic ornament ; his determination never to work by the *Gradus* ; never to construct a line, as schoolboys make their Latin verses, by stealing half a verse from one poet and half a verse from another. Denying himself all assistance from the commonplaces of poetry, he was almost compelled to fill up many an interval with what must seem flat and prosaic. Nor let it be forgotten, that if examples of prolixity may be gathered from his works, examples of the very opposite quality might also be collected. In *The Poet's Epitaph*, in the *Lines on Rob Roy's Grave*, what a polished terseness ! Not a word superfluous ; and yet the verse so complete that its structure seems to have been his only study. What laconic brevity, to be combined with so musical an utterance ! It is Alcibiades turned Spartan !

And now, having thus touched upon the *style* of Wordsworth, and stated, at least with impartiality, its merits and its defects, let me endeavour to enter a little into the spirit of this writer. Let me describe this poet ; and if I shall be successful in my description, I shall, in a compendious manner, have given an account of the qualities of his poetry—shall have indicated what a reader is to expect from him, and what to excuse as well as to admire.

This portrait will, of course, be drawn solely from his works, in all cases the only legitimate source of our knowledge of an author. I deprecate the mingling the biography of the man with an estimate of the poet in his verse. What is it to me

how a great writer appears in the ordinary affairs of life, to his chance acquaintance, to his relations, or even to his friend ? What he is when the pen is in his hand, when he is alone with his thoughts, when through the medium of the silent page he is conversing with the unseen multitude without—this is all I am concerned with. There are who run away with an anecdote, and think they understand something more of the man whose writings they peruse. *That man* is to be known only by those writings ; the rest is mere gossip ; it belongs not at all to the thinking being, who, through his productions, is wielding a power over the world. Life must exert over him, as over all others, a thousand incongruous influences ; but if he sustains a certain decided character in the hour of his serious thought, it matters not what he has been, or what he may be again, whether better or worse, in the remaining hours of the day. We must all read the biographer—a natural curiosity impels us—but let us forget him when we return to the pages of the poet.

Imagine, then, our much meditative bard living, as from his verse we find, remote from crowded cities, in a mountainous and beautiful region. He has evidently carried with him to that retreat a taste for abstract contemplation, and this his leisure permits him uninterruptedly to indulge. It is humanity rather than men that he studies ; it is the principle of virtue, rather than virtuous actions, which he revolves and celebrates. The ethereal substance of speculative philosophy—feelings and imaginations which have been wrought out of contemplative abstractions—these his genius delights in when in its higher moods. The shadowy thought is portrayed in such radiance of poetry as best becomes it. Visionary feelings, which those who have entertained have deemed almost beyond the reach of language, this pensive, patient minstrel has worded for us, and embodied in harmonious verse for such as can recognize them. A rare, and withal a perilous excellence. For if the verse should transcend the ordinary circle of thought, so that men of shrewdness and ability, who in their own intellectual labours display an unfailing perspicacity, should find no meaning in the line, these will boldly pronounce it to be unintelligible—the world will take their word for it

—the poet will lose his honour; and in that very instance where he was exercising the highest faculty of language, will he be condemned for obscurity and mysticism. There is no help for this. Wordsworth lies under such a charge, and some of the highest efforts of his pen have been brought forward as examples to support it.

I would not be bound to make intelligible every line which Wordsworth, or any other poet, has written; but to this charge of obscurity and mysticism, as levelled in particular against him, I am disposed, on behalf of the poet, to stand stoutly on the defensive. The obscurity, it must be remembered, is not pretended to be in the diction, but in the matter itself. He is without dispute a remarkably clear writer, so far as expression is concerned; but the thought he undertakes to express is said to be often vague, or dark; or, in fact, no thought at all. Now, in order to judge fairly on this matter, the two following considerations should be borne in mind, which, if skillfully applied, will go far to vindicate him from this charge. 1st, That if a poet should think fit to deal with certain of the more abstruse or fantastic doctrines of the schools, we must not censure him for that obscurity which is inherent in the doctrines themselves. If, for instance, the innate ideas, and prior existence of the human soul, taught by Plato, or the transcendentalism of Kant, be glanced at, or for the time adopted, it is not on the poet we must visit whatever wildness or mysticism we may attribute to these dogmas. The philosopher must answer for the philosophy; the poet is not responsible for the argumentative value of such speculative ideas, as have become the common possession of educated minds; if he give them fit expression, and deals with them ably according to the purposes of his own art, he is blameless. And, 2d, It must be remembered, that even where this excuse is not available, where the thin and filmy thought is the poet's own, it is not therefore to be speedily condemned. It is not necessary that every thing which a poet puts into his verse should admit of a logical statement. If the thought he seizes on be a film or shadow, yet if we have dwelt, or may be made to dwell, with pleasure on this shadow, the poet is justified. In

this last case, however, his defence is not so easy. It may be difficult or impossible to convince a shrewd objector, that the thought which the poet is labouring to express has any meaning or reality in it; and as such an objector may be a fair representative of the majority of readers, the laughers may seem to win the day. But the poet would be unworthy of his high office if he feared to encounter this species of danger; and the critic who should have received delight from this very hardihood of the poet, would be still more cowardly if he shrunk from giving him his humble support. I may be unable to make intelligible to another the sort of feeling which the verse has reflected back to my own mind, but the gratification which I had enjoyed in secret I would not openly disown.

But the pencil has already dropped from my hand to follow out a controversy. I return to our poet in his meditative solitude. Here thought seems his only task-work, his verse his only care; and pursuing his pensive vocation in retirement, it follows that he is not always in the track of the world's sympathies, nor always apportioning his ridicule or his admiration after the same manner as that multitude in whose presence and under whose authority he is no longer writing. Sometimes he appears to exaggerate or make too prominent his own peculiar feelings, and sometimes to overlook what one would think so palpably demands his verse; but then he often sees a grace overlooked by others, and detects a subject for sympathy and admiration where the blunted or customary vision of the multitude receives no impression whatever. What is loud and obstreperous, what is glaring in the world's eye, he has lost sight of, he has to recall by a perceptible effort of the imagination. What is lowly, and silent, and unobtrusive, has become invested with a ceaseless interest. This reflective man, to whom thought has become a necessary habit, so that the spirit sinks without it into comfortless gloom, sees, in the stolid laborious life of some obtuse and simple-minded peasant, a charm which the bustling citizen has no conception of, and which the peasant himself could not certainly be made to comprehend. How delightful to him the contemplation of that little village girl for whom the very ideal office is occupation quite enough—to

whom solitude brings no great demand for thought — whose listlessness is peace! He blends in the picture all *she* knows of tranquillity with sense of escape from what she never knew, from mental toil, languor, defeat, depression. What an irresistible charm has he thrown over that old Cumberland beggar, moving along so slow, so torpid, the unconscious centre of so many kindly feelings! A grace like that of woman's beauty is diffused over age, and decrepitude, and the last stage of human infirmity. It is this man of elevated and abstruse reflection, who surveys with interest the rude sagacity and homely genuine passions of the rough-hewn specimens of the race; it is such a one who can venture to say,

"That he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all."

Peace — above all, peace — whether traced in the human mind, or in the living creatures that feed upon the earth, or even

"in the calm
Of mute insensate things,"

seems to be ever the object of his quest and of his dearest delight.

The public events which had been transacted on the great stage of Europe, aided not a little to mould or confirm the intellectual character of our poet. There is traceable a manifest connexion between the shock and tempest of the French Revolution, and the peaceful, or, if you will, the timid philosophy of *The Excursion*. The reaction of that tremendous outbreak of political fanaticism has been felt over literature, even more than was its own proper and immediate influence; and it is seen in our poet's works in his tenacious hold upon all that is gentle and steadfast, upon all that by reason of its very humility promises to be secure. At the commencement of that great drama, which seemed designed to represent, with all the boldness of the ideal, the elemental passions of mankind, many a noble structure of social polity "rose like an exhalation." As the action of that drama proceeded, these not only vanished, but the most stable foundations were torn up; society was splintered to its base, was laid bare to the very earth. To adapt the language of Milton,

"As when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill

Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered
sides
Of thundering Etna * * *
And leaves a singed bottom all involved
In stench and smoke" —

Such was the convulsion, and such was the fearful disclosure made of our denuded, scarred, inflamed, unprotected humanity. To a temperament such as our poet possessed, this was not a time for songs of triumph, or even of hope; he invoked the healing powers of nature; he called upon the common grass to grow again over the wounded earth; he welcomed its natural verdure as it once more concealed the hideous desolation. It is not, you may observe, the romance of past times, of chivalrous heroic ages, any more than the romance of an Utopian futurity, that occupies the imagination of Wordsworth; what is simple, and therefore permanent, what at all times constitutes the homely staple of man's happiness, this it is he fastens on, as on something rendered doubly valuable by late calamities and disappointments.

The love of nature which takes so prominent a place in the poetry of Wordsworth, is something more than the ordinary sentiment we recognize under that expression, and is connected with this pacific tenor of his thought. Distrustful of men's reasonings and the teaching of philosophers, our poet, who nevertheless has his own visionary way of thinking, finds a wondrous instructor in that beauty of the external world by which he lives continually surrounded — finds in its constant teaching some remedy for the fluctuations of human reason. He gathers from this visible beauty of the creation more than a pleasure and delight, more even than that sentiment of romantic devotion which other poets have rapturously proclaimed; he detects in it a communion and an intelligent influence, passing in all ages between the Spirit of the universe and the heart of man. He reads in the cloud, touched by the light of heaven, "an unutterable love." When, in *The Excursion*, the desponding and morbid Solitary is to be restored to mental health, it is

"The breeze of nature stirring in his
soul,"

that the poet invokes. Here is the key-note by which the variable human

being may at all times tune his mind, if he will, to be in harmony and accordance with that "great idea" which the world was framed by Divine Wisdom to answer. No man has so exalted and refined this sentiment. Beauty is with him a piety. In the sombre seclusion of a metropolis I have read his verse and worshipped. I am transported to the eternal hills, to that first and enduring temple which mountains and the sky have reared, and where it needs not that any perpetual flame be kept alive upon the altar by the hand of man, for the whole scene is one animated type, placed there for the communion of the human family with heaven, and with each other; and the Spirit of God is felt moving in the midst. Hear the poet himself:—

" I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize

In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

Of all my moral being."

Lines written in Tintern Abbey.

It is curious to note how very different is the manner in which the beauty of nature is viewed and represented by his splendid contemporary, Byron. He, too, could extol that beauty in strains of unsurpassed magnificence; but with him a love and enthusiasm for nature was a *compensation* for want of cordial sympathy with man, not a related feeling strengthened by and strengthening that sympathy. With him nature was a goddess whom he placed in hostile contrast to humanity, and for this very reason was the more willing to adore. His imagination endowed her with a quite separate exist-

ence, apart alike from God and man. In the sort of chivalrous homage he paid to this sovereign mistress of his soul, he delighted to pronounce her heedless and inaccessible to the presence or the prayers of her poor human idolater. The spirit of the mountain and the valley knew not the puny inhabitant who crept between the hills; the sea rolled to a shore where man was wandering like an outcast; the tempest beat, and the unconscious lightning played on the very temples that he so pompously, so reverently reared. Earth, sea, and sky—and man! Oh! there was no fraternity between them. Such are the different influences under which the imagination may work; and such, it might be added, would be the uncertain refuge, the unstable footing, we should gain, if we looked to poetry for more than poetry is pledged to give, and sought a grave instructor in her delightful reveries.

It was not, however, to the oblivion of more stable forms of moral thought that this imaginative piety was cultivated by Wordsworth. The authoritative sentiment of duty is upheld by our philosophic poet, in all its absolute and monarchical rights. A tempered stoicism predominates over all the workings of his mind; it constantly pervades the fine and uninjured susceptibilities of the poet. This necessary permanence of the moral sentiment, this faith in an immutable sense of duty, is the secret anchor of his mind. Fixed here, he is prepared for the diversities which speculative man exhibits—can wander on the star-lit plains with the Chaldean shepherd, can build the tower of Belus, can fashion his thousand gods with the lively Grecian, and find for them "commodious habitation." He not only teaches the doctrine of the Porch as an abstract philosophy, but what is somewhat anomalous in a poet, inculcates by examples its passionless precepts. He does this in one instance—the beautiful piece of Laodamia—with a singular mixture of tenderness in the manner, and un pitying severity in the judgment. Laodamia, deprived of her husband, implores the gods to restore him to her sight. Her prayer is granted—Proteus ascends from the dead:—

" In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,

Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel,
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unshin'd for, and the future sure."

Laodamia's love for her husband was not so equable; it was too ardent, it seems; her sorrow for his loss was too passionate; and for this she is doomed to wander in the shades below, "apart from happy ghosts," and separated from her adored Protesilaus. I, who am no stoic, could never reconcile myself to this sentence. I find that my own copy of Wordsworth is marked here in the margin with the words—"Cruel, cruel!"

No poet is worthy of the name who has not pathos, and our pensive stoic is not deficient in this essential quality. The story of Margaret wasting gradually in her cottage on the heath, is one of the most touching that was ever related in verse. Well might the wanderer, to whom all its incidents were present, as he traversed the deserted garden, well might he say:—

"Beside yon spring I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seem'd to feel
One sadness, they and I!"

But the pathos of Wordsworth bears strong marks of his own peculiar character. The passion is, for the most part, checked and controlled by thought, or it is itself wrought out from meditation. He feels—he compassionates—he musingly deplores; but he cannot allow his own peace of mind to be overthrown. Let no one suppose that it is any sign of real lowliness or humility of mind, that he so often selects a lowly subject for his sympathy. This is rather the sign in him of a lofty bearing, of an intellectual reserve. He chooses a subject he can look down upon, that so calm thoughts may mingle with his feelings. He cannot let his sympathy go forth upon a level line. To an intellectual equal: this would too much implicate him in the passions of another; it would carry him from himself. He cannot be so compromised. He cannot quit his free, solitary, reflective station. He watches pensively over the scene of human woe; I cannot think that he ever drops a tear. He gives the meed of approbation to the warrior and the valiant hero; but he partakes not his ardour

even for a moment. He casts but a hasty glance at the lover's happiness: it is too turbulent—he fears it—he turns aside. I attribute, in part, to this reserve, to this entrenchment in the high places of his own thought, the strange choice made in his philosophical poem, *The Excursion*, of a wandering pedlar to be the chief spokesman and interpreter of his sentiments. Even in that poem he could not entirely commit himself, and the speaker was still one on whom the poet himself could occasionally glance as from a superior station.

Such appears to be, so far as a slight sketch can present it, the intellectual character of Wordsworth. An obstinate habit of reflection, cultivated in retirement, explains what is peculiar both in the faults and merits of his poetry. Rarely do we meet with any spontaneous burst of passion; his vehemence appears cold and studied; he waves a wand, does this magician, which has no power except to still the tempest. But is not this enough of power for one spirit to possess? And what praise is too great for him whose genius makes pure our solitude, and imposes peace on our perturbed meditations!

As one whose writings are destined to exert an influence over thinking minds, as well as feeling hearts, it seems impossible to form a fair estimate of Wordsworth, without comparing him with some other poets who have also philosophized in verse. At the commencement of this paper a hint was thrown out of such a comparison with two of his contemporaries, Byron and Shelley. The contrast between the author of *The Excursion* and him of *Childe Harold*, so far as relates to the sentiments embodied by either in his verse, is as obvious as it is evidently to the advantage of the former. Who knows not the bitterness of spirit, the disrespect of human life, the recoil from man, and the haughty endurance of a resistless power, which characterize the strains of Byron? It is a sort of moral conversion when a youthful mind turns, from a too exclusive admiration of the genius which makes these sentiments attractive, to the pages of Wordsworth. But the materials for the comparison in the other case are not quite so obvious; and as Shelley is distinguished by a more subtle and metaphysical cast of thought than Byron, he perhaps forms a fitter subject of contrast with

our own abstract and contemplative poet. I will conclude by briefly drawing this comparison, or contrast.

It is worthy of our study the intellectual character of Shelley. How it could support itself for so long a time, and live on from year to year, and in work after work, is a perplexity. That the combination it presents should exist as a dream of youthful and untempered genius, is not, perhaps, surprising; but how daylight could be so long kept out, how the light of common sense could be so systematically excluded from a mind of so great power, is, as I have said, a marvel, if any thing in the history of human minds may be considered as such. The tone and temper of his writings did indeed improve, and we should do injustice to him if we remembered his name in connexion only with an early production, whose angry ravings were as violent an outrage to the tolerant spirit of philosophy, as on the zealous feelings of religion. But though the manner in which he developed his opinions greatly improved, the opinions themselves retained their extravagance to the last.

There is a daring subtlety of thought—*horresco referens*—wherein the thinker, pondering first the outward scene of things, and then the nature of his own mental faculties, comes to suspect that that *intelligencia* manifest in the visible world, and which we all point to as proof of the existence of the creative mind, is but, in fact, a reflection of his own mind. It seems to him that his own forms of thought have invested nature with that appearance of contrivance and design, of which we make so great use in theology. I must be pardoned if I do not explain this more clearly: how can I make that clear which seems to me, as to all others, a mere bewilderment? This metaphysical delusion, however, had taken complete possession of Shelley; he saw in the mirror of nature the reflection only of the human mind.

There was for him, then, nothing to contemplate, but material object and man. Now, the mind of the poet was instinct with impassioned sentiments; it must find something for its admiration, for its homage, for its hope, and love, and aspiration. But man being the highest known existence, the sole reasonable being, if he is to continue no other, no better than he now is—why, what a miserable

affair has the poet made of it! If a succession of the mortals we see around us, occupying their threescore years and ten chiefly in scraping a subsistence together—if this sum up the whole history of our world, what a contemptible scene has it all become! This wretched, vulgar reality could not be endured. Shelley, therefore, conjured up a phantom race of mankind; refined, idealized, worthy to occupy the democratic level of his new revolutionized universe. How the transformation was to be effected of our common human nature into this phantom humanity, he has not told us: it was not, perhaps, the business of a poet to explain. All that we hear is, that some fine morning our evil passions—all that is gross and selfish, all that is harsh, miserable, and ungainly in form and feature, as well as mental disposition, will fly off like hideous masks that had hitherto concealed our natural beauty, and vanish for ever in mid air.

The poet thus stood in twofold opposition to mankind. He had declared himself the antagonist to all that men esteem highest in truth and goodness; and he was also in perpetual hostility to the world, because there was nothing in it good enough. He overthrew its virtues: he made no alliance with its vices.

Such was the philosophy, if by this name it is to be called, of Shelley. Such the subtle, eccentric thought which, united with a fervid imagination, composed the mazy, brilliant, bewildering strain of his poetry. These dark errors, these bright impossibilities, beset him always. On the sober realities of life he sets no value. Our Gothic virtues have no charm for him. The past history of mankind is a wasted existence, and our present condition is no more than the scaffolding to the pile which is yet to be erected. He never sees the homely earth we tread upon. He throws all his colours on the cloud, and the mist before him receives a glittering bow of promise, but most unhalloved and unauthorized. His phantom world engrosses him entirely. A long poem, *The Revolt of Islam*, consisting of many cantos, is but the interminable reproduction of the same few ideas from which it seems that he cannot possibly extricate himself. He presents us with a new blaze of diction at

each stanza, but with the old repeated thought; reminding us of that species of firework where fresh flame is seen to rush perpetually from a hundred jets, but the same solitary word stands blazing, unchanged, before us. Yet has Shelley poetic merit, if no other—visions how very lucid and ethereal!—a diction how bright and exuberant!—a line how wildly musical! Indeed the effect of his poetry is more like beautiful music than any thing else. We hang over the verse as over a passionate melody; it fills the mind, while it lasts, with sense as of a deep meaning and earnest sentiment; when it drops from the ear, it may happen that the meaning drops with it.

To all this how striking is the contrast which Wordsworth presents! With him, whatever be his subtlety of thought, we are still living on the sober earth. The vision of the poet interferes not with his real vision of this world, which he paints with the fidelity of the artist. He, too, courts and respects the imagination; but it is the traditional imagination of the species, sanctioned by long years and sacred feelings, which he exalts and venerates. The earth he dwells on is rarely that astronomer's globe which revolves with its freight of human beings through a vacant interminable space; it is the antique, stationary earth, over which human optics, aided by the human heart, has bent down a visible and sheltering heaven. In all things he keeps watch and ward over man's

"ancient heart" to guard it from sacrilegious pillage. In his verse the world lies not in thick unmitigated shadow; neither is there a fictitious joy and quite unnatural gayety thrown over human existence. "Life's fitful fever" is seen—is mourned—is consoled; life's happiness is not forgotten:

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars—
The charities that soothe, and heal, and
bless

Are scattered at the feet of man like
flowers.

With him the world as it is bears looking at, for a light from heaven falls on it: man, weak and imperfect though he be, has yet a dignity, for the eye of God is on him. And, finally, his poetry, in its literary merits, bears some analogy to this his philosophical view of things. His verse glitters not with beauties at every point—it is not always brilliant—it is no bright unstable mirage of the desert; but its excellence is real, indisputable, enduring; such as bears repeated examination, and prompts to frequent recurrence. As over his own mountain scenery, so over his verse, there often hangs a chilling mist, there is often felt a cold northern air; but the clouds break up, and between their flying shadows are caught glimpses of vivid beauty and magnificence, which richly reward our watching, and which will remain, like the genuine sublimities of nature, for ever after treasured in the memory.

THE CARACCI, CARAVAGGIO, AND MONACHISM.

In pursuing our purpose, to in some measure trace that diversity of signification which is presented by Italian painting in its more extended bearings, we meet two of its most remarkable secondary divisions, in the works of those painters who have been termed the *School of the Caracci*, and the *Naturalisti*, or copiers of individual nature. Of those included under the first designation, Lodovico, Annibale, and Agostino Caracci, are usually considered the principal masters; of those under the last, Caravaggio and Spagnoletto, hold that place.

The separate sections or portions of sentiment, which the productions of these two classes of painters originate from, are in their primary basement

wholly distinct; the elements of the one having been asserted or brought forward, in opposition to those of the other; but at the time of their manifestation in painting, both had been brought together and interwoven, in one of the most complicated webs, of mingled good and ill, which history displays.

Art—we use the term in its inclusive signification—stands connected with the movements of society in a double relation. It influences and is influenced by them. It gives impulse to, and at the same time follows, those movements—the one from its ultimate adherence in, and value in relation to, the intimation or awakened operation (particularly in its highest or most

worthy departments, but in all, to a certain extent, even by its specific nature*) of those elements of the mind which are most humanizing, or most essentially establish the distinction of humanity in man; the other by frequently deriving its forms and clothing from those changes which pass over, or rather in themselves constitute, the visible enudation, or detailed features of his mental being as displayed in society; changes, the "equal step" of which, are often as much beyond the reach of scrutiny, and the control of established systems of laws and elaborated institutions—which, instead of directing, usually intimate the departure of the passing spirit, and cripple often its footprints—as the passage of an epidemic, a year of plenty, or of dearth. In its origin, art is antecedent to the varied modes of life; while in the manner of its announcement of sentiment, it is frequently sequent to them. The effects which it produces are the result of its progression from sources which are pervading, and not liable to be dried up; it serves as a perpetual record, intimation, and renewal, of the youth and strength of the mind; keeping alive the verdure of the soul. But opposed to this—its virtue or distinctive value—by the forms of society by which it is operated upon, it is not unfrequently thrown into ranges of expression which sufficiently exhibit both the impress of these forms, worthless as they are at times, and its liability to be brought into connexion with subordinate and fluctuating purposes, in all their variety.† Two diverse positions are thus occupied by art, and established in respect to it; the one primary and holding a direct connexion with the mind; the other still necessarily exemplifying the manifestation of particular portions of the mental constitution, but in accordance with their combinations displayed in other, it may be, more subordinate, or more

extended features of society. But from this dual division—this total separation of the elements of meaning in poetry, painting, and sculpture, arises a triplex demarcation, which appertains to their productions. There is originated betwixt these points, an extensive range of art, to which, in painting, the middle period of the school of Bologna, or the Caracci; and the works of the Naturalists, as they have been called, must be referred. They belong to an intermediate position, between the more elevated and the humbler works in painting; they come upon that ground which presents its most generally pursued and most numerous combinations. From the sphere of Coreggio, which exemplified the attempt to create an equi-balance of the great elements of the constitution of man—to unite or blend, the intellectual, moral, and material, which had separately been most fully intimated in painting by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Titian, (so that no distinct superiority or ascendance was granted to either,) the descent to that of the Caracci lands us amidst the operation of partial and individualized movements of the mental powers, amidst the exercise of limited and circumscribed divisions of faculty, and in the region of the passions. The particular purpose which they arrive at within this sphere, it is our intention to endeavour to point out.

It must be obvious, from what has been formerly advanced,‡ and also in some measure implied from what has now been observed, in respect to the connexion which certain departments of art hold with the movements of society—but as yet we have not had occasion directly to specify the fact—that it is necessary, or rather that it is an imperative condition of the formation of just principles of criticism, that sentiment should, most generally, be considered in separation from the forms or manner of signification by

* We have, No. CCXCIII., in connexion with the painting of Da Vinci and Coreggio, had occasion to refer to this, and distinguish the scientific element, from that of art.

† Various of these, which very generally pervade Italian painting, we have referred to in connexion with the picture of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. But they are of two classes. In that work, those which have been adverted to, are subordinate, and conventionally associated with its ruling character: in many other instances they become the spirit, as well as the appliance.

‡ See former papers on Michael Angelo, Raffaele, &c.

which it is made to appear; the final meaning which different features of manners, ceremonies, and fashions present—their purpose or sense—from the means by which that is intimated. Under this view, those means may be likened to diverse dialects or tongues, used to express one signification; one species of exertion, or mode by which thought or action is operative, being frequently imbued with a spirit virtually similar to that of another, and terminating in like results, as far as their positive end or value is concerned.* The object of different spheres of energy, may be concentrated by the same animating impulse: while they disagree in their subordinate features, they are probably co-ordinate in their primary. But the classification of works in literature and painting, has too frequently been made by those subordinate features. The impression of their proper nature or position has, no doubt, always operated, and time has invariably placed them on their proper pedestal; but, to the understanding, there has still remained too much doubt and perplexity: a *terra incognita* of vague phrases has attempted to supply the place of distinct ideas, in which the reason might find conviction. Thus, we frequently see a station taken upon just grounds, while, at the same time, a constant liability to diverge from it is manifested. A continual approach to, and impinging upon, firm principles, has, in critical analysis, almost invariably been united to a quicksand and uncertainty of step. One cause which has operated towards this result, we have before stated,† and have, in some measure, endea-

voured to counteract: another is that which we have now mentioned—the mistaken elevation of secondary qualities of works, into the place of those which are primary, and should be seen to distinguish or separate them from others—the foisting of an inferior adjunct into the situation of the final meaning which they specify, or relation which they hold.‡

The Caracci and Caravaggio, brought painting—so far as their powers, and its compass accorded—to bear characteristics coincident with certain phases of thought and action, which predominated to a greater extent than at any other period, during more than half a century immediately antecedent to their own time. Art must keep aloof from what is obviously seen to be inferior or contaminating; but while such is very generally diffused—while deteriorating influences are ascendant, and blend with, or take the place of elevated principles of action; the escape from their contact must necessarily, in many instances, be partial. Not that these painters, in the choice of their subjects, or in their own intentions in respect to them, display any acknowledged dependance upon matter of thought or endeavour, which may be questioned; but through-out their works, the effects of such operating with more strength and confirmed aim in other spheres, are constantly to be traced.

The elements of the combinations of sentiment which these masters pursue, are brought forward with most prominence in connexion with the prevalence of Monastic Institutions, and the monkish surveillance of Italy

* By mistaking the form for the essence—the covering for the body, or, more properly, the body for the soul—those notions originated which gained ground in respect to painting, as connected with religious services, at the time of the Reformation. A substitute had been newly found for it in printing, which rendered its dismissal from that place which it had previously occupied, in a considerable degree possible; but ignorance, party violence, and blind opposition, were the immediate causes. Music also was reduced, in many instances, to a mockery of its powers; and, considering the severity of the sentence passed upon painting, we must suppose that it was less from an appreciation of its effects, than in obedience to the verbal interpretation of a command, that it was spared at all. Two eminent manifestations of human faculty were discarded, and man was thereby held to be more fit to approach his Maker.

† The non-recognition of art to be an announcement of the component elements of the mind.

‡ It must even be necessary, in some instances, to regard the particular art to which certain productions belong as adventitious, not only to their meaning, but to the capacity of their producers; their existence being apparently more the result of circumstances than of purpose in the will.

and Spain under the Inquisition. The first—ramifying society in every direction, and in a multitude of forms, and calling into operation motives of action, betwixt which and the original objects of such institutions there was a total discrepancy—gave birth to that mask of sincerity and falsehood, sanctity and hypocrisy, humility, ambition, and tortuous policy, which monachism ultimately resolved itself into: and the last—holding the control of opinion in the undivided regions of religion and faith under the grasp of the secular arm—placed terror and suffering in the general eye, as the means of regulating belief, and enforcing a creed. Europe, during the sixteenth century, in its state history, presents vice and crime, dominant and universal. In the policy of government, this was the era of craft and force in alliance. Duplicity and compulsion, were the levers by which men were operated upon. Princes and prelates, had yet to recognize in themselves the representatives of general principles, of which they constitute the acknowledgment by society; nor were they dared to be looked to as such by those whom they kept in awe. Individual aggrandizement was the absorbing motive of those who held rule, both in ecclesiastical, and civil affairs. Voracious selfishness, and unscrupulous ambition, stamp this century as the period of the most thorough absence of moral principle.* Its record renders history the synonyme, of deceit and crime. Amidst the war of conflicting interests, and the blood-pools which marked the scenes of their arbitrement, the inquisitor could scarcely imagine his stained hands dishonour, and he became an important functionary; and the cell of the monk, having long ceased to be a seclusion from the doings of the world, only afforded shelter for ready partizans, eager to espouse a side in every dissension. By a total subversion of its original purposes, monastic life, had at once become every where extended, and every where virtually extinct. India had produced its Yogees and Santons—Arabia its

Dervises and Fakirs—Syria its Anchorites—Egypt its Cenobites—and Italy, and almost every other country, its Monks; the object of all being professedly the same. Under every creed, monachal austerity and seclusion had been attempted; but its false appreciation of life, and of religion, doomed its efforts to be abortive. By seeking to centre every desire in a state of futurity, it made a blank of the source of all merit—life, in deed or act. While its origin is to be traced to principles which are found to be more or less connected with every religious belief, it finally formed an antithesis to the true essence of religion. It seemed to establish a distinction betwixt humility or self-sacrifice, and trust or charity; and to deny the greater virtue: and, if it afforded the exterior means of promoting or strengthening a resting fixedness of the mind, in affections which are not dependent upon modes of society, the attrition of which might be considered to deteriorate their entireness, or earnestness—if it instigated to seclusion from the disturbed scenes of active life, to rivet devotion to contemplative life, or facilitate the rejection of every stopping short, or resting in the mere gratification of sense; or, if it offered repose from effort which had failed to satisfy—a found “nepenthe calming anger, easing grief;” and thus, in particular instances, met the demands of peculiar circumstances, and individual cases;—it did so under a confined and partial aspect, which supplied an inadequate balance to its evident incompetency with, and actual interruption—often total negation—of moral beneficence. Widely adopted—the certain cause of its failure—it aimed at making man better and holier by rendering him no longer man. It curtailed the sphere of his being both intellectually and morally. But rapidly, in self-departure from its primary objects—in the lack of such knowledge as is wisdom, or wisdom which is strength and trust—monkish life grew into a shelter for arid minds, cut off from their roots in the soil of

* Periods present individualities of mind and sentiment. • Louis XII., Ferdinand the Catholic, Leo X., Charles V., Henry VIII., Catharine Medici, Queen Elizabeth, &c., as rulers, agree in character much more than they differ. The points in which they agree characterize their times.

humanity; or, following the fate of all extended opinion in social morality, or forms of religion, the whole man, the whole desires of the mind, gradually crept into its originally guarded precincts; and, limited and circumscribed as these were, it became, during the process of its being consummated, or rather in its vitality, extinguished; only one other field for the display of the operation of every diverse and conflicting impulse. The seclusion alike from good and evil, which might be maintained in a desert, was impossible amidst populous assemblages of men. Purposes not merely different from its original ends, but totally opposed to them, found ground. The door which it purported to open into the *adytum* of heaven, led also to the heights of earthly grandeur. Neither strictly ecclesiastical nor secular, the different orders constantly grasped at a hold with the manoeuvres both of church and civil policy; until both in time experienced the effects of their interference, most particularly, or in their fullest concentration, under the institutions of Ignatius Loyola—the veritable fruit of the period of their establishment—of a constitution in itself exclusive and distinct, within the constitution of society; which did not acknowledge the obligations thereof, nor become amenable to its laws. In a lower sphere, too, that which might be admitted to be the result of superior, although—in the particular means which it deemed the true path to arrive at its proposed ends—very mistaken choice; when dragged throughout the confused windings of society, ended in frequently becoming the tool of vice and meanness. It thus offered a stage where any drama might be acted, eminent or base; and so far from excluding the contests of passion, formed a circle, within which its demons might be raised, to pursue their avocations with impunity under the guise of virtue. Hence, betwixt the professed objects of the institutions of monastic life, and their fulfilment, there was a continual conflict. This it was necessary to attempt to reconcile; or rather to hide, for its reconciliation was impossible; and in the effort towards that effect, a confirmed prevalence of that rank hypocrisy which must ever attend an ex-

clusive pretension to supreme sanctity, was established. “The Head” of Hippocrates, no surer announces death, than the cold visage of sanctimonious acerbity intimates deceit. A dingy curtain was spread before the sun—a “blanket of the dark,” to pall the light of life, and smother its more benignant impulses. A systematic devotion pronounced thorough religion to be incompatible with whatever rejected or disavowed, the redeeming and purifying, or morose and morbid, influence and intervention, of the holy orders. A sombre gloom of deportment and mode of life was assumed, to bring together and unite, super-sanctity and venal worldliness.

This imbues and impregnates, the works of the school of the Caracci. Painting, which before their time had, in so far as it was connected with religion, been either religious or ecclesiastical, in their hands became monachal. Monastic rules had widely assumed the place of religion itself; and their painting, both in its subjects and signification, was devoted to seconding and advancing, the influence of these. Their pictures are less accessory to religious feeling in general, than sunk into alliance with an exotic growth thereupon. They paint the transactions of monkish life often; but its tendency always. An uncalled-for, and often unmeaning, monotone of sentiment—to use the language of censure to signify the quality of very eminent works—pervades their productions. They address the demands of a particular species of misdirected devotion in the ignorant; and the conventionalities, under which its contact was, to a certain extent, permitted by the enlightened. They mix up the *extrema* of saints, the *eucharis* of Christianity, and the dross of a sensual interpretation of the knowledge of the ancients. The well-known sonnet by Agostino—

“Chi farai un buon Pittor cerca e desio,”

&c., and specifying the proposed purposes of the school, like the inscription which Tinteretto wrote over the door of his studio, signifies what was the admiration of its author, but nothing more; while the singular anomaly presented by the choice and treatment, of the subjects of the Farnese Gallery,* displays both its author

* Painted in fresco in the Farnese Palace, Rome, by Annibale Caracci.

and his employer—the one by producing, and the other by sanctioning such a performance—alike struggling to free themselves from under modes of thought, of which they could feel the oppression, without being able to escape.

But along with its deteriorating tendencies, whatever of good, or of dignity, or worth, monachism embraces; is also to be found reiterated, and impressed in the bearing of their works. And it is also necessary to reserve from the grounds of censure which must be considered to attach to this school, viewed in the connexion now noticed, various features of the individual characteristics of its masters.* In both these respects there must be reservation made. But the qualities which it might thus be necessary to except in a minute detail of their expression, are merged into, and overbalanced by, the preponderating effect of that species of thought and effort to which we have referred them; and the Caracci remain admitted occupants of a very extensive division of painting, but one which is confined and unoperative in any salutary effect; while in connexion with sense, and its absorbing impressions, they are not seldom repulsive and disagreeable. Their distance is as great from the material and sensuous art of Venice, as from the intellectual and moral dignity of the painters of the Capella Sistina, and the *stanze* of the Vatican. In meaning, expression, or sentiment, they are more than any other school, of the fully evolved art of Italy, an obsolete portion of purposes and a time which have passed away.

The elements upon which the works of Caravaggio and his class—which includes not merely Spagnoletto's painted martyrdoms, and attenuated saints, but the soldiers, gamblers, and other subjects of Spada, Valentino, and Manfredi, and extends in a measure, but not so as to form their distinction, to the Spanish painters Velasquez, and Murillo—are much less extensive and complex, and also less elevated, but more intense, and exclusive of whatever interferes with their unity, than those of the Caracci.

Caravaggio appeals directly to fear and suffering—the dread of physical

pain is the constant reference of his works. The effects of violence on the body, and (so far as he enters into the expression of that) in brutalizing the mind, is his theme. Age and maceration, seem the least compulsory of the means, of which he signifies the power of operating on the physical machine of man; his torn and worn frame either appears to have undergone, or is represented as undergoing, every extreme of agony. But he does not rise into tragic sentiment, which demands the intimation of the struggle of mental power with suffering, more generally arising from moral, rather than bodily causes. The strength of his agents does not consist in the superiority of mind, but in the brutal apathy of their nature, and in the endurance of tendon and muscular fibre. If he at all meant to exemplify unsubdued virtue, he has failed. He is mentally a familiar of the Inquisition, constantly pointing to the power of force; but at the same time making a continual, though certainly unconscious, denouncement of the systematized tyranny and atrocity of the acts of that institution. Under the unintentional disguise of heathen names, or the reference of his subjects to scenes of primitive martyrdom and Roman persecution, apparently by the fascination of their horrors, the rack and the excoriating knife were brought from the dark cells of the *Holy Tribunal*, and thrown, by his pictured representations, in the ways of men in open day. Had he been suborned for the purpose, he could not have taken means less likely to be detected; and, at the same time, more suited at the period, to be effectual in promoting the dread which that spiritual court, wished to inspire. It does not, however, require that the scenes of his works should be strictly representations of acts of violence, that this, their characteristic or nature, should be shown: it is traceable in all his productions. Whatever their subjects are, this is intimated; it forms the meaning or expression to which their style necessarily conforms. His uncouth and rigid combinations and design; his impetuous light and darkness—a characteristic which has been brought forward as his distinction,

* The conditions under which the distinctions pointed out in these papers are made, have been repeatedly stated. They require to be kept in view throughout.

and hence this class have been at times termed the *Chiaroscurists*; his severe colour and the imperative sweep of his pencil, all tend to present this, the essential meaning of his works, with confirmed intensity.

It was before observed, in respect to Raffaello,* that the character of his painting prevents the possibility of its being general to an extended class or school, in its integrity or strength. This holds no less strongly in regard to Michael Angelo, who may, to a great extent, be considered to be the beginning and ending of the intimation of his range of signification in painting. The Florentine school, after the time of his greatest productions, consisted in an imitation of the forms or *material* of their expression: it did not embrace much of their vitality. Tibaldi, Volterra, and Bronzino, the Zuccari, Vassari, and Giovanni da Bologna, in sculpture, with a number of others, individually present much which is common to the whole, and thus form a distinct class; but of the spirit by which the works of Buonarrotti are animated, they present little. To this, the school of Venice exhibits a contrast; and still more distinctly that of Bologna, or the Caracci. Both present an extensive class, the different masters of which are all very much under the pervading impulse which regulates the intention of their works. The Bolognese are a numerous school, united under one influence; each differing from another in many particulars, but presenting more general equality—the principal masters being at a much less distance from the more subordinate, than takes place in any other of the greater schools of Italy. Of their class there is a brotherhood, of whom Lodovico is the leader; but Annibale the director. Their city, by its architecture, seems one extended

cloister; of which, in art, they are the sombre inhabitants. Monastic institutions, and every other peculiarity connected with the Roman Catholicism, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, existed in Bologna, in all their more severe or rigorous forms, without their Roman splendour and pomp.

Next to the three founders of the school—the considerate and solemn Lodovico, the nervous and vigorous Annibale, and the more delicate and careful Agostino—but little inferior to them, by a sort of compensatory balance, which may be made of the particulars in which they differ, rank Guido, Guerchino, Domenichino, and Lanfranco; and following these, among others, the inferior and less extensively known names of Giacomo Cavedone, Franceschino Milanese, Lorenzo Garbieri, and Annibale Castelli, may be placed.†

The works of Guido are very different at different periods of his career;‡ but by the characteristics by which he is most generally known, he intimates a particular direction, or feature, of the operation of those causes which influenced the whole school. He seems to endeavour to picture the resigned piety and rapt devotion implied by female conventual life. This enters alike into the expression of his “Aurora and the Hours,”§ his “Venus and the Graces,” “Angels and Holy Virgins.” He frequently attempts, both in his subjects and their intention, to signify impassioned religious ardour; but happy must it have been for those whose self-immolation, whether prompted by fatuous zeal, or by the interested spiritings of others, was accompanied by a capability of suffering, only equal in extent to that which seems to appertain to the greater number of the female saints

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† In the church of St Paul, in Bologna, are displayed, in the juxtaposition of the different chapels, works by all these, and various others of the school. Cavedone often verges on the material dependence upon colour, of the Venetians.

‡ The very grand pictures of the “Dead Christ,” and the “Protecting Saints of Bologna,” the “Murder of the Innocents,” and “Samson victorious over the Philistines,” in the collection of the Pinacoteca of Bologna, opposed to the “Virgin in Glory,” in the same gallery, and the “Blessed Soul” and the “Polyphemus” in the gallery of the Capitol, Rome, are among the many evidences of this difference.

§ In the Rospigliosi palace, Rome, one of the most finished frescos in existence. It may be placed in fresco painting, in that respect, beside the “St Jerome” of Coreggio, in oil painting.

and Madonnas of his pictures. Domenichino is less thoroughly under the control of those purposes, and that species of thought, which were all-influential with his masters, and evinces a constant effort to escape from their dictates, and to take a station upon the grounds of the signification of Raffaele, but throughout continues to display restrained successlessness in the attempt. Guerchino alternates betwixt the direct acknowledgment of the tendency of the works of Caravaggio, and the less simple elements of that of the school of the Caracci, to which he must ultimately be held to belong. Lanfranco, by a carelessness of thought, and freedom and license of execution, in a great measure quits his class, and lands in a different sphere.

The value of the productions of this school, in relation to the standard which we have applied to those of Buonarroti, Raffaele, Coreggio, and Titian, is inferior. They are decidedly beneath even those of the last named, who is the least elevated of these, the four greatest Italian painters. The class of Titian, or the painting of Venice, is of a subordinate nature in its reference; but it is uniform, direct, and undisguised in its meaning; and the extent to which the intention that it fulfils is entered into, places it in the rank of the most eminent manifestations of art. That of the Caracci is founded upon a basis which is constituted of interrupted and incongruous elements, which are assimilated by artifice, or convention. Their thought and their style are, in regard to the simple or native demands of the mind, in a great degree artificial; they are the notification of a particular

combination of certain components of the mind, made in connexion with circumstances and objects, which, although very widely extended and influential at one time, were in a great degree temporary, and very much mingled with purposes which are not fitted to meet general and unhesitating acceptance.

From the very numerous works of this school, and their effects upon other classes of painters who cannot be strictly held to belong to it, indifference and dislike towards the works of the old masters, even as a whole, have on occasions been engendered. The cause of this, from what has been noticed, may now be more apparent. They are vigorous and able painters; but they are the monkish masters of the art—not signifying obedience to the scope or dictates of such a species of thought or existence, in its primitive simplicity, which Le Sueur resorted to, and effected, in his pictured life of “St Bruno,”* but the intimation of the compromised and false form of its widest predominance, and, at the same time, actual declension. There is, therefore, much in the ultimate relation of their works, which can never be admired, and much which stands in need of extenuation; and their pictures, thus excepted, might, without great sacrifice or regret, be swept, with the rules of Saints Benedict, Francis, and Ignatius, “and all this genus,” into oblivion; for it is a question which may not be easily solved—Whether, in order to learn, it be best to suffer and encounter ill, or avoid the knowledge of many things, and be spared the process of arriving at it?

* Now in the gallery of the Louvre, but originally painted for the Carthusians. Saint Pierre remarks, that the cloister had fewer novices since it had lost these pictures.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XVI.

"FORTUNA SEVO lusa negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Lando manentem : si CELERES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPEREM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."

Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 40.

DID, however, the gaudy flower of Titmouse's victory at Yatton contain the seeds of inevitable defeat at St Stephen's? 'Twas surely a grave question; and had to be decided by a tribunal, the constitution of which, however, the legislature hath since seen fit altogether to alter. With matters, therefore, as they then were—but now are not—I deal freely, as with history.

The first glance which John Bull caught of his new House of Commons, under the *Bill for Giving Everybody Everything*, almost turned his stomach, strong as it was, inside out; and he stood for some time staring with feelings of alternate disgust and dismay. Really, as far at least as outward appearance and behaviour went, there seemed scarcely fifty gentlemen among them; and those appeared ashamed and afraid of their position. 'Twas, indeed, as though the scum that had risen to the simmering surface of the caldron placed over the fierce fires of revolutionary ardour, had been ladled off and flung upon the floor of the House of Commons. The shock and mortification produced such an effect upon John, that he took for some time to his bed, and required a good deal of severe treatment, before he in any degree recovered himself. It was, indeed, a long while before he got quite right in his head!—As they anticipated a good deal of embarrassment from the presidency of the experienced and dignified person who had for many years filled the office of Speaker, they chose a new one; and then, breathing freely, started fair for the session.

Some fifty seats were contested; and one of the very earliest duties of the new Speaker, was to announce the receipt of "a petition from certain electors of the borough of Yatton, complaining of an undue return; and praying the House to appoint

"a time for taking the same into its consideration." Mr Titmouse, at that moment was modestly sitting immediately behind the Treasury bench, next to a respectable pork-butcher, who had been returned for an Irish county, and with whom Mr Titmouse had been dining at a neighbouring tavern; where he had drunk whisky and water enough to elevate him to the point of rising to present several petitions from his constituents—*first*, from Smirk Muddflint, and others, for opening the universities of Oxford and Cambridge to Dissenters of every denomination, and abolishing the subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles; *secondly*, from Mr Hic Hæc Hoc, praying for a commission to enquire into the propriety of translating the Eton Latin and Greek grammars into English; *thirdly*, from several electors, praying the House to pass an act for exempting members of that House from the operation of the Bankruptcy and Insolvency laws, as well as from arrest on meane and final process; and *lastly*, from several electors, praying the House to issue a commission to enquire into the cause of the *Tick* in sheep. I say this was the auspicious commencement of his senatorial career, meditated by Mr Titmouse, when his ear caught the above startling words uttered by the Speaker, which so disconcerted him—prepared though he was for some such move on the part of his enemies, that he resolved to postpone the presentation of the petitions of his enlightened constituents till the ensuing day. After sitting in a dreadful stew for some twenty minutes or so, he felt it necessary to go out and calm his flurried spirits with a glass of brandy and soda-water. As he went out, a little incident happened to him that was attended with very memorable consequences.

"A word with you, sir," whispered

a commanding voice in his ear, as he felt himself caught hold of by some one sitting at the corner of the Treasury Bench—"I'll follow you out—quietly, mind."

The speaker was a MR SWINDLE O'GIBBET, a tall, elderly, and somewhat corpulent person, with a broad-brimmed hat, a slovenly surtout, and vulgar swaggering carriage; a ruddy shining face, that constantly wore a sort of greasy smile; and an unctuous eye, with a combined expression of cunning, cowardice, and ferocity. He spoke in a rich brogue, and with a sort of confidential and cringing familiarity; yet, withal, 'twas with the air and the tone of a man conscious of possessing great direct influence out of doors, and indirect influence within doors. 'Twas, in a word, at once insinuating and peremptory—submissive and truculent. Several things had concurred to give Titmouse a very exalted notion of Mr O'Gibbet. First, a noble speech of his, in which he showed infinite "*pluck*" in persevering against shouts of "order" from all parts of the House for an hour together; secondly, his sitting on the front bench, often close beside little LORD BULFINCH, the leader of the House. His lordship was a Whig; and though, as surely I need hardly say, there are thousands of Whigs every whit as pure and high-minded as their Tory rivals, his lordship was a very *bitter* Whig. The bloom of original Whiggism, however, ripening fast into the rottenness of Radicalism, gave out at length an odour which was so offensive to many of his own early friends, that they were forced to withdraw from him. But personally, he was a gentleman, and a very accomplished scholar; the only one of his family that had achieved personal distinction; and enjoying that Parliamentary influence always secured by the possessor of great tact, experience, and personal respectability. Now, it certainly argued some resolution in Mr O'Gibbet to preserve an air of swaggering assurance and familiarity beside his aristocratic neighbour, whose freezing demeanour towards him—for his lordship evinced even a sort of shudder of disgust when addressed by him—Mr O'Gibbet felt to be visible to all around. Misery makes strange bed-fellows, but surely politics stranger still; and there could not have been a more striking instance of it than in Lord Bulfinch and

Mr O'Gibbet sitting side by side—as great a contrast in their persons as in their characters. But the third and chief ground of Titmouse's admiration of Mr O'Gibbet, was a conversation—private the parties thought it, and unheard, in the lobby of the House; but every word of it had our inquisitive, but not very scrupulous, little friend contrived to overhear—between Mr O'Gibbet and MR FLUMMERY, a smiling supple Lord of the Treasury, and whipper-in of the Ministry. Though generally confident enough, on this occasion he trembled, frowned, and looked infinitely distressed. Mr O'Gibbet chuckled him under the chin, confidently and good-humouredly, and said—"Oh, murder and Irish! what's easier?—But it lies in a nutshell. If you won't do it, I can't swim; and if I can't, *you sink*—every mother's son of you. Oh, come, come—give me a bit of a push at this pinch."

"That's what you've said so often."

"Fait, an' what if I have? And look at the *shoves* I've given you," said Mr O'Gibbet with sufficient sternness.

"But—a—a—really we shall be found out! The House suspects already that you and we"—

"Bah! bother! hubbabo! Propose you it; I get up and oppose it—*vehemently*, do you mind—an' the blackguards opposite will carry it for you, out of love for me, ah, ha!—Aisy, aisy—softly say I! Isn't that the way to get along?" and Mr O'Gibbet winked his eye.

Mr Flummery, however, looked unhappy, and remained silent and irresolute.

"Oh, my dear sir—*exporrigite frontem!* Get along wid you, you know it's for your own good," said Mr O'Gibbet; and, shoving him on good-humouredly, left the lobby, while Mr Flummery passed on, with a forced smile, to his seat. He remained comparatively silent, and very wretched, the whole night.

Two hours before the House broke up, but not till after Lord Bulfinch had withdrawn, Mr Flummery, seizing his opportunity, got up to do the bidding, and eventually fulfilled the prophecy of Mr O'Gibbet, amidst bitter and incessant jeers and laughter from the opposition.

"Another such victory and we're undone," said he, with a furious whisper, soon afterwards to Mr O'Gibbet.

"Och, go to the ould divil wid ye!" replied Mr O'Gibbet, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and moving off.

Now Titmouse had contrived to overhear almost every word of the above, and had naturally formed a prodigious estimate of Mr O'Gibbet and his influence in the highest quarters. But to proceed.—Within a few minutes' time might have been seen Titmouse and O'Gibbet earnestly conversing together, remote from observation, in one of the passages leading from the lobby. Mr O'Gibbet spoke all the while in a tone which at once solicited and commanded attention. "Sir, of course you know you've not a ghost of a chance of keeping your seat? I've heard all about it. You'll be beat, dead beat; will never be able to sit in this *parlimint*, sir, for your own borough, and be liable to no end o' penalties for bribery, besides. Oh, *my dear sir*, how I wish I had been at your elbow! This would never have happened!"

"Oh, sir! 'pon my soul—I—I"—stammered Titmouse, quite thunder-struck at Mr O'Gibbet's words.

"Hush—st—*hush*, wid your chattering tongue, sir, or we'll be overheard, and you'll be ruined," interrupted Mr O'Gibbet, looking suspiciously around.

"I—I—beg your pardon, sir, but I'll give up my seat. I'm most uncommon sorry that ever—*curse me* if I care about being a mem"—

"Oh! and is *that* the way youspake of being a mumber o' *parlimint*? For shame, for shame, not to feel the glory of your position, sir! There's *millions* o' gentlemen envying you, just now!—Sir, I see that you're likely to cut a figure in the House."

"But, begging pardon, sir, if it *costs* such a precious long figure—why I've come down some four or five thousand pounds already," quoth Titmouse, twisting his hand into his hair.

"An' what if ye have? What's that to a gentleman o' your consequence in the country? It's, moreover, only once and for all; only stick in *now*—and you stay in for seven years, and come in for nothing next time; and now—d'ye hear me, sir? for time *presses*—retire, and give the seat to a Tory, if you will—(what's the name o' the blackguard? Oh! it's young Delamere)—and have your

own borough stink under your nose all your days! But can you keep a secret like a gentleman? Judging from your appearance, I should say *yes*—sir—is it so?" Titmouse placed his hand over his beating heart, and with a great oath solemnly declared that he would be "mum as death;" on which Mr O'Gibbet lowered his tone to a faint whisper—"You'll distinctly understand I've nothing to do with it personally, but it's impossible, sir—d'ye hear?—to fight the divil except with his own weapons—and there are too many o' the enemies o' the people in the house—a little *money*, sir—eh? Aisy, aisy—softly say I! Isn't that the way to get along?" added Mr O'Gibbet, with a rich leer, and poking Titmouse in the ribs.

"'Pon my life that'll do—and—and what's the figure, sir?"

"Sir, as you're a young mumber, and of liberal principles," continued Mr O'Gibbet, dropping his tone still lower, "three thousand pounds,"—Titmouse started as if he had been shot. "Mind, that *clears* you, sir, d'ye understand? Every thing! Out and out, no reservation at all at all—divil a bit!"

"'Pon my life I shall be ruined between you all!" gasped Titmouse, faintly.

"Sir, you're not the man I took you for," replied O'Gibbet impatiently and contemptuously. "Don't you see a barley-corn before your nose? You'll be *beat* after spending three times the money I name, and be liable to ten thousand pounds penalties besides for bribery!"

"Oh, 'pon my life, sir, as for *that*," said Titmouse, briskly, but feeling sick at heart, "I've no more to do with it than—my tiger!"

"Bah! you're a babby, I see!" quoth O'Gibbet, testily. "What's the name o' your man o' business?—there's not a minute to lose—it's your greatest friend I mane to be, I assure ye—*tut*, what's his name?"

"Mr Gammon," replied Titmouse, anxiously.

"Let him, sir, be with me at my house in Ruffian Row by nine to-morrow morning to a minute—and alone," said Mr O'Gibbet, with his lip close to Titmouse's ear—"and once more, d'ye hear, sir—a breath about this to any one, an' you're a ruined man—you're in my power most com-

plately!"—with this Mr O'Gibbet and Mr Titmouse parted—the former having much other similar business on hand, and the latter determined to hurry off to Mr Gammon forthwith: and in fact he was within the next five minutes in his cab, on his way to Thavie's Inn.

Mr Gammon was at Mr O'Gibbet's (of whom he spoke to Titmouse in the most earnest and unqualified terms of admiration) at the appointed hour: and after an hour's private conference with him, they both went off to Mr Flummery's official residence, in Pillory Place; but what passed there I never have been able to ascertain with sufficient accuracy to warrant me in laying it before the reader.

When the day for taking into consideration the YATTON PETITION had arrived,—on a voice calling out at the door of the House, "Counsel in the Yatton petition!"—in walked forthwith eight learned gentlemen, four being of counsel for the petitioner, and four for the sitting member,—attended by their respective agents, who stood behind, whilst the counsel took their seats at the bar of a very crowded and excited house; for there were several committees to be balloted for on that day. The door of the house was then locked; and the order of the day was read. Titmouse might have been seen popping up and down about the back ministerial benches, like a parched pea. On the front treasury bench sat Mr O'Gibbet, his hat slouched over his fat face, his arms folded. On the table stood several glasses, containing little rolls of paper, each about two or three inches long, and with the name of every member of the house severally inscribed on them. These glasses being placed before the Speaker, the clerk rose, and taking them out presented them to the Speaker, who, opening each, read out aloud the name inscribed, to the house. Now, the object was, on such occasions, to draw out the names of *thirty-three* members then present in the house; which were afterwards to be reduced, by each party alternately striking off eleven names, to ELEVEN—who were the committee charged with the trial of the petition. Now the astute reader will see that, imagining the house to be divided into two great classes, viz., those *favourable* and those *opposed* to the petitioner—according to whose success or failure

a vote was retained, lost or gained to the *party*,—and as the number of thirty-three cannot be more nearly divided than into seventeen and sixteen, 'tis said by those experienced in such matters, that in cases where it ran so close—that party invariably and necessarily won who drew the *seventeenth* name; seeing that each party having eleven names of those in his opponent's interest, to expunge out of the thirty-three, he who luckily drew this prize of the SEVENTEENTH MAN, was sure to have SIX good men and true on the committee against the other's FIVE. And thus, of course it was, in the case of a greater or less proportion of favourable or adverse persons answering to their names. So keenly was all this felt and appreciated by the whole House, on these interesting,—these *solemn*, these *deliberative*, and JUDICIAL occasions,—that on every name being called, there were sounds heard and symptoms witnessed indicative of eager delight or intense vexation. Now, on the present occasion, it would at first have appeared as if some unfair advantage had been secured by the Opposition; since five of *their* names were called, to two of those of their opponents: but then only one of the five *answered*, (it so happening that the other four were absent, disqualified as being petitioned against, or exempt,) while both of the *two* answered!—You should have seen the chagrined faces, and heard the loud exclamations of "Ts!—ts!—ts!" on either side of the house, when their own men's names were thus abortively called over! the delight visible on the other side!—The issue long hung in suspense; and at length the scales were evenly poised, and the House was in a state of exquisite anxiety; for the next eligible name answered to would decide which side was to gain or lose a seat.

"Sir Ezekiel Tuddington"—cried the Speaker, amidst profound and agitated silence. He was one of the opposition—but answered not; he was absent. "Ts! ts! ts!" cried the opposition.

"Gabriel Grubb."—This was a ministerial man, who rose, and said he was serving on another committee. "Ts! ts! ts!" cried the ministerial side.

"Bennet Barleycorn"—(Opposition)—petitioned against. "Ts! ts!

tal!" vehemently cried the Opposition.

"PHELIM O'DOODLE"—

"Here!" exclaimed that honourable member, spreading triumph over the ministerial, and dismay over the opposition side of the House; and the thirty-three names having been thus called and answered to, a loud buzz arose on all sides—of congratulation or despondency.

The fate of the petition, it was said, was already as good as decided.—The parties having retired to strike the committee, returned in about an hour's time, and the following members were then sworn in, and ordered to meet the next morning at eleven o'clock:—

Ministerials.

- (1.) Sir Simper Silly.
- (2.) Noah No-land.
- (3.) Phelim O'Doodle.
- (4.) Micah M'Squash.
- (5.) Sir Caleb Calf.
- (6.) Oeh Hubbaboo.

Opposition.

- (1.) Castleton Plume.
- (2.) Charles D'Eresby.
- (3.) Merton Mortimer.
- (4.) Sir Simon Alkmond.
- (5.) Lord Frederick Brackenbury.

And the six, of course, on their meeting, chose the *chairman*, who was a sure card—to wit, SIR CALEB CALF, BART.

Mr Delamere's counsel and agents, together with Mr Delamere himself, met at consultation that evening, all with the depressed air of men who are going on in any undertaking *contra spem*. "Well, what think you of our committee?" enquired Mr Berrington, the eloquent, acute, and experienced leading counsel. All present shrugged their shoulders; but at length agreed that even with such a committee, their case was an overpowering one; no committee could dare to shut their eyes to such an array of facts as were here collected; the clearest case of *agency* made out—Mr Berrington declared—that he had ever known in all his practice; and eleven distinct cases of *BRIBERY*, supported each by at least three unexceptionable witnesses; together with half-a-dozen cases of *TREATING*; in fact, their case, it was admitted, had been most admirably got up, under the management of Mr Crafty, (who was present,) and they *must* succeed.

"Of course, they'll call for proof of *AGENCY*, first," quoth Mr Berrington, carelessly glancing over his enormous brief; "and we'll at once fix this—what's his name—the Unitarian parson, Mr Muffin."

"Muddint—Smirk Muddint"—

"Ah, ha!—We'll begin with him, and Bloodsuck, and Centipede. Fix *them*—the rest all follow, and they'll strike, in spite of their committee—or—egad—we'll have a shot at the sitting member himself."

By eleven o'clock the next morning the committee and the parties were in attendance—the room quite crowded—such a quantity of Yatton faces!—There, near the chairman, with his hat perched as usual on his bushy hair, and dressed in his ordinary extravagant and absurd style—his glass screwed into his eye, and his hands stuck into his hinder coat-pockets, and resting on his hips, stood the sitting member, Mr Titmouse; and after the usual preliminaries had been gone through, up rose Mr Berrington, with the calm, confident air of a man going to open a winning case; and an overwhelming case he *did* open—the chairman glancing gloomily at the five ministerials on his right, and then inquisitively at the five opposition members on his left. The statement of counsel was luminous and powerful. As he went on, he disclosed almost as minute and accurate a knowledge of the movements of the Yellows at Yatton, as Mr Gammon himself could have supplied him with. That gentleman shared in the dismay felt around him. 'Twas clear that there had been infernal treachery; that they were all ruined. "By Jove! there's no standing up against *this*, unless we break them down at the agency—for Berrington don't overstate his cases," whispered Mr Granville, the leading counsel for the sitting member, to one of his juniors, and to Gammon, who sighed, and said nothing. With all his experience in the general business of the profession, he knew as yet little or nothing of what might be expected from a *favourable election committee*. Stronger and stronger, blacker and blacker, closer and closer, came out the petitioner's case. The five opposition members paid profound attention to Mr Berrington, and took notes; as for the ministerials, one was engaged with his betting-book, another writing out franks, (in which he dealt,)

a third conning over an attorney's letter, and two were quietly playing together at 'Tit-tat-to.' As was expected, the committee called peremptorily for proof of AGENCY; and I will say, only that if *Smirk Mudflint*, *Barnabas Bloodsuck*, and *Seth Centipede* were not fixed as the 'AGENTS' of the sitting member—there is no such relation as that of principal and agent in *rerum naturâ*; there never was in this world an agent that had a principal, or a principal that had an agent.—Take only, for instance, the case of Mudflint. He was proved to have been from first to last an active member of Mr Titmouse's committee; attending daily, hourly, and on hundreds of occasions in the presence of Mr Titmouse—canvassing with him—consulting him—making appointments with him for calling on voters, which appointments he invariably kept; letters in his handwriting, relating to the election, signed some by Mr Titmouse, some by Mr Gammon; circulars similarly signed, and distributed by Mudflint, and the addresses in his handwriting; several election bills paid by him on account of Mr Titmouse; directions given by him and observed, as to the bringing up voters to the poll; publicans' bills paid at the committee-room, in the presence of Mr Titmouse—and, in short, many other such acts as these were established against all three of the above persons. Such a dreadful effect did all this have upon Mr Bloodsuck and Mr Centipede, that they were obliged to go out, in order to get a little gin and water; for they were indeed in a sort of death-sweat. As for Mudflint, he seemed to get sallower and sallower every minute; and felt almost disposed to utter an inward prayer, had he thought it would have been of the slightest use. Mr Berrington's witnesses were fiercely cross-examined, but no material impression was produced upon them; and when Mr Granville, on behalf of the sitting member, confident and voluble, rose to prove to the committee, that his learned friend's case was one of the most trumpery that had ever come before a committee—a mere bottle of smoke;—that the three gentlemen in question had been no more the agents of the sitting member than was he—the counsel then on his legs—the agent of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and that every one of the petitioner's witnesses was unworthy of

belief—in fact *perjured*—how suddenly awake to the importance of the investigation, became the ministerialist members! They never took their eyes off Mr Granville, except to take notes of his pointed, cogent, unanswerable observations! *He called no witnesses.* At length he sat down; and strangers were ordered to withdraw—and 'twas well they did: for such an amazing uproar ensued among the committee, as soon as the five opposition members discovered, to their amazement and disgust, that there was the least doubt amongst their opponents as to the establishment of agency, as would not, possibly, have tended to raise that committee, as a judicial body, in public estimation. After an hour and a half's absence, strangers were re-admitted. Great was the rush—for the fate of the petition hung on the decision to be immediately pronounced. As soon as the counsel had taken their seats, and the eager, excited crowd been subdued into something like silence, the chairman, Sir Caleb Calf, with a flushed face, and a very uneasy expression, read from a sheet of foolscap paper, which he held in his hand, as follows:—

"Resolved.—That the Petitioner's Counsel be directed to *proceed* with evidence of AGENCY," [i. e. the committee were of opinion that no sufficient evidence had yet been given, to establish Messrs Mudflint, Bloodsuck, and Centipede, as the agents of Mr Titmouse, in the election for Yatton!!!] The five Opposition members sat with stern indignant faces, all with their backs turned towards the chairman; and nothing but a very high tone of feeling, and chivalrous sense of their position, as members of a public committee of the House of Commons, prevented their repeating in public their fierce protest against the monstrous decision at which the committee, through the casting voice of the redoubtable chairman, had arrived.

Their decision was not immediately understood or appreciated by the majority of those present. After a pause of some moments, and amidst profound silence—

"Have I rightly understood the resolution of the committee, sir," enquired Mr Berrington, with an amazed air, "that the evidence already adduced is *not sufficient* to satisfy the committee, as to the *agency* of Messrs Mudflint, Bloodsuck, and Centipede?"

"The committee *meant*, sir, to express as much," replied the chairman, dryly, and he sealed a letter with affected indifference: *affected*, indeed! the letter being one addressed to a friend, to desire him forthwith to take a hostile message on his—the chairman's behalf—to Colonel D'Eresby, one of the committee, who had, during the discussion with closed doors, spoken his mind pretty freely concerning the conduct of the aforesaid chairman.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr Berrington, (on receiving the chairman's answer,) in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard all over the room, "*neither would they believe though one rose from the dead.*"

"We'd better strike," said his juniors.

"I think so, too," said Mr Berrington; adding, as he turned towards the committee with an air of undisguised disgust, "I protest, sir, that never in the whole course of my experience before election committees, have I been so astounded as I am at the decision to which the committee has just come. Probably, under these circumstances, the committee will be pleased to adjourn till the morning, to give us an opportunity of considering the course we will pursue." (This produced a great sensation.)

"Certainly—let it be so," replied the chairman, blandly, yet anxiously; and the committee broke up. Before they met again, three shots a-piece had been exchanged between the chairman and Colonel D'Eresby—"happily without effect," and the parties left the ground in as hostile a spirit as they had reached it. I will say for the Colonel, that he was a plain, straight-forward soldier, who did not understand nonsense, nor could tolerate coquetting with an oath.

"Of course the petition is dropped?" said Mr Berrington, bitterly, as soon as all were assembled in the evening, in consultation at his chambers.

"Of course," was the answer, in a sufficiently melancholy tone.

"So help me Heaven!" said Mr Berrington, "I feel disposed to say I will never appear again before a committee. This sort of thing cannot go on much longer! To think that every man of that committee is sworn before God to do his duty! I'll take care to strike every one of those six men off

from any future list that I may have to do with!"

"I can say only," remarked the second counsel, a calm and experienced lawyer, "that, in my opinion, had all of us sate down to frame, beforehand, a perfect case of agency—with facts at will—we could never have framed one stronger than the one to-day declared insufficient."

"I have been in seven other petitions," said Mr Berrington, "this very week; but there the sitting members, were Tories: Gracious Heaven! what facts have been *there* held sufficient proof of agency!—The *Barnard Castle* committee yesterday, held that, to have been seen once shaking hands in a pastrycook's shop with the sitting member, was sufficient evidence of *agency*—and we've lost the seat! In the *Cucumber* Committee, a man who by chance stood once under a doorway with the sitting member, in a sudden shower of rain—was held thereby to have become his agent; and we *there* also lost the seat!—Faugh! what would foreigners say if they heard such things?"

"It's perhaps hardly worth mentioning," said Mr Parkinson; "but this afternoon I happened to see Mr O'Gibbet dining with Mr O'Doodle, Mr Hubbaboo, and Mr M'Squash, off pork and greens, at the Jolly Thieves' Tavern, in Dodge Street—I—I—they were talking together very eagerly"——

"The less we say about *that* the better," replied Mr Berrington; "I have not had my eyes shut, I can tell you! It's a hard case, Mr Crafty; but after all your pains, and the dreadful expense incurred, it's nevertheless quite farcical to think of going on with a committee like this"——

"Of course the petition is abandoned," replied Crafty.

The next morning they again appeared before the committee.

"I have to inform the committee," commenced Mr Berrington, with sufficient sternness, "that my learned friends and I, who had, in our ignorance and inexperience, imagined, till yesterday, that the evidence we then opened was ten times more than sufficient to establish agency before any *legal* tribunal"——

"Counsel will be pleased to moderate their excitement, and to treat the committee with due respect," inter-

rupted the chairman, warmly, and red-dening as he spoke; while the ministerial members looked very fiercely at Mr Berrington, and one or two placed their arms a-kimbo.

—"have come to the determination to withdraw the petitioner's case from before the committee; as, under existing circumstances, it would be utterly absurd to attempt"—

"Fait, sir, an' you're mighty indacent—ye are—an' you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head," said Mr O'Doodle, fiercely, and with an insolent look at Mr Berrington.

"Sir," said the latter, addressing Mr O'Doodle, with a bitter smile—"as it is possible to stand where I do without ceasing to be a gentleman, so it is possible—to sit *there*—without becoming one."

"Sir—Misther Chairman—I'll only just ask you, sir—isn't *that* a brache of privelege"—

"Oh, be aisy—aisy wid ye—and isn't he *hired* to say all this?" whispered Mr Hubbaboo; and the indignant senator sat down.

"The petition is withdrawn, sir," said Mr Berrington calmly.

"Then," subjoined his opponent, as quietly rising as his learned friend had sat down, "I respectfully apply to the committee to vote it *Frivolous and Vexatious*."

"Possibly the committee will pause before going *that* length," said Mr Berrington, very gravely; but he was mistaken. Strangers were ordered to withdraw; and, on their re-admission, the Chairman read the resolution of the committee, that "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., had been and was duly elected to serve for the borough of Yatton; and that the petition against his return was FRIVOLOUS and VEXATIOUS:" by which decision, all the costs and expenses incurred by Mr Titmouse were thrown upon his opponent Mr Delamere—a just penalty for his wanton and presumptuous attempt. This decision was welcomed by the crowd in the committee-room with clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and cheering.—Such was the fate of the YATTON PETITION. Mr Titmouse, on entering the House that evening, was received with loud cheers from the ministerial benches: and within a few minutes afterwards, Lord Frederick Brackenbury, to give the house and the public an idea of the important service performed by the

committee, rose and moved that the *evidence should be printed*—which was ordered.

The next day a very distinguished patriot gathered some of the blooming fruit of the *Bill for giving Everybody Everything*—not for himself personally, however, but as a trustee for the public; so, at least, I should infer from the following fact, that whereas, in the morning, his balance at his banker's was exactly L.3, 10s. 7½d.—by the afternoon, it was suddenly augmented to L.3003, 10s. 7½d.—shortly expressed thus:—

$$"L.3 : 10 : 7\frac{1}{2}d. + L.3000 = L.3003 : 10 : 7\frac{1}{2}d."$$

Thus might my friend Titmouse exclaim, "Out of this nettle *danger* I've plucked the flower *safety*!" 'Twas, indeed, fortunate for the country, that such, and so early, had been the termination of the contest for the representation of Yatton; for it enabled Mr Titmouse at once to enter, with all the energy belonging to his character, upon the discharge of his legislative functions. The very next day after his own seat had been secured to him by the decision of the committee, he was balloted for, and chosen one of the members of a committee, of which *Swindle o' Gibbet, Esquire*, was chairman, for trying the validity of the return of two Tory impostors for an Irish county. So marvellously quick an insight into the merits of the case did he and his brethren in the committee obtain, that they intimated, on the conclusion of the petitioner's counsel's opening address, that it would be quite superfluous for him to call witnesses in support of a statement of facts, which it was presumed the sitting members could not think of seriously contesting. Against this, the sitting member's counsel remonstrated with indignant energy, on which the committee thought it best to let him take his own course, which would entail its own consequences; viz., that the opposition to the petition would be voted frivolous and vexatious. A vast deal of evidence was then adduced, after which, as might have been expected, the committee reported to the House, that Lord Beverly de Wynston (who owned half the county for which he had presumed to stand) and Sir Harry Eddington (who owned pretty nearly the other half) had

been unduly returned; that two most respectable gentlemen, Mr O'Shirtless and Mr O'Toddy, (the one a discarded attorney's clerk, and the other an insolvent publican, neither of whom had ever been in the county till the time of the election,) ought to have been returned; and the clerk of the House was to amend the return accordingly; and that the opposition to the petition had been frivolous and vexatious. Mr Titmouse after this formed an intimate acquaintance with the two gentlemen whom, infinitely to their own astonishment, he had helped to seat for the county, and who had many qualities kindred to his own, principally in the matter of dress and drink. Very shortly afterwards, he was elected one of a committee to enquire into the state of the operation of the Usury Laws, and another, of a still more important character—viz. to enquire into the state of our relations with foreign powers, with reference to free trade and the permanent preservation of peace. They continued sitting for a month, and thus stated the luminous result of their enquiry and deliberation, in their report to the House:—"That the only effectual mode of securing permanently the good-will of foreign powers, was by removing all restrictions upon their imports into this country, and imposing prohibitory duties upon our exports into theirs; at the same time reducing our naval and military establishments to a point which should never thereafter occasion uneasiness to any foreign power." He also served on one or two private committees, attended by counsel. In the course of their enquiries many very difficult and complicated questions arose, which called forth great ability on the part of counsel. On one occasion, in particular, I recollect that Mr DEPTH, one of the most dexterous and subtle reasoners to be found at the English bar, having started the great question really at issue between the parties, addressed a long and most masterly argument to the committee. He found himself, after some time, making rapid way with them; and, in particular, there were indications that he had at length powerfully arrested the attention of Mr Titmouse, who, his chin resting on his open hand, and his elbow on the table, leaned forward towards Mr Depth, on whom he

fixed his eye apparently with deep attention. How mistaken, however, was Depth! Titmouse was thinking all the while of two very different matters; viz. whether he could possibly sit it out without a bottle of soda-water, labouring, as he was, under the sickening effects of excessive potations over night; and also whether his favourite little terrier, Titty, would win or lose in her encounter on the morrow with fifty rats—that being the number which Mr Titmouse had bet three to one she would kill in three minutes' time. The decision to which that committee might come, would affect interests to the amount of nearly a million sterling, and might or might not occasion a monstrous invasion of vested rights!

He still continued to occupy his very handsome apartments at the Albany. You might generally have seen him, about ten o'clock in the morning, (or say *twelve*, when his attendance was not required upon committees,) reclining on his sofa, enveloped in a yellow figured satin dressing-gown, smoking an enormous hookah; with a little table before him, with a decanter of gin, cold water, and a tumbler or two upon it. On a large round table near him lay a great number of dinner and evening cards, notes, letters, public and private, vote-papers, and Parliamentary reports. Beside him, on the sofa, lay the last number of the *Sunday Flash*—to which, and to the *Newgate Calendar*, his reading was, in fact, almost entirely confined. Over his mantel-piece was a large hideous oil-painting of two brawny and half-naked ruffians, in boxing attitude; opposite was a very large picture (for which he had given seventy guineas) of Lord Scaramouch's dog Nestor, in his famous encounter with two hundred rats, which he killed in the astonishingly short space of seven minutes and fifteen seconds. Opposite to the door, however, was the great point of attraction; viz. a full-length portrait of Titmouse himself. His neck was bare, his ample shirt-collars being thrown down over his shoulders, and his face looking upwards. The artist had laboured hard to give it that fine indignant expression with which, in pictures of men of genius, they are generally represented as looking up towards the moon; but nature was too strong for him—his

eye too accurate, and his brush too obedient to his eye; so that the only expression he could bring out, was one of innocent and stupid wonder. A rich green mantle enveloped his figure; and amidst its picturesque folds, was visible his left hand, holding them together, and with a glittering ring on the first and last fingers. In one corner of the room, on a table, were a pair of foils; and on the ground near them, three or four pairs of boxing-gloves. On another table lay a guitar—on another, a violin; on both of which delightful instruments he was taking almost daily lessons. Though the room was both elegantly and expensively furnished, (according to the taste of its former occupant,) it was now redolent—as were Mr Titmouse's clothes—of the odours of tobacco-smoke and gin and water. Here it was that Mr Titmouse would often spend hour after hour boxing with Billy Bully, the celebrated prize-fighter and pickpocket; or, when somewhat far gone in liquor, playing cribbage, or put, with his valet—an artful, impudent fellow, who had gained great influence over him.

As for the House—Modesty (the twin-sister of Merit) kept Mr Titmouse for a long time very quiet there. He saw the necessity of attentively watching every thing that passed around him, in order to become practically familiar with the routine of business, before he ventured to step forward into action, and distinguish himself. He had not been long, however, thus prudently occupied, when an occasion presented itself, of which he availed himself with all the bold felicitous promptitude of genius—whose prime distinguishing characteristic is the successful seizure of opportunity. He suddenly saw that he should be able to bring into play an early accomplishment of his—an accomplishment of which, when acquiring it, how little he dreamed of the signal uses to which it might be afterwards turned! The great Lord Coke hath somewhere said to the legal student, that there is no kind or degree of knowledge whatsoever, so apparently vain and useless that it shall not, if remembered, at one time or other serve his purpose. Thus it seemed about to be with Mr Titmouse, to whom it chanced in this wise. In

early life, while following the humble calling in which he was occupied when first presented to the reader, he used to amuse himself, in his long journeys about the streets, with bundle and yard-measure under his arm, by imitating the cries of cats, the crowing of cocks, the squeaking of pigs, the braying of donkeys, and the yelping of curs; in which matters he became at length so great a proficient, as to attract the admiring attention of passers-by, and to afford great amusement to the circles in which he visited. There is probably no man living, though ever so great a fool, that cannot do *something* or other well; and Titmouse became a surprising proficient in the arts I have alluded to. He could imitate a *blue-bottle fly* buzzing about the window, and, lighting upon it, abruptly cease its little noise, and, anon flying off again, as suddenly resume it;—a *chicken*, picking its way cautiously among the growing cabbages;—a *cat*, at midnight on the moonlit tiles, pouring forth the sorrows of her heart on account of the absence of her inconstant mate;—a *cock*, suddenly waking out of some horrid dream—it may be the nightmare—and, in the ecstasy of its fright, crowing as though it would split at once its throat and heart, alarming all mankind;—a little *cur*, yelping with mingled fear and fury, at the same time, as it were, advancing backwards, in view of a fiendish tom-cat, with high-curved back, flaming eyes, and spitting fury.—I only wish you had heard Mr Titmouse on these occasions; it might, perhaps, even have reminded you of the observation of Doctor Johnson, that genius is great natural powers accidentally directed.

Now there was, on a certain night, about three months after Titmouse had been in the House, a kind of pitched battle between the Ministry and their formidable opponents; in which the speakers on each side did their best to prove that their opponents were apostates; utterly worthless; destitute alike of public and private virtue; unfit to govern; and unworthy of the confidence of the country. My Lord Bulfinch rose, late on the third evening of the debate—never had been seen so full a House during the session—and in a long and able speech contended, (first,)

that the opposite side were selfish, ignorant, and dishonest; and, (secondly,) that Ministers had only imitated their example. He was vehemently cheered from time to time, and sat down amidst a tempest of applause. Up then rose the ex-minister and leader of the Opposition, and in a very few moments there was scarce a sound to be heard, except that of the delicious voice—at once clear, harmonious, distinct in utterance, and varied in intonation—of incomparably the finest Parliamentary orator of the day, Mr VIVID. The hearts of those around him, who centred all their hopes in him, beat with anxious pride. He had a noble cast of countenance—a brilliant eye—strongly marked and most expressive features—a commanding figure—a graceful and winning address. His language, refined, copious, and vigorous, every word he uttered told. His illustrations were as rich and apt as his reasonings were close and cogent; and his powers of ridicule were unrivalled. On the present occasion he was thoroughly roused, and put forth all his powers: he and Lord Bulfinch had been waiting for each other during the whole debate; and now Mr Vivid had the reply, and truly regarded himself as the mouthpiece of a great and grievously slandered party in the state, whom he had risen to vindicate from the elaborate and venomous aspersions of Lord Bulfinch, who sat, speedily pierced through and through with the arrows of poignant sarcasm, amidst the loud laughter of even his own side, so irresistible was the humour of the speaker. Even Mr O' Gibbet, who had been from time to time exclaiming, half aloud, to those around—"Och, the pitiful fellow! The stupid baste!—Nivir mind him—divil a word, my lord!"—was at length subdued into silence. In fact, the whole House was with the brilliant and impassioned speaker. Every now and then vehement and tumultuous cheering would burst forth from the Opposition as from one man, answered by as vehement and determined cheering from the ministerial benches; but you could not fail to observe an anxious and alarmed expression stealing over the faces of Lord Bulfinch's supporters. His lordship sat immovably, with his arms folded, and eyes fixed on his opponent, and a bitter smile on his face,

glancing frequently, however, with increasing anxiety, towards Mr O'SQUEAL, the only "great gun" he had left—that gentleman having undertaken (*infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli*) to reply to Mr Vivid. Poor Mr O'Squeal himself looked pale and dispirited, and would probably have given up all his little prospects to be able to sneak away from the post he had so eagerly occupied, and devolve upon others the responsibility of replying to a speech looming more and more dreadfully upon his trembling faculties every moment, as infinitely more formidable in all points of view than any thing he had anticipated. The speech must electrify the public, even as it was then electrifying the House. He held a sheet of paper in one hand, resting on his knee, and a pen in the other, with which he incessantly took notes—only to disguise his fright; for his mind went not with his pen—all he heard was above and beyond him;—he might as well think of whistling down a whirlwind; yet there was no escape for him. Was the uneasy eye of Lord Bulfinch, more and more frequently directed towards him, calculated to calm or encourage him? or the sight of the adroit, sarcastic, and brilliant debater sitting opposite, who had his eye on Mr O'Squeal, and was evidently to rise and reply to him? Mr O'Squeal began to feel cold as death, and at length burst into a cold perspiration. After a two hours' speech, of uncommon power and brilliance, Mr Vivid wound up with a rapid and striking recapitulation of the leading points of his policy when in power, which, he contended, were in triumphant contrast with those of his successors, which were wavering, inconsistent, perilous to every national interest, and in despicable subservience to the vilest and lowest impulses. "And now, sir," said Mr Vivid, turning to the Speaker, and then directing a bold and indignant glance of defiance at Lord Bulfinch—"does the noble lord opposite talk of—*impeachment*! I ask him in the face of this House, and of the whole country, whose eyes are fixed upon it with anxiety and agitation—will he presume to repeat his threat? or will any one on his behalf?"—(turning a glance of withering scorn towards Mr O'Squeal)—"Sir, I pause for a reply!"—And he

did—several seconds elapsing in dead silence, which was presently, however, broken in a manner that was perfectly unprecedented, and most astounding. 'Twas a reply to his question; but such as, had he anticipated it, he would never have put the question, or paused for its answer.

"*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!*" issued, with inimitable fidelity of tone and manner, from immediately behind Lord Bulfinch, who started from his seat as if he had been shot. Every one started; Mr Vivid recoiled a pace or two from the table—and then a universal peal of laughter echoed from all quarters of the House, not excepting even the strangers' gallery. The Speaker was convulsed, and could not rise to call "order." Lord Bulfinch laughed himself almost into fits; even those immediately behind Mr Vivid were giving way to uncontrollable laughter, at so comical and monstrous an issue. He himself tried for a moment to join in the laugh, but in vain; he was terribly disconcerted and confounded. This frightful and disgusting incident had done away with the effect of his whole speech; and in twenty-four hours' time, the occurrence would be exciting laughter and derision in every corner of the kingdom.

"Order! order! order!" cried the Speaker, his face red and swollen with scarce subdued laughter. Several times Mr Vivid attempted to resume, only, however, occasioning renewed laughter. Still he persevered; and, with much presence of mind, made a pointed and witty allusion to Rome saved by the cackling of a goose. 'Twas, however, plainly useless; and after a moment or two's pause of irresolution, he yielded to his fate, with visible vexation abruptly concluded his observations, gathered hastily together his papers, and resumed his seat and his hat—a signal for renewed laughter and triumphant cheering from the ministerial side of the House. Up then started Mr O'Squeal—and, despite his absurd and extravagant gesticulation, and perfectly frightful tone of voice, dashed boldly off at one or two of the weakest points which had been made by his discomfited adversary, which he dealt with very dexterously; and then threw up a vast number of rhetorical fireworks, amidst the glitter and blaze of which he sat

down, and was enthusiastically cheered. 'Twas my friend Mr Titmouse that had worked this wonder, and entirely changed the fate of the day. Up rose Mr O'Squeal's dreaded opponent—but in vain; he was quite crestfallen; evidently in momentary apprehension of receiving an interruption similar to that which Mr Vivid had experienced. He was nervous and fidgety—as well he might be; and would most assuredly have shared the fate of Mr Vivid, but that Titmouse was (not without great difficulty) restrained by Lord Bulfinch, on the ground that the desired effect had been produced, and would be only impaired by a repetition. The debate came somewhat abruptly to a close, and the Opposition were beaten by a majority of *a hundred and thirty*, which looked something like a working majority.

This happy occurrence at once brought Mr Titmouse into notice, and very great favour with his party;—well, indeed, it might, for he had become a most powerful auxiliary, and need it be added how dreaded and detested he was by their opponents? How could it be otherwise, with even their leading speakers, who could scarce ever afterwards venture on anything a little out of the common way—a little higher flight than usual—being in momentary apprehension of some such disgusting and ludicrous interruption as the one I have mentioned, indicating the effect which the speaker was producing upon—a cat, a donkey, a cock, or a puppy? Ah, me! what a sheep's eye each of them cast, as he went on, towards Titmouse? And if ever he was observed to be absent, there was a sensible improvement in the tone and spirit of the Opposition speakers. The ministerial journals all over the country worked the joke well; and in their leading articles against any of Mr Vivid's speeches, would "sum up all in one memorable word—'*cock-a-doodle-doo!*'"

As is generally the case, the signal success of Mr Titmouse brought into the field a host of imitators in the House; and their performances, inferior though they were, becoming more and more frequent, gave quite a new character to the proceedings of that dignified deliberative assembly. At length, however, it was found necessary to pass a resolution of the

House against such practices ; and it was entered on the journals, that thenceforth no honourable member should interrupt business by whistling, singing, or imitating the sounds of animals, or making any other disgusting noise whatsoever.

The political importance thus acquired by Mr Titmouse—and which he enjoyed till the passing of the above resolution, by which it was cut up root and branch—had naturally a very elevating effect upon him ; as you might have perceived, had you only once seen him swaggering along the House to his seat behind the front Treasury bench, dressed in his usual style of fashion, and with his quizzing-glass stuck into his eye. Mr O'Gibbet invariably greeted him with the utmost cordiality, and would often, at a pinching part of an Opposition speech, turn round and invoke his powers, by the exclamation—" Now, now, Titty !" He dined, in due course, with the Speaker—as usual, in full court-dress ; and, having got a little champagne in his head, insisted on going through his leading " imitations," infinitely to the amusement of some half dozen of the guests, and all the servants. His circle of acquaintance was extending every day ; he became a very welcome guest, as an object of real curiosity. He was not a man, however, to be always enjoying the hospitality of others, without at least offering a return ; and, at the suggestion of an experienced friend in the House, he commenced a series of " parliamentary dinners " (presumptuous little puppy !) at the Gliddington Hotel. They went off with much eclat, and were duly chronicled in the daily journals, as thus :—

" On Saturday, Mr Titmouse, M. P., entertained (his third dinner given this session) at the Gliddington Hotel, the following (amongst others) distinguished members of the House of Commons : Sir Simpson Silly, Mr Flummery, Mr O'Gibbet, Mr Outlaw, Lord Beetle, Mr O'Shirtless, Sir Too Raladdy, Mr Tripe, Mr Scum, and a dozen others."

Mr Titmouse, at length, thought himself warranted in inviting Lord Bulfinch!—and the SPEAKER!!—and LORD FIREBRAND, (the Foreign Secretary ;) all of whom, however, very politely declined, pleading previous engagements. I can hardly, however,

give Mr Titmouse the credit of these latter proceedings ; which were, in fact, suggested to him, in the first instance, by two or three young wags in the House ; who, barring a little difference in the way of bringing up, were every whit as great fools and coxcombs as himself, and equally entitled to the confidence of their favoured constituencies and of the country, as so calculated for the purpose of practical legislation, and that remodelling of the constitutions of the country upon which the new House of Commons seemed bent. 'Twas truly delightful to see the tables of these young gentlemen groaning under daily accumulations of Parliamentary documents, containing all sorts of political and statistical information, collected and published with vast labour and expense, for the purpose of informing their powerful intellects upon the business of the country, so that they might come duly prepared to the important discussions in the House, on all questions of domestic and foreign policy. As for Mr Titmouse, he never relished the idea of perusing and studying these troublesome and repulsive documents—page after page, filled with long rows of figures, tables of prices, of exchanges, &c., reports of the evidence, *verbatim et literatim*, taken in question and answer before every committee that sat ; all sorts of expensive and troublesome " returns," moved for by any one that chose ; he rather contented himself with attending to what went on in the House ; and at the close of the session, all the documents in question became the perquisite of Mr Titmouse's valet, who got a good round sum for them (uncut) as waste paper.

It is not difficult to understand the pleasure which my little friend experienced, in dispensing the little favours and courtesies of orders for the gallery, and franks, to those who applied for them ; for all his show of feeling it a " bore " to be asked. 'Twas these little matters which, as it were, brought home to him a sense of his dignity, and made him *feel* the possession of station and authority. I know not but the following application was not more gratifying to him than any which he received :—

" T. Tagrag's best respects to T. Titmouse, Esq. M. P., and begs to say

how *greatly* he will account y^e favour of obtaining an order to be Admitted to the Gallery of the House of Commons for to-morrow night, to hear the debate on the Bill for Doing away with the *Nuisance* of Dustmen's cries, of a morning.

"With Mrs T.'s & daughter's comp^{ts}."

"T. TITMOUSE, Esq. M.P."

On receiving this, Titmouse looked out for the finest sheet of glossy extra-superfine gilt Bath post, scented, and wrote as follows:—

"Please To Admit y^e Barer To The Gallery of The House of Commons.—T. TITMOUSE. Wednesday, March 6th, 18—."

But the reader, who must have been highly gratified by the unexpectedly rapid progress of Mr Titmouse in Parliamentary life, will be, doubtless, as much interested by hearing that corresponding distinction awaited him in the regions of science and literature; his pioneer thither being one who had long enjoyed a very distinguishing eminence; successfully combining the character and pursuits of scholar and philosopher, with those of a man of fashion—I mean a Doctor *DIABOLUS GANDER*. Though upwards of sixty, he found means so effectually to disguise his age, that he would have passed for barely forty. He had himself so strong a predilection for dress, that the moment he saw Titmouse, he conceived a certain secret respect for that gentleman; and, in fact, the two dressed pretty nearly in the same style. The Doctor passed for a philosopher in society. He had spent most of his days in drilling youth in the elements of the mathematics; of which he had the same kind and degree of knowledge that is possessed of English literature by an old governess who has spent her life in going over the first part of Lindley Murray's English grammar with children. Just so much did the Doctor know of the scope, the object, the application, of the mathematics. His great distinguishing mark was, the capability of rendering the most abstruse science, "*popular*";—i. e. utterly unintelligible to those who *did* understand science, and very exciting and entertaining to those who *did not*.

He had a knack of getting hold of obscure and starving men of genius and science, and secretly availing himself of their labours. He would pay them with comparative liberality to write, in an elegant style, on subjects of pure and mixed science; but when published, the name of *Diabolus Gander* would appear upon the title-page; and, to enable the doctor to do this with *some* comfort to his conscience, he would actually copy out the whole of the manuscript, and make a few alterations in it. But, alas! *omne quod teligit fedavit*; and it invariably happened that these were the very *maculae* pitched upon, exposed, and ridiculed by reviewers. No man could spread his small stock over a larger surface than Doctor Gander; no man be more successful in ingratiating himself with those persons so useful to an enterprising empiric—viz. wealthy fools. He paid constant court to Titmouse, from the first moment he saw him; and took the liberty of calling—unasked—the very next day, at his rooms in the Albany. He soon satisfied Titmouse that he—Gander—was a great philosopher, whom it was an advantage and a distinction to be acquainted with. He took my little admiring friend, for instance, to hear him—Gander—deliver a lecture at the Hanover Square Rooms, to a crowd of fashionable ladies and old gentlemen, who greatly applauded all he said, upon a subject equally abstruse, interesting, and instructive; viz. the occult qualities of *Triangles*. In short, he paid anxious and successful court to Titmouse, and was a very frequent guest at his dinner table. He gave Titmouse, on one of these occasions, an amusing account of the distinction belonging to a member of any of the great learned societies; and, in fact, quite inflamed his little imagination upon the subject—sounding him as to his wish to become a member of some great society, in common with half the dukes, marquesses, earls, and barons in the kingdom—in particular his own august kinsman, the Earl of Dreddlington himself.

"Why—a—'pon my soul—" quoth Titmouse, grinning, as he topped off his tenth glass of champagne, with the bland and voluble doctor—"I—I shouldn't much dislike a thingumbob or two at the end of my name—what's the figure?"

"Certainly, I myself, as a zealous lover of science, my dear sir, consider her honours always well bestowed on those eminent in rank and station: though they may not have gone through the drudgery of scientific details, sir, their countenance *irradiates* the pale cheek of unobtrusive science"—

"Ya—a—s, 'pon honour, it certainly does," quoth Titmouse, not exactly, however, comprehending the doctor's fine figure of speech.

"Now look you, Mr Titmouse," continued the doctor, "the greatest society in all England, out and out, is the CREDULOUS SOCIETY. I happen to have some *little* influence there, through which I have been able, I am happy to say, to introduce several noblemen."

"Have you, by Jove? What the devil do they *do* there?"

"Do, my dear sir! They meet for the purpose of—consider the distinguished men that are fellows of that society! It was only the other day that the Duke of Tadcaster told me, (the very day after I had succeeded in getting his Grace elected,) that he was as proud of the letters "F.C.S." added to his name, as he was of his dukedom!"

"By Jove!—No—but—'pon honour bright—did he? Can you get *me* into it?" enquired Titmouse eagerly.

"I—oh—why—you see, my very dear sir, you're certainly rather young," quoth the doctor, gravely, pausing and rubbing his chin; "if it could be managed, it would be a splendid thing for you—eh?"

"By jingo, I should think so!" replied Titmouse.

"I think I've been asked by at least a dozen noblemen for my influence, but I've not felt myself warranted"—

"Oh, well! then *in course* there's an end of it," interrupted Titmouse, with an air of disappointment; "and curse me if ever I cared a pin about it—I see I've not the ghost of a chance."

"I don't know *that* either," replied the doctor, musingly. His design had been all along to confer sufficient obligation on Titmouse, to induce him to lend the doctor a sum of four or five hundred pounds, to embark in some wild scheme or other, and also

to make Titmouse useful to him for other purposes, from time to time.—

"As you are so young, I am afraid it will be necessary in some sort of way to give you a sort of scientific pretension—ah, by Archimedes! but I have it!—I have it! You see, I've a treatise in the press, and nearly ready for publication, upon a particularly profound subject—but, you'll understand me, explained in a perfectly popular manner—in fact, my dear sir, it is a grand discovery of my own, which will in future ages be placed side by side of that of Sir Isaac Newton"—

"Is *he* a member of it too?" enquired Titmouse.

"No, my dear sir! Not bodily; but his *spirit* is with us! We feel it influencing all our deliberations; though he died a quarter of a century before we were established! But to return to the *discovery* I was mentioning; as Sir Isaac discovered the principle of GRAVITATION, (otherwise weight, or heaviness,) so, Mr Titmouse, I have discovered the principle of LIGHTNESS!"

"You don't say so! 'Pon my life, amazing!" exclaimed Mr Titmouse.

"And equally true, as amazing. As soon as I shall have indicated its tendencies and results, my discovery will effect a revolution in the existing system of physical science."

"Ah! that's what they talked about in the House last night—*Revolution*. 'Pon my soul, I don't like revolution, though!" exclaimed Titmouse, uneasily.

"I am speaking of something quite different, my dear Titmouse," said Dr Gander, with a slight appearance of pique; "but to proceed with what I had intended. Since I have been sitting here, my dear sir, it has occurred to me that I have an excellent opportunity of evincing my sense of your kindness towards me. Sir, I intend to DEDICATE my work to you!"

"Sir, you're amazing kind—most uncommon polite!" quoth Titmouse, who had not the slightest notion of what a "dedication" meant. Within a week or two's time, sure enough appeared a handsome octavo volume beautifully printed and splendidly bound, entitled,

"Researches into *Physical Science*, with a view to the Establishment of a New Principle—

"LIGHTNESS.

BY

"DIABOLUS GANDER, ESQUIRE,
LL.D.; F.C.S.; Q.U.A.K.;
G.Ö.S.; Secretary of the *Empirical
Society*; Corresponding Member of
the *Leipzig Lunatic Society*; Vice-
President of the *Peripatetic Gastro-
nomic Association*; and Member of
Seventeen American Philosophical
and Literary Societies, &c., &c., &c."

And it bore the following "Dedication"—

"TO TITTLERBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE,
M.P., &c., &c., &c.,

This volume is respectfully inscribed,
by his obedient, obliged,
faithful humble servant,

DIABOLUS GANDER."

The work being vigorously pushed, and systematically puffed in all directions, of course brought the honoured name of Mr Titmouse a good deal before the scientific public; and about three weeks afterwards might have been seen the following "Testimonial," suspended against the screen of the public room of the Credulous Society, in support of Mr Titmouse's pretensions to be elected into it:—

"Testimonial.—We, the undersigned, Fellows of the Credulous Society, hereby certify that, from our knowledge of TITTLERBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE, M.P., we believe him to be a gentleman greatly attached to requisite science, and desirous of promoting its interests; and as such, deserving of being elected a Fellow of the Credulous Society.

"DREDDLINGTON.

"TANTALLAN.

"WOODEN SPOON.

"FLIMSY CROCHET.

"DIABOLUS GANDER.

"PERIWINKLE PARALLELOGRAM.

"PLACID NOODLE."

The above distinguished names were procured by Dr Gander; and thereupon the election of Mr Titmouse became almost a matter of certainty—especially as, on the appointed day, Dr Gander procured the attendance of some amiable old gentlemen, fellows of the Society, who believed the doctor to be all he pretended to be. The above testimonial having been read from the chair, Mr Titmouse

was balloted for, and declared elected unanimously a Fellow of the Credulous Society. He was prevented from attending on the ensuing meeting by a great debate, and an expected early division; then, by sheer intoxication; and again by his being unable to return in time from Croydon, where he had been attending a grand prize-fight, being the backer of one of the principal ruffians, Billy Bully, his boxing-master. On the fourth evening, however, having dined with the Earl of Dreddlington, he drove with his lordship to the Society's apartments, was formally introduced, and solemnly admitted; from which time he was entitled to have his name stand thus:—

"TITTLERBAT TITMOUSE, ESQ., M.P.,
F.C.S."

—And heaven knows how much higher he might not have immediately mounted, in the scale of social distinction, but that he came to a very sudden rupture with his "guide, philosopher, and friend," Dr Gander, who, on at length venturing to make his long-meditated application to Titmouse for a temporary loan, to enable him, Dr Gander, to prosecute some extensive philosophical experiments—[i.e., *inter nos*, on public credulity]—was unhesitatingly refused by Titmouse; who, on being pressed by the Doctor, abused him in no very choice terms—and finally ordered him out of the room! He quitted the presence of his ungrateful protégé with disgust, and in despair—nor without reason; for that very night he received a propulsion towards the Fleet Prison, which suggested to his philosophical mind several ingenious reflections concerning the *attraction of repulsion*. There he lay for three months, till he sent for the creditor who had deposited him there, and who had been his bookseller and publisher; and the doctor so dazzled him by the outline of a certain literary speculation—to be called THE GANDER GALLERY—that his credulous creditor relented, and set his ingenious and enterprising debtor once more at large.

But to return to Mr Titmouse. It was not long after his election into the Credulous Society, that a deputation from the committee of the Society for the *Promotion of Civil and Religious Dis-*

cord waited upon him at his apartments in the Albany, to solicit him, in terms the most flattering and complimentary, to preside at their next annual meeting at the Stonemasons' Hall; and, after some modest expressions of distrust as to his fitness for so distinguished a post, he yielded to their anxious entreaties. He ordered in, while they were with him, a very substantial lunch, of which they partook with infinite relish; and having done ample justice to his wines and spirits, the worthy gentlemen withdrew, charmed with the intelligence and affability of their distinguished host, and anticipating that they should have in Mr Titmouse, one of the most rising young men in the liberal line, a very effective chairman, and who would make their meeting go off with great eclat. How Titmouse could have got through the task he had undertaken, the reader must be left to conjecture; seeing that, in point of fact, "circumstances, over which he had no control," prevented him from fulfilling his promise. The meeting waited for him at least three-quarters of an hour; when, finding that neither he nor any tidings of him came, they elected some one else into the chair, and got on as well as they could. I dare say the reader is rather curious to know how all this came to pass; and I feel it my duty to state the reason frankly. On the evening of the day before that on which he had promised to preside at Stonemasons' Hall, he dined out with one or two choice spirits; and, about two o'clock in the morning, they all sallied forth, not a bit the *better* for wine, in quest of adventures. Mr Titmouse gave some excellent imitations of donkeys, cats, and pigs, as they walked along arm in arm; and very nearly succeeded in tripping up an old watchman, who had crawled out to announce the hour. Then they rung every bell they passed; and, encouraged by impunity, proceeded to sport of a still more interesting and exciting description; viz. twisting knockers off doors. Titmouse was by far the most drunk of the party, and wrenched off several knockers in a very resolute and reckless manner, placing them successively in his pocket—where, also, his companions contrived, unknown to him, to deposit *their* spoils—till the weight was such as se-

riously to increase the difficulty of keeping his balance. When tired of this sport, it was agreed that they should extinguish every lamp they passed. No sooner said than done; and Titmouse volunteered to commence. Assisted by his companions, he clambered up a lamp-post at the corner of St James's Street; and holding with one hand by the bar, while his legs clung round the iron post, with the other hand he opened the window of the lamp; and while in the act of blowing it out, "Watch! watch!" cried the voices of several people rushing round the corner; a rattle was sprung; away scampered his companions in different directions; and after holding on where he was for a moment or two, in confusion and alarm, down he slid, and dropped into the arms of three watchmen, around whom was gathered a little crowd of persons, all of whom had been roused from sleep by the pulling of their bells, and the noise made in wrenching off their knockers. A pretty passion they all were in, shaking their fists in the face of the captured delinquent, and accompanying him, with menacing gestures, to the watch-house. There having been safely lodged, he was put into a dark cell, where he presently fell asleep; nor did he wake till he was summoned to go off to the police-office. There he found a host of victims of his over-night's exploits. He stoutly denied having been concerned in despoiling a single door of its knocker—on which a breeches-maker near him furiously lifted up the prisoner's coat-tails, and exclaimed, eagerly—"Your worship, your worship! see, he's got his knocket full of pockers! he's got his knocket full of pockers—see here, your worship!"—"What *do* you mean, sir, by such gibberish?" enquired the magistrate, in so stern a tone as drew the speaker's attention to the little transposition of letters which he had made in his headlong haste to detect the falsehood of the delinquent; who, finding the dismal strait to which he was driven, and feeling really very ill, begged for mercy—which, after a very severe rebuke, confronted by seven knockers lying before him in a row, all of them having been taken out of his own pockets, he obtained, on condition of his making compensation to the in-

jured parties, who compounded with him for twelve pounds. After paying a couple of pounds to the poor-box, he was discharged; crawled into a coach, and, in a very sad condition, reached his rooms about one o'clock, and got into bed in a truly deplorable state—never once recollecting that, at that precise hour, he ought to have been taking the chair of the meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Civil and Religious Discord. As, however, his misfortunes were, in the newspapers, assigned, not to "Tittlebat Titmouse," but to one "*John Smith*," the exact state of the case never transpired to the worthy gentlemen who had been so unaccountably deprived of his services; and who, on enquiry, were told by his fluent valet, that Mr Titmouse's late hours at the House had brought on a slight and sudden attack of—jaundice; on hearing which, they begged he might be assured of their respectful sympathy, and hearty wishes for his restoration; and tried very hard to sound the valet on the subject of his master's compensating for his absence by some donation or subscription; but the fellow was very obtuse, and they were compelled to depart disappointed.

I should have thought that the foregoing would have proved a lesson to Mr Titmouse, and restrained him for some time from yielding to his cursed propensity to drink. Yet was it otherwise—and I shall tell the matter exactly as it happened. Within a fortnight after the mischance which I have above described, Titmouse dined with the members of a sort of pugilistic club, which met every fortnight, for the purpose of settling matters connected with the "ring." On the present occasion there had been a full muster, for they had to settle the preliminaries for a grand contest for the championship of England—to which Titmouse's master, Mr Billy Bully, aspired. Titmouse had scarcely ever enjoyed himself more than on that exciting occasion; and, confident of his man, had backed his favourite pretty freely. Towards eleven o'clock, he found the room very close—and it was not to be wondered at, when you considered the dreadful quantity of hard ale, harder port wine, and poisonous gin and water, which the little wretch had swallowed since sitting down to dinner—however, about the hour I

have named, he, Sir Pumpkin Puppy and one or two others, all with cigars in their mouths, sallied forth to walk about town, in search of sport. I have hardly patience to write it—but positively they had not got half way down the Haymarket, when they got into a downright "*row*;" and, egged on by his companions, and especially inwardly impelled by the devil himself, the miserable Titmouse, after grossly insulting a little one-eyed, one-legged, bald-headed old waterman attached to the coach-stand there, challenged him to fight, and forthwith flung away his cigar, and threw himself into boxing attitude, amidst the jeers and laughter of the spectators—who, however, formed a sort of ring, in a trice. At it they went, *instantly*. Titmouse squared about with a sort of disdainful showiness—in the midst of which he suddenly received a nasty teaser on his nose and shoulder, from his active, hardy, and experienced antagonist, which brought him to the ground, the blood gushing from his nose in a copious stream. Sir Pumpkin quickly picked him up, shook him, and set him fairly at his man again. Nearer and nearer stumped the old fellow to the devoted "*swell*," who, evidently groggy, squared in the most absurd way imaginable for a moment or two, when he received his enemy's *one two* in his eye, and on his mouth, and again dropped down.

"He's drunk—he can't fight no more than a baby; I won't stand against him any more," quoth the fair and stout-hearted old waterman. "It warn't any o' my seeking; but if he thought to come it over an old cripple like me"—

"Bravo! bravo!" cried his comrades; "come along, old chap—come along!" said one; "if I don't give you a jolly quartern, may I stick here without a fare all this blessed night;" and the speaker led off the victor to the public-house opposite, while Titmouse's friends led him off, nearly insensible, to a tavern a few doors off. Having given directions that he should be forthwith taken to a bed-room and washed, they ordered broiled bones and mulled claret for themselves. After about an hour and a half's nap, Titmouse, who probably had benefited rather than suffered from his blood-letting, rejoined his friends, and called for a cigar and a glass of cold brandy

and water; having had which, they set off homeward; he reaching his rooms about one o'clock, with a very black eye, a swollen nose and mouth, a very thick and indistinct speech, and unsteady step: in fact, in a much worse pickle than he had as yet exhibited to his valet, who told him, while preparing for him a glass of brandy and soda-water, that no fewer than five messengers had been at his rooms. While he was yet speaking, a thundering knock was heard at the outer door, and on its being opened, in rushed, breathlessly, Mr Phelim O'Doodle.

"Titmouse!—Titmouse! Och, murther and thunder, where are ye? Where have ye been, wid ye?" he gasped—

"When—a—hen—on—water—swims—
Too-ra laddy—
Too-ra-lad lad-lad"—

drowsily sung Titmouse—it being part of a song he had heard thrice encored that evening after dinner—at the same time staggering towards O'Doodle.

"Och, botheration take your too-ra-laddy! Come, fait—by Jasus! clap your hat on and button your coat, and off to the House—immediatly—or it's all up with us, an' out we go every mother's son of us—an' the bastely Tories 'll be in. Come! come!—off wid ye, I say! I've a coach at the door"—

"I—(hiccup)—I sha'n't—can't—'pon my life"—

"Och, off wid ye!—isn't it mad that Mr O'Gibbet is wid ye?"—

"He's one eye—ah, ha!—and one leg—Too-ra-laddy," hiccupped the young senator.

"Divil burn me if I don't tie ye hand an' foot together!" cried O'Doodle, impetuously. "What the divil have ye been about wid that black eye o' yours, and—but I'll spake about it in the coach. Off wid ye! Isn't time worth a hundred pounds a minute"—

Within a minute or two's time, O'Doodle had got him safely into the coach, and down to St Stephen's they rattled at top speed. *There* was going on, indeed, a desperate fight—a final trial of strength between Ministers and the Opposition on a vote of want of confidence; and a division expected every minute. Prodigious had been the efforts of both parties—the whip

unprecedented. Lord Bulfinch had, early in the evening, explicitly stated that Ministers would resign unless they gained a *majority*: and, to their infinite vexation and astonishment, three of their staunch adherents—Titmouse being one—were missing just at the critical moment. The Opposition had been more fortunate; every man of theirs had come up—and were shouting tremendously, "Divide! divide! divide!"—while, on the other hand, Ministers were putting up men, one after another, to speak against time, though not one syllable they said could be heard, in order to get a chance of their then missing men coming up. If none of them came, Ministers would be exactly even with their opponents; in which case they had resolved to resign. Up the stairs and into the lobby came O'Doodle, breathlessly, with his prize.

"Och, my dear O'Doodle!—Titmouse, ye little drunken divil, where have ye been?" commenced Mr O'Gibbet, on whom O'Doodle stumbled suddenly.

"Thank heaven! Good God, how fortunate!" exclaimed Mr Flummery, both he and O'Gibbet being in a state of intense anxiety and great excitement.

"In with him!—in with him!—by Jove, they're clearing the gallery!" gasped Mr Flummery, while he rushed into the House, to make the way clear for O'Doodle and O'Gibbet, who were literally carrying in Titmouse between them.

"Sir!—Mr Flummery!" gasped O'Doodle,—"ye won't forget what I've done to-night, will ye?"

"No, no—honour! In with you! In with you! A moment, and all' lost."

However, they reached the House in safety, Mr O'Gibbet waving his hand in triumph.

"Oh, ye droll little divil! where have ye been hiding?" he hastily whispered, as he deposited him on the nearest bench, and sat beside him. He took off his hat, and wiped his reeking head and face. Gracious heavens, what a triumph!—and in the very nick of time!—he had saved the Ministry! Tremendous was now the uproar in the House, almost every one present shouting, "Divide!—divide!"

"Strangers, withdraw," cried the Speaker.

At it they went, with an air of

tumultuous and irrepressible excitement; but, through Titmouse, the Ministers triumphed. The numbers were announced—

Ayes, 301
Noes, 300

Majority for Ministers, 1

On which burst forth immense cheering on the ministerial side of the House, and vehement counter-cheering on the opposition side, which lasted for several minutes. The noise, indeed, was so prodigious, that it almost roused Titmouse from the sort of stupor into which he had sunk. Mr O'Doodle accompanied him home; and, after taking a couple of tumblers of whisky and water with him, took his departure—caring nothing that he had left Titmouse on the floor, in a state of dangerous insensibility; from which, however, in due time, he recovered, but was confined to his bed, by a violent bilious attack, for nearly a week. Mr O'Doodle's services to the Government were not forgotten. A few days afterwards he vacated his seat, having received the appointment of sub-inspector of political caricatures in Ireland, with a salary of six hundred pounds a-year for life. His place in the House was immediately filled up by his brother, Mr Trigger O'Doodle. Profuse were Phelim's thanks to Mr O'Gibbet, when that gentleman announced to him his good fortune, exclaiming, at the same time, with a sly smile—"Ye see what it is to rinder service to the state—ah, ha! Aisy, aisy!—softly, say I. Isn't that the way to get along?"

The injuries which Titmouse had received in his encounter with the waterman—I mean principally his black eye—prevented him from making his appearance in public, or at Lord Dreddlington's, or in the House, for several days after he had recovered from the bilious attack of which I have spoken. His non-attendance at the House, however, signified little, since both parties had been so thoroughly exhausted by their late trial of strength, as to require for some time rest and quietness, to enable them to resume the public business of the country. As soon as his eye was fairly convalescent, the first place to which he ventured out was his new

residence in Park Lane, which, having been taken for him, under the superintendence of the Earl of Dreddlington and Mr Gammon, some month or two before, was now rapidly being furnished, in order to be in readiness to receive his lady and himself, immediately after his marriage—his parliamentary duties not admitting of a prolonged absence from town. His marriage with the Lady Cecilia had, as usual, been already prematurely announced in the newspapers several times, as on the eve of taking place. Their courtship went on very easily and smoothly. Neither of them seemed *anxious* for the other's society, though they contrived to evince, in the presence of others, a decent degree of gratification at meeting each other. He did all which he was instructed it was necessary for a man of fashion to do. He attended her and the Earl to the opera repeatedly, as also to other places of fashionable resort: he had danced with her occasionally; but, to tell the truth, it was only at the vehement instance of the Earl her father, that she ever consented to stand up with one whose person, whose carriage, whose manners, were so unutterably vulgar and ridiculous as those of Mr Titmouse, who was yet her affianced husband. He had made her several times rather expensive presents of jewellery, and would have purchased for her a great stock of clothing, if she would have permitted it. He had, moreover, been a constant guest at the Earl's table, where he was under greater restraint than any where else. Of such indiscretions and eccentricities as I have just been recording, they knew, or were properly *supposed* to know, nothing. 'Twas not for them to have their eyes upon him while sowing his wild oats—so thought the Earl; who, however, had frequent occasion for congratulating himself in respect of Mr Titmouse's political celebrity, and also of the marks of distinction, conferred upon him in the literary and scientific world, of which the Earl was himself so distinguished an ornament. Titmouse had presented copies, gorgeously bound, of Dr Gander's Treatise on Lightness, both to the Earl and the Lady Cecilia; and the very flattering *dedication* to Titmouse, by Dr Gander, really operated not a little in his favour with his future lady.

What effect might have been produced upon her ladyship, had she been apprised of the fact, that the aforesaid dedication had appeared in only a hundred copies, having been cancelled directly Dr Gander had ascertained the futility of his expectations from Titmouse, I do not know; but I believe she never was apprized of the fact. As far as his dress went, she had contrived, through the interference of the Earl and of Mr Gammon, (for whom she had conceived a singular respect,) to abate a *little* of its fantastic absurdity—its execrable vulgarity. Nothing, however, seemed capable of effecting any material change in the man, although his continued intercourse with refined society could hardly fail to effect an advantageous change in his *manners*. As for any thing further, Tittlebat Titmouse remained the same vulgar, heartless, presumptuous, ignorant creature he had ever been. Though I perceive in the Lady Cecilia no qualities to excite our respect or affection, I pity her from my very soul when I contemplate her coming union with Titmouse. One thing I know, that as soon as ever she had bound herself irrevocably to Mr Titmouse, she began to think of at least fifty men whom she had ever spurned, but whom *now* she would have welcomed with all the ardour and affection of which her cold nature was susceptible. As she had never been conspicuous for animation, vivacity, or energy, the gloom which more and more frequently overshadowed her, whenever her thoughts turned towards Titmouse, attracted scarce any one's attention. There *were* those, however, who could have spoken of her mental disquietude at the approach of her cheerless nuptials—I mean her maid Annette and Miss Macspleuchan. To say that she *loathed* the bare idea of her union with Titmouse—of his person, manners, and character—would not perhaps be exactly correct, since she had not the requisite strength of character; but she contemplated her future lord with mingled feelings of apprehension, dislike, and disgust. She generally fled for support to the comfortable notion of "*fate*," which had assigned her such a husband. Heaven had denied poor Lady Cecilia all powers of contemplating the future, of anticipating consequences, of *reflecting* upon the step she was about to

take. Miss Macspleuchan, however, did so for her; but, being placed in a situation of great delicacy and difficulty, acted with cautious reserve whenever the subject was mentioned. Lady Cecilia had not vouchsafed to consult her before her ladyship had finally committed herself to Titmouse; and, after that, interference was useless and unwarrantable.

Lady Cecilia late one afternoon entered her dressing-room, pale and dispirited, as had been latterly her wont; and, with a deep sigh, sunk into her easy chair. Annette, on her ladyship's entrance, was leaning against the window-frame, reading a book, which she immediately closed and laid down. "What are you reading there?" enquired Lady Cecilia, languidly.

"Oh, nothing particular, my lady!" replied Annette, colouring a little; "it was only the prayer-book. I was looking at the marriage-service, my lady. I wanted to see what it was that your ladyship has to say"—

"It's not very amusing, Annette. I think it very dull and stupid."

"La, my lady—now I should have thought it quite interesting, if I had been in your ladyship's situation!"

"Well, what is it that they expect me to repeat?"

"Oh! I'll read it, my lady—here it is," replied Annette, and read as follows:—

"Then shall the priest say unto the woman, 'N, wilt thou have this man
' 'to be thy wedded husband, to live
' 'together, after God's ordinance,
' 'in the holy state of matrimony?
' 'Wilt thou obey him, serve him,
' 'love, honour, and keep him, in
' 'sickness and in health, and, for
' 'saking all other, keep thee only
' 'unto him, so long as ye both shall
' 'live?'

"The woman shall answer, 'I will.'"

"Well—it's only a form, you know, Annette—and I dare say no one ever gives it a thought," said Lady Cecilia, struggling to suppress a sigh.

"Then," continued Annette, "your ladyship will have to say a good deal after the parson—but I beg your ladyship's pardon—it's (in your case) the bishop. Here it is:—

"I, N, take thee M, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold,
from this day forward, for better for
worse, for richer for poorer, in sick-

"ness and in health, to love, cherish"—

"Yes, yes—I hear," interrupted Lady Cecilia, faintly, turning pale; "I know it all—that will do, Annette"—

"There's only a word more, my lady"—

"And obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

"All this, your la'ship sees, your la'ship says, with your right hand holding Mr Titmouse's." Here a visible tremour passed through Lady Cecilia. "You may leave me alone, Annette, a little while," said she; "I don't feel quite well."

"La, my lady, an't your la'ship late already? Your la'ship knows how early her Grace dines ever since her illness."

"There's plenty of time; I'll ring for you when I want you. And—stay—you may as well leave your prayer-book with me for a moment—it will answer me to look in it." Annette did as she was bid; and the next moment her melancholy mistress was alone. She did not, however, open the book she had asked for, but fell into a reverie, which was disturbed only by her maid tapping at the door; and who, on entering, told her that she had not one moment to lose; that his lordship had been dressed for some time. On this her ladyship rose, and commenced her toilet with a very deep sigh.

"Your la'ship, I suppose, wears your gold-coloured satin? it matches so well with the pearls," said Annette, going to the jewel-case.

"I sha'n't wear any pearls to-day."

"Oh! my lady! not that beautiful spray of Mr Titmouse's? your la'ship does look so well in it."

"I sha'n't wear any thing of Mr Tit—I mean," she added, colouring; "I sha'n't wear *any thing* in my hair to-day!"

Many and anxious, it may be easily believed, had been the conferences and negotiations between the Earl, Mr Titmouse, and Mr Gammon, with reference to the state of his property, and the settlement to be made on Lady Cecilia. It appeared that the extent of the incumbrances on the Yatton property was L.35,000, and which Gammon had many ways of accounting for, without disclosing the amount of plunder which had fallen

to the share of the firm—or rather to the senior partner. The interest on this sum (L.1750) would reduce Mr Titmouse's present income to L.8250 per annum; but Gammon pledged himself that the rental of the estates could, with the greatest ease, be raised to L.12,000, and that measures, in fact, were already in progress to effect so desirable a result. Then there was a sum of L.20,000 due to Mr Titmouse from Mr Aubrey, on account of the mesne profits, L.10,000 of which was guaranteed by Lord de la Zouch, and would very shortly become payable, with interest; and the remaining L.10,000 could be at any time called in. The sum finally determined upon, as a settlement upon Lady Cecilia, was L.3000 a year—surely a very substantial "*consideration*" for the "*faithful promise*" to be, by-and-by, made by her at the altar—and which, moreover, she conceived she had a prospect of having entirely to herself—really "for her *separate* use, exempt from the control, debts, and engagements of her said intended husband." I am sorry to say that Lady Cecilia clung to the prospect of an almost immediate *separation*; which, she learned from several confidential friends, some of whom were qualified, by personal experience, to offer an opinion, was a very easy matter, becoming daily more frequent, on the ground of incompatibility of temper. A faint hint of the kind which she had once dropped to Miss Macspleuchan, was received in such a manner as prevented her from ever repeating it. As for the Earl, her father, I cannot say that he did not observe a depression of spirits in his daughter, increasing with the increasing proximity of her marriage. Since, however, *he* had entirely reconciled *himself* to it—and was delighted at the approaching long-coveted reunion of the family interests—he did not think of *her* having any real objection to the arrangements. As for her lowness of spirits, and nervousness, doubtless every woman on the point of being married experienced similar feelings. She herself, indeed, seldom if ever named the matter to her father in such a way as to occasion him uneasiness. In short, the affair seemed to be going on just as it ought to do; and even had it assumed an untoward aspect, circumstances had arisen which

would have prevented the Earl from giving his wonted attention to what in any degree concerned his daughter. In the first place, on his lordship's party coming into power, to his infinite amazement his old post of Lord High Steward was filled up by some one else! So also was the office of Lord President of the Council; and so, moreover, was every other office; and that, too, without any apology to the offended peer, or explanation of such a phenomenon as his entire exclusion from office. The Premier, in fact, had never once thought of his lordship while forming his administration; and on being subsequently remonstrated with by a venerable peer, a common friend of the Premier and Lord Dreddlington, the Premier very calmly and blandly expressed his regret that Lord Dreddlington had not given him notice of his being still—even in his advanced years—disposed to hold office; and trusted that he should yet be able, and before any long time should have elapsed, to avail himself of the very valuable services "of my Lord Dreddlington." This was all that he could get from the courteous but marble-hearted Premier; and, for a long while, the Earl could think of only one mode of soothing his wounded feelings—viz. going about to his friends, and demonstrating that the new Lord Steward and the new Lord President were every day displaying their unfitness for office; and that the only error committed by the Premier, in the difficult and responsible task of forming a government, was that of selecting two such individuals as he had appointed to those distinguished posts. He was also greatly comforted and supported, at this period of vexation and disappointment, by the manly and indignant sympathy of—Mr Gammon, who had succeeded in gaining a prodigious ascendancy over the Earl, who, on the sudden death of his own solicitor, old Mr Pounce, adopted Gammon in his stead; and infinitely rejoiced his lordship was, to have thus secured the services of one who possessed an intellect at once so practical, masterly, and energetic; who had formed so high an estimate of his lordship's powers; and whom his lordship's condescending familiarity never for one moment caused to lose sight of the vast distance and differ-

ence between them. He appeared, moreover, to act between Titmouse and the Earl with the scrupulous candour and fidelity of a high-minded person, consciously placed in a situation of peculiar delicacy and responsibility. At the least, he seemed exceedingly anxious to secure Lady Cecilia's interests; and varied—or *appeared* to vary—the arrangements, according to every suggestion of his lordship. The Earl was satisfied that Gammon was disposed to make Titmouse go much further than of his own accord he would have felt disposed to go, towards meeting the Earl's wishes in the matter of the settlements;—in fact, Gammon evinced great anxiety to place her ladyship in that position to which her high pretensions so justly entitled her.

But this was not the only mode by which he augmented and secured his influence over the weak old peer. Not only had Gammon, in the manner pointed out in a previous portion of this history, diminished the drain upon his lordship's income which had so long existed in the shape of interest upon money lent him on mortgage, (and which embarrassments, by the way, had all arisen from his foolish state and extravagance when Lord High Steward;) not only, I say, had Gammon done all this, but infinitely more;—he had enabled his lordship, as it were, "to strike a blow in a new hemisphere," and at once evince his fitness for the conduct of important and complicated affairs of business, acquire an indefinite augmentation of fortune, and also great influence and popularity.

England, about the time I am speaking of, was smitten with a sort of mercantile madness—which showed itself in the shape of a monstrous passion for JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES. John Bull all of a sudden took it into his troubled head, that no commercial undertaking of the least importance could any longer be carried on by means of *individual* energy, capital, and enterprise. A glimmering of this great truth he discovered that he had had from the first moment that a *private partnership* had been adopted; and it was only to follow out the principle—to convert a private into a public partnership, and call it a "Joint-stock Company." This bright idea of John's produced prompt and prodigious re-

sults—a hundred joint-stock companies

“rose like an exhalation”

in the metropolis alone, within one twelvemonth's time. But then came the question, *upon what* were these grand combined forces to operate? Undertakings of commensurate magnitude must be projected—and so it was. It really mattered not a straw how wild and ludicrously impracticable was a project—it had but to be started, and announced, to call forth monied people among all classes, all *making haste to be rich*—and ready to back the speculation, even to the last penny they had in the world; pouring out their capital with a recklessness, of which the lamentable results may prevent their recurrence. Any voluble visionary who was unluckily able to reach the ear of one or two persons in the city, could expand his crotchet into a “company” with as little effort as an idiot could blow out a soap-bubble. For instance: one wiseacre (who ought never to have been at large) conceived a plan for creating ARTIFICIAL RAIN at an hour's notice over any extent of country short of three miles; a second, for conveying MILK to every house in the metropolis in the same way as water is at present conveyed, viz. by pipes, supplied by an immense reservoir of milk to be established at Islington, and into which a million of cows were to be milked night and morning; and a third for converting *saw-dust into solid wood*. Within three days of each of these hopeful speculations being announced, there were as many completely organized joint-stock companies established to carry them into effect. Superb offices were engaged in the city; Patrons, Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Trustees, Chairmen, Directors, Secretaries; Auditors, Bankers, Standing Counsel, Engineers, Surveyors, and Solicitors appointed: and the names of all these functionaries forthwith blazed in dazzling array at the head of a “Prospectus,” which set forth the advantages of the undertaking with such seductive eloquence as no man could resist; and within a week's time there was not a share to be had in the market. Into affairs of this description, Mr Gammon, who soon saw the profit to be made out of them, if skilfully worked, plunged with the energy and excitement of a gamester. He drew

in Mr Quirk after him; and, as they could together command the ears of several enterprising capitalists in the city, they soon had their hands full of business, and launched two or three very brilliant speculations. Mr Gammon himself drew up their “*Prospectuses*,” and in a style which must have tempted the very devil himself (had he seen them) into venturing half his capital in the undertaking!—One was a scheme for providing the metropolis with a constant supply of salt water, by means of a canal cut from the vicinity of the Nore, and carried nearly all round London, so as to afford the citizens throughout the year the luxury of sea-bathing. Another was of a still more extraordinary and interesting description—for carrying into effect a discovery, by means of which, ships of all kinds and sizes could be furnished with the means, by one and the same process—and that remarkably simple, cheap, and convenient—of obtaining *pure fresh water* from the sea, and converting the salt or brine thrown off in the operation, *instantly into gunpowder*! The reality of this amazing discovery was decisively ascertained by three of the greatest chemists in England; a patent was taken out, and a company formed for immediately working the patent. This undertaking was the first that Gammon brought under the notice of the Earl of Dredlington, whom he so completely dazzled by his description, both of the signal service to be conferred upon the country, and the princely revenue to be derived from it to those early entering into the speculation, that his lordship intimated rather an anxious wish to be connected with it.

“Good gracious, sir! to what a pitch is science advancing! When will human ingenuity end? Sir, I doubt not that one of these days we shall find a mode of communicating with the moon and stars!”

“Certainly—I feel the full force of your lordship's very striking observation,” replied Gammon, who had listened to him with an air of delighted deference.

“Sir, this is a truly astonishing discovery! Yet I give you my honour, sir, I have often thought that something of the kind was very desirable, as far as the obtaining fresh water from salt water was concerned; and

have wondered whether it could ever be practicable; but I protest the latter part of the discovery—the conversion of the brine into gunpowder—is—sir, I say it is—astounding: it is more; it is very interesting, in a picturesque and patriotic point of view. Only think, sir, of our vessels gathering gunpowder and fresh water from the sea they are sailing over! Sir, the discoverer deserves a subsidy! This must in due time be brought before Parliament.” His lordship got quite excited; and Gammon, watching his opportunity, intimated the pride and pleasure it would give him to make his lordship the patron of the gigantic undertaking.

“Sir—sir—you do me—infinite honour,” quoth the Earl, quite flustered by the suddenness of the proposal.

“As there will be, of course, your lordship sees, several great capitalists concerned, I must, for form’s sake, consult them before any step is taken; but I flatter myself, my lord, that there can be but one opinion, when I name to them the possibility of our being honoured with your lordship’s name and influence.”

The Earl received this with a stately bow and a gratified smile; and on the ensuing day received a formal communication from Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, soliciting his lordship to become the patron of the undertaking—which he most graciously acceded to, and was easily prevailed on to secure several other highly distinguished names among his friends, who were profoundly ignorant of business in all its departments, but delighted to figure before the public as the patrons of so great and laudable an enterprise. Out went forthwith, all over the country, the advertisements and prospectuses of the new company, and which could boast such commanding names as cast most of its sister companies into the shade:—e. g. “The Right Honourable the EARL of DREDDINGTON, G. C. B., F. R. S., F. A. S., &c. &c.”—“The Most Noble the DUKE of TANTALLAN, K. T., &c. &c.”—“The Most Honourable the MARQUESS of MARMALADE, &c. &c. &c.” The capital to be one million, in ten thousand shares of one hundred pounds each. Lord Dreddington was presented with a hundred shares, as a mark of respect and gratitude from

the leading shareholders; moreover, his lordship took two hundred shares besides, and prevailed on various of his friends to do the same. In less than three weeks’ time the shares had risen to L.40 premium—[i.e. my lady readers will understand, each share for which his lordship was supposed to have given, or to be liable to be called upon for L.100, he could at any moment dispose of for L.140]—and then Mr Gammon so represented matters to his lordship, as to induce him to part with his shares, which he found no difficulty in doing—and thereby realized a clear profit of L.12,000. This seemed to the Earl rather the effect of magic than of an everyday mercantile adventure. His respect for Gammon rose with every thing he heard of that gentleman, or saw him do; and his lordship allowed himself to be implicitly guided by him in all things. Under his advice, accordingly, the Earl became interested in several other similar speculations; all which exercises so occupied his thoughts, as almost to obliterate his sense of ministerial injustice. Several of his friends cautioned him, now and then, against committing himself to such novel and extensive speculations, in which he might incur, he was reminded, dangerous liabilities; but his magnificent reception of such interference soon caused their discontinuance. The Earl felt himself safe in the hands of Mr Gammon; forming an equally and a very high estimate of his ability and integrity.

His lordship’s attention having been thus directed to such subjects—to the mercantile interests of this great country—so he began to take a great interest in the discussion of such subjects in the House, greatly to the surprise and edification of many of his brother peers. Absorbing, however, as were these and similar occupations, they were almost altogether suspended, as soon as a day—and that not a distant one—had been fixed upon for the marriage of his daughter with Mr Titmouse. From that moment, the old man could scarcely bear her out of his presence; following and watching all her movements with a peculiar, though still a stately, solicitude and tenderness. Frequent, earnest, and dignified were his interviews with Titmouse—his representations as to the

invaluable treasure that was about to be intrusted to him in the Lady Cecilia—the last direct representative of the most ancient noble family in the kingdom. Innumerable were his lordship's directions to him concerning his future conduct both in public and private life; intimating, in a manner at once impressive and affectionate, that the eyes of the country would be thenceforward fixed upon him, as son-in-law of the Earl of Dreddlington. His lordship, moreover—pocketing the affront he had received at the hands of the Ministry—made a very strenuous and nearly a successful effort to procure for his destined son-in-law a vacant lordship of the Treasury. The Premier was really considering the subject, when Mr O'Gibbet extinguished all the aspiring hopes of Lord Dreddlington, by applying for the vacant office for a friend of his, Mr Och Hubbaboo, an early friend of Mr O'Gibbet; and who, having failed in business and been unable to re-establish himself, had come into the House of Commons to repair his shattered fortunes. I need hardly say that, within a day or two, Mr Hubbaboo was made a lord of the Treasury; and thereby very nearly alienated from Ministers two staunch supporters—to wit, the Earl of Dreddlington and Mr Titmouse.

Early in the forenoon of Tuesday the 1st of April 18—, there were indications in the neighbourhood of Lord Dreddlington's house in Grosvenor Square, that an aristocratic wedding was about to be celebrated. Lady Cecilia's bridesmaids, and one or two other ladies, the Duke and Duchess of Tantallan, and a few others who were to accompany the party to church, made their appearance about eleven o'clock; and shortly afterwards dashed up Mr Titmouse's cab, in which sat that gentleman, enveloped in a magnificent green cloak, which concealed the splendour of his personal appearance. He had been engaged at his toilet since five o'clock that morning, and the results were not unworthy of the pains which had been taken to secure them. He wore a light-blue body coat, with velvet collar; tight black pantaloons tying round his ankles; gossamer white silk stockings, and dress-shoes with small gold buckles. His shirt was of snowy whiteness, and there glittered

in the centre of it a very superb diamond brooch. He had two waistcoats, the under one a sky-blue satin, (only the roll visible,) the outer one a white satin waistcoat, richly embroidered. He wore a burnished gold guard-chain, disposed very gracefully over the outside of his outer waistcoat. His hair was parted down the middle, and curled forward towards each temple, giving his countenance a very bold and striking expression. He wore white kid gloves, a glossy new hat, and held in his hand his agate-headed ebony cane. Though he tried to look at his ease, his face was rather pale, and his manner a little flurried. As for the bride—she had slept scarcely a quarter of an hour the whole night; and a glimpse at her countenance, in the glass, convinced her of the necessity of yielding to Annette's suggestions, and rouging a little. Her eyes told of the sleepless and agitated night she had passed; and while dressing, she was twice forced to drink a little *sal volatile* and water. She was cold, and trembled. When at length she had completed her toilet, what a figure did her cheval glass present to her! The dress—rich white satin—a long and beautiful blonde lace veil—and a delicate wreath of orange-blossoms, was that of a bride, certainly; but was the countenance that of a bride? Miss Macspleuchan burst into tears at the sight. When, attended by her bride's-maid and Miss Macspleuchan, she made her appearance in the drawing-room, the Earl of Dreddlington approached her, and saluted her in silent tenderness. Then Titmouse came up, with a would-be familiar air—"Hope you're quite well, dearest, this happy day," said he, and kissed her gloved hand. She made him no reply; and presently the carriages were announced to be in readiness. The Earl led her down, followed by her two bride's-maids, and entered the first carriage, which then drove off to St George's Church; Titmouse and the rest of the party immediately following. The ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of Barnard-Castle, an old friend, and indeed a distant relation of Lord Dreddlington's. Methinks I now see his portly and commanding figure, standing before the altar, with the little distinguished party before him; and hear his clear, sonorous

voice reading the marriage service. Titmouse was pale and flushed by turns, and looked frightened—behaving, however, with more sedateness than I should have expected. Lady Cecilia leaned, when she could, against the rails; and repeated her few allotted words in a voice scarcely audible. When Titmouse affixed the ring upon her finger, she trembled and shed tears—averting her countenance from him, and at length concealing it entirely in her pocket-handkerchief. She looked, indeed, the image of misery. The Earl of Dreddlington maintained a countenance of rigid solemnity. At length the all-important ceremony came to a close; the necessary entries and signatures were made in the vestry, to which they followed the bishop; and then Mr Titmouse, taking his wife's arm within his own, led her from the vestry to the private door, where stood waiting for them the Earl's chariot. He handed her into it, and popped in after her—a little crowd standing round to catch a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom; and they drove rapidly homeward. He sat in one corner, and she in the other; each so occupied with their own thoughts that they uttered scarce two words all the way.

A splendid *déjeuner à la fourchette* was prepared, and a very brilliant party attended to pay their respects to the bride and bridegroom, and the Earl of Dreddlington; and about two o'clock the Lady Cecilia withdrew to prepare for her journey, which was to Poppleton Hall, her father's residence in Hertfordshire, where they were to spend their honeymoon. She had never shown so much emotion in her life, as when she parted with Miss Macspleuchan and her bride's-maids—being several times on the verge of hysterics. Mr Titmouse's travelling chariot—a handsome chocolate-coloured one, with four horses—stood at the door, her ladyship's maid and his valet seated in the rumble. Some hundred people stood round to see the

"Happy, happy, happy pair,"

set off on their journey of happiness. The Earl led down Lady Cecilia, followed by Titmouse, who had exchanged his hat for a gaudy travelling cap, with a gold band round it.

Lady Cecilia, with drooping head and feeble step, suffered the Earl, whom she kissed fervently, to place her in the chariot, when she burst into a flood of tears. Then Mr Titmouse shook hands cordially with his distinguished father-in-law—stepped into the chariot—the steps were doubled up—the door closed—the side blinds were drawn down by Mr Titmouse; "All's right!" cried one of the servants, and away rolled the carriage—and-four, which, quickening its speed, was soon out of sight. Lady Cecilia remained in a sort of stupor for some time, and sat silent and motionless in the corner of the chariot; but Titmouse had now become lively enough, having had the benefit of some dozen glasses of champagne.

"Ah, my lovely gal—dearest gal of my heart!" he exclaimed fondly, at the same time kissing her cold cheeks, and putting his arm round her waist—"Now you're all my own! 'Pon my soul, isn't it jolly? We're man and wife! By Jove, I never loved you so much as now, ducky! eh?" Again he pressed her cold cheek.

"Don't, don't, I beg," said she, faintly, "I'm not well;" and she feebly tried to disengage herself from his rude and boisterous embrace; while her drooping head and ashy cheek fully corroborated the truth of her statement. In this state she continued for the whole of the first stage. When they stopped to change horses, says Titmouse, who had very nearly dropped asleep—"Cicely, as you're so uncommon ill, hadn't you better have your maid in, and I'll sit on the box?"

"Oh, I should feel so obliged if you would, Mr Titmouse!" she replied, faintly. It was done as she wished. Titmouse enveloped himself in his cloak; and, having lit a cigar, mounted the box, and smoked all the way till they reached the Hall.

Gammon was one of those who had seen them set off on their auspicious journey. He contemplated them with deep interest and anxiety.

"Well," he exclaimed, walking away with a deep sigh, when the carriage had got out of sight—"So far, so good: Heavens! the plot thickens, and the game is bold!"

CONSERVATIVE PROSPECTS.

TEN years have passed since the Reform movement began. One complete circle of ten years has revolved upon us since the agitation of that measure was first prosecuted to effect in high regions of society. The great Orleans revolution in France had given the impulse in the summer of 1830. Our proximity to that scene, and the fatal sympathy into which our situation forces us with all great movements in France, had quickened the interest in reform politics to a morbid excess. In that excess one of our great domestic parties saw the sudden birth of a separate advantage to itself. It was a spring-tide coinciding with a local flood for floating this party over a bar which, through a period of fifty years, had excluded them from office. Strengthening the popular frenzy in this instance, the Whigs saw that they would be strengthened by that frenzy. The great party would befriend the great question; reciprocally, the great question, being carried, would react upon the fortunes of the great party. *Ego te gladio, tu me defendas calamo*. Reform should benefit by Whig parliamentary power; the Whigs should take the whole benefit of successful reform. Thus the league was reciprocal; and from the moment that reform wore this promise of a great party resource, speaking through the general delusion of the nation, reform ceased to creep along the ground, amongst the low vapours of unprosperous speculation. It rose buoyantly and suddenly into the highest region of practical politics. From vulgar hands of Hunts and Cobbetts it passed into the management of a splendid aristocracy; it became the prize for which they contended, and by which they fought their way towards other prizes. The opportunity had been great. It was improved with vigour; and for a season, as we have all seen, the success was commensurate to the calculation.

But all success, built upon delusion, suffers a termination—an exposure—and, what is worse than either, a reaction.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

Out of that very alliance with revolution by which the Whigs retrieved a present access to power, it is now apparent that power is again leaving them. Singular it is, that all their troubles have been derived from these very friends in the rear, by whose co-operation in moments of false public enthusiasm, they rose into unexpected popularity. Had it been possible for the Whigs to follow out their own views, modified continually by Conservative opposition, even they could not, by any monstrous aberration, have shocked the national sense of what is just and true. But they were never indulged with so much freedom of conscience, nor, in this generation, ever will be. They have come under obligations to those who contemplated, from the first, a specific use of the alliance; and who value not at a pin's fee the name of that alliance, further than as it may be solidly applied to the working out of certain purposes. These purposes are known. The good sense of the nation has for some time been aware of the approaches made in certain directions, and therefore (by a conclusion which cannot be evaded) towards certain objects co-extensive with national ruin. The disposition to unlock the links which connect the church with the state, to place below one large section of the people a basis of popery, to withdraw from the other sections all religious basis whatever, and gradually to mould the constitution of Parliament into a form too thoroughly democratic to be relied upon for any Conservative functions whatever—these purposes have revealed themselves in many shapes. It is felt generally that a critical period is at hand—a period in which even the Whigs will secretly wish that the grand energies of resistance should be put forth without delay, since, after certain concessions, they will be put forth unavailingly; and with a view to the full benefit of that resistance, it is now demanded, almost by the mere instincts of the most neutral, that the Conservatives should return to power. No longer the mere current of rumour, nor the mere numbering of votes upon leading questions, nor the fate of contested elections, nor that secret force of presentiment which

so often foreruns public changes—not these indications only, though all have spoken loudly; but a higher principle of anticipation—a sense of necessity, a sense of a national crisis impending, and a conviction amongst all the thoughtful classes, that the evils so long in gathering are at length ripe for struggle—such is the character of the auguries under which the public voice almost challenges and commands the resumption of power by the Conservatives. The coming round of the public mind to a temper of unanimity in this demand, has been gradual and steady. There is no chance that it should easily alter; and the perils which have been suffered to menace our chief national interests, without tempting the Conservative leaders into premature demonstrations of struggle, furnish of themselves some pledge that the Conservative tenure of power will now be durable. The enemies of our institutions have been unwarily drawn into unmasking themselves—they have been tempted into exposures, too gross, of their final purposes; and thus there will be no denying in future for them, for the public there will be no forgetting, of those specific perils which must continue for years to point the terrors connected with a “liberal” government.

In this state of public expectation, by way of showing its reasonableness; in this tendency of public feeling towards a Conservative policy, by way of showing the duties and peculiar embarrassments of that policy—let us request the reader's permission to treat with a few illustrative details the two following points:—

I. The reality and the urgent form of that clamorous public necessity which at present involves the return of a Conservative Government.

II. The difficult position which the Conservatives will occupy upon their return to power, in collision with domestic evils, in the first place, fostered by their predecessors; next, with foreign misunderstandings, partly due to the negligence of their predecessors, but partly perhaps inevitable; and, finally, in collision with the varying opinions, even amongst the Conservatives themselves, as to some great questions of permanent policy.

I. As to the condition of public danger which we have reached, let us insist, by preference, upon two, amongst many, of its flagrant phenomena; first, upon the connexion of the present Ministry with Mr O'Connell, illustrated by the avowed public objects of that gentleman; secondly, upon the most alarming result of that connexion in Lord Morpeth's bill, now pending, for reconstituting the electoral franchise through all Ireland.

To begin with the parent phenomenon, in the monstrous O'Connell connexion with Ministers, let us point the reader's attention to a singular benefit of public indulgence, as regards the press's treatment of his name, which Mr O'Connell has enjoyed with much ingratitude through many years. It avails for a very wide delusion. It is an indulgence which, out of regard to themselves, public writers cannot alter—we cannot wish that they should. And yet, as regards the subject of this indulgence, it not only corresponds with no merits or claims of any sort in him; but, which is worse, it has the bad effect of spreading a conciliatory and false impression of complacency—as though his means might be erroneous, but his intentions laudable—over a man who ought never to be regarded as odious in any less degree than as a hoary traitor is odious, nor as contemptible in any other sense than as that man is contemptible who pockets the shillings of the unfortunate, or that man who, retreating by pleas of conscience from all modes of accountability, yet foregoes no one available mode of provocation. The press friends of Mr O'Connell are ready enough to charge upon every political writer who may manifest a just sensibility to his outrages, what they call “scurrility;” and with the thoughtless, every thing passes for scurrility that is felt to be effective in the way of exposure. But to denounce the mere facts of a case, whether Mr O'Connell be the person concerned or any other, is not scurrility; and even to treat him verbally as “a traitor” will not be scurrilous, so much as it will be a legal imputation. The question about such a designation is not at all how far it may serve the purposes of anger, and, to some abusive men, might happen to tell with the effect of a sting-

ing personality, as in what degree it is technically accurate. It is a question, not for a master of Billingsgate, but for a sergeant-at-law, whether Mr O'Connell can be denominated strictly a traitor. By looking into the State Trials, on the charge of treason, a man will easily become aware of the many nice distinctions which may be raised upon almost any possible act, the least equivocal in its meaning, that the most perfidious of traitors could authorize or could commit, short of a direct attempt on the sovereign's life. Doubts, therefore, many and grave, would arise in the mind of a lawyer, whether any act of Mr O'Connell's has been such as that a verdict of guilty, upon so transcendent a charge as that of high treason, could be steadily counted on. But what of that? This doubt is due, not (as is popularly said) to the laxity of law, but to the very opposite cause—to the rigour and precision of law brought into collision with the exceeding laxity of human actions; for so infinite is the variety of circumstances surrounding every act, that the very severity of the words, indicating beforehand what shall make an act of criminality, is the most certain way of providing an evasion. That would assuredly be an unjust law which should leave the description of the offence incomplete; and yet so certainly as you attempt beforehand to fix the circumstances, some variation, more or less important, will be found between the circumstances as laid down in the statute, and the circumstances as realized in the act. In that way a formal opening will be provided for escape. It is no disgrace of law, but its glory, under a scheme of freedom and civilization, that this exquisite and ideal precision should be required in whatever strikes at human life. And we repeat, that it is by excess of accuracy, not by excess of laxity, that a criminal in such circumstances escapes. But how does all this affect his moral guilt—the question truly to be contemplated—when we speak either of Mr O'Connell as a cause of danger, or of the Government connexion with Mr O'Connell as a subject of national indignity? What is wanting, perhaps, to the perfection of a treasonable offence in the most notorious of Mr O'Connell's acts, is the technical rigour of its correspondences with the letter of the law. The

circumstantial features of Mr O'Connell's acts are of so peculiar a nature as hardly to lie within the anticipation of a legislator in those early days from which the main *fundus* of our modern law has been derived. There is wanting also that courageous demonstration of purpose, that self-avowal, and that self-exposure which the ancient law presumed. For a traitor of the elder days was by necessity a brave man and an adventurous man. All that is technical, all that is bold, is wanting; all that is perfidious in the purpose is present. The Crown, under Mr O'Connell's Irish schemes, is to be shorn of its splendour, its jurisdiction; and its territorial relation is made the subject of traffic and of future gift. Mr O'Connell affects a sort of hospitality and gallantry to the present female sovereign. But it is as a lady, as an individual, that he recognizes her. Clothed with her office, as a sovereign, he knows her not. He will have a separate government, and he will have a peculiar sovereign; only that, for the present, he does not care if the crown of Ireland be offered by an Irish Parliament to the personage accidentally holding the neighbouring crowns of England and Scotland. But this he reserves as a concession of grace, and, of course, as subject to future limitations from a native senate. The crown of Hanover descended only through the male line; the crown of Ireland might, *pari ratione*, be limited to the female line. And so of every other right, or jurisdiction, or prerogative, highest and lowest, of the British crown, in relation to Ireland or the Irish seas, Mr O'Connell has authorized his countrymen to regard them as derelicts—as incidents of the crown capable of revival under the breath of an Irish Parliament, but as being for the present one all adjuncts of a title that has lapsed. Without needing to cite direct verbal authority for this doctrine, so much, at the least, we may presume from the initial acts of sovereignty which his plan supposes; viz. the dissolution of the Union, and the convoking of a Parliament. For, with respect to neither of these has he ever held out a hope that it could be extorted from the British Government, but has relied for both upon the open rebellion of his countrymen. Now, what else are all such measures, whe-

ther acted on or recommended by public counsels, than deliberate attempts against the "honour and dignity of the crown," so painfully set forth in all statutes describing treasonable acts? whilst, in another form of treason, viz. the attempt to alienate the affections of the people from their government, *that* is surely not defeated in the meaning of the law, by a few sentimentalities addressed to the queen as a young woman. The queen, as a constitutional sovereign, acting with her Council and by her Ministers, is struck at by almost every one of these enunciations which he has circulated against the existing laws or policy, operating (as he would have the Irish believe) so iniquitously for *them*.

Legally suppose it possible for the Ministers to plead some technical bill of exceptions on behalf of Mr O'Connell: morally—either as regards his intentions, which surely may be warrantably gathered from his public life and from his words; or as regards his effects upon the temper of his humbler countrymen—it is impossible for them to deny his twelve years' criminal practice as a mover of sedition. But something worse than sedition is involved in the agitation for Repeal. To the estimate of a faithful minister, it is not conceivable that a more dangerous form of treason can exist than that which seeks to strip the crown of its ancient inheritance, through the passions of an excitable nation. Yet this man, and in relation to this very act of diminishing or maiming the crown, did Lord John Russell, her Majesty's confidential adviser, not merely claim by courteous forms of speech as his private friend, but deliberately went the length of saying, that he knew of no good reason calling upon him to make public profession whether he himself were or were not a Repealer; whether, in fact, to an enterprize confessedly seditious in the first step, and moving to rebellion in the second, a public servant, specially charged with the inspectorship of all things relating to her Majesty's peace, might not, from his place in Parliament, declare himself as an accomplice. Forty years ago, Mr Arthur O'Connor was denounced as a traitor, officially; a price was set upon his head; and if, in after times, a government rendered gentle by the consciousness of over-

whelming strength, (in *his* case, we may add, by lapse of time,) extended forgiveness to his ineffectual guilt, suffering him even to sell his forfeited property—*that* did not alter the nature of his offence. Now in what point, we ask, did Mr O'Connor differ from his more cunning successor, unless in the single one that he *did*, whilst the other did *not*, rely avowedly upon a foreign and a hostile nation to make good the separation from England, which both equally contemplated? Mr O'Connell has followed his model even in that circumstance of his plan *virtually*, and by insinuation; for he has dwelt with satisfaction upon the embarrassment of the British government under a French war, as a favourable state of things for pressing the plan of Irish separation, though in mere prudence he has forborne to say in what particular way he supposes such a situation to operate. But allow him the benefit of this single difference, viz. that he did not go to Paris with an express purpose of conciliating aid from a hostile nation—which difference, after all, may be due to the pacific relations then subsisting between the British and French governments—unquestionably, in all beside, the two plans run parallel. "Yet surely," it will be urged, "Mr O'Connell rejects physical force, even as an Irish demonstration, much more as a French one on Irish behalf." Nominally he does, and for his earliest steps; and, by the ostentation with which he presses upon the eye that one article of his scheme, it should seem that he places in this point much of his reliance for duping the public. But in reality his forbearance applies only, like the late legal mitigation of arrest, to the *même procès*, or that intermediate state during which the suit is current and in suspense; in the catastrophe of the case, when "execution" is to follow up the judgment, the power of arrest returns; and such, though naturally withdrawn from the public eye, is Mr O'Connell's catastrophe of Irish rebellion, when approaching its consummation. "Physical force" is strenuously discountenanced so long as it could menace the whole scheme with interruption by premature disclosure. When this fear is surmounted by the general and final explosion of the plot, at that moment, ceasing to have any particular danger as a means

of discovery to the executive power, "physical force" ceases to be objectionable.

Will it be pretended, that a Scotsman, in the case of his exciting the population from Edinburgh to Inverness, for the purpose of re-assembling a native parliament, and with the avowed object of unsettling the present succession to the Scottish crown; or an Englishman, agitating through the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, for the purpose of restoring a heptarchy, or of establishing a separate English kingdom to the north of Trent, would be tolerated for an hour? But suppose, further, that either of these agitators should make it evident—by *personally* promising the first turn in this new succession to the reigning Queen of Great Britain—that he centred the investiture of this kingdom in himself; what words, or what summary acts of Parliament could be strong enough and rapid enough to keep pace with our sense of the indignity offered to the nation? We may all remember that the attempt by Sir Charles Wolseley and others, to summon a separate parliament, with a collateral jurisdiction to sit at Birmingham, was not only crushed at once by the police, but that all the ringleaders in so insolent a mummery were brought to justice. Fine and imprisonment restored even Sir Charles to his senses. And yet that was a case which must soon have cured itself; since, without one effort on the part of the Government, the very first attempt to execute any of the sham parliament's acts would have recoiled in mockery upon all concerned. But why? Simply because this assembly was to sit amongst a population trained for centuries to an experimental knowledge of law. Every second man had acted in his own parish or village as a subordinate officer in some ministerial capacity; knew the solemnity of laws; the danger of acting without authority, and the childishness of any which could, in such a case, have been put forward. But how different the population in the Catholic and populous districts of Ireland! From the martial and turbulent complexion of the civil administration, conducted so much more by the government than by the local population, there has never been diffused through Ireland

that orderly discipline in social habits or in the execution of the laws which prepares men for a reasonable obedience. Their obedience has always been of a feudal quality; an adherence to the person, not to the law. And amongst such a population it follows, that the least plausible scheme of revolution might be dangerous; and, if headed by a popular leader like Mr O'Connell, would be so to any extent in which an insurrection can be dangerous.

Let it not be said, therefore, in apology for the ministers, when claiming a friendship with such a man, that the mere extravagance of his pretensions make them void; and that, when a private lawyer lays down, in the newspapers, a course by which he regulates the succession to a crown in certain contingencies, the very reasonable tendency of assumptions so purely ærial does but the more pointedly sharpen the ridicule, and therefore the harmlessness of the scheme. That might be true, and still much would remain due to public decorum. A person avowing treasonable designs, if it is but in words, can be no becoming friend for a Cabinet Minister. But we repeat that this apology is far from true. It is not true for Ireland, the country concerned. And in the most favourable statement it is evident, that a perpetual commerce with rebellion, though ultimately far below its object of effecting the separation of Ireland, might prove itself but too effectual for the permanent interruption of her tranquillity.

It is, therefore, something more than a gigantic indecorum, and an insult to her Majesty, whose uncles have been so foully calumniated by Mr O'Connell, as well as to the British people, whom he calumniates daily, that any minister, in his official character, should acknowledge this man for a friend. It is even a misprision of his offences against the laws—give what name we may to those offences. And it would be seen in that light universally, were it not from an impression generally entertained that Mr O'Connell is not the man seriously to act upon his own words. He talks; but the universal belief is—that he will never move in the direction of his own objects. Words cost little; evasions are cheap; and to the huge majority of his ignorant clients, who never could

have connected any hopes with the vague idea of repeal, it never can cost any serious disappointment if this chimera should be abandoned for another. A plausible escape, it is argued, from engagements wearing so little, at any time, of sincere attraction, must be the easiest of all manœuvres. We see, for instance, that the league, under his auspices, against British manufactures, has already gone to rest before it is half-a-year old. And the public are assuredly quite right as to the fact—that eventually Mr O'Connell will never take one overt step in the direction of repeal, beyond the presentation of a petition signed by many fabulous subscriptions, setting forth, in words as violent as can be made to square with the forms of Parliament, the very determined "prayer" of the petitioners to obtain "justice," or else "repeal." To all these prospects there is, we admit, at least one natural termination. A very few years indeed must see the end of Mr O'Connell's political career. He is already an old man as regards the possibility of much exertion. There is no insurance office in the kingdom that would risk any thing on a speculation going beyond three years more of serviceable life. We speak of life public, political, and intriguing. And a succession in his peculiar field is impossible. Besides the same natural talent for malice and contumelious personality, the successor must be able to command the same motive for exertion, viz. the same annual "rent,"* drawn (for else it never could be drawn) under priestly influence from the pockets of the peasantry. But the coincidence in any single man of the same original qualifications, with the same singular good fortune,

and the same position with regard to the parties concerned, would not be likely to recur for centuries.

Now, why is it that we have drawn the reader's attention to this notorious person? It is for the sake of a cogent inference, involved in his connexion with the present government, for estimating the danger of that very government. And the value of this argument is much obscured by circumstances, until they are drawn out and explained. Suppose the case that any great delinquent, that an absolute felon, were not only screened from the regular consequences of his offences, but were even upheld in a show of public credit, by powerful official protectors, there would arise the following anomalous condition of public feeling. On the one hand, no man of principle connected with the press would practise so far upon their own consciences as to speak with gentleness of such a man's acts. Yet, on the other hand, they would as little condescend to the habit of continually reproaching him. For not only does any long tenor of ineffectual vituperation degrade him who utters it, but uniformly it is found that abuse pointed against one who makes no answer, reacts powerfully in his favour. It is like censure directed against the absent, or explosions of angry feeling behind a man's back, which confers what is often an unmerited benefit upon the object. The censure may be just; and yet, because applied to one who cannot answer, it is received for slander. The anger may be reasonable; and yet, because it is vented against the defenceless, it sounds like malice. The guiltiest object of such assaults often benefits the

* "Rent;"—Mr O'Connell has always pleaded, in justification of this rent, the general allegation that he quitted, for the patriotic service of Ireland, a profession notoriously lucrative to himself. Now, the general fact, we believe, is not open to doubt—that he *did* derive an ample income from his profession. But that seems scarcely to meet all the special considerations which would arise to a man of honour. For, in the first place, a professional income is often known to decline very suddenly. Then, secondly, to colour this extraction of shillings from absolute paupers, it ought to be shown that some parity exists between the professional income surrendered and the mendicant income substituted. Thirdly, that some value, present or rever-sionary, has been given to the contributors for a ten years' subscription. Fourthly, even after all this shall have been satisfactorily explained, and the accounts "balanced," it will remain a very obvious duty for Mr O'Connell to abandon all pretensions to a mission of patriotism. He contends that he has a right to send in his "little account" for patriotism furnished. Be it so: but Tell himself must resign his name of "patriot," if it could be shown that he levied a per-centage on his patriotism.

most by their silent reaction. And from the mere policy of silence on his part—which, to say the truth, in a contest with a press so widely diffused as ours, is rather his necessity than his choice—such an offender draws an appearance of magnanimous forbearance, to which, in reality, he has no sort of title. Under a proper sense of this dilemma—on the one hand refusing to sacrifice important truth, on the other, equally reluctant to invest a public criminal with a false show of high-minded forbearance—many of the ablest contributors to our political literature have felt it their best policy to observe a deep silence on all that regards Mr O'Connell. If they broke this silence at all, it was felt that, to be adequate, to be commensurate, their language must assume that depth of moral indignation which is almost ridiculous unless followed and sustained by acts. A censor was not so much needed as a constable. And to point the national indignation, unless where some effect was given to that indignation, seemed sure to terminate in merely placing themselves amongst that pursuing retinue of barkers and snarlers which forms the equipage of all public men, the good and the bad, the sound and the spurious alike—an equipage in which no distinction is made between those who pursue a true instinct of moral indignation, and those who gratify a private malice.

Under this remarkable condition of apparent neutrality or indifference in the temper of the press with regard to Mr O'Connell, a great delusion has arisen upon the moral estimate of his agitation. It is a delusion which will always exist where, from any cause, a criminal cognizance is intercepted in its regular movement towards any flagrant agent or agency. Where government, for any reason, slights its duties of animadversion, what remains in the way of punishment belongs to the press: but this is at once so far below the merits of a national crime, and, for the reasons we have mentioned, it is a punishment so likely to react injuriously upon those who constitute themselves the interpreters of public indignation—an occasion so plausible is thus raised for representing one individual as the object of a persecution among numbers, that mere self-respect withdraws every man from such an invidious office. The

government having retreated from the duty of chastising the offender, and even from the more clamorous duty of arresting the offence, no vicarious party can assume its functions with effect. And hence it is, that whilst a boiling indignation does really possess the public feeling, in regard to this national outrage of attempting a separation between great organic members of the empire, and while the public anger settles upon every mode of participation in the wrongs, or in the profits, of such an attempt; yet from the peculiar advantages which an individual will always reap from the generosity of the spectators in a contest with numbers, the whole atmosphere of public sentiment, though really charged with thunder, has seemed, from the passive demeanour of the press, tranquil and quiescent.

Such having been the disturbing forces at work in misleading us all as to the latent sense of the public mind, with regard to this unexampled career of sedition, it becomes necessary for the amending our estimate of Mr O'Connell, which is necessary to an amended estimate of his power over the Government, that we should carry along with us these four considerations:—

1. That his power over the Government exists in defiance of that general horror, lurking throughout the public mind, which in this country is sure to accompany a systematic course of sedition, and a very elaborate abuse of local influence. To the public, this horror has been somewhat broken by that impunity which has been perceived to follow all Mr O'Connell's acts, and by that consequent indecisive tone of the press, which we have accounted for. But this could not apply to the Government: it is impossible that the present administration can be cheated or propitiated by an impunity which they have themselves created. They undoubtedly see, if the public do not, the full enormity of the sedition; and yet, in defiance of *that*, they acknowledge his power, as if it were a right, over themselves.

2. This power exists in defiance of the most solemn record, emanating from themselves, in denunciation of its character and its application, that can ever have visited the delinquencies of a private individual holding no of-

ficial station. It is almost forgotten ; but the moral value of the fact remains, that a Ministry—which was but a varied combination from the very same Whig party, and in part composed of the same identical persons as that which we now see in office—absolutely placed this Mr O'Connell at the bar of Europe, almost threw him as an outcast from the pale of civilization, by introducing into the body of a state paper, so solemn as a king's speech, an indignant reference to his Irish agitation, though at that time less criminal than of late. For,

3. Although the mere project of a repeal—that is, merely the revocation of the union between England and Ireland—would not of itself imply any seditious attempt, so long as it should be pursued through regular parliamentary avenues, it might, however, become so—and *has* become so—through the quality of the agitation which accompanies it—through the prejudices, the passions, and the ignorance put in motion for its support—through the vindictive hopes associated with its prosecution, and the guilty anticipations suggested from its final success. Besides all which indications of his real purposes, the ministers cannot fail to be aware that Mr O'Connell has not attempted to rely upon any parliamentary movement for carrying forward the cause of Irish separation ; and that, in more instances than one, when laying down the future course of legislation for Ireland under a domestic senate, he has reserved the functions of a Warwick, or king-maker, for some person—no matter whom—but assuredly a subject of the British crown ; and thus evidently has contemplated, if it were even contended in a fantastic or impracticable case, an Irish policy, in direct breach of his allegiance. But,

•4. As to all such pleas of visionariness and impracticability, by way of defeating the criminal liability of the Irish separation schemes—pleas, however, which did not avail to shelter Sir Charles Wolseley's Birmingham Parliament—there is a most important distinction to be taken, which we fancy would not be very long in revealing itself even to the present Government, and in a shape of deadly anxiety, if it could be imagined that their official life was likely to endure. The distinction is this: hitherto Mr

O'Connell's agitation has operated upon Ireland pacific ; upon Ireland as one member of Christendom in a state of profound repose. But imagine the scene of this agitation transferred to Ireland belligerent. Imagine the whole of Europe to be rocking with those convulsions of war, which at this moment seems but too probable. In such a case, he who has been most amused with Mr O'Connell's Irish Barataria, with his moonshine dynasties, and his make-believe senates, will look grim indeed at the new possibilities of mischief which would then dawn upon his turbulent mind. It is certain that this whole question of O'Connellism—by which we mean the spirit of incendiarism applied to a redundant and a popish population, organized as that population is in Ireland by a collusive priesthood—has been too exclusively considered with a view to a state of peace. In a state of war it would alter its whole character—its perils, its opportunities ; and, unhappily for the coming generation, a state of war it is which seems too gloomily impending over the next succession of years.

Now, if under these four arguments for looking askance at Mr O'Connell, and for rejecting his co-operation, it has notwithstanding happened, that our present administration recognizes his control almost as a legitimate influence, and that recently one of the most honest among them, if not the most wary, has professed to see no reason whatever for abjuring the most seditious of Mr O'Connell's projects, we must perceive at once a strength in the domination exercised over the present Cabinet, which compels us to anticipate from *them*, as acts of submission, whatever measures we have any good reason to anticipate from Mr O'Connell, as acts of his peculiar policy.

What sort of acts those are, in what direction travelling, and to what excess in that direction, we shall next see in the pending bill of Lord Morpeth for reconstructing the Irish electoral franchise. For Mr O'Connell's it is, and must be considered in a sense more peculiar and emphatic than any other which has been brought forward in our days. This was marked for the second phenomenon of that crisis which calls back the Conservatives to power ; for it establishes at once the

prodigious influence which Mr O'Connell exercises in the Cabinet, and exemplifies the purposes to which that influence will be applied.

II. Of this electoral innovation, we need no examination whatever. We believe that there is no man conversant with politics, let his party feelings be what they may, who will dispute the tendency of a low electoral qualification to throw all power, by a short process, into the hands of the democracy. This object may happen to meet his views: but the fact he will not deny. For ourselves, who look upon the root of all our British grandeur as lying in the exquisite interdependency of our aristocratic and democratic influences, we naturally view every measure which would destroy the equilibrium of these forces, as ruinous to our constitution. We go further. We hold that, although there are many changes which would tend towards constitutional ruin, there is but one which would instantly and certainly accomplish that end by effecting an entire revolution in our social condition, whilst it would leave behind no openings for restoration. The Ballot would be trivial by comparison for any searching evil that it could effect. The results of Lord Morpeth's bill would soon take this shape. All Irish estates would be thrown into £5 tenements. Even if there were any truth in the allegation, that a rating of £5, when indicating the liability to poor rates, would imply a much higher (for instance a double) *bonâ fide* value, all that might be true, and yet terminate in admitting a most improper order of men to the privilege of voting. In Ireland, a mere potato-ground notoriously yields an excessive rent. No matter in what spirit they received this privilege, or in what temper they exercised it at starting, very soon the L.5 electors, numerically the most important body of electors in the empire, would make the fatal discovery that in *their* hands lay the electoral power for Ireland. No man pretends to doubt that the same low qualification would soon extend contagiously to Scotland and England. Within three years the House of Commons would be substantially elected by the very lowest class of voters. The composition of the House would fall, irreversibly and uniformly, into the hands of the most

democratic amongst the democratic voters. From that hour, farewell to the laws and to the policy which have raised England to grandeur! Laws and policy alike would be shaped to meet objects exclusively democratic. It is true that at present the respectable freemen of great towns, petty tradesmen, artisans, &c., often vote so as to strengthen the Conservative policy. But that happens because *their* strength is interveined and divided by a different quality of strength from higher classes; and still more frequently, because amongst the candidates there are rarely to be found any who can have a motive for adapting themselves to politics exclusively democratic. But such candidates will arise plentifully when there is a body of electors sufficiently enlarged to encourage them. And the very men, the grave and thoughtful amongst the plebeian electors, whose votes would have taken a conservative direction where there was no adequate distraction towards any other, will find a new temptation arising with these new possibilities of impressing upon the legislation of the land a bias towards a separate interest of their own. A respectable artizan, a Liverpool shipwright, for instance, is often carried at present, by his general sentiment of esteem for the class of capitalists under whom he earns his livelihood, to vote for the candidate whom they are known to favour; for at present he would do himself no service by running counter to their wishes. But the case will be changed altogether, when a new interest purely and exclusively democratic is created by a vast multiplication of votes in the one extreme class of petty proprietors. The opposition to the masters for whom they work, will now no longer appear vexatious. Led to believe that they have an interest separate and peculiar, finding themselves at length invested with the power of giving effect to this separate interest, they will not be liable to blame for combining where combination is both lawful and promising. Meantime the final consequences will be ruinous. There are no measures calculated for the exclusive benefit of the lowest classes, any more than for the exclusive benefit of the high nobility, which will not soon show themselves ruinous to the general welfare.

The aristocracy are too much enlightened by education and general intercourse, to be duped by any narrow views on such a question. Not so with the poorest order of proprietors. Of the extreme short-sightedness amongst those who have little property beyond their strength and skill, there cannot be a more common nor a more flagrant illustration than what takes place continually in the cases of 'turns-out,' or 'strikes,' as they are called, with a view to higher wages. Governed apparently by an instinct, as thoughtless and unreflecting as that which attracts vultures to carrion, we see thousands of workmen blindly tying themselves down to a rigorous system of mutual engagements, whilst their own combination is silently provoking those very countervailing measures which terminate often in the ruin of the combiners. Many improvements by which machinery has been substituted for human labour, were first suggested by these ill-omened 'strikes.' At this moment, a large body of colliers in Lancashire are running madly into measures of vexatious opposition, which, as every body is aware except themselves, will be met by corresponding measures having the effect of excluding them for ever from the collieries: and it is not denied that these collieries were paying good wages. How is it possible to suppose men capable of an enlightened foresight with regard to the remote concerns of a nation, who have too little to protect their own interest in what is most palpable and proximate? Universally it may be said of any pauper class, that they want the very faculty of vision for a remote object as compared with one that is close at hand. The capacity of sacrificing the present to the future, is a feature of the prudent understanding utterly unknown to them. Those who live from hand to mouth, reason from hand to mouth. It is no blame to them, but the mere law derived from their situation, that they cannot expand their calculations beyond the scale of their own necessities. Unless powerfully controlled and overbalanced by the influences of property, it is certain that the class of voters introduced by lord Morpeth's bill would prostrate the grandeur of this country within ten years. But, in reality,

such a class of voters would take a more instant and decisive course towards that consummation. For it is certain that, in any case where the electoral influence of a pauper class should succeed in obtaining an undisputed command of the legislative body, they would refuse to undertake any war; and by making this refusal known to the whole world, they would invite insult and wrong from every quarter where a rival interest could be found.

But it is not necessary that we should follow out the consequences of this Irish revolution into all their extremities. Its operation upon war, and generally upon our relations to foreign powers, would be only a single phasis of the multiform ruin which it must work. Indeed, why should we spend words upon a case lying within these broad limits? Britain has expanded through many centuries under a certain known political system: that system it is Lord Morpeth's proposal utterly to abolish in one fatal hour. Revolutions are infinitely varied in apparent magnitude and in virtual magnitude. Some, which seem to menace us the most, are turned aside and oftentimes defeated in their nearer approach. Some are disarmed by their own practical working. But others there are, which, seeming at first a little cloud not bigger than a man's hand, rapidly expand, and overcast the whole vault of the sky overhead. Lord John Russell it was who said that Great Britain could not support the shock of an annual revolution. But how much less can she support the shock of that revolution which would in one year invert, literally throw into an inverted action, a power that has through eight centuries been the basis of her social activity! Hitherto it has been the necessity of indigence as indigence to exist without political power. But because poverty was thus depressed, did it follow that the poor were depressed? Not at all. To the poor man was laid open, as to the rich man, an avenue to every mode of power; only he was made sensible that he could not travel far through these avenues as a poor man. Thus hope and every motive to exertion were diffused like light through every gradation of life; the cottage and the palace were reached alike by their cheerful influence; whilst power was

still placed in its proper centres, and reposed upon its only enduring basis of property. A man need only look into the *Oceana* of Harrington, long since acknowledged as the wisest of all political philosophers, to be satisfied that the very primal law of social institutions is—the gravitation of power to property. This is the great central force by which all things are kept in their places; and, as Harrington shows, if your very object were to sow the seeds of civil war and eternal dissensions in a state, you could in no way better ensure that object than by placing the power in one focus, the property in another; by granting, in short, to the property of the country no regular organ for giving expression to its influence. For, as power does and must follow property, the only result of denying to it a large regular action upon public affairs is, to force it upon opening irregular modes of action for itself. Harrington, contemporary with Cromwell, naturally saw in the landed or real property of the country, the only apparent wealth of any magnitude and stability. Colonial property had not yet commenced; for Jamaica, our first colony in the sense of an aid to the national funds, was not conquered until a year or two after the first outline of the *Oceana* was written. Manufacturing and commercial industry were in their earliest infancy. Even in the following reign of Charles II., they were but putting forth feeble and elementary energies. Harrington was therefore rigorously right as regarded the country of his own times, in making the political power coincident and co-extensive with the territorial wealth. All other wealth was fluxionary, liable to endless subdivision or dispersion, and not embodied at that time in any stable class. Suffer the power of any country to settle into any other capital centre than the steady and solid property of that country, and you prepare a broad necessity for two results—first, for a violent and capricious foreign policy; secondly, for intestine feuds. Talent,

for instance, so long as it moves under a far wider and graver control from influences of property, may have a legitimate opening provided for it: provided the proportions of its range are made subordinate to the other elements of power, it is not amiss that some such means of emerging and displaying itself should exist, as in former times brought forward the two Pitts, father and son, and Edmund Burke, into Parliament. But if talent is now recognized as the legitimate fountain of power, as we have seen for the last ten years in France, where clever editors of smart political journals have been summoned away, with all their party violence, and their craving for effect, and their preposterous love of novelty, to the President's seat at the council board, or to the Foreign Secretary's post of conducting a difficult external policy, or to the Ambassador's function of moderating, by his *suaviter in modo*, the *fortiter in re* necessities, as they happen to emerge, of national diplomacy—woe to the people where such an error has untuned the whole framework of society; and woe to the neighbours of such a people, who must abide the hazard of all the unsteady principles applied to foreign relations, which, in such a case, will have usurped the old authentic sanctions of territorial and hereditary influence. Two other vices of plan might finish and mature the unsteadiness of such a polity; first, if the solemnizing effects of Christianity, as distributed through the great economy of parishes, were in any signal degree disturbed; secondly, if the law of succession to landed estates were such as to force them into perpetual decrements at every stage, so as to operate politically, either by continual disfranchisement of properties, if the law fixed any *minimum* for the qualification of an elector, or to multiply votes in a ruinous excess, if the law did not. Now, these vices also are illustrated in the present condition of France.* The electors there are falling as much below the proper

* *Condition of France.*—The natural death of the French system, in the continual subdivision of the landed estates, and what may be considered its euthanasia, by comparison with the worse evils that attend it at present, seems to be—that the small sections of land, when degraded by frequent descents into mere useless fractions, incapable of yielding a livelihood, will be bought up and re-combined into large properties. But the dilemma in that case, as to the electoral vote, will be this—either these properties, being very large, will absorb a number of votes into the person of

amount, as in Ireland, by Lord Morpeth's fatal gift, (if such a gift had any chance of parliamentary sanction,) they must far transcend it.

Thus, in reality, if this bill could be carried, every curse that now convulses France would be soon transferred to ourselves. Every body is agreed that it would be madness to presume any possibility of confining such a measure to Ireland. The franchise must be lowered within three years in England and Scotland. The reign of property would be at an end. The legitimate influence of property, conservative in all directions—conservative (by direct action as well as by indirect sympathy) of all our most valuable institutions—would perish for political purposes. The reign of talent would succeed, which, in such a field, means little more than the art of showy speaking, and (worse even than this) the era of unprincipled ambition. Many a man who now possesses a vote, and is content to apply it in a way serviceable to the public, so long as no temptation arises powerfully to draw him in another direction, and is often obliged to apply it serviceably when no desperate undertaker of bad purposes comes forward as a candidate, will act far otherwise when a solid temptation arises in the shape of a constituency largely increased by men as needy as himself, and when the changing composition of the House of Commons opens a hopeful career to needy adventurers. He will regard those objects as no longer chimerical, as soon as he finds himself strengthened by a majority of voters in the same indigent section of society, which at present he regards as equally unattainable and wicked. His opinion of their wickedness will give way with the same facility before the disorganizing doctrines of the new candidates, who will now come forward in crowds. Multitudes of those who have practised as mercenary orators on the question of slavery (not slave-trade) abolition, repeal of the corn-laws, &c., are not to be viewed as men that even erroneously had any such conscientious views as they professed. Generally

speaking, they belong to the needy half-educated race, who crowd into great cities from obscure conditions of society, are troubled with no embarrassing principles upon any subject, with no scruples of conscience, with no accurate knowledge, all of which might operate as drags, or retarding forces upon the disposable value of their talent; but are ready at an hour's notice to undertake any career of public agitation in behalf of any possible opinions. These men, as lecturers to open the road, flashy orators to improve the impression, and local committees to countenance the public objects, will soon give credit and plausibility to parliamentary schemes, such as now could find no support in any quarter. Many a man has been drawn, by the contagion of sympathy with his own class acting as a mob, into outrages of destruction or spoliation, such as he could never have contemplated with toleration in his solitary hours. And undoubtedly we are mistaken, if we rely upon that mode of applying his vote, which many a poor man has adopted, when at most a party triumph was at stake, for any argument or inference as to the same man's conduct when he is made aware that a large personal benefit would arise from befriending a revolutionary proposal. Not merely the personal benefit would bias him, but the new-born certainty of carrying that scheme in concert with many allies, which upon any present resources of mischief would be altogether visionary. Amongst the earliest ruins which we should see following in the train of this great parliamentary ruin, [a ruin already in itself twofold—ruin of the electoral body, and ruin of the House of Commons, according to the just composition of either] would be the utter extinction of the church, as a body having any connexion with the state, and the rapid decay of the aristocracy. The Protestant church would go down altogether in Ireland, except as a dissenting body barely tolerated; and perhaps *not* tolerated in any public sense. Even in England the abolition of church rates

an individual, which, under another form, restores the evil of an electoral body too much diminished; or, being small, they will, under the law of inheritance, rapidly come back to the same fractional condition—a condition equally unfavourable to the moral economy, and to the political steadiness of the land.

would throw the support of that vast religious machinery which we now enjoy, upon a section of the landholders: whilst the mutilation of the establishment in all her dignities, and the depression in every way of the ecclesiastical interest, would greatly injure the church as a profession. And it is well known that two of the most conspicuous professions in English society—viz. the army and the church,—are both upheld in their brilliant external respectability by the fact, that it is not (as on the Continent) the penniless who resort to them, but those who bring to these professions a larger capital than they expect to receive from them.*—As to the aristocracy, the first blow struck at its respectability would be the abolition of primogeniture as a mode of privilege. That gone, the order would sink. In religion we should certainly never settle into the low condition of France, where by general testimony the men of superior education never are seen within the walls of a church. This would not happen with us, because we have always been a much more religious people than the French; but we should sink into the anarchy of American sectarianism. With respect to the high order of influences that emanate from a splendid aristocracy, these would fade away; and we should languish into a condition of which it is hard to say whether it is stigmatized worse when described as French or as American. In neither country, at this moment, is there any class surviving in whom by birth and natural independence, as well by the noble sentiment of ancient descent, a spirit of honour is recognised as characteristically lodged; in whom therefore the national honour is supposed to burn as a concentrated distinction. At this moment, whatever be the public interest at stake, or supposed to be

at stake, we see no body of men, except occasionally a body of government officials, coming forward in the provinces to address the crown. We see no gallant body, answering to the "gentlemen" of Great Britain, coming forward temperately to support the honour of their land; but in doing that to check the shameful license of low-bred Frenchmen in offering insults to pacific and unoffending neighbours. If there is no class in France who feel themselves disgraced by the wanton and unprovoked explosion of malice to this country, through the French press for the last six months, then there is no considerable portion existing of the ancient French aristocracy. If there is a class that have felt France dishonoured by this ruffian conduct, then it is evident that they have no corporate union, no *esprit-de-corps*, and no practical power in the country. In America the same grievous defect of a high-minded and distinct aristocracy may be recognised in every act. Wherefore this abuse of the British? Wherefore this violent prejudication of every question which arises between us, before the facts even are brought to light or circulated? Or supposing (which we are far from granting) that a particular minister or administration had at all overstepped the line of rational patriotic duty, wherefore this determination to make the whole British people, so thoroughly quiescent as they are, and so incapable of becoming parties to any wrong or oppression upon others, responsible for acts of which they do not pretend to know the very circumstances or motives? But, were there no other case on record, one there is, which in itself, and singly, exemplifies the want of an aristocracy, and the deep evil of that want, in the American system of society: it is that ever-memorable case of the American navy; it is the pos-

* With respect to the army, Sir Hussey Vivian repeated (in the debate on Lord Keane's pension) a fact sufficiently notorious to all who have any relatives connected with that service; viz. that nine-tenths of the commissioned officers give their services virtually for nothing. About a score are now raised to commissions from the ranks, and therefore without purchase. Those who enter by purchase, give for their commissions a sum which would produce their annual pay if simply lodged with an annuity office. The clergy, again, sink from £600 to £1000 upon a university education. But apart from that sacrifice, four out of every five bring into the church as large incomes on an average as they find. Otherwise, under modern prices and modern usages, they could not educate families; for £290 a-year is the average sum which this calumniated church allows to its incumbents.

sibility that a brave, and, except when jealousy is concerned, we must believe a generous people, should first seduce our sailors; fight us with our own children and brothers; suffer a public system of perjury to be countenanced in their offices for the sake of denationalizing these men; but chiefly (hear it, ancient chivalry of Christendom!) should be capable, nationally, of so base a trick as that of sending out ships of the line, and then for the sake, verbally, of stealing a triumph or evading a defeat, should name them and class them as frigates! So did not France, Spain, nor Holland, in the bitterest hours of their mortification—at skill confounded, indomitable courage made useless, and noble blood running to waste in their vain conflicts with our naval supremacy. Much good, oh Americans! you must share with us by inheritance from our common British ancestry: much good, it is to be hoped, you must have learned from us. But, assuredly, you never learned this miserable trickery from loyal-hearted Britain; for, if there is one form of generosity more prevalent than another in our island, it is the universal intolerance exhibited for any mean denial of merit in an enemy.

Such is the character of evil now laying waste all ancient chivalrous feeling, all magnanimity, and sometimes even the decencies of truth, in America and France. How natural, therefore, that a fear should continually reach the heart of an Englishman, lest any political change may have power to blight that unrivalled model of a high-minded aristocracy, which, in his own country, maintains the public honour so unimpaired, sending down a manly spirit of truth through all classes, and banishing alike the boyish emptiness of gasconade, and the brutal ruffianism of insolence to the absent. Yet, if it were possible that this Irish bill should pass, it is not our aristocracy merely that we must expect to see falling before it. Greater blessings even than that, and, in fact, in a rapid inverse order, the whole succession of causes to which British grandeur may be traced, all must unlink, lose their connexion, and perish separately, if democracy could inundate the land, as it must do, through any measure so levelling as Lord Morpeth's.

But there lies the security that the

measure will not pass. The consequences are too instant, the peril is too clamorous, for that possibility. Hence the belief generally diffused, that the Ministry neither expect the bill to pass, nor in fact wish it. Hence also a rumour in well-informed quarters—that the bill has been expressly provided with this monstrous revolutionary clause, in order to ensure its *not* passing; the secret purpose of the bill being, it is said, to break the fall of the present Cabinet, by charging that fall upon this one particular Irish measure, rather than upon their general merits as an administration.

Whether this were the original purpose of the bill or not, most certain it is that this will be its effect unless signally modified; and that either the Ministry or the ministerial bill will suffer an ejection from the House; most probably both. The chances are, at any rate, multiplied greatly for the restoration of a Conservative cabinet. Already, without the bill of Lord Morpeth, it was an event which men generally expected, and which the whole current of recent elections, Walsall, Canterbury, Monmouthshire, East Surrey, some of these under extraordinary defect of preparations on the winning side, have successively prefigured to men's hopes. And one feature in this general expectation is important, as significant of a change not likely to be transient: it is that the current of this expectation has been setting strongly towards this same direction, and steadily, for the last two or three years. The uniformity and the gradual increase of such an anticipation, distinguish it from one of those party rumours set forward as a private speculation of intrigue. This rumour, on the contrary, arises with the public; and is rather a mode of summons gradually strengthening into a general acclamation, from the national voice recalling a Conservative ministry as indispensable to the public service, than any tentative rumour from an interested quarter. Ten years have passed since the Reform frenzy took possession of the public mind. Time has been allowed for a thorough experiment, both as respects the reform itself, and the reforming party. A deeper exposure of error, or a more thorough reaction, has not perhaps ever occurred upon the field of politics. And, except

from personal accidents, we believe that there will be small hope indeed, from the complexion of their politics, for any re-combination of a "Liberal" administration for many years to come.

Sir Robert Peel will assume the supremacy in this Conservative government, whenever it may be formed, as a matter of necessity. As in competition with him, there is hardly a choice; not because there is not the greatest merit in other junior members of that party, but because Sir Robert's experience and public services have been longer in the public eye than those of any other Conservative statesman; except the Duke of Wellington; and of him, though possibly granted to the prayers of the whole nation for a season of further unparalleled usefulness as a public counsellor, we can hardly go so far as to wish that he should ever again distress himself with the harassing labours or the anxieties of official life. Except for his invaluable opinions, this great servant of the nation is viewed by every body as now for ever relieved from the burdens of public duty.

Mean time, of Sir Robert Peel, it is said that he no longer wishes for office; which, if it be true, is not extraordinary. For the perverse accidents which have combined, with his own high principle, to shorten his terms of power, or wholly to intercept it, have been such as are probably enough to produce the customary effect of disappointment and of hope deferred, in weaning the heart from its early enthusiasm; concurring with which natural impulses, his mature age must now perhaps have diminished the natural attractions of high place and office to a man who, without the benefit of such accessories, already enjoys so much of national consideration from the mere authority of his public character. Sir Robert Peel, however, is not the man of whom we need fear that he will allow much weight to his private tastes, when brought into collision with the wishes of the nation. He will hold it a point of duty to set aside his own feelings under a summons of so grave a character. And we believe it to be probable that he will now give his name and the authority of his counsels to a longer period of our history than could have

been anticipated, before the nation had been disabused of the Reform mania, and had enjoyed a searching experimental knowledge of "Liberal" politics.

It is, however, unfortunate for Sir Robert's prospects, and it marks the continued operation of that fatality almost which has hitherto interfered with the advantageous display of his political system, that he will be likely to enter upon his splendid career, if it should commence just now, under a deep gloom of impending war. The considerate part of the nation will not, however, forget that war, if it must come, has not been even accidentally connected with *his* policy; it must be viewed as a legacy inherited from the Cabinet now existing.

Yet, in mere candour, even that Cabinet must be acquitted of all criminal responsibility for the war, if war it must be, either with France or with America. Both nations have behaved with a violence so passionate and effeminate—both have kindled so suddenly into a wrath so thoroughly disproportioned even to *their own statements of grievance*—that reasons almost overpowering are now beginning to arise for attaching credit to rumours floating in public for some time back, that France and America have been acting in collusion upon a previous contract of hostility to this country. The allegations of insult from France, of outrage from America, seem so utterly without foundation, as hardly to have been adopted with decision and consistency by either government in its remonstrances. The ground taken by each has been shifted in the course of a very brief negotiation, and by the American government, in particular, with regard to Mr M'Leod's case; so flagrantly shifted, as to make the coherence of the two representations *already* past all power of retrieval, no matter what explanations may be offered hereafter; whilst each of the two, apart from their mutual inconsistency, is separately inconsistent with the facts as reported from Canada.

In the midst of all this vacillation and infirmity of purpose as to the pretexts they shall catch at, there seems to be no hesitation at all in the practical advances to the final object of war. The enormous augmentation of the army from 280,000, to very little short

of 600,000 men—the corresponding augmentation of the marine—the vast money votes for extra services;—and as much, perhaps, as any other sign in value and significance—the *secret* drilling of troops, pursued so energetically, and with such mysterious hurry—all alike point to one inevitable conclusion; whilst the reserve and disguise kept up, are believed to indicate no irresolution, but only the present immaturity of the preparations. Can it be that Louis-Philippe finds his chance of preserving the French crown absolutely lost, without this bribe of war to the rabid passions of his people, and adopts it therefore as a mere measure of desperation? If so, we shall all think that he would have fallen with more dignity in maintaining the course of justice; and that he will fall not the less in the end, after this most monstrous concession to the spirit of blank aggression and perfidious revenge. For as yet, the sufficient *causa liti* remains uninvented: the ingenuity of poets has not yet devised a single article towards that manifesto which is the usual prologue to war. The reason, the argument, the object of the war, are as yet all buried in the clouds of speculation: even the embryo outline of a grievance has not yet been made apparent: and already the preparations for war are six months gone towards maturity.

We therefore stand thoroughly blameless in the eyes of Europe. Even Lord Palmerston seems untouched by error, were it to the mere extent of a punctilio, in so far as regards France. To ourselves at home, he stands accountable for having on very insufficient grounds kept back important information with respect to the affairs of the Levant, and for having allowed an opportunity to a French minister, by his mischievous system of mere oral negotiations, unchecked by any minutes or evidences whatever, for taxing the diplomatic representative of Great Britain with a positive falsehood. This was scandalous. But, allowing for so grievous an error, Lord Palmerston really seems otherwise by very much the most effective member of the Cabinet, and accordingly (as we might expect) an object of enmity and hostile intrigue to a cabal amongst the other members. Even by her ministers, therefore, England is amenable to no blame, to no imputation of so much as

a verbal offence from France. And of Sir Robert Peel, in the midst of that unhappy war expenditure, into which it now seems but too probable that we shall be forced, it must be borne in mind, and continually impressed upon the impatient populace of our cities, that he was not even chronologically associated with the mysterious origin of this great calamity.

Of China it seems unfair to speak, without more of positive information. It looks ill, undoubtedly, when a person is selected for a negotiation of special difficulty, not upon any reputation of local knowledge, or of diplomatic skill, but simply as a near relative of the nobleman presiding at the Admiralty. This early presumption against Admiral Elliot has certainly been strengthened by various acts of apparent thoughtlessness, and some downright imbecility on his part. And the mere want of advance in the purposes of so costly an armament, to say nothing of the Admiral's seeming obsequiousness to Chinese suggestions, furnishes in itself a strong argument for auguring ill of this expedition. To have sent home no specific information, and by two distinct opportunities, from so remote a corner of the earth, is a further heavy ground of blame against the commander-in-chief of the combined forces. Something wrong is already evident. And there is too much reason to believe that nobody is employed confidentially from home, or with any discretionary power in the arrangements, who is at all familiar with Chinese knavery, or the enormous folly of Chinese opinions and self-conceit. However, in justice, we must wait for more light. And, in the mean time, one thing appears in favour of Admiral Elliot—viz. that however he may have yielded too unresistingly to Chinese appointments, removing the negotiations far away from the capital, he has not given up Chusan.

We had meant to touch upon those points in which the Conservatives have internal differences of opinion amongst themselves. These, however, furnish too large a field of discussion for a mere incidental notice. One only, the renewal of the Poor-Law Commission, we must allude to for the purpose of lamenting that Sir Robert Peel should have dismissed it with an objection so slight and trivial as any which

regards the mere funerals of paupers. Surely he must be aware that heavy and dismal charges are afloat against the new Poor-Law; that the mere saving in money is peremptorily asserted to be a pure delusion, sustained by keeping out of sight the whole circumstances of the expenditure; how much, for instance, that used to be charged against the Poor-Rates, is now charged to another fund; how much that used to cost nothing separately on account of the poor, as rural police, is now raised, by the new poor system, to an enormous item of public expense; but, worse than all impostures besides, how much that used to be spent on considerations of humanity, is now saved by means of most unchristian cruelty. The imputations against the new Poor-Law are heavy indeed. Grant that they are exaggerated—a thing likely enough—that will not excuse the refusal of stern examination. And this, delayed as it may be, must revolve upon us in a heavier shape at last.

But this one oversight of Sir Robert's, though grievous and surprising to those who know his humanity, cannot prove more than that his ear has been abused. Having so vast a range of topics to examine, he is often obliged to read vicariously; and according to the prejudications of those on whom he relies, he is naturally sometimes deceived. We may add, that besides the greatest misfortune of all, as he will himself rate it, if he should hereafter find that he has been deceived in a case of clamorous iniquity, involving the interests of many unhappy paupers,

his neglect is likely to injure him in another way.

However, we repeat our own belief, that Sir Robert erred only through misinformation; and the whole subject certainly requires a most searching exposition, conducted in a spirit of solemnity transcendent to all partisanship. Mean time, this one question dismissed, we are happy, on many accounts, to believe that Sir Robert Peel will soon be at the head of our affairs; for a great, if a gloomy and perilous, era is approaching. War, the most signally unprovoked that is known to Christian history, apparently is all but inevitable. There was an old prophecy (published and many times re-published through the course of the last century) to the effect that England should never, for many generations, attain to a peace of twenty-seven years' duration. One is led to recollect this prophecy at present. That fatality, rather than any reasonable cause, seems to have governed the event. Great movements are probably at hand, operating through other interests than that of war. On Sir Robert Peel we rely for showing, that to all interests of every order his policy applies. And throughout that trying and critical, but splendid administration which we anticipate, it is our faith that Sir Robert Peel will manifest the true liberality and the ample sufficiency for our national grandeur in every direction, and for all great interests alike, of Conservative principles, when rightly understood and when honestly applied.

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THERE are more extraordinary things in history than romance; and the history of British India is among the most extraordinary. If any great speaker in the British legislature had risen a hundred years ago, when some concern of the little "company of British merchants trading to the East Indies" was mentioned in its proceedings, (for it could scarcely have been suffered to occupy a debate,) and had pronounced that even the nabobship of Bengal would yet be a British province, we have not the slightest doubt that he would have been listened to with vast incredulity. But what would have been the ridicule of the wits of the honourable House, if he should have proceeded to declare that Bengal would not form the limit; that England would yet be the sovereign of an Indian territory more than four times the size of France, more than seven times the size of the British isles, governing more than a hundred millions of subjects, and influencing a hundred millions more. The next wonder might be, that the British force in Hindostan would equal the whole army of France in the time of her most splendid and ambitious king, Louis XIV., a force of 300,000 men, and 1000 pieces of artillery in the field; completing this political and moral prophecy, by predicting that the whole would be

accomplished in little more than a single generation. It would have required the largest measure of personal respect to make such a soothsayer listened to with patience. His views would be called dreams, his calculations repelled as the conjectures of a disordered fancy—promises laughed at as the sport of a spirit willing to try the utmost extent to which public council could be deluded by the passion for conquest, or the captivations of oratory.

The country in which this vast establishment has been realized, is among the most magnificent in the world. From north to south, from the snowy pinnacles of the great chain, which rises between India and Tartary to the low and fertile provinces of the south, from the bold and rocky heights of the Malabar coast to the level shores of Coromandel, the land exhibits every noble and productive variety of landscape—the deep and luxuriant valley, the mountain crowned with forest, a vast central tableland, possessing almost an European climate, and exhibiting the chief products of Europe between the tropics; a multitude of rivers, sufficient, even in that land of the sun, to fertilize the soil—a great peninsula, flanked on the east and west by two of the noblest streams in the world, the Indus and the Ganges; and with its

sides, from Bombay to Cape Comorin, and from the Cape to Calcutta, washed by the ocean.

The character of its people, at once festive and mysterious, exhibiting the most artless simplicity with the most subtle craft, and combining the rudeness of peasant life with the most solemn and gorgeous superstitions, corresponds to the powerful lights and shadows of their climate. Its fields and forests possess the animals most remarkable for their strength, their sagacity, their courage, and their use; the elephant, the lion, the tiger, and the horse. Even its architecture shares the general spirit of a land where splendour is studied alike in the magnificent and the minute;—temples and monuments, built by emperors, and worthy of imperial wealth, topped with domes covered with enamel and gold, and sparkling in the sun; while below, walls covered with elaborate sculpture, formed of every marble, and inlaid with every gem, exhibit a taste which, however opposite to the classic severity of Europe, yet shows that the elements of beauty exist every where, that talent is confined to no one climate, and that the sense of beauty acts as vividly in the bosom of the untutored Indian as in the accomplished science of Europe.

The conquest of a country of such vast extent, diversity, and power, by a little island at the distance of half the globe, has undoubtedly a right to excite feelings and enquiries superior to those with which we regard the routine of this world's affairs. India for a thousand years, probably for more, had been the continual seat of governmental violence and popular suffering. Successions of local tyrants crushed by some one greater tyrant, or absorbed into his empire, only to emerge, on its breaking up, like tigers from the fragments of their cage, and return with their dry jaws, and hunger of blood, to a still more ferocious renewal of their oppression, covered the land with misery. Even this condition was not the worst. The land from which the local tyrants drained its life, drop by drop, was periodically stricken to the dust by the sudden and irresistible blow of invasion—the Persian poured in upon it from the west, the Tartar rushed down with

his cavalry from the north, and the whole strength and spirit of the land, helplessly buried under those barbarian multitudes, had scarcely revived, when a new influx of invasion buried it in the dust again. Even the occasional splendours of her dynasties cost her dear; nothing could be more temporary; and with the passing away of each throne came civil slaughter. The country, like its own widows, shared the fate of the sovereign; and its wealth, its learning, and its prosperity were flung into the same conflagration which consumed the dynasty.

Even its position, in the centre of the most ferocious, war-loving, and savage nations of Asia—the Persian continually looking from his barren and mountainous provinces, on the fertility of the “golden peninsula;” the Scythian of the desert, driven alike by hunger and rapine to make incursions, from age to age, on the timid and unprepared Hindoo, in the midst of his treasures and his harvests; seemed to have laid it under a perpetual sentence of exposure and devastation, a continual anathema of nature against its peace; in the language of the Scriptures—a vineyard whose grapes bloomed only to catch the eye of the spoiler; with its fences broken down by the wild boar, the foot of the robber trampling on its beauty, and the snake and the tiger usurping the place of the lord of its vintage.

There is no exaggeration in this course of calamity, notwithstanding the casual pomp of isolated regions of the great peninsula in other days, or the beneficial changes introduced by some of those vigorous and high-minded sovereigns who from time to time start up in the most ruined countries. But what must be the permanent character of Indian suffering, where the diadem was always won or lost by the sword; where the sovereign lived in the midst of domestic conspiracy, busied in its punishment, or made restless and furious by its fears; and the people, under the heaviest and haughtiest despotism, relaxed or violent only according to the indolence or the passions of the ruler; where the throne was but a lion's den, and the slaughter and plunder of the population was wholly regulated by the degree of satiety or hunger of the royal brute within. Yet

it is in this country that the most powerful and comprehensive effort of restoration ever known in Asiatic annals has been made, and made by the presence of England.

If this restoration had come from some neighbouring power, suddenly civilized, and dispensing its civilization—if some Cyrus the younger had started up in Persia, cultivating the arts and morals of the west, and shedding them like the seeds of a rich harvest into the desolate soil beyond the Indus; we might have attributed the result to the natural course of things. But if the map of the world had been laid before us, and we had been desired to point out there the probable protector, the sovereign, and finally the regenerator of India, England would be the last country to which we should have assigned this mighty operation. Who could rationally have looked to a company of merchants for almost unlimited conquest? To a country the most habitually averse to war, for a course of triumphs extending through a hundred years? To a people wholly unambitious or aggressive, for the acquisition of a new empire; and to an island, then not containing six millions of people, and at a distance of ten thousand miles, for the possession, the defence, and the administration of an empire of a hundred millions of men?

Is it that there is a moral law like the physical, that the balance shall be moved at the extremities? that the restoration of the decayed forces of nations shall come, like the electric streams which rush from the poles, and expand in brilliancy and power over the equator? that there is a constant providential provision for renewing the spirit of mankind, operating at distances of time and space, on which none can calculate until it exhibits itself to the senses—a mighty gulf-stream of influences and impressions, faculties of renovation, and means of human good, constantly making its unseen but irresistible way across the great and troubled ocean of human things? Whether this principle be the true solution, or some still deeper and more beneficent instrumentality be in the councils of Providence, India and England unquestionably afford the most illustrious example of a joint purpose and a mutual action for the noblest re-

sults in the history of the modern world.

But we must come to Hastings.

All princes are sons of Adam, and therefore every man, at some time or other, has had a prince in his line. We are not surprised that the foolish grandfather of Warren Hastings should have attempted to trace the family name up to a Danish prince, who, however, in our days would be called a thief, and, if caught in his princely larcenies, would unquestionably have been hanged as a pirate. But common sense and Mr Gleig are satisfied with tracing his origin back to his grandfather the rector of Daylesford. On this poor benefice the incumbent seems to have lived, according to the usual manner of the country clergy, with great propriety, and a little above starving. He married, poor as he was, and unluckily chose a partner as poor as himself. Of this marriage came two sons, the elder of whom, named Howard, obtained a place in the customs. Of him little further is known, than that he lived decently and so died. Of the other, the wonder is how he lived at all. This scapegrace married, at *fifteen*, the daughter of a small proprietor of the name of Warren. Their lives were probably as miserable as their marriage was imprudent. How he died seems as much a matter of mystery as how he lived; at least his celebrated descendant could never be persuaded to speak upon the subject; and all that could be learned of him was, that in process of time he obtained orders, went to the West Indies as a clergyman, and there terminated his career—we hope, by the course of nature!

Even the best of the family was unlucky; for the rector of Daylesford getting into a lawsuit for his tithes with the squire of his parish, who had (we presume) endeavoured to cheat him, was utterly ruined by the law expenses.

Warren Hastings was the only son and second child of the second brother. His mother died a few days after his birth, which had occurred December 6, 1732. The widower soon consoled himself, but in a manner not remarkable for its romance, his next choice being a butcher's daughter.

Yet as every parish of England has

been in possession of some great baronial family at some time or other, (every acre of the country having been confiscated by the sword, and having its Norman tyrant trampling the serfs by the right of the stronger,) the records of the Tower of London make mention of the holding of the "manor of Daylesford" by Milo de Hastings in the time of Edward I. From this stock were fixed grafts on the Pembrokes, Abergavennys, and even the Plantagenets; and though the earldom, the barony, and apparently every acre and every shilling gradually passed away, yet the blood was there still. The "Hastingses were noble"—a reflection which must have been a prodigious comfort to a family struggling with famine.

With the estate that supported it, the manor-house naturally fell to pieces, and the Hastingses at length transferred themselves from their dilapidated walls and fireless hearth to Yelford, in Oxfordshire. Here another of the family, who appeared to have preserved his estate in the general wreck, felt the general destiny. Plunging into the Civil Wars, and taking the side of the unlucky Charles I., he lost every thing but the property of Yelford, which he would have lost too, except for the dexterous measure of making it over to the Speaker Lenthall—a contrivance not easily comprehended between this most gallant of Cavaliers and the rankest of Roundheads!

From those times the family never recovered. The Daylesford estate, grievously reduced, was still theirs; and the manor-house, which was all but a ruin, gave them all but a shelter. Yet even those went at last. They were sold in 1715, to a man who had evidently employed his time better than in thinking of his high blood, and boasting in the midst of beggary, one Knight, a merchant of London. The rector of Daylesford, utterly ruined by his lawsuit, was glad to get the curacy of Churchhill, where he took his orphan grandchild, and put him to school.

Warren Hastings, even at that age, exhibited some traits of the superiority of mind by which he was afterwards distinguished. "Wonderful children" are common, and commonly spoiled into very trifling men. But, as Hastings was then too poor to be spoiled

by any body, Nature was fortunately left to take her own way. There is a small stream, running along the foot of the hill, on which the village of Churchhill stands; and Hastings, in the decline of life, told a friend—"To lie on the margin of that stream and muse, was one of my favourite recreations; and there, one bright summer's day, when I was scarcely seven years old, I well remember that I formed the determination to *purchase back Daylesford*. I was then literally dependent on those whose condition scarcely raised them above the pressure of absolute want; yet, somehow or other, the child's dream, as it did not appear unreasonable at the moment, so in after years it never faded away. Heaven knows, there were periods in my career, when, to accomplish that, or any other object of honourable ambition, seemed to be impossible; but I *have* lived to accomplish it, and though, perhaps, few public men have had more right than I to complain of the world's usage, I can never express sufficient gratitude to the Providence which permits me to pass the evening of a long, and I trust not an useless life, amid scenes that are endeared to me by so many personal, as well as traditional, associations."

Hastings began his trials early. In the year 1740, when he was eight years old, he was put by his uncle Howard to a school at Newington Butts, where he was half starved; a Spartan discipline, to which, in after life, he constantly attributed his feebleness of frame and deficiency of stature. In two years after, however, he was transferred to Westminster. His star now began to brighten; he laboured hard, and, in 1747, was elected on the foundation, at the head of all his competitors—a triumph commemorated, according to custom, in gilt letters on the wall of the dormitory, where it is still to be seen.

Another change now occurred. The death of his uncle Howard bequeathed him to the care of a Mr Chiswick, a distant relation of the family, who proposed to send him to India. This destination was generously opposed by Dr Nicholls, the head master; Hastings having now been king's scholar three years, and high hopes being entertained of his success at the university.

"What!" said the Doctor, "Lose Warren Hastings—lose the best scholar of his year! That will never do at all. If the want of means to keep him here, ay, and at college too, be the only hinderance, we can easily remove that. He shall go on with his education at my charge; I cannot afford to lose the reputation which I am sure to obtain through him." But this proposal fortunately was not acceded to. Chiswick was an East India Director; he gave the boy a writership, and in the month of January 1750, Warren Hastings set sail on board the London East Indian for Calcutta.

It is unnecessary here to speak of the condition of India at the time of Hastings' arrival. We confine ourselves to his personal memoir. After remaining two years in Calcutta, where he was employed as an assistant in the Secretary's office, he was removed to the Factory at Cossimbazar, in which he remained for two years more, occupied in mere matters of detail. In 1755, he was appointed to the council of the Factory, an office still sufficiently humble, but which added something to his rank and to his income.

But greater events were now ripening. In 1756, Alaverdi Cawn, nabob of Bengal, an old man, and a friend to the English, died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Suraj Ud Dowlah, a man of profligate habits, of violent passions, and of notorious hatred to the English and all belonging to them. They soon had cause to tremble.

The new nabob immediately collected a powerful force, and bore down upon the factory. He swept every thing before him. Cossimbazar, and all its clerks, was taken at once; and, among the rest, Hastings was sent a prisoner to Moorshedabad, the nabob's capital. They were, however, not unkindly treated. Calcutta was next attacked: and, after the flight of the principal merchants, was taken, with Mr Holwell, the deputy governor—a misfortune which gave rise to the memorable and atrocious catastrophe of the Black Hole.

Mill, the historian of the Company, a singularly ill-chosen chronicler of its fame—for he is at once among the dreariest and the most bitter of *Liberals*—implies, that the garrison deserved their fate for having such an

abominable little dungeon as the Black Hole among them. Yet it might have occurred to any one but such a historian, that the dungeon which might be a very proper place for half-a-dozen culprits, might be the reverse of proper for 120 people. The murders of this terrible night, however, brought down the rapid and consummate vengeance which was their due—they hurled the sanguinary villain who had caused them from his throne; and, if they could have been atoned, were atoned by his blood, and the final fall of his dynasty.

Yet the general calamity was serviceable to the individual. "Mr Drake," (the governor, and one of the fugitives from Calcutta,) says Hastings, "and his council wrote to me from Fulta, the place of their refuge, near the mouth of the Hoogly, desiring me to send them intelligence from Moorshedabad; and to that correspondence I owe my first consequence in the service."

On this occasion, Hastings, though still a very young man, under the agitation of being in the hands of a sanguinary tyrant, and unaccustomed to "business of this order," gave a remarkable proof of that decision and sagacity which were yet to raise him to such memorable distinction.

When Fort-William was taken, the governor, with a number of European and native inhabitants, flying from the fort when it was no longer considered secure, had taken shelter in Fulta, an island of the Hoogly, where, however, they were in immediate peril of being starved. In this emergency they adopted the idea, worthy of their former pusillanimity, of throwing themselves on the clemency of the conqueror; and a letter was written to that effect, to be forwarded through the Dutch authorities at Chinsura. But the Dutchmen, with a beggarly caution, worthy of the slaves of Mammon that they were, determined to have nothing to do with the letter; but, rather than run the chance of offending the nabob, let the unfortunate Englishmen starve. On this repulse, it was sent to Hastings, with orders to get it translated into Persian, and have it laid before Suraj Ud Dowlah.

Hastings boldly took it upon his own responsibility to *keep back* this letter. He was at the fountain-head, and he had just discovered that the na-

bob was involved in difficulties which might save the necessity of British humiliation. A rival chieftain had started up, who had obtained from Delhi the nomination to the nabobship of Bengal. This rival was coming, at the head of an army, to make good his title; there was also a conspiracy in the capital, where a powerful chieftain had been thrown into prison for remonstrating against a measure of exaction from the merchants: an act of tyranny so unpopular as to be made the pretext for direct rebellion. The commander-in-chief of the army, the well-known Jaffier Ali Cawn, who had been sent forward at the head of the troops to meet the enemy, had suddenly returned, and haughtily declared, that neither he nor his fellow-chieftain would draw a sword until their "imprisoned brother" was set at liberty. The next news was, that the Mogul emperor himself was in the field: and next, and worst of all, that the Mahrattas were in motion, and ready, like a herd of tigers, to rush upon Bengal.

But diplomacy has its times, as well as other things: and the fugitives on the little barren island in the Hoogly, were in too much terror of famine to wait for the circuitous operations of ambassadorship. They wrote a more pressing order to Hastings; yet circumstances now seemed to him so much more favourable to the English, that he hesitated to place them in the position of supplicants. At last, he found the opportunity which he desired, and the result was, that he gained his objects;—a bazar was opened, by which the wants of the English were supplied; and all this was so ably managed, that their necessities were comparatively unknown, necessities of which the savage nature of the nabob would have undoubtedly availed itself, to the utmost extent of tyranny.

But the affairs of Calcutta soon assumed a larger shape; some dawning visions of those influences which were afterwards to form themselves into the substantial supremacy of England, began to rise before the eye of the little settlement, and the heads of the factory involved themselves in the fates of kingdoms. This has been charged on the British as avarice or ambition. It was neither: it was *self-preservation*. The thrones of the provin-

cial governors were all usurpations; all among them was force or fraud. Where violence could not be used, their only alternative was intrigue; where intrigue was ineffectual, violence was instantly adopted. In this state of the general shipwreck of all faith, the English, tossed on the common surge, were forced to lay hold of the first plank that they could. The Nabob of Bengal a third time advanced with his army to Calcutta, and the last resources of the settlement were exhausted in preparing for a struggle which threatened to be final. Even the lion heart of Clive, as he marched from the gates with his little force, acknowledged the tremendous inequality with which he was about to engage. At this important moment, Meer Jaffier recommenced an interrupted negotiation to desert from the nabob on the day of battle, on condition that the English would place him on the throne. Clive instantly marched on, found the nabob's army drawn up in force nearly ten times his own, first startled them by a cannonade, and then charging, threw them into confusion, and was master of the field! Thus was fought the memorable battle of Plassey, the laying of the first stone of the Anglo-Indian empire! The fall of the nabob's capital was the first consequence; the flight, capture, and death of the tyrant, the second; Meer Jaffier was raised to the throne, and his gratitude, his policy, or his fears, heaped princely benefactions on those who had placed him there. Vast sums in jewels and gold were given to Clive and the heads of the settlement; and an independent territory was assigned to the government of Fort-William. A resident agent was now appointed to act at the court of the new nabob, and the English were declared, by a formal decree, the most favoured nation.

While the sword was thus all-powerful, and Clive was master of the destinies of India, the civil talents of Hastings were probably but little employed. But in this interval he took that step, which, in general, so deeply affects the colour of life for good or evil. In 1756 he married. The lady was the widow of a Captain Campbell, with whom his acquaintance had commenced during the residence of the fugitives in the Island of Fulta. But she unhappily died within two

years, leaving two children, who followed her in early life. An event of this kind, naturally distressing, was peculiarly unfortunate for Hastings; for it left him at liberty to contract a second marriage, under circumstances which, whatever may be thought of them by his biographer or by the world, appear to us to have constituted the crime, and to have accounted for the calamities, which for so many years overshadowed the course of this extraordinary mind.

The post of resident at the court of the new Nabob of Bengal having become one of high importance, it was an honourable distinction to the talents of so young a man as Hastings then was, to be appointed to the office, and to have the appointment sanctioned by so distinguished an authority as Clive. The difficulties of the situation were peculiarly trying. It was found that the new nabob, in the excess of his ambition or his alarm, had promised more than he could perform; that he had found the treasury nearly drained by the extravagance of his predecessor; and that the stipulated subsidies could not be discharged, except by the exercise of strong measures on his people. To obtain money from an Indian government, is always a difficult operation; but at this period, while the country was exhausted by war, while the power of the English was new, while the native chieftains were either contemptuous or distrustful of the strangers; the agent who was to unite conciliation with collection, had a task in which it was scarcely possible to succeed. Yet such were the talents of Hastings, that immersed as he was in a flood of chicane, with snares laid for him at every step, and with the practised and perpetual artifice of the Asiatic acting against the plainness and inexperience of the Englishman, he in a considerable degree accomplished his object.

But there was one matter in which he rendered a still more decisive service. Having ascertained that the document by which the independent territory had been given to the presidency of Fort-William was rendered valueless by some important omissions, and communicating this discovery to the council, he was directed to employ himself in rectifying the title; and he finally, though with no slight delay

and difficulty, obtained from the government of the nabob a new document, conferring the sovereignty of the twenty-four Pergunnahs on the Company for ever. At the close of this labour, he had the satisfaction of receiving a testimonial from the haughty but high-minded Clive, containing the following words:—

“I am very sensible of the pains you have taken, and shall not fail in acquainting the Company, by the first opportunity, how much you have contributed to bring that important matter to so happy an issue.”

In 1760, Clive sailed for England. The master mind was now gone, and its place was successively occupied by Holwell and Vansittart, two individuals wholly inadequate to fill up the vacancy left by a man of conduct, courage, and genius.

A long train of those atrocious treacheries which form the history of Asiatic thrones, plunged the province into confusion. The nabob was de-throned; his son-in-law, who had conspired against him, was elevated in his place; the conspirator made war upon the English; the English overthrew him; the Mogul was in the field; the Mahrattas were let loose; and all was convulsion and chaos. A letter from Hastings at this time, gives a strongly contemptuous view of Indian principle:—

“I have too frequently had occasion,” says he, “to bewail the opportunities which have been lost of putting a final stop to the troubles which have so long distressed these provinces, by the indolence and irresolution of the two nabobs, and the knavery and intrigues of their ministers. The revenues of their country have been dissipated in idle schemes of luxury and ill-timed vanity, misspent on useless alliances, and so scantily and uselessly employed on the expenses of the war, that the sepoys are starving, and discontented with the service; the country is left a prey to every invader, and the enemy, after continual losses and repeated disappointments, are more powerful than ever. I need not observe how small a part of the province of Bahar is in the nabob’s possession. Private intrigues have been forming in the city; and, in a word, we may expect, in the next campaign, to see the whole country become a scene of

war. The earliest and most vigorous measures are therefore required, to obviate the impending dangers."

Hastings still advanced in the service. His abilities had become known as the difficulties of his situation increased; and he was now appointed a member of the Supreme Council. The times were growing cloudier than ever. The new nabob, Cossim, was evidently preparing for war; and Hastings was sent to his court to ascertain his projects, and to give information from the fountain-head. Escorted by a small guard of sepoye, he set out from Calcutta in April 1762. An extract from one of his despatches to Fort-William, (written on the road,) will show with what a vigilant eye and ready spirit of remonstrance he could detect and expose abuses against the fair dealing of his countrymen. It had been stipulated with the nabob, that the British trade should be free from duties under its own flag. Hastings saw that this privilege was employed to cover private trading to a scandalous extent. His letter was to the governor.

"Sir,—I beg leave to lay before you a grievance which calls loudly for redress, and will, unless duly attended to, render ineffectual any endeavours to create a firm or lasting harmony between the Nabob or the Company. I mean the oppressions committed under the sanction of the English name, and through the want of spirit in the nabob's subjects to oppose them. This evil, I am well assured, is not confined to our dependents alone, but is practised all over the country, by people falsely assuming the habits of our sepoye. I have been surprised to meet with several English flags flying in places where I have passed, and on the river I do not believe that I passed a boat without one; but by whatever title they have been assumed, (for I could trust only to the information of my eyes, without stopping to ask questions,) I am sure their frequency can bode no good to the nabob's revenues, to the quiet of the country, or the honour of our nation.

"A party of sepoye, who were on the march before us, afforded us sufficient proofs of the rapacious and insolent spirit of those people when they are left to their own direction. Many complaints were made against them on the road, and most of the

petty towns were deserted on our approach, and the shops shut up, from apprehension of the same treatment from us."

His negotiations at the court of Moorsshedabad failed, through the rebellious resistance of the Council to their unpopular and feeble governor. Whether from circumstances connected with this failure, from ill-health, or from weariness of his situation, we are not told, but, in November 1764, Hastings resigned his seat at the Council, and, along with Mr Vansittart, returned to England;—a striking contrast to the usual return of the British officials, for, after fifteen years' service, he came back—a poor man.

It was honourable to the character of Hastings, that throughout his whole career money seemed a secondary object. The custom of presents is Oriental; but it is obvious that no custom might more easily degenerate into bribery on the largest scale. The presents given to the other principal servants of the Company were frequently munificent, and were frequently made the subject of public animadversion. But there appears no evidence whatever, that Hastings had stained his hands with these insidious gifts, or had ever received any thing beyond a robe, or some of those simple marks of honour, which it would be an affront to the Indian sovereigns to refuse. He, consequently, came to England in circumstances altogether inferior to the generation which had then begun to overflow the mother country with the wealth of the Eastern treasuries. It is true that he had made some money in Bengal, for his emoluments were considerable, and his habits were inexpensive; but he always declared in after life, that even of this he had brought but a small portion home, the greater part having been left behind, probably under the temptation of the high interest given at the time, and being lost by a bankruptcy.

A letter from India, dated November 1768, says, "I hope our friend Hastings will before this have, by the interest of his friends, secured an appointment in the service. He has managed his cards very ill; and between you and me, I never saw such confused accounts as he left behind him."

Still, we are not to regard him as altogether destitute; for in 1764 he

made a present of a thousand pounds to his sister, (married to a Mr Woodman, who afterwards became steward to the Earl of Bridgewater,) and settled two hundred a-year on his aunt. His generosity was peculiarly shown in the latter instance; by his continuing to pay the annuity in full, though, from his Indian failure, he was actually obliged to borrow money for the payment.

It has been reported, that having at this period made a strong effort to return to India, and, being unsuccessful, he tried to live by literature. We admit, that no exertion could be more honourable to an accomplished mind, or more natural to a powerful one; yet we have not the slightest evidence on the subject. It has further been stated by some of the public journals of later years, that he submitted a proposition for establishing a professorship of the Persian language at Oxford, with a view to his becoming the professor in the first instance; but this his biographer distinctly denies. Hastings did, indeed, propose a professorship, but it was in some seminary to be established by the India Company, and altogether without any view to his own exercise of the office; for in one of his notes still extant, he says, "I formed a plan for such an institution, but I never offered, or intended to superintend it. I was not qualified for it; indeed, my intention was to have obtained professors from India."

But events were now operating to bring him forward. The affairs of India had become parliamentary; and a committee of enquiry called before it witnesses to give information on the leading points. Amongst others of the Company's servants Hastings was examined; and the cleverness displayed in his answers, and the comprehensiveness of his views, so remarkably attracted the notice of both the Minister and the Court of Directors, that his application to be restored to the service was received with particular favour. He was immediately appointed to a higher situation than he had held before—that of Second in Council at Fort St George—with a promise of succession to the Presidency in case of its becoming vacant. The appointment was communicated by the Court of Directors to the presidency in the following complimentary language:—

"Mr Warren Hastings, a gentleman who has served us many years on the Bengal establishment with great ability and unblemished character, offering himself to be again employed in our service, we have, from a consideration of his just merits, and general knowledge of the Company's affairs, been induced to appoint him one of the Members of our Council at your presidency, and to station him next below Mr Dupré. He will proceed in one of the Coast and Bay ships, by which you will be advertised of such further directions as may be necessary concerning this appointment."

Hastings was naturally flattered by so marked an opinion of his conduct and qualities, and prepared to embark with extreme satisfaction. The state of his finances alone might have made office important to him, for he was actually reduced to borrow money for his outfit. Yet we may fairly conjecture, that the prospect before him awoke higher feelings than those of emolument; that, like other men of genius, he had the consciousness of his capability of making a name; that dreams of distinction, however undefined, were rising before his powerful and contemplative eye; and that the individual who, in infancy and orphanage, could proudly look forward into futurity far enough to think of reinstating the fallen honours of his ancestry—the schoolboy who could resolve to "repurchase Daylesford,"—was not without those throbings of heart, and ardours of spirit, which visit men destined for renown, when he saw himself suddenly placed on the first step to supremacy in India.

On the 23d of March, he embarked at Dover on board the Duke of Grafton. His last note was addressed to Woodman and his wife. It is natural and kind.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER—
I am arrived safe. The pilot is just leaving us, and this is the last opportunity I shall have to write to you from this part of the world. A good apartment, less confusion and difficulty than I expected, a fair wind, and most pleasant weather, are fine omens of a pleasant and prosperous voyage.

"Give my love to my dear Tom, my aunt, and all friends. Again, receive my last wishes. May every blessing attend you, and a few years unite us again."

This was, at least, not the language of that stern and selfish mind which it was the fashion of after years to attribute to Hastings. But, on this very voyage, he was to give an evidence of his susceptibility, which we have no hesitation in regarding as the most unfortunate and culpable occurrence of his life.

On board the Duke of Grafton sailed the Baron Adam Carl Imhoff, with his wife. The Baron, a native of Franconia, was a man of family, but of circumstances which compelled him to try his fortune in India as a portrait-painter. His wife is described as a person "of singularly attractive manners, and a very engaging figure." The result was, that Mr Hastings fell in love with the Baron's wife, and the Baron's wife with him; that on the Baron's arrival at Madras, the wife and husband agreed to obtain a divorce in Franconia; that on Hastings's removal to Bengal, they followed him; that the divorce was obtained; that the Baroness became Mrs Hastings; and we here use the biographer's very expressive words—"The Baron returned to his native country a *richer man* than he ever could have hoped to become by the mere exercise of his skill as a painter!"

Every man who knows any thing of the law of Christianity, must know that a marriage of this order was no marriage whatever. We may no more attribute *previous guilt* to the parties than the biographer does. The conduct of the Baron and his wife, in continuing their intercourse with Hastings during the year of his residence at Madras, and their even following him when he left that settlement, may have been merely indelicate; though, undoubtedly, under the circumstances of the notorious flirtation, and the pending divorce, it was an indelicacy of an extreme nature. But we have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that no human law could give purity to their subsequent connexion.

We are aware of the lax morals of Germany, especially in its fashionable circles, where all the corruption of France, without any of its refinements, degrades marriage into little more than a convenience; and divorce is the habitual refuge for every caprice of temper, every impulse of profligacy, and every calculation of avarice. We have heard of, a woman of fashion in

a German capital, with no less than four living husbands at a time, got rid of by successive divorces, and the fair experimentalist prepared to marry and get rid of as many more. Between this, and the grossest and most indiscriminate licentiousness, what is the line of demarcation? Such is the inevitable result of making divorce facile; or of enfeebling, by any human intervention, the great original law of union—a law deriving renewed force from the declaration of the Christian Scriptures, that the tie is to be broken only by the hand that formed it—the hand of Heaven—in the dissolution of all human ties—in the grave.

On this most important subject, we certainly expected a stronger protest from the biographer. It is true, that he approaches it with a caution to the reader against regarding him as offering any sanction to such proceedings. But we must confess, that if the opinion had been dictated by us, we should have distinctly said, that there was *no palliative* whatever to be found for the conduct of any of the parties—that the lady, instead of suffering herself to carry on a sentimental intercourse for a year with a stranger—whether (as Mr Gleig rather romantically describes him,) "the most chivalrous and fascinating of men," or not—ought never to have commenced the *liaison*, (we have no word for it in honest English;)—that the Baron ought to have instantly sent back the too speculative and soft-hearted lady to her friends in Germany, or taught her the duties of a wife at home. And, as to Hastings, that the husband ought to have soundly hersewhipped "the most chivalrous and fascinating of men" for his coxcombry, and threatened to repeat the discipline if he ever dared to set foot again within his threshold.

We have no superstitious notions on the subject, but we must avow our entire conviction that this "alliance," or whatever else it may be called, satisfactorily accounts for the extraordinary ill fortune which made even the brilliant public life of Hastings a series of personal troubles; rendered his powerful abilities, however useful to his country, the constant source of evil to himself; and after an Indian career, in which, with the most general acknowledgment of essential services to the Company and the nation,

he was evidently compelled to fight his way through perpetual personal hostilities; finally sent him back to England, only to face an universal storm of national reproach; to be met in every quarter by an expression of the strongest unpopularity; assailed by every organ of the public voice; hunted down by the press; persecuted in Parliament; and finally forced before the supreme tribunal of the nation to answer for "high crimes and misdemeanours"—the single great victim of Imperial justice, with the dungeon, or even the scaffold, before his eyes.

And even when he was liberated at last, though after nine years of anxiety, expense, and public execration, enough to have worn him down to the grave, we see him consigned, in the middle of life, to an obscurity from which he never was suffered to emerge; exhausted in spirit, health, and fortune, and living on a pension until he died. There may be ill-luck in life; but in the infinite majority of instances, it is easily to be accounted for—it is the ill-luck of presumption, attempting more than it can achieve—the ill-luck of chicanery, detected before its time—or the ill-luck of ignorance, pretending to be knowledge. But we know no other instance of a man of first-rate abilities, first-rate opportunities, and even of first-rate public successes, pursued by a personal ill-luck, so unchanging, so unrelaxing, and so decisive, as that which followed Hastings—a perpetual penalty, scarcely abandoning him in the feebleness of old age and on the verge of the grave.

The nature of his duties required at once commercial and diplomatic skill in the new Member of Council. With him it rested to superintend the Company's investments, to deal with the native merchants and manufacturers, and to guard against the numerous impositions in which those expert dealers had exercised their faculties from time immemorial. The negligence of the inspectors had already suffered those practices seriously to injure the character of the Company's merchandise. The investments had fallen off in quantity, and they had been also deteriorated in quality; and the new official had the difficult task of placing the mercantile credit of the settlement in its former condition. By an order of the Court in 1769, Hastings was also appointed one of a select committee of five, with full powers for

restoring peace to the Carnatic, settling all disputes with the Rajah of Tanjore, and liquidating his debts to the Company and private individuals.

It may give some idea of the complicated and various labours which were then laid upon the civil servants of the Company, to state, that this commission was also appointed to examine and correct abuses of every kind; particularly in the collection and management of the revenue, in the method and execution of the contracts for furnishing the army with all its requisites, and in general to detect abuses and punish offenders.

About half a century ago, it became the custom of European authorship, then chiefly borrowing from the bad taste, the volatile style, and the infidel absurdities, of the Voltaire school, to speak of the Indian character as a model of high-mindedness, simplicity, and purity. The origin of this folly was partly a desire to libel the Christian religion, and partly that presumptuous ignorance which makes a Frenchman always regard himself as right by instinct; the mode was, to show how much superior the morality of the idolater of India was to that of the Christian of Europe. It may be perfectly true, that the morality and the religion which Voltaire and his compatriot philosophers had before their eyes, were the reverse of honourable to Christianity; but their description of the manners of nations, "unstained," as they pronounced it, by the doctrines of either Judaism or Christianity, were utterly ignorant, false, and extravagant. The whole evidence of history in British India impresses, in the most startling degree, the great truth, that the heart of man, left to its own impulses, is a mere receptacle of evil. The Indians were found habitually bloodthirsty and treacherous in public life, corrupt and abominable in the ceremonials of their religion, grossly abandoned in all that they pursued as pleasure, and knavish and crafty in all the common dealings between man and man.

The day of Indian investments is now at an end, and the desk is changed into a throne; yet the topic is still curious, as a remnant of the most extraordinary establishment that commerce has ever seen—the true realization of the title of "merchant princes." The chief cargoes from the Carnatic consisted of silks and cottons woven

in the piece, and of the cocoons of the silkworm, or of the prepared thread. For those it had been the custom to contract with native dealers; but the dealers, after cheating the workmen—whom they kept in their power by loans of money at the ruinous interest of the East—next cheated the Company, by so packing their bales that they obtained for the worst articles the price which had been agreed on for the best. The duty of superintending those contracts falling on the Second in Council, then known by the undignified name of the “Export warehouse keeper,” and his higher duties compelling him to shift this unattractive labour from his own responsibility, it fell to the lot of the junior servants; who being but newly arrived, and nearly in a state of ignorance on such subjects, left the contractors to pursue their game undisturbed.

But Hastings was no sooner placed in office, than he showed the difference between a lazy functionary and a clear-headed and active superintendent. He immediately drew up a long and detailed plan for purifying and giving new vigour to the whole system. He proposed that the office of “Export warehouse keeper” should be separated from all other duties, and put into the hands of an individual expressly qualified by his knowledge of the people and their manufactures; and that he should be assisted by an establishment of clerks chosen for the same knowledge; that the whole system of contracting with the middlemen should be abolished; and that persons, appointed by the head of the office, should regularly visit the dwellings of the weavers, and make arrangements with the heads of the villages for the forthcoming work; having no further intercourse with the workmen than as concerned a pledge that they should work for the Company alone, and giving them the protection of the law. This plan was unanimously approved of in both India and England, and was carried into execution, to the great advantage of the Company and the native population.

Hastings had now exhibited qualities which promised still higher services; and the Directors appointed him, in 1771, to the place of Second in Council in Bengal, with the announcement of their intention, that on the retirement of the governor, Mr Car-

tier, he should take charge of the settlement.

On this important change, which at once opened to his bold and perspicacious mind the whole range of Indian ambition, he seems to have looked with a due sense of its high opportunities; yet with feelings of moderation and personal good nature, which do credit to his character. A succession of letters, written at that period, is given by the biographer; at a length, however, in which the general reader can scarcely be expected to sympathize. We shall limit ourselves to a few extracts. The first letter is to the Woodmans.

“Fort St George, January 1771.

“MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER— I am at this time busied in preparations for leaving this Settlement, and repairing to my new residence. May it prove as easy and as comfortable as this has been; but more profitable, I hope! I have only time to inform you, that I have cased a pipe of old Madeira; I ordered it to be sent to England in the first ship, directed to you. I beg you will divide it with Mrs Hancock; it will last you both, I hope, till I can send another, for your families are but small, and consume but little wine in the year.

“I shall make another remittance of money, sufficient to discharge the remainder of my debts. I leave this place in health and in spirits, except what I feel in parting from it.”

There is some confusion in Mr Gleig’s dates, which he may explain in another edition. He tells us that Hastings’ Minute of Reform in his office in Fort St George, bears date 7th of December 1771; yet we find it stated, that in *the end of December* 1771, he received as the reward of his diligence the appointment to Bengal; while Hastings’ letter describing himself as about to assume the appointment, is dated in January 1771. Some of these dates we may account for as errors of the press; but even so, they are well worth being attended to in future.

The next letter is to his friend Sykes, announcing his departure. (The date here is 1772):—

“I would not lose the first occasion to tell you how much joy it has given me to learn that I am much indebted to you for my late appoint-

ment; how sensibly I feel the obligation, I cannot tell you; but you are the friend you have always professed yourself, and you shall always find me your most warm and hearty friend."

He seems to have been fond of making presents, and to have had the habit of making them in the pleasant shape of old Madeira. He finishes his letter to this friend as he had done to Woodman, by—"I have sent you one pipe of Madeira. I forget by what ship. You will receive *another* by one of the two next; old wine, and the pipe cased. My attorney will inform you by what ship it goes."

His next letter is to Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) who seems to have been instrumental in procuring his advancement to the distinguished rank to which it alludes. It is a manly and well expressed acknowledgement of services rendered to the individual.

"MY LORD,—The enclosed is a duplicate of a letter which I had the honour to address to your lordship some months ago. The Court of Directors have since been pleased to confer upon me the government of their possessions in Bengal—an honour equally unsolicited and unexpected on my part. By whatever means it has fallen to my lot, there is a degree of confidence implied in the manner of it, which claims a more than ordinary share of my attention to the very weighty affairs of that presidency. You will permit me to say, my Lord, that you have furnished an additional motive to my ambition, in the desire which I feel to merit the good opinion which your Lordship has already been pleased to express of me."

But it is in his letter to Lawrence Sullivan, an able and most influential mover in the Company's affairs, that he begins to exhibit the decision of the statesman:—

"Your sentiments with respect to General Coote's powers, though such as I expected, afforded me great satisfaction. May success and honour attend him in *any other part of the world*, but God forbid that *he should ever return to any other part of India again!*"

He then gives, in a few words, his idea of the policy which was to be pursued towards the Nabob of Arcot—a name which so long and so mysteriously mingled itself with the Company's affairs:—

"I shall have little reason hereafter, I hope none, to introduce the Nabob of Arcot into my letters. Your wish to bring about a reconciliation between him and Hyder is equally consistent with sound policy and the friendship you bear him. But you may be assured that it is *not possible*. The Nabob is implacable, and all his political projects contribute to make him, were he not so already, the enemy of Hyder."

Hastings evidently watched this luckless intriguer with inveterate vigilance:—

"It is not from *your* letters that the Nabob derives his great support and importance; he has other correspondents, and other means of communication. He has too, in this colony, those who inflame his jealousy of our government, feed his resentments with every rascally tale that the idle conversation of the settlement can furnish them with, and assist him in his literary polemics."

A Mr Stuart had been appointed by the Directors secretary in Bengal. On this he writes, with his habitual promptness:—"I am much pleased with Mr Stuart; he is a sensible man, and appears to possess a good temper. At the same time I cannot avoid remarking, that the precedent is dangerous. There will always be found men of abilities in the service, acquainted at the same time with all the official forms, which kind of knowledge a man from England cannot well possess, and yet is of the greatest utility in the despatch of business." He now presses his point:—"If it is once made the rule that this appointment is to be filled from England, may not men without abilities and without integrity, in time, find means through mere interest to obtain it? May not men of dangerous connexions thus become possessed of all the secret transactions of your government? May not the spirit of emulation of your own servants suffer by those supercessions, and many, who want but such an office to display the most useful talents, be lost to the service, and exert themselves only in the pursuit of private gain?"

All this is forcible and rational. But Hastings had already looked to a course of things in which more daring experiments were to be made on the national justice. He, perhaps un-

consciously, had made up his mind to some of those bold strokes in government, which formed at once his public triumph and his personal hazard. In writing to Sir George Colebrooke, then high in the councils of the Directors, he asks his especial countenance and confidence:—"Let me entreat you, sir, to continue to me your support. I feel too sensibly the weak ground on which my interest stands, unless supported by the most wary conduct in the administration of the very weighty affairs entrusted to my charge. And I know, too well, both the proneness which people in general have to misrepresent the actions of those in authority, and the too great readiness with people at home to credit implicitly such misrepresentations. It is impossible to avoid errors; and there *are cases in government* in which it may be *necessary to adopt expedients which are not to be justified* on such principles as the public can be the judges of."

In this last sentence we see the early blinding of this powerful mind. All policy built on foundations so dangerous, must give way in the end. There exist *no cases* in which any expedient can be necessary which is not grounded on strict justice. An act beyond law, whether committed by a superior or an inferior, is a *crime*; no crime can be *necessary*, and none, therefore, can find its justification in necessity. This fatal misconception is but slightly touched on in this letter; but it is evidently forming, and waiting but the ardour of enterprise and the avidity of success to assume the complete form. It would have been happy for Hastings if he had instantly abjured an idea so pernicious to his own fame, and shrunk from the internal sophistry which was, from that hour, tempting him to "do evil, that good may come."

Some of those letters are characterized by a strength of style approaching to eloquence, though strictly on matters of business. Sir Robert Harland had been sent into the Indian seas with a fleet, and with some powers which Hastings evidently regarded with official jealousy. He thus writes to Colebrooke:—"I am not myself a competent judge of the advantages which may be obtained by the presence of a squadron in India, even if a war were to happen. I will dare

to affirm that all the stores of Mauritius, and every man in the island, may be transported without even the hazard of being interrupted by Sir Robert Harland—were his force even quadruple of what it is—unless he could know with certainty the exact time, place, and course of their destination; which is impossible. He may shut up their principal port, he may protect ours, and his ships may accidentally fall in with one of their vessels of trade; but is it in the power of a squadron to afford any services that can compensate for the national loss sustained by so enormous an expense, and the absence of so great a part of the national strength? what equivalent can it afford to the Company for the injury which their reputation has sustained by the unnatural powers given to the man who commands?—powers given—not to extend the British dominion, or increase the honour of the nation, but *surreptitiously stolen out*—for the purpose of oppressing the king's subjects, and weakening the hands by which his influence is sustained in India. Gracious Heaven! what ideas are the powers of this empire taught to entertain of the majesty of the King of Great Britain!"

If difficulties try the powers of superior minds, Hastings, on assuming the government, had a boundless field for the exercise of his talents in Bengal. Popular sufferings, disease, and dilapidation, the result of a tremendous pestilence which had swept away a third of the people, suppressed all those energies which the cessation of war and the protecting spirit of a British Government might have renewed. The treasury was almost empty—the revenues were sinking year by year;—the farmer, the traveller, and the merchant were rapidly disappearing, and in their place had come the robber and the tiger.

Hastings applied himself vigorously to check this flood of evil, and he soon showed the value of practised experience and intellectual vigour in encountering the severest public privations. His first work was, to put down the lawlessness which had exposed life and property to constant violence; and the bands of robbers, almost legalized by long impunity, found themselves, to their astonishment, suddenly made the objects of a

vigorous police. The Revenue system next came under his unhesitating hand. He rapidly purified its details, and at once increased the amount of the public receipts, and diminished the expense of their collection. He next established District Courts, and so far, in principle, showed that justice might be brought to the doors of the population. Then, ascending to the higher machinery of the system, he divided the supreme council into committees, and by appointing intelligent and active superintendents in place of inefficient boards, gave the force of responsibility to office, and brought the whole apparatus of Government into a condition to meet any emergency. And all this was the work of two years!

A brief transaction, which forms a kind of episode among those severer details, shows the versatile and animated spirit which no labour of this great functionary could exhaust.

A rajah of Bootan, about to be punished by a detachment of British troops for an attempt to seize a province under their protection, had induced the Tershoo Lama to offer himself as a mediator. The mediation was accepted, and the rajah forgiven on his withdrawing from the province. But a new view was opened by this incident to Hastings' rational and philosophical curiosity. The Tershoo was one of the principal personages of the most extraordinary government in the world—the hierarchy of Thibet—and second in rank to the Delai Lama, for whom, in consequence of his minority, he was actually administering the office. Bootan, Thibet, Cashmere, China, were sealed books to Europeans—this seemed an opportunity of opening them; and Hastings immediately despatched an intelligent friend, a Mr Bogle, to the court of the Lama.

The public letter contained merely the general objects of the mission, proposing trade, &c.; the private letter enumerated the objects of interest in the mind of the governor-general, arranged in paragraphs.

"1. To send me one or more pairs of the animals called Foes, which produce the shawl wool. If by a dooly, cage, or any other conveyance, they can be secured from the fatigue and hazard of the way, the expense is to be no objection.

"2. To send one or more pairs of cattle, which bear what are called 'cows' tails,' (a favourite piece of ornament among the Hindoos of rank.)

"3. To send me, carefully packed, some fresh, ripe walnuts for seed; or an entire plant, if it can be transported; and any other curious or valuable seeds or plants, the rhubarb and ginseng especially.

"4. Any curiosities, whether natural productions, manufactures, paintings, or what else may be acceptable to persons of taste in England—animals only that may be useful.

"5. In your enquiries concerning the people—the *form* of their government, and the *mode* of collecting their revenues, are points principally meriting your attention.

"6. To keep a diary, inserting whatever passes before your observation, which shall be *characteristic* of the people—their manners, customs, buildings, cookery, the country, the climate, or the road—carrying with you a pencil and pocket-book, for the purpose of minuting short notes of every fact or remark *as it occurs*, and putting them in order, at your leisure, while *fresh in your memory*.

"7. To enquire what countries lie between Lahassa and Siberia; and what communication there is between them. The same with regard to China and Cashmere.

"8. To ascertain the value of their trade with Bengal by their gold and silver coins, and to send me samples of both.

"9. Every nation excels others in some particular art or science.—To find out this excellence of the Bootans.

"10. To inform yourself of the course and navigation of the Burramputra, and of the state of the countries through which it runs."

Those directions would form a good manual for the investigation of any strange country, and undoubtedly do credit to the sagacity of their writer.

But the mission failed. The envoy was not suffered to advance beyond a short distance within the frontier, where he was detained until a message could be sent to Pekin. The Tershoo died, and with him the hope of an intercourse; and the affair came to a natural end.

" TOO LATE ! "

TOO LATE ! the curse of life ! Could we but read
 In many a heart, the thoughts that inly bleed,
 How oft were found
 Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound
 (Curse of our mortal state !)
 Too late !—too late !

Tears are there, acrid drops, that do not rise
 Quick gushing to the eyes ;
 Kindly relieving, as they gently flow,
 The mitigable woe ;
 But oozing inward, silent, dark and chill
 Like some cavernous rill
 That falls congealing ; turning into stone
 The thing it falls upon.

But now and then, may be, the pent up pain
 Breaks out resistless, in some passionate strain
 Of simulated grief ;
 Finding relief
 In that fond idle way
 For thoughts on life that prey.

" How truthfully conceived ! " with glist'ning eyes
 Some list'ner cries—
 " Fine art to feign so well ! "
 Ah ! none can tell
 So truthfully the deep things of the heart
 Who have not felt the smart.

Too late—the curse of life !—take back the cup
 So mockingly held up
 To lips that may not drain ;
 Was it no pain,
 That long heart-thirst,
 That the life-giving draught is offer'd first
 On that extremest shore,
 Who leaves, shall thirst no more ?

Take back the cup.—Yet no !—who dares to say
 'Tis mockingly presented ?—Let it stay—
 If here too late,
 There is a better state ;
 A cup that this may typify, prepared
 For those who've little of life's sweetness shared,
 Nor many flow'rets found
 On earthly ground :
 Yet patiently hold on, abiding meek
 The call of him they seek—
 " Come, thou that weepst, but hast stood the test—
 Come to thy rest."

MISS BIDDY WHELAN'S BUSINESS.

" ————— Fiercer still,
A WOMAN PIQUED WHO HAS HER WILL."—LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS BOYLAN received the shelter he sought from his friend, who, like the majority of the parishioners, though limited in worldly substance, was unbounded in benevolence, and who assured our hero of his willingness to assist him, by every means in his power, until he had determined upon some mode of life that would render the services of others unnecessary. Boylan was possessed of a spirit too independent to admit of much delay in coming to a decision on this point. He deemed the breach with his aunt irreparable, and he resented it with the bitterness of one who felt himself at war with a world in which he had been treated with undeserved severity; and the sooner he turned his face from either hope or anxiety respecting a reconciliation with it, the lighter he fancied he should feel his own heart, and the speedier should he convey to the hearts of others that remorseful repentance which he felt a latent wish to awaken there. Prompted by all this, he resolved to join an enrolment of volunteers for foreign service that was then taking place in Cork, from which city it was expected a detachment would immediately be ordered for one of the many scenes of war in which Great Britain was then engaged. The spirit-stirring life of a soldier was one that accorded well with a vague desire for adventure and romance, that formed part of his character. Having taken the resolution, Francis only awaited the period of a cattle fair just approaching, in a neighbouring town, to dispose of his sole property, (with the exception of a few books)—a horse purchased with his slender savings a little time before—ere he quitted his native land for ever. During the fortnight that elapsed between his expulsion and the fair, though he thought incessantly of Grace Riall, the provoked lover made no attempt to see her, but gratified himself by picturing in imagination the irremediable sorrow that lady was storing for herself, when the tale of his

departure should reach her ears; or, at no very distant period perhaps, the news of his early death. He went out amongst his acquaintances as little as possible—employed himself in the cultivation of his friend's garden, or the instruction of his children; for, as Ned Lomasney possessed a house and garden, it followed, as a matter of course, that he had a wife and children.

Of the few persons with whom Francis was forced occasionally into contact, he most frequently met Ned and Neish Desmond, the elder brothers of his rival in the affections of Grace. They were, however, very different individuals from Dick, being conspicuous in the little community for their idle dissolute lives, their feats of desperate daring, and every excess of a low and vulgar character. Their father had inherited the considerable freehold property, which at his demise, with indiscriminate caprice, he divided between his sons, whom he had brought up destitute of education, or of any employment that might have kept them from habits, whose indulgence early impoverished the incomes he had bequeathed them. They were coarse in manner—repulsive in appearance—rakehellly, slovenly in dress. They shot without respect to preserves—coursed in defiance of the game-laws—fished without consulting royalties—hunted without caring over what ground. They were great favourites with the young butchers and strolling vagabonds of the vicinity, who followed them in their amusements—called them Master Ned or Neish—carried their implements of sport, or led their dogs—drank their health in their own whiskey—and beat the bailiffs who ventured to approach them with a writ. In short, Edward and Ignatius Desmond were the dread of all soberly conducted persons, and the delight of every turbulent idle fellow in the parish.

They had successively been suitors

of Miss Whelan, whose worldly goods and chattels would have been a seasonable relief to their encumbered freeholds, and had in succession been rejected by that lady. They were latterly well aware, like all her acquaintances, of her decided predilections in Boylan's favour; and when the news of Frank's quarrel with his aunt reached the public ear of Killworth, (that is to say, in an hour after it occurred,) amongst those peculiarly inquisitive respecting the cause of it were the two Desmonds. But acrimonious as was the old dame's disposition, she preserved a strict silence regarding the cause of the rupture with her nephew, who, on his side, was equally indisposed to be communicative. To the friend with whom he took refuge, did Francis alone im-

part the story, carefully, however, concealing his subsequent visit to Miss Whelan, and its result.

Now, as Ned Lomasney was in full possession of all that convenient ingenuity, natural to his countrymen, of construing the most disastrous defeat into a signal triumph, in order to save Frank Boylan's credit and his own pride, he was most careful to whisper it about that the marriage of Francis and Bridget Whelan was fixed upon, and that they only awaited the completion in Cork of a certain deed of settlement, to make known the auspicious event which was then immediately to follow. We have thought it necessary to state this little effort of Mr Lomasney's imagination, as it led to some important consequences in our history.

CHAPTER VIII.

The night was pitch-dark—the few stars that appeared were only now and then visible, when the wind, that flew with a dismal moan across the lonely fields, and through the bare though budding trees, swept aside the mass of clouds overhead, and unveiled the sky for an instant. It was during one of the glimpses of something like light, thus momentarily afforded, that two persons withdrew from the high-road leading to Ballinvogher, and sheltered themselves under the old walls of the melancholy ruin, mentioned before now as being associated in the minds of the peasantry with such formidable superstitions.

"What makes you stop moochin' there? Why don't you come close to the wall if you don't want to be seen? Mick Hennessy is jest off, an' they've sent for the priest; so, if you want Father Tom to fall across you, you couldn't take a better way for it."

"I hates the look o' that ugly Fooherah, Shawn," was the reply, as the man, to whom the caution was addressed, quitted the verge of the road and reluctantly approached the ruin. "I've no heart in me when I'm near it, an' if I war back in the glins again, you might go sing for

me afore I'd ventur down in this business."

"Here—take a dbrain o' that, an' leave off," said Shawn Sourk, presenting a nearly exhausted dram-bottle. "You have nothin' to do but to stop the horse when he comes up, an' ax him the way into Fermoy. Don't let go your bould of the reins—that's all—I'll do the rest."

"Hish! hish-a-nish! Did you hear somethin' like a cry, Shawn, very far down—as if it kem from the river? Maybe it's the Banthee" givin' him warnin' for death."

"Maybe it is, Llieum; an' there's the bell for his berrin' afther;" and, as he paused, the echoes of a dead bell from the distant church sounded in the wind.

It had been the fair-day at Lismore: Frank Boylan attended there and disposed of his horse. He was detained until late in the evening by some friends residing in that beautiful hamlet, to whom he wished to bid farewell previous to his departure from the country, and the clock of the ancient cathedral had chimed half-past ten before he mounted the steed which one of his aunt's tenants had lent him for the day, and turned homewards. He proceeded at a brisk pace, and

soon left behind him the grey glimmer of the fine old castle, and the coil of dusky light that marked the lovely river murmuring below its walls, with perhaps something of the same mournful feeling we ourselves experienced fifty years later, in quitting that beloved romantic scene for the busy stunning world.

The road Boylan had to traverse was, what it still is, peculiarly hilly and in wretched repair; so that it was long past midnight when he descended from the wild uplands, and struck forwards towards Ballinvogher, to consign his borrowed steed to its friendly owner. His road lay by the gateway of Douglas, a spot that was so singularly associated with his fortunes, and towards which he was now approaching. Before, however, he had got clear of the screening umbrage of a neighbouring park-wall, that with its lofty trees overshadowed the road, the cry as of a female voice, in sudden and great distress, came upon his ear. He spurred forward, and, upon arriving at a spot where the termination of the enclosure afforded an open view in the direction of Miss Whelan's abode, he could perceive her dwelling, from which the shrieks seemed to proceed, enveloped in light, and, as well as he could judge from the distance, on fire from kitchen to coping-stone. He hastened rapidly on, and in ten minutes gained the avenue gate, where he was about to abandon his horse, when, to his surprise, he found that jealous entrance unimpeded—the gate was wide open. He flew up the long pathway, and, before he could pull in his excited steed, found himself in a scene that for some moments deprived him of all comprehension.

The house was surrounded by a number of men, some armed and on horseback, others on foot, bearing huge splinters of the resinous bogwood of the country, that flamed farther and wider than four times the number of torches. Before the door, which lay broken as if burst from its hinges, reclined Kautheen Walsh and Nell Wagner, the female domestics, tied hand and foot, their own shawls bound round the lower part of their faces, so as effectually to disable them either

from alarming the country or annoying the foe; while in the centre of the scene stood the ruffian, Neish Desmond, with one of his followers, occupied in placing and fastening their ill-fated mistress herself, half-undressed, but wrapped round with a huge great-coat, behind his brother Ned, who, mounted on a strong thoroughbred horse, awaited but the placing of his prize securely, to give the signal to his mounted companions, and add the guilt of ravisher to his many other lawless offences. To complete the calamitous group, Frank's acquaintance, Bully, doomed never more to be the terror of prowling mendicants or youthful orchard-pilferers, lay kicking in the death-spasm, his head mortally broken with the same weapon apparently that had smashed the door, in the defence of which he had faithfully resigned his life.

Boylan scarce comprehended the transaction before its actors became conscious of the intruder's presence. He was off his horse in a moment. The next he was engaged in deadly grapple with the leader of the gang, and had dragged Ned Desmond from his saddle, and with him the luckless Proserpine of their rapacity, before he was himself surrounded and overpowered. With such odds against him, this was soon the case.

"Hould his head a-one-side till I knock his brains out, Mickina," said a savage fellow who wielded a sledge, and who had probably been principal engineer to the expedition.

"Now, then, your soul!" was the reply of his coadjutor, who, having tripped up Boylan whilst engaged with Desmond, held him, assisted by another, pinned by the neckcloth, and extended on the earth.

"Casey!—curse you, what are you about?" cried Ned Desmond, after a hasty whisper with his brother; "have you a mind to spoil our job with your butchering? do you think it's a county Limerick bullock you have?"

"An' what'll we do with the Keowlaun,* Mather Ned?"

"Tie him there, an' gag him, an' let him cool his heels with them girls till morning."

For several minutes past the terrified object of this outrage was herself

* Bulrush—weed; metaphorically, worthless fellow,

scarce sensible of the powerful diversion attempted in her favour. Exhausted from struggling, hoarse from shrieking, stupified with affright and despair, she was about resigning herself to her fate, when the shock received in her fall from the horse with Desmond gave her fresh sensation. She opened her eyes, and the first object they encountered was the prostrate form of her rescuer. Starting with a shudder from the ground, she gazed forward to assure herself it was no deception, and then again sank with a smothered groan into the hands of the villains, who now prepared to replace her as before, and with tenfold haste; for the cry went round that they had better not lose the night, or day would break before they were all safe up the mountains.

As if roused by some sudden recollection, Bridget Whelan burst from the hands of those who held her, flung aside the fellows who were binding her champion, and grasped him firmly by the arm.

"I tell you what, Desmond," she said, "I promise you, on the virtue of my solemn word, that I'll go with you quietly, and I'll agree to whatever match you are determined on, if ye let Mr Boylan go with us. Let him come with us, and don't have it to say that ye took me like a common farmer's daughter; but that I had one friend with me to see me justified from people's talk hereafter. Frank Boylan," she cried appealingly, "sure you won't have the heart to quit us?"

This proposal seemed to embarrass the marauders. The brothers entered into deep consultation with two of the party who seemed to be next them in influence, and the result of their deliberation, after again receiving Miss Whelan's assurance, that, if they allowed Boylan to accompany them, she was satisfied to accede to the marriage which their present lawless proceeding too well convinced her they had in view, was a direction to secure Boylan on his own horse, between two of the best mounted of the party, and bring him with them; Ned Desmond adding, as he addressed his supposed rival, with an affected laugh—"All is fair you know, Frank, in love and war."

Boylan was too indignant at their infamous conduct, and too much provoked at the manner in which he had

been overcome, to notice the insinuation just conveyed. He, however, protested in unmeasured terms against participating in the slightest way with their doings, observing that, if he submitted quietly, he only did so to satisfy the lady who was the object of their pursuit.

Every thing being now ready, and having placed the servant women, still fettered, in the house, out of the inclemency of the night, the signal was given, the lights were at once extinguished, and the party with their prey set off at full gallop from the ravaged abode. The state of the country at that period was sufficiently unsettled, and its wretched police department too feebly administered, to occasion them any concern as to the publicity of their route. They careered direct along the high-roads, and made for the Mallow mountains, into the defiles of which, by hard riding, they had entered long before a glimmer of dawn appeared to assist them in their track. The first tints of day were whitening the cold cliffs that towered above their road, when the party arrived at a lonely and suspicious-looking shebeen house, which lay a considerable distance away even from the unfrequented bridle-road they had travelled for the last half-hour. A light twinkled through the single pane that served as the only window in the long, low dwelling. The moment they halted, the door was opened by a tall, withered, blear-eyed woman, who, though she enquired their business, it was plain expected them; as a large fire was blazing on the hearth, and refreshments, in the shape of coarse bread and bottles of whiskey, stood on a table before the ample chimney.

The Desmonds very carefully assisted their fair prisoner to alight, and ushered her into the cabin with as much ceremony as they could assume, consistently with such a questionable mode of making love as they had thus ventured on. Ned Desmond, who, it was no longer doubtful, intended doing himself the favour of becoming—

"Lord of the lady and her land beside,"

having relieved her arms from the coat that had been carefully fastened round them, with coarse entreaty urged Miss Whelan to taste some of the very untempting fare to which he directed her attention. To his great

satisfaction she complied without much hesitation, took a few mouthfuls of bread, and was prevailed on to swallow a little of the reeking beverage that was already circulating in abundance amongst their wearied escort.

Having thus far succeeded, her daring wooer, after a whispered question or two to the harridan who attended on them, was about to hint the necessity of his mistress's retiring to a separate apartment; when, with all her sex's fury flashing from her face, she started up, flung down the arm of one of the fellows near her as he was raising a tumbler to his lips, and, before they could recover from their surprize, snatched a large pistol that she had perceived lurking in the bosom of his coat.

"Now, Ned Desmond," she said, when her excited passion allowed the words to burst from her lips, "stir one step further—lay one finger on me, and, as I hope for safety here and salvation hereafter, I will shoot you where you stand! I see that I can't object," she continued in a quieter tone, "to your fair and honourable proposals, and I am willing to listen to them; but in this place"—she stopped, choked with passion, and again raising her voice, she stamped fiercely—"Villain, what do you mean?"

"Come, come, Miss Whelan," said the cool, flagitious suitor—"this might do very well if you were within reach of a friend, or could get out o' this part of the country without my leave, but it never can be; an' if I lose my life by your hand, you may fare far worse among these purty boys here, that I shall leave behind me."

"Are you a man?—have you no shame in you?" she cried almost in despair, "that you treat an unprotected woman in this way—act towards me like a ruffian—an' what dependence can I ever have on you in life again if I married you ten times over?—you'd better think a little."

"Oh! I have thought of all this long enough," replied Desmond—"so it's all nonsense;" and he turned to one of his followers—"take the pistol from the lady, Jack."

At that moment, while attention was entirely absorbed in the result of this order, Boylan, who had hitherto sat sullenly quiet in the chair with

which he had been accommodated upon entering the house, surprised the fellow who stood guard upon him, wrested from him the pistol with which he, too, was armed, and the next minute stood once more erect and free by the side of Bridget.

"Come on now, Desmond!" he said; "while I live I will not allow this lady to be harmed; you shall not persevere in this infamous conduct without adding murder to your crime—better!"

"Hear me—hear me!" interrupted Miss Whelan; "I again tell you that I will submit to receive you, Ned Desmond, as my husband, provided we are openly and honestly married in the face of day, by the proper clergyman. What more can I say?"

"Dear Bridget!" said her suitor, with softened tones, "all this is easily said; but if I were fool enough to trust you and myself down to Kilmworth to be married, what security have I that it's not the sheriff I'd have before me to tie the knot instead of the parson?"

"You can be married before we quit the mountains," she replied.

"By Jingo, there's not a church within twelve miles of us, girl!" said Neish Desmond; "an' the marriage wouldn't stand without it."

"An' if there was itself," said Ned, "where would we find a minister? By my soukins! this isn't the kind o' glebe land they're fond of perching on."

"It's too bad," said the relenting lady, "that I must be forced to talk to ye this way; there's ould Kilfeacon church before ye leave the hills—can't ye send one o' the boys into Kilmworth for Parson Lloyd; let him meet us there—an'—an'—I suppose that'll do?" she added, bashfully.

Again the brothers retired to consult, and Boylan could not help taking the opportunity to ask her—"Can you really reconcile yourself to submitting to this infamous compulsion?"

"A poor friendless girl, trampled on by every one, must reconcile herself to a deal more than this, sir," she replied, in a voice of quiet resolution.

The Desmonds again came forward. "Admitting," said Ned, "that we agree to your kind offer, what's the use in sending for Lloyd?—he wout come without a note signed by you,

saying that you are doing this with your own consent."

"Well, I'm ready to write it if you like," she replied.

"Fair enough, by the law!—an' no woman ever deserved or got a better husband than I'll make you, Miss," replied Ned Desmond, producing an ink-bottle, half dried up, from the window, where it lay with the copy-book and pens of some mountain tyro. "Just give a line to Mr Lloyd under your hand, saying you wish to meet him at Kilfeacon church. I think you needn't say with whom, as it'll be

purty well known by the time the letter gets to him."

Miss Whelan with wonderful decision took the pen, scrawled a few lines to the import just suggested, naming twelve o'clock of the coming day as the hour for meeting at Kilfeacon; and the missive was forthwith dispatched by a messenger, who, on foot, could far sooner reach his destination than upon one of the jaded horses, along so broken and rugged a road as that over which they had so lately passed.

CHAPTER IX.

"Well, Grace, I tould you often how it would be, an' my words are come thrue at last!" said Phill Riall to his daughter, who, with languid frame and faded cheek, was preparing his breakfast as he entered the room, the morning after the occurrence just related, on his return from overseeing a number of workmen; for it was the height of the potato-setting season—"My words are come thrue at last," and he flung his hat upon a chair with a slap, as if to ratify the declaration. "I often tould you that that koute, Frank Boylan, would leave you in the lurch ather all—an' you wouldn't take my advice, and have the spirit to show him you despised him by bein' beforehand with him."

"What's the matter now?" said the weary-spirited girl; "I thought we were to have no more of this."

"No more of it!" said her father, "why, the whole country is up.—Biddy Whelan refused to marry the fellow; and what do you think of him comin' last night to Douglas, with a hundhrd men—breakin' in the doors, smashin' the house to bits, an' runnin' off with the girl herself to Mallow, an' of course forcin' her to marry him then, an' no thanks to her."

His daughter made no reply. She was deeply occupied with an old newspaper, that she held at full length before her face, anxious to take in, at one comprehensive glance, the contents of the entire page; but what a crimsoned cheek and beating heart she screened by that trifling manœuvre! There went in one mighty blow, if her father's words were true, the last support to which her heart

had been clinging, amid the angry surge of maddened pride that now swept on to hurry her to wretchedness—to despair for ever.

"Is there any truth in it?" at last she faltered.

"Thruh in it!—is there eyes in the pratee-seed I was settin' this mornin', when Shawn Sourk galloped by like a shee-guee, tellin' the boys as he passed them that wor on the trenches next the road—Well, maybe now you'll be convinced, and folly your father's advice, and marry the dacent boy that's ather you this many a day."

And here Phill re-commenced his usual round of attack, by sapping, mining, and assault upon Grace's stability of purpose, which—for pride—pride had been her besetting, may we say her only, foible—had latterly exhibited symptoms of giving way; and so hotly did he press her, that before he quitted the room, the mortified, bewildered girl had acceded to his naming a certain day within the coming fortnight as that upon which she was to become the bride of his favourite.

Leaving her for the present to her wild, unutterable feelings, let us turn back, courteous reader, and meet the little cavalcade; which, in consequence of a satisfactory reply having been returned by their envoy, about eleven o'clock in that morning, might be discerned winding down from the recesses of the Mallow mountains, and slowly and with difficulty making its way along the neglected road that led to the ruined church and deserted graveyard of Kilfeacon. Four or five of the Desmonds' tenants led the van, and

were followed by their master; Miss Whelan now rode free, seated on a pillion behind her captor; while Boylan and the second Desmond rode one on each side—the remainder of the force bringing up the rear.

Having reached the church, of which only the roofless walls remained, clothed with ivy, and overshadowed with mountain ashes, elders, and other wild trees, they had not long to await the arrival of the minister from the distant village. He soon appeared, accompanied by a mutual friend of the parties, having hastened away upon the receipt of Miss Whelan's note, as he was too well aware that such acts of lawless outrage as that of which she was the object, were unfortunately too often followed by deeds of infamy, that made their unfortunate victims, in most cases, glad to screen their shame or sorrows under the marriage veil. The spirit of the times, too, was unfavourable to any very delicate scruples on the part of the clergy whose services were required on such occasions. Yet after the usual greeting was over, and though the unembarrassed air of the bride might have relieved Mr Lloyd from any misgivings as to her being an unwilling party to the match, the worthy man nevertheless took it upon him to ask her if her consent to the ceremony he was called on to perform was a voluntary one, and received a reply in the affirmative sufficiently satisfactory.

The party therefore entered the ruined church, and stumbling their way over half-buried tombstones, and rank and matted grass thickly mingled with nettles, reached the spot where once had stood the altar; but which, now that the sacred precincts were entirely neglected, was occupied by the large tomb of some aspiring family, whose pretensions even the grave could not subdue. By the side of this the clergyman took his place, and having produced a prayer-book, in a few minutes Bridget Whelan was pronounced the wife of the unprincipled Desmond, and received the congratulations of the surrounding group. It was then proposed by the bridegroom and his brother that they should return with their prize to the mountains. But again the persuasions of the lady prevailed. She represented to them the suspicion and obloquy that would thus be needlessly added

to their adventure, and won them finally to agree to her proposition to quit the hills forthwith, and pass the remainder of the nuptial-day at her own abode, now about to pass with its fair mistress into the possession of another. A second nimble-footed courier was dispatched to apprise the domestics at Douglas of the auspicious result of the late occurrence, and to direct them to make speedy and bountiful preparation for such a wedding-feast as so short a notice would admit of; after which the cavalcade proceeded at an easy pace—which their own fatigue as well as that of their horses rendered desirable—to descend into the lowlands.

It was very near four o'clock in the afternoon of that April day, when the wedded pair and their escort appeared in the vicinity of Douglas. They were met as they came along by a host of the idle population of the place,—groups of mendicants, and swarms of noisy barefooted boys,—who accompanied them to their destination with the same applause and congratulation they would have accorded to a *hauling-home* of the most legitimate character. They failed, however, in extorting any thanks or good cheer from the lady whose return they hailed with such hypocritical heartiness, (for with them Miss Bridget had ever been the reverse of what is termed popular,) but were dismissed with an intimation that, when the wedding-festival should be duly solemnized, on some approaching day set apart for that purpose, they would not be forgotten. The clergyman, together with several of the Desmonds' sporting friends who had dropped into the procession on its arrival near their abodes, remained by particular invitation to dinner; but Boylan, though repeatedly pressed to favour them with his company for the evening, firmly declined. He repaired to the friend's house to which he was journeying the night before, when he met with so eventful an interruption.

The dinner at Douglas went off charmingly, with all the noise, smoke, heat, hurry, clatter, and talking attendant on so unlooked-for a banquet. As Mrs Desmond was the only lady present, the reserve and silence which marked her demeanour were attributed to the proper motives; and nothing could be more assiduous and tender

than the attentions of Mr Ned to the spouse he had so gallantly won. The cloth removed, and the wine-bin having been placed at the disposal of its future lord, Bridget—just as Dick Desmond, booted and spurred, entered the room to pay his congratulations and accept a seat at the board—having greeted that gentlemen with cordiality, was permitted to retire, pleading, what indeed she manifestly suffered from, fatigue, and withdrew to give some household directions.

Ned Desmond on her departure assumed the head of the table, and received once more, in less qualified terms than had been ventured on in the presence of his lady, the compliments of the company on his undeniable gallantry, courage, &c. &c. &c. In return for which he warmly thanked them, drank all their healths, pushed the bottle briskly round, and in a little time after was on his legs, glass in hand, in the act of returning thanks for the kindness that had been done him by Humpy Hyde, a fast friend of his (in every sense of the word,) who had just concluded a neat speech, in which he had proposed Ned's health and long life, with the very happy and unfamiliar quotation of

"None but the brave deserve the fair," when Ned, who faced the windows that looked out to the high-road which at some distance skirted the lawn—while all the ruddy eager faces of the company were turned upon him with the intensity of Persians watching the sunrise,—was observed to give a convulsive start, and make a sudden and violent gesture, as though he were about to fly over their heads through the opposite window.

"She's off! she's off, by G—! Boys, boys—fly—a hundred good guineas for the man who stops her!" And he rushed from the room.

The amazed revellers crowded to the windows, while a few hastened to the outside; but all could now perceive the cause of their host's alarm, in a glimpse of the well-known figure of Mrs Ned Desmond, mounted on her powerful grey mare, and flying from the house, from which she was now nearly a mile's distance.

Meantime Ned Desmond had hastened to the stables. Of all the horses, jaded as they must naturally be from the last twelve hours' work, one, and one only, (how he blessed his luck!)

stood ready saddled. He led it out—vaulted on its back, and was out of sight in a moment, his friends preparing to follow in the chase, though, from the cause we have just remarked, with faint reliance on their steeds.

Onwards, as fast as whip and rowel could urge, flew Desmond, his horse, mad with fury and affright, stretching on and out beneath each lash as though it would devour the very earth in its career. And now the pursuer caught a view of the fugitive—and now another turn in the road hid her from his sight. The next moment he again could see her—could find that, though she too plied whip and rein with all the art of a practised rider and all the energy of desperate flight, he was gaining on her, though the mare she rode swept on as if sharing in the terrors of its mistress. Let but the race continue a little longer—let her avoid the town, and she is overtaken. And now she reached the cross-road—will she make for Kilworth? No—she has dashed up the hill that lies between her and the Blackwater—hurrah! the prize must again be his. He strains every muscle to push on his panting horse, that seems as eager for victory as himself—faster and faster he nears upon her—the mare has won the hill!—reckless of life and limb, its rider rushes down without tightening one inch of rein—but Desmond is now close upon her track, she can hear the snorting gasps of the pursuing steed—its very breath is almost on her—she is making for the river! The ford is wide, wide—and the current swollen. Even if the mare takes it, she must drift a little down to where the opposite bank is almost a precipice—and Desmond is up with her then! Even now he is so close that he can attempt, in his madness, to strike her from her seat with the long lash of his whip. One last effort before she gives up! and the mare in one noble stroke has taken the water! If she has time to clamber the opposite bank, the game is up with Desmond. He is at the ford: he gives his horse the lash with one hand and lifts it with the rein for the plunge—the animal rears—balks the spring—swerves a bowshot aside—and Desmond is floundering face and hands in the ford! Had he mounted any other than his brother Dick's horse—our old acquaintance Sweetlips—it was all over with Miss Biddy Whelan.

When Desmond had clambered back out of the river, which was luckily very shallow at the spot, and had shaken the water from his clothes, he strove in vain to recover the accursed animal that had failed him in the very moment of success. Sweetlips was cooling himself in a distant enclosure of early clover, where the discomfited rider had as much chance of catching him as of bridling an aurora borealis. He was therefore compelled to retrace on foot the road he had so lately come. He was soon met by his anxious guests, who read in his appearance the tale of his disasters.

"Neish Desmond," said Ned after a few minutes' pause, "this country will be a little too hot for you and me for some time to come;—she is by this time at Peter Leary's—the marriage is null and void, and the informations won't be long making out. So, boys," turning to his acquaintances, "lend us a couple of the horses as far on our way to Cork as Watergrass-hill—we'll leave 'em for ye at Davy Draddy's—and take care of yourselves." The boys were too Irish to desert their friends on a pinch, and night closed as the Desmonds retreated from the country.

CHAPTER X.

Ned Desmond was right in his forebodings. Miss Whelan gained the opposite bank in safety. The powerful animal she rode seemed to have acquired fresh vigour from the cooling stream, and the rider continued her flight. In half an hour she was safe within the friendly dwelling and under the protection of Mr Peter Leary, the gentleman to whose guardianship she had been committed in early life. As this person happened to be one of the justices for the county, it was only a short time before her arrival, that, having been apprised by her servant Shawn Sourk of the disasters of the night, he had, as much from personal anxiety as from a sense of public duty, dispatched a man and horse to Cork to require the assistance of the sheriff and military in endeavouring to rescue his fair friend. The excess of fatigue she had undergone—her desperate flight—the fate she had so adroitly eluded—seemed to have made slight impression on Miss Whelan's mind, in which stormy wrath and concentrated revenge appeared to reign in turns. She would scarce give her guardian or his family time to offer their assurances of sympathy—scarce disencumber herself of her soiled and soaked apparel, or convey, by a few sentences, the story of her capture and escape—so great was her impatience to make a formal deposition to the magistrate, with a view to the instant issuing of warrants against all those concerned in the late outrage. The intimate knowledge she possessed, from her extensive business, of the persons and names of the greater

part of the people around her, enabled her to depose distinctly to almost every one who, besides the Desmonds, were concerned in her abduction. Commencing, therefore, with the brothers as principals, she named as their abettors the several individuals, to the number nearly of twenty, who attacked her abode, or assisted in conveying her to the mountains. At the head of those—without a falter on her tongue, or any additional tinge of sallowness in her cheek, as she kissed the book—without the least tremor in her hand as she signed the information—she solemnly swore was Francis Boylan.

Such a charge as this, if followed up by a prosecution in the criminal courts, involved the most perilous consequences to all against whom it was preferred. In Ireland—where, at the period of which we write, the elements of society were so disorganized, that the executive government, though administering the laws with merciless severity, found their terrors ineffectual for the suppression of offences, which the indolent oligarchy of the day, active only in the exercise of energetic rapacity, never attempted to heal or purify at the source—the crime of abduction was one against which the enactments of the statute were directed with unmitigated rigour; and in every instance where convictions were obtained, the luckless offenders, without a single exception, underwent the extreme penalty of the law. Indeed, if any one atrocity in the comprehensive calendars submitted to judicial investigation in Ireland merited such a

punishment, it was this, as its victims were mostly possessed of wealth, the acquisition of which was sought by the foulest and most daring villany, that when successful, (as was too frequently the case,) was generally productive not only of lasting misery to the unhappy woman, forced by shameless wrong to be the partner of guilt and ruffianism, but of incalculable confusion as far as concerned the interests of families and the transmission of property.

It was, therefore, with astonishment and terror that the news of Miss Whelan's flight, and her subsequent denunciation of many of its most popular inhabitants, was received in the little town of Kilworth. The Desmonds were already, it was hoped, beyond the range to which the vengeance that had dropped upon that spot like a thunderbolt could extend; and those who had remained behind them, satisfied that with Miss Whelan's escape the matter was at an end, now hastened to follow their example, and fly the country. So terrible were the consequences of a prosecution of this kind, that the clergyman, and even the guests who attended the wedding-dinner, thought it prudent to withdraw until they had time to deliberate, or opportunities for legal consultation.

When Francis Boylan learned the result of this daring adventure, he, in common with his acquaintance, judged that the affair would prove a serious one for the Desmonds and their adherents; but though he was irritated at the unceremonious treatment his accidental interference in it had subjected him to, he was too much-occupied in preparing for his departure, to feel any great interest in the matter; he, however, derived a kind of satisfaction from thinking that his exertions in her behalf had afforded Miss Bridget some reparation for the shock which, a short time before, he so unexpectedly occasioned her. Of the subsequent flight of the brothers, and the vengeance meditated by their victim, he heard, as, hour by hour, the intelligence spread through the neighbourhood, and one after another of those whom it concerned disappeared. Sharing considerably in the popular prejudices of his country, Francis found he had little inclination to appear as a witness (for, as such, he deemed he should be called upon in

case of ulterior proceedings) in a prosecution which involved such fatal consequences to the guilty, particularly as the principals were beyond the reach of punishment, and as he considered the fair complainant had at least as much cause for thankfulness as revenge. He, therefore, hastened to complete his little arrangements, and leave the country.

He was thus engaged in the afternoon of the day succeeding that upon which Miss Whelan escaped, and was about to close the portmanteau into which was condensed the whole of his moveable property, when some lads from the village rushed breathless into the house, calling loudly on him to fly, for that the dragoons had just arrived from Cork, had searched for him at his aunt's, and were now coming down, full gallop, to the dwelling where they had learned he was at present residing. As Francis was unconscious of any motive for flight, he lent no heed to the warning, though, even before the military appeared, a presentiment flashed through his mind of some deadly mischief designed him by her who had hitherto exercised so baneful an influence over his fate. The sensation of horror that crept on him in the dim parlour that night at Douglas returned; and when the military entered the room, and arrested him in virtue of the warrant which their officer displayed, it was not wonderful that the disturbance exhibited in his countenance should be taken for the manifestations of conscious guilt. The liberty of a mere Irish subject was at that time so little regarded, that Boylan, even if so disposed, was allowed no time for enquiry or expostulation. A horse was instantly procured, and, surrounded by the troop, he was borne off. They took the direction of Castle-Leary, the residence of the magistrate already mentioned, before whom the prisoner was to undergo examination.

Now it so happened that the only man, perhaps, to whom Boylan was personally obnoxious, was this same Mr Leary, in consequence of some trifling dispute that had occurred between them at a neighbouring market, where, on a certain occasion, the magistrate had ordered his shepherd to pre-occupy with his stock a certain standing already engaged by Boylan, who, upon representing the circum-

stance, and receiving no satisfactory reply, directed the people in charge of his aunt's cattle to eject the intruders. This led to a little row, in which Boylan's party obtained the victory, and ensured with it Mr Leary's everlasting animosity to their master.

It was just the dinner hour when the party arrived at Castle-Leary, and the officer being courteously pressed to partake of that hospitable meal, instructions were given to walk the prisoner up and down before the windows until it was the justice's convenience to examine him. Francis bore this with a chafed and tortured spirit, though, rather than give his foe additional cause for exultation, he affected a philosophic demeanour, he was far from finding sit easily on him. When Mr Leary had dined, and after raising his spirits to the proper level of magisterial importance by a few rounds of claret, hallowed by loyal toasts to the health of the king, and to the memory of a certain glorious, pious, and immortal personage, he threw up the window with one hand, opened his waistcoat with the other, pulled a chair to him with his foot, and, having seated himself, called in a terrific manner to the soldiers to bring the prisoner forward.

"So, by all that's lovely!"—(The magistrate was in the habit of using a blank-cartridge kind of oath, of a festal and graceful import, not a little at variance with his look, which was insolent, and his accents, which were harsh and overbearing.)—"So, by all that's lovely! we have you, Mr Boylan, at last!—Eh! a pretty fellow you are! I always knew you'd come to this with your smooth-faced thricks. Come, sir, none of your impudent looks at me. I vow to Venus you'll march to Cork jail this moment. Garrett, make out his committal," (to the clerk standing reverently behind his chair;) "and in the mean time, you, sir—let me ask you what you choose to say touching this charge against you, of which I've no more doubt

you're guilty than that *this* claret-jug is empty and *that* one full. Help yourself there, captain, an' pass the wine. Come, give us no delay, sir."

"Pitiful creature!" was the only comment Boylan could trust himself with for a time.

"If this," at last he said, "is to be your place of examination, why, I demand, am I not confronted with my accuser?"

"She's too ill—too ill to rise out of her bed—by the bosom o' beauty, no wondher for her, poor girl!—I have her depositions here before me.—Besides, it wouldn't alther the matter a pin's point—up to Cork you go, as sure as your name's Tom Boylan."

["Francis—Francis Boylan is the name, ples your wurthship."]

"Francis—or Tom, or Ned—it's no matter, Garrett, up he goes, and glad to rid the counthry of such jokers. Maybe, sir, you'd go so far as to say you weren't with the party at all that forcibly carried off, (let me see them papers,)—ay—forcibly carried off, abducted, and hamsucked this unfortunate lady?"

"I *was* with them," said Boylan indignantly, "but I accompanied them at her own—but"—correcting himself—"I disown authority so despicably exercised as yours: I shall leave every thing to my lawyers when I am enabled to consult them."

"Take him off, men—and, Garrett, bring out the handcuffs—eh, captain? However—Oh! very true—they might be inconvenient to the party, considering the fellow has to ride—another glass, sir—come, come. I shall be most happy to renew our acquaintance at Cork, next assizes. Good-by—good-by—pray, mind that chap under your escort—by all that's blest and beauteous, there's not a more desperate character in the county; a deep, sly villain! Good-by, captain!"—and the party set off for Cork.

So Mr Leary was avenged for the ejection of his sheep from the market-standing.

CHAPTER XI.

Phyll Riall's abode being a considerable distance from the sphere of the recent occurrences, and that estimable person having, in common with his

intended son-in-law, no particularly urgent motive for putting his daughter in possession of them, it will not be surprising to find that, further than

the news imparted by her father the morning of the abduction, Grace was ignorant of all that had befallen Boylan. Phill has seized the favourable moment afforded by the change in her proud sensitive spirit. Immediate directions were given to get every thing into the proper train for her spousals with Dick Desmond, (who was by no means deeply affected at the sudden reverse in his brother's prospects,) and Grace was induced to afford an audience to the most approved mantua-maker the neighbourhood could boast, for the purpose of inspecting several designs for gowns of the most elegant and tasteful description, (comprising the two distinct branches of skirts and bodies,) achieved by that meritorious *artiste*. Miss Riall was not fastidious—at least upon this occasion—she was satisfied with the dressmaker's merits, who was accordingly set to work upon a serious quantity of white muslin—mull, cross-barred, and jacquenot.

It was a day or two after Francis Boylan's committal. Seated in her quiet room, Grace was watching with heavy eyes, "suffused and glaring with untender fire," the labours of the dressmaker, who stitched away with surprising expedition. She was employed (on this head, we think nothing should be omitted that can possibly be matter of satisfaction to the fair portion of our readers) upon the body of what, when incorporated with the skirt, was to be a charming muslin frock; but as yet it was in a detached state, and the woman had what is technically, and no doubt felicitously termed, *basted* in the sleeves for the purpose of trying it on the fair form from which it was to borrow so much *éclat* on a future occasion. In accordance with an entreaty to that effect, Grace had risen, and had just introduced her delicate arms into the slightly attached vesture, and was listening to certain deliberations (and we take it upon ourselves to declare we never knew one of her sex, however serious or solemn the occasion of their marriage or mourning, to be utterly unconcerned councillors when matters of this kind came before them) as to whether a broad or a narrow piece of insertion might be placed with most advantage down the bust, when the door flew in, and Kitty Riall flew after it—her countenance

portentous of some weighty intelligence, evidently of the freshest description.

"Oh, my goodness, Grace! if there's not ould Mrs Boylan of Ballinvogher ablow in the parlour!—on her way to Cork, cryin' her life out. What do you think but Francis is taken off by the soldiers for marryin' Biddy Whelan, an' they've hung him, his aunt says, before he got to Cork! Oh! the heart is up in my mouth, I declare—there's not a soul ablow to speak to her while they're changing horses. Joanny is at the dairy this hour back."

She had scarce done speaking when Grace, breathless with surprise, her heart wavering between the opposing feelings awakened by her sister's speech, hurried to the parlour to receive Mrs Boylan, whom she judged some very urgent cause alone could bring so far from home.

She found her sitting in her cloak and little black silk bonnet, the personification of sixty years' woe amassed in one vast sum. Though quite sensible of Grace's entrance, she made no acknowledgement of her gentle curtsy, but persevered in the interjectional moan, attended with a rocking of her body backwards and forwards, that she had kept up since her arrival; nor was it until the poor girl had made several efforts to ascertain the cause of her grief, that she could obtain an articulate sentence from the venerable lady.

"I'm sorry for your trouble, Mrs Boylan, indeed!" once more said Grace.

"Oh, Miss Grace!—my jewel—'tis I that have the sore heart this mornin'; 'tis I that have a right to be ashamed to look a beggar out of the street in the face! 'tis I—I—hm—hm—hm."

"I'm afraid something very bad has happened—what for pity's sake is it? is Francis—is—what is the matter?"

"Oh, my dear life! 'tis easy for you to ask—I've ruined, and destroyed, and hung my poor boy—that's the long and the short of it—an' all on account o' that villian; but I'll have her life—I will—if I was to die the next minnit—hm—hm."

"But your nephew—Francis—surely—why surely—oh, say that he is alive—that he is well—my dear, dear Mrs Boylan!"

"Well?—yeh, how can I tell whe-

ther he is dead or alive; 'istherday-evenin' the soldiers, an' horses, an' dragons, an' all, came, an' I never ddreamin' of any thing—an' tore the house to tatters lookin' for my boy—an' sayin' he was to be hung for helpin' the Desmonds to run away with that ugly, misfortunate, ill-begotten brute, Biddy Whelan: sure 'twas a sorrowful day we first saw the sight o' her!—there she's goin' to hang half the country about this business—an' the poor boy among the rest, that never cared an eggshell about her—hm—hm—hm."

"I heard—I thought—I heard your nephew was much attached to Miss Whelan," said Grace anxiously.

"Attached, is it?—yerrah, my dear life an' soul, didn't I turn him out o' house an' home—didn't I send him on the wide world because he tould me he'd sooner take a knapsack on his back an' go list than think o' the ugly staig? Oh, Miss Grace! I ought to be a warnin' to others—not to be takin' notions of their own into their minds, nor to be hard-hearted. Nothin' would persuade me but that my poor Frank should marry Biddy Whelan, an' I forced him out o' my sight—an' he tould me I'd live to be sorry for it—an' sure enough 'tis I'm the spectacle to-day—hm—hm."

Grace did not require this commentary upon what was passing in her own mind at the moment. She made no reply, for her tears fell fast.

"Oh, Miss Grace!—you may well cry—for the poor fellow had a sincere regard for you: many's the time I heard him say he wished you were well married—an' he used to ask me, didn't I think you deserved a good husband, though you hadn't a fortune to give him—an' I know well if he's alive to-day, great a heap o' trouble as he's in, he'll be glad to hear o' your match with the young man you've pitched upon—for he asked me more than once if I hear any one say Dick Desmond was fond of you; an' I generally said what I thought, that you couldn't expect a man o' proper-

ty, havin' none yourself; an' see, there you are—afther all—with part o' your weddin' dress on, and my poor boy, maybe, in his windin' sheet!"

"Oh, God forbid!" half-shrieked her auditor, fervently, looking downwards to her neck, and shuddering, as if she was blistering in the garment of Nessus. "God forbid!—but will you not take some refreshment?—for I suppose you are going!"

"Goin'!—I'm goin' off to Cork—I've been in Clogheen and Mitchels-town, an' every where, this mornin', to consult Councillor Tuckey an' 'ttorney O'Brien—an' now I'm off to see what's become o' my boy—if he's alive he sha'n't want for the best lawyers; but," she added, in deep despair, "they tell me, if she appears again' him at the assizes he'll not have more than twelve hours' time after it!"

"The horses is fed, with submission to you, ma'am," said the hostler, Spatter, putting his head inside the door.

"Than' God!" exclaimed the old lady. "Miss Grace, I'll make bough to take your arm to the chaise, though you don't look very well."

"I'm quite—quite well, ma'am," said Grace, at the same time sinking in her chair; "but this dress"—and, with a shrinking effort, she pulled away the detestable incumbrance from her shoulders, and, wrapping herself in a shawl handed her by her sister, she saw Mrs Boylan to the chaise.

"Grace!" said Kitty Riall, in a few minutes after, as she knocked at her sister's bedroom door—"What is the matter—are you ill?—won't you let me in?"

"I'm too ill to get up at present," was the reply; "take care of the keys—I left them on the table in the sitting-room—don't leave the cellar door unlocked; and, Kitty, tell Miss Mara that she needn't go on with the dresses at present; give her what money she says is due, and say that if I want her again I will send her word."

CHAPTER XII.

As Mrs Boylan had determined, the ablest lawyers were consulted and retained in the case of her nephew, whose danger had instantly obliterated

the memory of all former disobedience from her heart, and left it occupied by violent alarm and remorse. She found him, on her arrival in

Cork, a close prisoner in the county jail. From the very outset she was fully apprised of the precarious position in which he was placed, should the prosecutrix persist in bringing the case to trial. A single witness could not be called for the defence, as all those competent to give any material evidence in his favour were fugitives themselves. The only individuals who might have borne any testimony to the share he took in the transaction, were Miss Whelan's two servant-maids; but they had been already summoned on the part of their mistress; and though they were, doubtless, as favourably disposed towards the prisoner as persons of their sex and class generally are in offences of the kind, which the Irish peasantry never viewed in a very heinous light, they were too stupid or too much terrified on the night in question to remember more than seeing Boylan amongst the party after their mistress was secured. Even the clergyman, when applied to in his place of retreat—and who, could he have been of any material service, would have waived all consideration of ecclesiastical censure, &c.—could only speak to his having observed the prisoner a passive witness at the marriage ceremony. Nothing occurred from the time he himself met the party at Kilfeacon, by which he could discover whether Francis was there of his own accord or by compulsion. The testimony of his aunt as to the repugnance he exhibited upon the subject of a union with the prosecutrix, could be of no avail—it would, on the contrary, colour the probability of the motives imputed to him for assisting another in a match which he had an aversion to himself. Mrs Boylan next thought of appealing personally to Miss Whelan, and awakening her conscience or exciting her compassion; but that lady, acting under the advice of her magisterial friend, had left the country for the present. Douglas, with its house and mill, was advertised for sale; so that, whatever were the issue of the trial, it was clear their owner was not again to return to the home of her fathers. It was gradually reported that her health was in a bad state, and a vague conjecture existed of her being a resident near one of the English spas;—some went so far as to say she would

not be able to appear in court at the assizes, which were fast approaching.

Boylan's confinement, though severe, was solaced by the visits and attentions of his aunt, who, for that purpose, had taken up her abode in Cork, at a short distance from the prison. The daily visits of the old lady, and interviews with his counsel, were all that served to vary the miserable monotony of his time: he heard seldom from their own neighbourhood, and only once of the Rials, from his aunt, who, in order to cheer him, had imparted the agreeable intelligence of Grace's nuptials with Desmond, which she had no doubt, she observed, had already taken place, as on her way to town she saw Grace wearing, in anticipation, a portion of her bridal dress—a piece of information that contributed greatly to produce that resigned frame of mind it so befitted one in Francis's awful position to experience. It must, however, be acknowledged that this desirable state of feeling was promoted as much as possible by the charitable exertions of certain ladies, members of a prison-visiting club, who took care that his cell should be supplied with the most appropriate books, such as *Dodd's Prison Thoughts*, *Drelincourt on Death*, and other works of a similar enlivening description.

As the discipline of jails at that period was a little more relaxed than in our day, Mrs Boylan, by the judicious application of sundry fees in different quarters, was enabled to have access to her nephew at certain hours every day. At first the sense of conscious rectitude—the disbelief that his accuser, when time had allayed her angry passions, could persist in so monstrous a charge against him—prevented Boylan from feeling to its utmost extent the peril of his position; but when day after day wore on, and confinement and solitude began to do their work, when the sunken eye and flagging spirit hourly became less susceptible of being rekindled and aroused by the promptings of hope, and when the tale told him by his aunt assured him of what he had hitherto failed to believe in—the fickleness of her who alone had made the world bright to him—then did Francis feel the full desolation of his fate—the carelessness

of living for aught that now remained to him in life, contending ever with the soul's fearful shrinking back from the ignominious grave that seemed already open at his feet.

He was one morning occupied in such gloomy reflections as these, when the turnkey in attendance entering, ushered in a female, who, from her sombre dress and in the uncertain light of the apartment, and in expectation of a visit from his aunt, Boylan without raising his head, concluded was no other than that lady, and satisfied himself by bidding her a mournful good-morrow. The next minute, the turnkey having withdrawn, the visiter was at his feet, and snatching his hand, had pressed upon it her bowed and burning forehead.

With a hurried glance Boylan threw back the hood of the dark cloak in which she was muffled, and saw before him, gleaming through its mass of raven tresses, the bright beloved head of Grace Riall.

"O Boylan!—O Francis!" she exclaimed in passionate agony, "is this the way we meet?—your lost miserable Grace could not rest until she asked your forgiveness—until she had humbled herself in the dust at your feet."

To spring from his seat—to lift her from the earth—to strain her to his breast—was with Boylan the work of an instant;—and, seating himself again with his precious burden, he parted the clusters of her hair, and while she sobbed convulsively, kissed in delighted doubt that snowy forehead, upon which his own tears began to fall fast and heavily.

"Grace—my own! my idolized!—to meet you even here is happiness I never thought to feel again," and for a moment he gave himself up to uncontrollable joy;—but his face darkened soon—he seized her left hand—there was no ring upon it.

"But how is it?" he murmured—"why are you here—where is—the person you were about to marry?"

"O Francis!—need you ask *why* I am here? I am well and sadly punished for the madness that filled me, and blinded me the last night we were together;—and when I came to myself—when I learned all—all—I thought the least I could do was to come to you and tell you how wrong your poor, wretched Grace has been, and

how"—and she hid her face upon his breast.

"And how?—finish the sentence, my own dear girl."

"And how in all the weary dreadful hours since then, I never for a moment forgot—never ceased to think of you and former times."

"But how have you got hither? those beloved eyes are deep and bright as ever; but, Grace, your looks are not the same. You have been ill—very, very ill; surely they have not forced you into that business: you are not—cannot be—married?"

"Married!" she cried, lifting her head; and she dashed aside the curls from her brow, and looked up through her tears—"Married! Oh, no—no!—I was saved *that*; but I was ill—ill for weeks—and then I got well again, and they began to talk of something again to me, and I was obliged to fly: to fly the very house, Francis—I could not stay in it; and I heard that that dreadful woman, who has brought us into misery, was in Clonmel, on her road here—and I made my way to her; but"—

"Darling—how could you have thought of such a thing?"

"Oh! I was too glad to have any way of humbling myself, Francis, for my treatment of you. I went to that horrid being—I knelt before her—I prayed—I promised; oh! what did I not promise, if she would spare you?—for something in my manner, I suppose, told her about my—my friendship for you, and she grew worse and worse; and I vowed never more to see or speak to you if she would not swear against you," and she wildly clasped her arms round his neck, and became silent.

"Grace, my life, you will kill yourself if you go on so."

"All—all," she resumed, in a voice of despair, "was useless. She had me almost forced from her presence. On my return home, I had to undergo new trials. My father, when he missed me, was foolish enough to suppose—as if I had not sin and sorrow enough on my soul—that I had made away with myself. I found they had been searching even the Funcheson for me, where, only for this sad, sad hour, I could almost wish I was quietly at rest."

"Do not—do not say so, dearest!

While we live we are not without hope."

"Hope!" she groaned. "O Francis! if you saw that woman's face once, you would know what it is to feel the hope, the life, die for ever within you. No, no—my own! my own!" she cried, "I did not come here to *hope*—I came to—to"—and she shrank again to his feet, hiding her face in her hands,—“to give me a right to watch and to pray with you. My father knows all, and he has consented to any thing I choose to do. He is in town here with me.”

For a moment the devoted girl's love triumphed over all other earthly feelings, as her lover folded her again to his heart.

"No, no, no—it cannot be!—no,

darling! You must not be the wife of a felon."

"Boylan!" she cried, "do not cast me from you! If there is nothing to be thought of but the dreary hour before us, let me stay by your side until it has arrived; and how can that be, unless—but," she added, with a faltering voice, "I believe my brain is crazed. What must you think of one who can thus talk?"

"Think of her!—as I would of some bright and holy angel come from God, to soothe and bless me in this dreadful hour," he answered, as, with impassioned tenderness, he kissed her cheek.

Before another word was spoken, his aunt was in their presence, gazing with a countenance of unqualified surprise and sorrow at the pair.

CHAPTER XIII.

Grace Riall was committed by her father to the care of Mrs Boylan, whose afflictions rendered it easy to reconcile her to circumstances which, at a former period, would have encountered her warmest and bitterest opposition. During the month that had yet to elapse before the assizes, she had many times occasion to be thankful for being afforded so watchful and patient a companion. The devotion evinced by Grace for the object of their mutual anxiety, would of itself have propitiated his aunt; but when, combined with the most perfect absence of selfishness, and a temper now proof against all trials, and shadowed by a dejection and forlornness of heart inexpressibly touching in one so young and beautiful, Mrs Boylan felt doubly the blow that was about to separate her from this interesting girl, whom she almost felt to be a second tie to existence.

Under the sanction of his aunt's presence, Grace every day passed some hours in the prison with her lover—hours, the melancholy sweetness of which those alone can estimate who have watched and soothed,

"Like that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side,"

the captives of the cell or the conch, through those dreadful moments whose resistless flight they would vainly strive

with fond and lingering clasp to retard.

The assizes at length arrived. The bills were returned by the grand jury, and Boylan's name stood foremost on the list for trial. The case was one that excited unusual interest, as the government, it was said, was determined if possible to procure a conviction, in order, from the station in life of the accused, from his being of the established faith, and heir to a considerable property, to afford by his punishment a salutary example, and a striking proof of the impartial application of the law. On the morning of the trial, Francis had a last interview with his lawyers. They gave him nothing upon which to found new hope, neither did they altogether dishearten him by anticipations of defeat. They prepared to meet the case like able men, depressed but not dismayed. Some flaw might be detected, the prosecutrix might prevaricate, they might beat down her testimony by the searching energy and subtleness of their cross-examination; and, if all failed, why, there was still a vast something to hold to in the different shades of impression the evidence might produce on the minds of the jury. Let but even a doubt arise, and his deliverance might be achieved.

Whilst the trumpets sounded before the judges on their way to court,

Francis, under a strong guard, was brought from the jail to the court-house, and placed in security until his turn came. His poor aunt and Grace had procured seats where they could conveniently watch the issue of a trial upon which their all of human happiness depended, and were assisted to them at once by the kindness of a few friends who gathered round them, for the court was crowded to suffocation. A few cases of minor importance having been disposed of, Francis Boylan was placed at the bar, and arraigned in the customary forms, for having, on the night of the 29th April last past, aided and assisted in the forcible abduction—(here followed a number of ingenious definitions of the crime, in which the legal precision, rather than the politeness of the terms, was evidently consulted)—of a certain person, to wit, one Bridget Whelan, spinster, &c. &c. &c., to the great disturbance of the peace of our sovereign lord the king, his crown and dignity. The prisoner, who, though much altered from confinement, wore that look of conscious fearlessness which guilt never yet assumed, stood forward, and, in a firm voice, pleaded not guilty.

The leading counsel for the crown then stood up, and, in a speech of great length and ability, stated the case—prefacing it by a rapid and retrospective sketch of the progress of outrage and insubordination in the south in general, and of the heinous offence before them in particular. He then dwelt forcibly upon the aggravated circumstances under which the prosecutrix was carried off—stigmatized fiercely the lawless character and profligate pursuits of the brothers, who had, so luckily for themselves, escaped the award of their crimes—and, in conclusion, called upon the jury, as testimony that no rational mind for a moment could resist would be produced to them, to assert the injured majesty of the law, by punishing its violation in the person of one of the principal actors in the deed of villainy—the prisoner at the bar.

The counsel for the examination then rose, and proceeded to call his witnesses. The first two were the servants of Miss Whelan—Nell Magner and Kautheen Walsh; from those respectable individuals, however, nothing but a very vague and indistinct

relation of occurrences could be obtained, as each, in succession, by an extraordinary coincidence, laboured under so strong an impression of their fears upon the night in question, and so profound an awe of the tribunal in whose presence they now stood, that after persevering, half an hour a-piece, in mistaking Mr Bennett for the judge, and in addressing that exalted personage himself as “ma’am” and “sir” alternately, they were suffered to go down without cross-examination, having failed to impress the jury with any thing but the very confused notions which country servant-maids entertain upon the subject of legal dignities.

The next witness called was Bridget Whelan herself. An eager movement now took place as the officers shuffled back the crowd, and attended the witness to the box, into which she had to be assisted, for she walked with the feeble step of an invalid. Having been accommodated with a seat, she was desired to raise the large veil, which, with a deep bonnet, enveloped her face. She complied, and a general start ran through the court; for it seemed as though one from the dead, in all the ghastliness of perishing mortality—not a living breathing being—sat before them. Her attenuated frame appeared still more skeleton-like from its height; and the sunken jaw and hollow eye of death lent an additional horror to her appearance, which, to the few hearts there present that fully knew her turpitude, told a dreadful tale of the struggle by which Revenge was victorious over Conscience.

Having been duly sworn, she proceeded to give her evidence, circumstantially, with little hesitation, and pausing only as if to acquire breath; but in so low a tone as frequently to call forth an expression of impatience from the bench, to which her voice appeared to reach with difficulty. This may have flurried her; for, as she proceeded, she became greatly disturbed in mien. As our readers are already in possession of the circumstances upon which her evidence was grounded, we shall not tire them by its detail. Having been desired to look round the court and identify the person whom she had just included in the list of her assailants, she complied, and pointed to the prisoner. As she again dropped her eyes, they encountered

tered the grim swarthy face of her servant Shawn Sourk, regarding her with looks of intense anxiety—the whole night-scene of the parlour at Douglas was at once before her—and for some time she was unable to reply to the questions of her counsel, who, however, succeeded in completing his chain of evidence, and then sat down.

The prisoner's counsel next rose, and for more than an hour Bridget Whelan was subjected to his cross-examination. He was a man of consummate judgment, possessed of a thorough acquaintance with the workings of the human heart. He was powerfully interested in the fate of his client, and he saw in all its darkest colours the terrible passion that prompted the proceedings of the witness before him. As he continued, he found that, though she adhered with the tenacity of madness to her evidence, there was an under-current of thought now going on that deprived her replies of the coherence they had hitherto preserved. Once or twice she glanced hurriedly round the court, but seemed to miss the face she sought for. The lawyer pushed on—he had been pressing her as to her *motives* for appearing there that day—he had appealed hitherto to her earthly feelings—he now adjured her by her eternal hopes to remember, that on her lips that moment hung not only a human existence, but the weal or woe of her own soul for ever. "Even now," he continued, "to judge from your state of health, you cannot count upon a long career"—

Here the opposite counsel interfered, and claimed for the witness the court's protection.

"Remember," pursued her interrogator, eagerly eluding the interruption; "remember, you have sworn to speak nothing *here* but the truth! *There*," and he pointed upwards, "the truth is already recorded against you. Woman!" he said, in a voice that shook the very judgment-seat, "my client's life hangs upon your very breath—remember your awful, your tremendous oath!"

Overpowered by conflicting passions, her animal courage failing, while her passions persisted, the guilty woman essayed to speak, but sank back in her chair from sheer exhaustion; and, while the court awaited in

silence until she rallied, the stillness was broken by a voice shouting back with a curse of impatient frenzy,—
"Dhar-fa-dhieu, remember your oath!"

Bridget Whelan started up, but strength and reason both deserted her; and, in that moment of intense excitement, she felt the grasp of death was on her.

"I remember my oath. I swore—I swore," she shrieked, "that before the year was out, one or other of us should go; and now—now, after all—it is not *HE*!" and she sank in convulsions on the earth.

It was in vain that the counsel for the prosecution persevered, after she was borne from the court. There was in every heart a conscious terror that could not be suppressed or mistaken. After a brief charge from the bench, the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Bridget Whelan did not recover. Her frame sank, utterly outworn from mental suffering, and a few days saw her consigned to the grave, the victim of her own evil overpowering passions.

It was a bland and jocund evening, in the month of pleasant August, when the population of Condons and Clongibbons turned out to welcome back Francis Boylan and his bride. Grace looked blither and happier than ever; and amongst the foremost to welcome her was Dick Desmond, conspicuous upon Sweetlips, an animal it would be ungenerous in us not to state, (considering the bad service it had done some of his family,) that Dick bestrode less from choice than necessity, having found it impossible, up to that time, to dispose of it to a purchaser.

The two elder Desmonds never returned to the country. It was supposed that they had gone abroad, and having joined the army, had perished in the wars.

At the death of his mistress, Shawn Sourk was thrown upon his own resources, which were sufficiently inventive to procure him, very shortly after, transmission for life to one of the penal settlements.

The family of the Boylans continue to flourish prosperously in their native barony, where Miss BIDDY WHELAN'S BUSINESS is not yet forgotten.

FRANCE VERSUS ENGLAND.

FRANCE has been arming. She has been rearing her proud crest, contorting her scaly neck, brandishing her fiery tongue, like a superb and terrific serpent, in the face of Europe. But her hiss has been, and is, primarily against England. To drop the metaphor—her long professed amity of more than a quarter of a century with us, is at an end; and has been, it would seem, succeeded by a sentiment of hostility, all the bitterer for being so long suppressed. This is in the nature of things. The manifestation of this hostility is an accident; that is, it has merely arisen out of an occasion—its reality has existed all along. The friendship and alliance of England and France could not be other than superficial. It has doubtless, nevertheless, for the last twenty-five years, been productive of much good. The two nations have borrowed much during that period from each other, which has contributed greatly to their mutual enlightenment and progress; and it is to be desired that a good understanding and friendly intercourse should be prolonged between them up to the latest moment. But, sooner or later, they must spring up in their old forms of antagonists to each other; and the time when this will happen appears not to be very distant. There is an incompatibility of character and interests between the two people, in our conception, perfectly irreconcilable. The one nation may be drawn partially or altogether into the vortex of the other; but to suppose that both—retaining each, in different respects, its highest rank in Europe—can co-operate permanently in a joint general policy, we hold to be a supposition most illusive, and which may prove fatally ensnaring to this country.

Taking our hint, then, from late events in France, we propose to descant somewhat upon the peculiar position she occupies in relation to England. The subject is a wide one, and we pretend not to treat it in all its bearings; but we shall set down such reflections as occur to us spontaneously, which, we trust, will be found at least seasonable.

France, before the revolution of 1789, and France since, are two dif-

ferent countries. From a very remote period of her history, down to the epoch we have just named, she was always the great competitor of England; and from the time of Henry IV. she has, some intervals excepted, been distinguished in Europe for her large projects of ambition. But whatever causes may have made her our rival, or have set her at variance with other nations a century or two ago, causes of another kind altogether operate now to discriminate her character—the jet of her mind from that respectively of all her neighbours. France formerly differed from other nations, precisely as other nations at present differ more or less among themselves. Race, climate, geographical position, religious creeds, conflicting interests, &c., beget a natural diversity among various people, and bring them into frequent collision with each other. This is in the inevitable order of things; but whilst many contentions and wars are thus provoked, no *one* division of a fatally permanent endurance separates one state, by a stern necessity, from all others. On the contrary, the very variety of the differences that prevail between them all, is calculated to hinder the growth of this one master division: for in many differences there are many agreements, and a kind of general harmony is produced out of varying discords. So Europe formerly was, despite its numerous wars, held together as one great family of nations. It is only the *one* division that sunders nations into *two*—not the *many*, which may sunder them into *five* or *ten*—that breaks the family bond, that destroys their natural relations with each other. But has not the great revolution drawn the *one* broad line between France and the rest of Europe? We believe it has; and therefore chiefly it is that we say she is a different country from what she was before that revolution took place. Her revolution has separated her from her former self; and in the same degree in which it has done this, it has put her out of the general communion with other states who have not adopted it. It is in vain to deny this fact. We may deny it, but it will not deny itself; and in due time,

if we will not now *see* it, we shall be made to *feel* it. The revolution of '89 is not over. It was never in more active fermentation. The iron rule of Napoleon; the partial reaction, resulting from exhaustion, which had a sickly, precarious existence under the restoration; the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons; the present dangerously equivocal state of the nation under Louis Philippe, the citizen king; throughout all these late phases of French history, the spirit of the revolution of '89 is working, and will work, till it becomes again triumphant. Granting that France has not this spirit entirely to herself, she has it in such a *paramount degree*, that this degree in which she is possessed of it constitutes an enormous distinction between her and other nations, and gives her the greater superiority in this respect over them, by the very fact that they sympathize dubiously and discordantly with principles that are to her the very strength of her heart, the very life-blood of her being. By this sympathy she may have a hold upon them—a *point d'appui*—a *purchase*, to move them in her own sense, that no people has ever yet obtained in the midst of a foreign population. And let us not delude ourselves with the thought that the French people can remain long in their actual non-descript state, feebly oscillating between despotism and anarchy, but rather take this conviction with us: that their revolution is yet to have a full and final development; that in this revolution resides their great and peculiar power as a nation, and no where else; that it is to France what her constitution and her navy are to England; that it sums up her all; that it is FRANCE; that *the Revolution is France, and France is the Revolution*, or—nothing; i. e., a contemptible neutralization of all theories and all forms of government conflicting together; and that, consequently, France being a *species of power diverse* from all the other powers of Europe—we should keep this fact always steadily before us, and not reason about her, as though a fact of such stupendous import—which dissevers her from the European world, which gives her a pale, a political and social church, of which the high priesthood belongs to her alone, which splits mankind, as it were, into two parts—existed not; or

merited not our first and our last most anxious attention and study.

In saying this, however, we would by no means infer that other considerations are not to be taken into account. The great elementary laws of the world of politics have many and strongly disturbing forces. These should temper our conclusions, and hinder us from acting by any absolute rule. They open a field to *prudence*, to policy, to a wise, and large, and prolific expediency, whereby a violent and evil principle and tendency is often so mastered and modified, as to be forced to yield the most beneficial results. Only, let us not give to prudence the place of principle, and to the disturbing forces the place of the impulsive law. If we do—that is, if we do not keep it constantly uppermost in our thoughts, that the French revolution of '89 is the law of French mind, or the orbit in which it revolves, that orbit may come so near to us as to draw us into its circle, or to make us, and other nations too, but satellites attendant on its course.

Since the peace, there has been a kind of fraternization struck up between France and England. No doubt there has been something superficially genuine in this. The French *must admire*; if not a *grand monarque*, a Napoleon, or themselves as a nation, they must have some other object of admiration. It is remarkable that at all epochs, especially when her career has been full of glory, France has had her very being, as it were, concentrated in some one grand national sentiment of *admiration*. Without admiration she must be in a very low state, or in a very disturbed one, preparing to evoke something to be wondered at from her own bosom, so pregnant with all the fiery elements of actions and events which astonish mankind. But as she was in neither of these states for some fifteen years after the downfall of Napoleon, and could not feel very proud and glorious in contemplating her own humbled situation, her strong admiring propensities found some satisfaction in England. There might be levity, but there was certainly generosity, and even magnanimity in this. The feeling was not a sham one, but real and cordial. At the same time there was a good deal of instinctive vanity and of instinctive selfishness in it. How

beautifully defeat and disgrace were shaded from the sight under a veil of praises showered upon her great enemy, under spontaneous embracings with the foe who had chiefly brought discomfiture on her! The grace was perfect and most charming with which the French people accepted, welcomed almost it seemed, their terrible defeats. They were not for a moment depressed, but appeared—being disburthened of the oppressive favours of fortune, for which they had been made to pay so dear—to be more gay, more full of the social kindlinesses of their nature than they had ever been before. The peace, though bought so dearly at their expense, was like a holiday to them; and they received their conquerors, not as conquerors, with a sulkily gloom of countenance, but with smiles and open arms, as guests whom they delighted to honour. Delightfully amiable this was, and it has set the French character, which springs so elastically above all reverses, in its best point of view; but it was also politic. It was an instinct of vanity to hide the wounds of vanity; and by hiding, for a pretty long season, to close them up; though they seem to have retained internally their virulence, and to be about now to break out very gangrenishly. Again, it was politic—and policy here for a while concurred with her natural temper—for France to maintain a very strict amity with England during the last twenty-five years. Had she not done so, she would have been isolated in Europe. There are also sympathies which go to a shallow depth, and then stop between the two people—sympathies which in loose declamation have a show of great strength, though in truth they are very slender and weak. On our part, too, being sensible that we had nourished for long centuries national prejudices against our French neighbours, we have laid it on as a duty to divest ourselves of them. Our determination to do this has been so strong, that many of us, a few years back, had forced ourselves to prefer French philosophy, French institutions, and the social manners of the French, to our own, which we represented as antiquated, narrow, and bigoted in the comparison. In brief, there has been a collusion between the two nations to magnify each other. In their

ancient rivalries there have been ever some pure and keen cordialities. Hatreds, if they be noble, that is, contending contrarieties of character, have always a root in love, or in high mutual appreciation of great qualities. In the debasement of the most envenomed contention, this reciprocal esteem shows itself, and when a pause from long hostility comes, especially an hostility so well waged as to have exhausted itself by its own deeds, and to demand repose, the esteem, the high mutual appreciation floats at the top of it, and rejects much effusion of warm friendly sentiments, much laudatory language, on both sides. So has it been with France and England. To the topmost, all their admiring, gentle, magnanimous feelings for each other, have risen for a season; but underneath, the hostility, refreshing itself by a good sound sleep of a quarter of a century, has existed all along, and now begins to rub its eyes and give symptoms of waking up again. So much for the fraternization of the two countries.

There are some persons, however, who maintain that this fraternization has a deeper origin, and should have a long-enduring existence. They maintain that England and France, being the two free nations, the two liberal lands of the European continent, have a joint mission to diffuse freedom and enlightenment over the earth; that they are coupled together as the great antagonists of despotism, slavery, and bigotry; that the progress of civilization, that the cause of humanity is in their hands; and, in fact, that the moral and social prosperity of mankind is bound up with their union of action, and must be retarded or sacrificed by their disunion or enmity. All this we have seen hundreds of times advanced, in almost every possible form of words, in French journals and periodical publications; and by several parties on this side of the channel the sentiment has been responded to in an affirmative spirit.

It will be good, then, to examine if these two nations, on whom so wonderful a mission is said to be providentially imposed, have any bond of agreement between them sufficiently strong to ensure their co-operation in so mighty a work. It is affirmed that they have: that they have both had revolutions—that they are both mo-

narchies—that both have the representative system, the three estates of king, lords, and commons—that both regard the regal and aristocratic branches of their constitution with jealousy—and that the power of the people is, in both countries, on the increase, and destined, finally, to be the sole ruling power.

Now, as far as *words* go, there are here not a few strong resemblances; but, if we come to examine the *things*, which those words in the respective lands represent, we shall find, we think, very nearly as much similarity between Russia and England as between France and England.

We will string our thoughts on events now passing, or just past, in France, that we may the more forcibly show what the civil constitution of that kingdom is, and what is the state of its political society, and we will then leave our readers to put England in juxtaposition with our sketch; to "*look on this picture and on that.*" Following under the same plan—that is, keeping under our eye recent or actual occurrences, we shall pursue our theme, by which we hope to show how the French people stand affected towards us, and by inference the rest of Europe, and *vice versa*.

The French Government has lately prosecuted certain journals which have published letters that have been attributed to Louis-Philippe. This event has provoked many comments: and, as it is usual with the Parisian press on every occasion, however slight or unfit, to discuss general principles, these prosecutions have stirred the journalists of Paris to write very widely about the nature of the French constitution, the right interpretation of the *Charte*, the exceptional laws of September, monarchical preponderance in the state, democratical preponderance, the place which the king, the chamber of peers, the chamber of deputies, should respectively hold in accordance with the spirit and principles of the late revolution; whether these powers should balance each other, whether no balance should exist between them, whether the popular branch of the legislature should not outweigh the two others; whether the executive authority should not be ascendant, and whether the peerage, a mere phantom, the reflection of the will of the cabinet, as a shadow is the reflection of sub-

stance, should not be considered, as in itself it really is, but a specious nullity, and not suffered to intercept and frustrate, by an energy borrowed from royalty, the natural progression of civil liberty.

All these questions, and numerous others of a like kind, are *practically* unresolved in France: the conclusion is, that in that country there is not so much as the foundation of a stable constitution; not retrospectively even, therefore still less actually and prospectively. In theory, it is true, these questions may have been determined in various logical and various fantastical ways; but, in practice, Frenchmen yet remain at their A B C with respect to a free constitutional government. They are still entangled, on this subject, among rudimental propositions; and from this entanglement they can hardly, without having recourse again to violence, emerge, because their whole political condition is desperately *equivocal*. It cannot be classed under any specific *genus* of government. It is not monarchical, as that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; it is not coherently mixed, like that of England; it is not oligarchical; it is not democratic; but it is all these in disorganization, gravitating towards one common centre, but waging an alternately furious and feeble war with each other. The crude extremes of every species of government, from that of the Autocrat of all the Russias to that of the President of the United States, are addled in France together. On the one hand, a centralizing system, which in its nature is essentially despotic, which draws power almost of every kind into one focus, and places it in the hands of the central administration, has been established; and, on the other, a division and subdivision of property has taken place, and, by the laws of the land, must be continued perpetually; which comports rightly only with democratic institutions, and must be a perennial source of democratic passions. Again, while equality is proclaimed and hugged instinctively to the hearts of the people, an exceptional court, a sort of *Star-Chamber*, is substituted in matters in which the public liberties are most deeply concerned, for the jury. And an immense military force constitutes the *civil* police of the kingdom. Other incongruities are equally glaring. The aristocracy

is virtually abolished, and the throne is maintained; the sovereignty of the populace is vauntingly announced, and they have no *habeas corpus* act to secure their persons from arbitrary imprisonment. In fact, the entire political organization of that country is not *anomalous*—as the British constitution has been called, of which all the parts have grown (the sterling expression of Sir James Mackintosh) through time into one another, and become consolidated into one, not uniform, but united whole—but *incongruous*; with its parts not conjoined, but confounded together. Here it shows a patch of royalty, there a patch of republicanism; here a faint colouring of aristocracy, there a strong dash of despotism. Some of its aspects have resulted from revolution, others from the iron rule which repressed revolution. They are all mutually repellent, because they have not originated in *growth* but in *force*—the force of anarchy and the force of the sword—passion and compulsion.

When we contemplate this state of things, and see honest and able men like M. Guizot endeavouring to reconcile its contradictions, in order, out of the reconciliation of the contrarieties at which they aim, to give a popular gravitation to the monarchy, and to impart that sober reflective loyalty which upholds monarchy to the people; when we perceive that they are labouring in vain; that they have no *mediums* to work with; that they have to deal with antagonistic extremes that hold precariously together, and, without balancing, counteract each other; when we see that, for a politician to produce any impression in France, he must be a subtle time-server and courtier, like Talleyrand, or a rebel, worthy of the gag, like Armand Carrel, or a clever, bold, unprincipled adventurer, like Thiers; that all public men, however highly gifted, who halt between these characters, are abortive neutral persons; and that, between a rigorous domination exercised by the governing authority, and insurgency on the part of the multitude, there are no intervening checks on the one side or the other;—when, we say, we behold this picture, we seem to behold a mountain, mined and countermined in all directions, trains of powder in all directions covertly laid, and only waiting a spark to light well upon them, to issue in a

tremendous explosion—but we see no image, no resemblance of England in this entrail-disturbed volcano.

Granting that the English soil is also explosive, it is not *all* hollow, *all* mined, *all* full of rumbling noises, and nothing else. We are not of yesterday; we do not date from the year '89; we have *never* effected a *disruption* from our former selves; no gulf has rushed between, and severed for ever our past from our present; our national existence has been *continuous*. We are not, therefore, in our rudiments; we are not all made up of elemental properties, and—as France is—of elemental properties with no body but one of ruinous re-construction to act in. We call ourselves *Old England*, whilst Frenchmen call themselves *La Jeune France*. By this expression they confess what a completely elementary state they are in—elementary!—after centuries of highly active existence in a strong body of organs. This is dangerous. Where can this elemental spirit, containing the intense essence of the passions of many ages, and rejuvenated or called young, merely because it has destroyed its old outward organization—where can it find a new body? It cannot always, or long, we deem, continue to inhabit, or, more properly, passionately to vex itself in, re-constructions with makeshift alterations, scaffolded up out of the ruins of a structure it has already demolished. Where, then, is it to find a habitation? This question we shall not answer. We put it, because the question cannot be put to England; and this shows the enormous difference, or rather contrariety, of the conditions of the two countries.

Further: do we ever find English journals, or other publications which have practice in view, discussing rudimental propositions touching government and civil society? No. We know that we have grown beyond them; and besides know, from the experience of all history, that even in the infancy of states, when a direct appeal to these principles would seem to have some logical fitness, they have been so appealed to; in brief, *that they work for ever, but can never be worked with*; that they cannot be turned into *instruments*—made *tools* of. These first principles, nevertheless, are so regarded in France. They are there considered, as it were, but as the brick and mor-

tar, with which the political architects would build up the edifice of the *new Society* (*notre nouvelle Société*), as even M. Guizot calls it. Every day, in every journal, almost in every speech delivered in the French Parliament, what a flashy display of these profundities! A few trumpery journalists cannot be prosecuted for a libel without a simultaneous rush being made by the whole Parisian press into the shallow profound of their *sovereignty of the people*, of their *rights of man* metaphysics.

This passionate propensity of the French towards abstruse politics, we look upon as one of the most remarkable phenomena of infidelity. All those bright hopes of perfection which a religious man centres in the world to come, the infidel centres in this world. He cannot deny his nature. Its spiritual tendencies, if they find not their object in religion, will waste themselves upon earthly things. Infidels invert the economy of their being; they point the flame earthward which should have an ascendant heavenward direction. Hence their irrepressible dabbings in first principles; hence the constant bafflement all their attempts meet with to carry out their theories into practice; for they would strain practice up into theory, and not let theory down into practice; and hence the destructiveness of their energies when they are fairly let loose; for having no strong housing, no home occupation, no proper domain of activity, no congenial sphere of action, being merely circumvolved in a storm-cloud, when they issue forth they are like lightning—they strike only to destroy.

Who, indeed, does not see the exceedingly perilous condition of France? Our readers will recollect the letter which M. Guizot, a few months ago, as ambassador at London, addressed to M. de Broglie. At that critical juncture, when the nation stood apparently on the very brink of war, and when considerations of another kind, one would have thought, would have been uppermost in his mind, M. Guizot dwells exclusively on the revolutionary tendencies of his country. The fires in the heart of France he dreads, not her foreign enemies, even though she had then plunged into desperate strife with all Europe. This surely—these anxious

fears of such a man at such a moment—is very significant, and shows that we are not taking fright at a bugbear, but have a very real cause of apprehension in the actual temper of the French people.

What, too, has been the experience of the French government and legislature since Louis-Philippe was called to the throne? Why, ministries have seldom lasted longer than six months. Out of chance-medley combinations, to all appearance, they have for the most part been formed, and by chance-medley combinations they have been broken to pieces. Men of almost all parties have acted together, and have opposed each other on the very same questions with the strangest purposelessness, as far as the public could see, imaginable. Nay more, there are few leading members of the Chamber of Deputies who, from session to session, do not, to use a Hibernian expression, turn their backs upon themselves. From their opinions one can never infer their actions, and from their actions one can never infer their opinions. In fact, to one who has attentively considered the French Parliament for several years past, it presents the most curious, and, in itself, the most incomprehensible spectacle that ever was offered to the contemplation of the world. For in all that is said, in all that is done in that assembly, there is such a *ravelment of half meanings*, that, to understand them at all, one must put the other halves to these meanings, which, through terrified indecision, are neither expressed nor acted on.

The consequence of this weak and violent confusion about two years ago, was, that Louis-Philippe was gaining a decided ascendancy over the popular branch of the legislature. The Molé cabinet had a longer endurance than any other since the death of Cassimir Perrier. Hereupon the strongest opposition parties of the chamber united against that cabinet, or, more correctly speaking, against the throne. No doubt, personal ambition and other egotistical motives played their part bravely on that occasion; but men engaged in public affairs are never *wholly* egotistical. Something which they call principle, whether distinctly or vaguely perceived, whether for good or for evil, will always exert an influence over

them. And it must be confessed that real patriotism might induce many to combine against the royal power at that time. After suffering so much, in the *name at least*, of civil freedom, with all their wonderful experience of the last half century fresh in their memory, throbbing and tingling in their blood, the French people could not complacently look on whilst their Citizen-King was becoming from day to day, with growing might, a Louis XIV. No. Having paid the vast price, it was natural, it was laudable, it was patriotic, that they should look for some solidly good and excellent result to flow from it. This result—a most precious one, which would amply repay them for all their sufferings and sacrifices—they then declared to be, “*The reality of a representative government.*” This they were determined, they said, to have; and hence the coalition which was to form a steady parliamentary majority on which it might be based. All this was most specious, so much so as even to seduce a man like M. Guizot to enter into the project.

But let us now see whether a representative government be *possible* in France, as political society is there at present constituted. This a few remarks will show; which, if they are not new, deserve to be renewed frequently, as they demonstrate most forcibly how deeply the two free liberal and enlightened nations of Europe differ from each other, and how little apt they are to act conjointly in the mission which has been attributed to them.

In the first place, in order that a *real* national representation should anywhere exist, there must be a nation to represent. But a *population* does not constitute a nation in any political sense of the word. When one speaks of a nation with reference to its civil constitution, one takes into account only those powers which have a positive operation, whether directly or indirectly, officially or morally, on its whole policy, domestic as well as foreign. In this sense, the Russian nation consists solely in its autocrat, and the material force he can command, which is part of himself. The population of his empire, other than as an instrument of his will, is left altogether out of consideration when we speak of Russia. Now let us apply

this observation to France. It is known that the French provinces are completely absorbed by Paris. They stand in the same relation to that capital that the population of Russia does to the autocrat. They are therefore not, in the political signification of the term, the French nation. How then can they be represented? They form in themselves a mere blank on which Paris scribbles her will. They possess no influence which radiates upon the metropolis; and such being the case, it is impossible that they should send *bona fide* representatives to the national assembly. We admit, of course, that a member of any parliament is not merely the representative of a specific locality, but of the interests of a whole people. Yet specific localities must exist, and not only exist, but assume a corporate expression; specific opinions and views must be entertained freely, and boldly put forth, by a community at large, and severally throughout all its parts; and specific popular objects must be prominent, and challenge the public attention; and these views, opinions, interests, and objects, must be diffused variously, and find a voice over the whole territory of a state, before it can be said that there is any nation to represent. But none of these things have any existence in France.

And perhaps the worst consequence of this state of things is, that, there being no nation in a constitutional sense, there is also *no public*. Deputies and journalists, little knots of agitators or courtiers at Paris are *THEIR OWN PUBLIC*. They stand in *awe* of—or rather, as that word implies respect, they are under check from—none but themselves. In narrow, heated, turmoiled circles, they beat impatiently about. They draw the very breath of their political life from the close, corrupt atmosphere of personal animosities, individual ambitions, and petty malignant intrigues. No passing currents of purer air which may blow unheeded over the country, ever revive them out of their febrile excitement into healthy vigour. Nothing great or useful can come out of these circumstances; but all must be diminutive, contemptible, mischievous, and finally abortive.

A nation may be divided into several great parties, each representing some of the great interests and leading

opinions of millions of men. But when little parties belonging to one city, to one spot, constitute politically a nation, these parties hardly deserve to be so called. They are but fractions, and woe to the community in whose name these fractions speak, more especially if they can impart their own irritations to, or reflect them back upon, the body of the people! And when these fractions come to be refractioned—what shall we say? why, that they give us a complete picture of the Chamber of Deputies. In that assembly, so great a variety of sentiments has arisen on all questions that may be brought before it, that its every division is subdivided into as many as three, or four, or five shades (*nuances*) of indescribable differences; and hence agreement or disagreement, the fusion and contention of these fractions, or rather shades, are the most easy and natural things in the world, and happen so often and so perplexingly that it is difficult, if not impossible, to perceive the discriminative marks by which they are separated. But the very fact that opinions on all the most important subjects are shaded off into so many nice distinctions, into so many intermingling tints, is the strongest possible proof that no national voices are heard in the so-called representative assembly, and that in the little precarious cluster of noisy men who compose it, there are no broad convictions and no broad purposes of any kind entertained, at least which are not very wide, vague, and susceptible of all manner of fantastic colourings. What object, then, however desirable, can be by such persons conscientiously and patriotically pursued?

The *reality* of a representative government called out for by these men! Bah! It was a brave drum to beat on for a season, and a fine rubbadub noise it made. But look deeper, Mr Frenchman, and you will see that you must begin by having a representable nation, before you can have the reality of a representative government.

Now observe the futile exasperating activity of the French mind at home, or rather French mind having no work to do which it *will* do at home—no work to its taste. This makes it look out eagerly into foreign countries for something to act upon. It

was not so formerly. In former times, under the *ancienne régime*, Frenchmen lived contented in their own natural gayety. They had every where their little dancing and love-making *beaux mondes*, and in vanities which seemed very charmingly harmless, their life passed over as a thoughtless summer day. They would follow their king to war with ardour, but in peace they were peaceable; neither foreign nor domestic policy troubled them. Their outward aspect was that of careless happiness, whatever wind sowings for whirlwind reappings were hidden under it; and no other nation had any particular dread of the French nation. Unfortunately, they have not passed from this state into one of useful productive action, but into the opposite extreme of destroying energy. To subside from an extreme into a wholesome medium, till after a very long intermediate experience, is perhaps impossible. Consequently, the French are still in their altitudes. They have been conquered, and they have been repressed; but the aspiration which woke them up out of their old contentedness, and which has sustained them through such dreadful, such proud, and such humiliating destinies, continues to work within them, and it can only find enterprize to respond to it *abroad*. Revolution upon revolution continually, in the heart of their own country, will not do. However passionately they may declaim upon the subject, they dread internal revolution, they abjure it, all but the very populace. The passions that tend to it, are, notwithstanding, as we have already said, in full vigour, and are cherished as the *sine qua non* of all virtues. Thiers calls himself proudly the son of the revolution; and who among Frenchmen—from the king on his throne, (who lately declared to the Russian ambassador, that he had not lost his *bonnet rouge*,) to the lowest partizan of any party—who would not be stigmatized as a legitimist and priest-ridden bigot, dares, whatever may be his secret sentiments, deny that so esteemed divine revelation, that gospel of the French people which blazed out in 1789? None. But whilst the passions then engendered thrive abundantly, the movement men of France would give them an external direction. Convulsive changes apart, home work is sober material, detail work, which

by no means meets their sublimated requirements. Besides, we have seen how little scope there is in the institutions, in the present constitution of French society, to give effective employment to popular energies. The principles invoked, too, lead, as French politicians well know, to anarchy, which they would keep far from them. Whilst they hug these principles to their bosoms, they shrink from their practical effect *among themselves* with terror. Hence their equivocations and their torment. One safety-valve alone they seem to possess to carry off the dreaded danger—war, and if possible, *propagandist* war. The glorious career of Napoleon has bound up in their ideas a military supremacy of dominion with the triumph of democracy. Thus we find, that all their views open out towards war. Even during the reign of Louis XVIII., when they felt their prostration most sensibly, foreign questions had much more interest for them than domestic ones; and since 1830, we may say that the public mind of France has been almost exclusively occupied therein. Not to do more than merely to allude to the revolt of unhappy Poland, when the whole French nation would have joyfully taken up arms in its defence, let us recollect the violent and fraudulent seizure on Ancona, and the great unpopularity which Louis-Philippe and the Molé administration brought upon themselves, and which is yet unabated, by the evacuation of that place in accordance with the express conditions of a formal treaty. Then Belgium!—how deeply Frenchmen were and are interested in her revolution! What objects can they possibly have, within their own territory, that can have for them a thousandth part of the interest of that event? We shall presently speak more particularly of the eastern question. What we wish here first to insist on is: that France is in this position, that she can never regain her old internal contentedness; that she has no serious work to do, or has not virtue in her to find serious work to do—*at home*; that nevertheless she is deeply disquieted with revolutionary passions, which she would fain not let loose upon herself; that these passions are inseparably, as well in her experience as in her prospects, associated with military glory and ascendancy; that for this reason, with others

of corroborating force, foreign policy is to her, so to speak, more domestic than her domestic policy; that it touches her more nearly; that it absorbs the importance of her domestic affairs, and that thus Europe at large is to her what each other separate state is to itself; that her attention is not divided, like that of other nations, between internal and external interests, the former holding the first and more permanently important place; but that her master tendency, to which she would make all things conform, is to reassert that domination in Europe which Napoleon, for a brief space, seemed to possess; and to be, as a nation, firmly and completely what he was, as a man, for a giddy season.

A few observations on the manner in which the eastern question has been viewed in France will justify, if we mistake not, the above assertions, and will give rise to other comments, which we shall set down as they occur to us. We must refer back to some old debates in the Chamber of Deputies on this subject.

The most ostensible point of time when France came forward to express her sentiments on the eastern question, was on the occasion of Mr Jeoffroi's presenting his report to the French parliament on that topic, in the month of June or July 1839, (we forget the exact date,) when a credit of ten millions of francs was demanded to meet contingent expenses.

In this report, it was insisted on very strenuously, with an earnestness and emphasis, indeed, which seemed quite uncalled for, that France should act a part worthy of herself—a high and a chief part in the settlement of oriental affairs. But as no state was at all disposed to refuse to her her due, full weight with themselves in the adjustment of the respective claims of the sultan and his Egyptian viceroy—on the contrary, England especially had laid it down as a prime rule of policy, that no European question could be settled satisfactorily without her sincere co-operation—this anxious and jealous insistence on rights of dignity which were admitted by all parties, had in it, to the clear-sighted, something suspicious. Nevertheless, as it was immediately followed by the declaration, that France was a *mediating* power in eastern politics, it produced no impression. M. Guizot, and

M. Thiers too, both echoed from M. Jeoffroi the word *mediating*, and they argued that this character of French diplomacy in the East was adapted to give the utmost confidence in French loyalty to the other cabinets in consultation. And so it would have done, had it been real as it *ought to have been*. The consciousness, indeed, that it ought to have been real, suggested its assumption as a mask.

But why, our readers may ask, should France have been regarded as a mediating power so particularly? Clearly for this reason—because she had no direct interest in the question. England had a paramount interest therein of a defensive conservative kind, as the Ottoman empire is the great protective outwork of her own Indian dominions. Austria, also, would have had her own security endangered by the destruction of the power of the Porte; and Russia, from her views of aggressive ambition, and her relations with Turkey, was likewise a closely interested party of an opposite description. All other European cabinets stood further off. Their only just and legitimate concern in the affairs of the East was this—they were called upon to take care that no state should, by acquiring a preponderance in the Ottoman empire, disturb the balance of Europe. To this extent, France had an undeniable interest in the Turco-Egyptian contention. She was especially concerned to prevent Russia from encroaching on, or taking possession of Turkey; as such an event, or any sensible approaches towards it, would have very considerably diminished, over-shadowed perhaps completely, her own importance on the European continent. But this interest was relative and remote, so that it by no means interfered with a mediating impartiality; and her high rank and influence among the other cabinets fitted her well to arbitrate between them, had any serious differences set them at variance.

But it soon appeared that by the term “to mediate,” Frenchmen understood to meddle, to intrigue, to create for themselves a direct interest where they had had none before—to go *mediatingly*, no doubt, in a certain sense—between others, not to reconcile their differences, but taking advantage of them to pursue an independent plan for the aggrandizement of

France alone. A sort of *aggressive mediation* was therefore established. M. St Marc Gérardin, and other emissaries, were dispatched to Constantinople and to Alexandria, to send from those places letters, and essays, and statistical tables and accounts, descriptive of the political situation of Turkey and of Egypt, suitable to the purpose in view. And from this time, the French press teemed with statements and arguments, tending to show that the Ottoman empire was virtually at an end—that it should be partitioned out among the great states of Europe, or that it should be converted into a new empire, with Mehemet Ali at its head—or that at least the sultan and pasha should be left to themselves to come to an agreement, free from any foreign intervention; whilst it was urged by *all* parties in France, that if such intervention proceeded to force, and was not strictly limited to verbal exhortation, the end aimed at could never be attained, but that the very contrary result, confusion and war, would inevitably ensue. All this was a carrying out of the mediation scheme, as will be presently more distinctly seen.

In the debate on the Eastern question, which took place on the 10th of January 1840, in the Chamber of Deputies, certain orators spoke out more clearly than it had been hitherto deemed prudent to do, and afforded some insight into the French views upon the East, and into the general style and principles of the foreign policy and objects which popularly prevail in that nation. M. Mangin gave a wide description, not of the condition, but, according to him, of the spirit of all Europe. He insisted that two strong tendencies were felt by all European states—the one, on the part of the people, to disengage themselves entirely from the feudal system of the middle ages; and the other, on the part of kings, to fortify and enlarge their power. England and Russia he especially pointed out, as pursuing the latter object with a firm and persevering will. France, he affirmed, remained in a state of indecision, and intimated that her right policy would be to take a lead at once in the two tendencies; at the same time to champion the popular movement, and to acquire for herself an *increase of territory*, proportioned to

that which, he asserted, had been obtained by other kingdoms, (*accroissements des territoires proportionels.*) With respect to the Eastern question, he said it was the interest of France to support the claims of Mehemet Ali, and so to frustrate certain designs which he attributed to England. M. de la Martine spoke in the same strain, though he indicated a different line of conduct to the Government. The idea of preserving the Ottoman empire in existence, he considered as perfectly illusory; equally so, he urged, would be the attempt to construct an Arab or Egyptian empire, which might hold the same position in Europe as the Turkish dominion has hitherto done. The inference to be drawn from his discourse was this,—that Turkey should be partitioned out among certain European states, and that France should come in for a large share in the division. “*Providence*,” said he, “*has given us an opportunity of acquiring an ascendancy in the Mediterranean, and our Cabinet have refused to take advantage of it;*” and this he deplores chiefly because civilization and the welfare of humanity are invincibly bound (*inviniblement liés*) to French supremacy. The speech of M. Thiers differed from that of M. de la Martine as a practical man differs from a theorist or speculator. He did not repudiate the project of partitioning Turkey as bad in itself, as involving a breach of faith, the most iniquitous and enormous that has ever been perpetrated; but he put it gently aside as impossible. “Do you know,” said he, “what has decided me against this policy?—an argument which, with practical people, has great weight—it is simply that it is impossible.” He then went on to answer its advocates who might object to his reasoning by the rejoinder, “that the immediate partition of Turkey was not contemplated—that there was no thought of proceeding immediately to occupy Constantinople, and to take possession of the territory which might fall to the share of France, as a compensation for the aggrandizement of Russia,” by adding, with manifest regret, that there were no means of entering into negotiation with the Cabinet of St Petersburg on the subject, and that the very suspicion that such a design was entertained, would rouse

the hostility of all Europe; the hideous immorality of the whole supposed transaction, never crossed his mind for a moment as of the slightest importance.

Here, then, we see what France has been all along about in her Eastern policy. The support of Mehemet Ali, the acquisition of an ascendancy in the Mediterranean, the partitioning of the Ottoman empire, and the *status quo* recommended by M. Thiers in the debate we have just referred to, were all synonymous terms to Frenchmen, inasmuch as they all, either as means or ends, seemed to assure to France the establishment of a power or of an influence in the East, which she has never yet possessed, but has long had vividly depicted in her imagination. Hence her constant opposition to every measure which offered a good prospect of an immediate and decisive settlement of the Eastern question—her refusal to concur in constraining the pasha to restore the Turkish fleet—her protestations against an armed intervention—and her urgent recommendations that the viceroy and the sultan should be permitted to come to terms of reconciliation without the interference of the foreign courts. She knew right well that if the viceroy had been allowed to negotiate directly with his sovereign, standing as he did on high vantage ground, that he would have become, by the very fact, his sovereign's sovereign, and would have been encouraged, at the first opportune season, to carry out further his ambitious designs, by which new complications of oriental affairs would infallibly have been brought about. She also knew, that if the *status quo* were suffered to continue for any length of time, some fatal rupture would be likely to take place among the European powers, which might give a last shake-down to the Turkish empire, and hasten forward the period of its dismemberment, to which she looked forward for the realization of all her hopes. The chapter of accidents might have helped forward her projects wonderfully, therefore this chapter she was bent upon keeping open. Vast, vague, and extravagant, it may be admitted, her views were; but those persons do not know Frenchmen, who do not know that views of this kind

have infinitely more attraction and inspiration for them, than sober, limited, definite enterprizes ever have.

These were the prospects which had possession of all French statesmen and politicians of all parties, when M. Thiers became Prime Minister. It is only justice to him to keep in mind this fact. Successive French Cabinets had all pursued the same course. The eastern policy of all of them had been *tentative*. To keep the question open, to embroil it, to interpose endless delays, and by this species of *mediation*; to work out a result, somehow or another, which would flatter the vanity of France, and open new vistas to her ambition—this had been the object of all of them, and it was a popular and national object. M. Thiers, calling himself especially a man of the people, could not renounce it without exposing himself and his party to a storm of unpopularity which neither he nor they had the remotest idea of incurring.

On, then, he was obliged to plunge. Delays, he found, could not be much longer protracted, though he does not seem to have been aware that they were on the very point of reaching their term when he dispatched M. Eugene Perrier to the East, to negotiate a direct settlement of their respective claims between the sultan and the pasha, irrespective of the intervention of the five courts, or rather of four of them, as France designed that *her* interposition should virtually baffle all the other powers. This was a bold stroke—this mission of M. Eugene Perrier. We say nothing here of its flagrant treacherousness, in violating, after a clandestine manner, the treaty by which the five states had entered into conference. It failed; but the attempt at overreaching which it exhibited—the desperate audacity of the step, separated the Cabinet of the 1st March more widely from the other courts than even the obstinate procrastinating objections of preceding French Ministers had done. And when the treaty of July became known, M. Thiers, naturally enough, considering the extreme falseness of the position in which he stood, endeavoured to cover the incapacity, crookedness, blunders, bad faith, and the whole mess of tricksome, miscalculated manœuvres, which he had in-

herited from his predecessors, and had carried to its climax himself, by a theatric display of the most lofty mock-heroic indignation.—France had been betrayed! the great nation had been insulted, and must avenge herself!

But there was nothing serious in these vaunting words, nor even in the armaments, and the ordinances for the fortification of Paris which accompanied them, beyond a faint hope, perhaps, that these warlike demonstrations might alarm the allies into some concessions. When we say there was nothing serious in these military preparations, we mean that they had no immediate purpose in them, no purpose which grew out of the pretext that gave rise to them. A meaning they had, and have, no doubt, and a very deep one, which we shall presently point out; but to declare war with Europe at the juncture referred to, was an intention never for a second entertained by Louis-Philippe, or by M. Thiers, or by any member of the late Cabinet. Of this we have felt all along convinced, and the whole conduct of the ex-minister has demonstrated the justness of this opinion.

M. Thiers armed France; but he did not protest against the treaty of July: he declared, through all his organs of the press, that Mehemet Ali should be supported in his claims; yet he did not venture to require, in the note of the 8th October, that even the hereditary viceroyalty of Egypt should be secured to him, until the conference at London had expressed an intention to the same effect. He urged in council that the French fleet should be sent to Alexandria to sustain the courage of Mehemet Ali, only because he knew that this mad project would be opposed by the king and the majority of his colleagues; and at the very time he was recommending this wild proceeding, he had sent orders for the return of the same fleet to Toulon. He delayed the convocation of the Chambers, which was loudly demanded by the whole nation, that he might have an interval to himself in which proudly to bluster, and to *do nothing*. And when the moment of *action* could no longer be postponed, when he would have been summoned to insist on the execution of his threatenings by some specific, positive, unmistakeable measures, he seized upon

a flimsy pretence for retreating from office. He endeavoured to put words into the king's mouth on the opening of the parliament, which, had he been in earnest, and had he had the parliament with him, would have been quite unimportant to him, because he knew the king would refuse to utter them, and thus afford him what he wanted—a specious opportunity of throwing up power, when shams, brags, and equivocations could be pushed no further, and when the responsibilities of power were getting rather too hot for him.

In all this we see no indication of any determined will, of any will at all, at the time, to go to war. We see only a false position which has involved France in numerous extravagances; we see M. Thiers surrounded by complicated falsities of others, and of his own making, playing a game for popularity; we see that he dared not adopt any resolved line of conduct; and hence that all his acts, empty of purpose, have swayed and swaggered about in a vast vacuity, puzzling the world, and probably himself too, by their unwieldy inconsistencies.

One word more before we quit this part of our subject. M. Thiers, in defending himself before the chamber, fully avowed the designs and prospects of France in the East, which, till then, no one, speaking as minister, or with reference to his ministerial duties, had ventured to promulgate. He declared that France had all along conceived the project of establishing a strong influence, if not of founding a dominion, in the East; that this, one of the great purposes of Napoleon, had become a prime French interest, from the moment hostilities between the porte and the pasha required an European intervention; and that it had formed the real base of all the negotiations that successive cabinets of the Tuilleries had pursued in the conference at London. This avowal was denied by no single deputy in the chamber, only the conservatives maintained that the object was of secondary, not of the first importance. Here we have "*mediation*," *disinterestedness*! But what is most strikingly significant is, that this throwing off of the mask, that this acknowledgment of the secret clandestine entertainment of views of the most aggressive ambition, was heard as a matter of course, surprised no one in the assembly to whom it was

addressed, and excited not even a murmur of disapprobation—much less that indignant reproof which the ascription of long, treacherous, mendacious duplicity to a great nation would any where else merit, but which it did not merit, coming from Frenchman to Frenchman, for reasons which we forbear here to set down.

We have affirmed that the French government, despite its vast military preparations, has had no intention, on the subject of the Eastern question, of going to war with Europe, but that, nevertheless, these preparations have a deep meaning in them. We will endeavour to explain ourselves.

There is a strong blind sentiment propelling to war, in the heart of all the movement, of all the active population of France. The energies of that country, we repeat, are pent up, self-baffled, self-neutralizing, and productive only of the sorest and barrenest irritations within their own national territory. A nation cannot *talk on*, beat about through endless labyrinths of words for ever. It must *do something*, and the only, or the most eligible *something*, to the French people, seems to be to *make war*. The circumstances of the times have not been, for a long interval, propitious to giving scope to the war-bent of the French mind; yet that bent has been growing stronger with every passing year—not, we conceive, wilfully or preferably, (perhaps quite the contrary) but chiefly because *action*, strenuous, continuous, concentrated action, which has some *lead* and *jet* in it, which must produce some great result—no matter what—is *wanted*, and seems to Frenchmen only in war to be found. This bent, this want has expressed itself *spontaneously* in the late armaments of France. It only required an *occasion*, not a cause, to come out and show itself before the world. We are persuaded that there was *no precalculation with reference to the actual events of the moment*, in the defying belligerent attitude the French nation has assumed so recently towards Europe; but that there was a powerful irrepressible *presentiment with reference to an obscure future* in it, which a great, and not miscalled, fortuitous occasion has brought suddenly and vividly to light.

Whilst, then, we are convinced that the peace of Europe has not been, for

the last eight months, one moment really endangered, we, notwithstanding, regard the warlike demonstrations of France as no idle demonstrations. With the cabinets of Europe united, and the communities of Europe, upon the whole, rather quiescent and actively contented, the French could not think seriously of breaking abruptly into war, which, under such circumstances, would almost inevitably have brought upon them the most disgraceful defeats and disasters. But the anticipative desire to be *ready in waiting* for war, caught hold of the first specious opportunity to sound the preparatory note.

Disunion may come, may be sedulously brought about between states. Popular discontents, in various countries, may grow more and more mutinous, more pregnant with convulsive changes. Then will be the opportune season for France to unfurl her banners in earnest.

Even in the late debates in the Chamber of Deputies, propagandist principles have been avowed by some of its most temperate members. Monsieur de Tocqueville himself has declared, in a recent speech, that in these principles resides the moral strength of that kingdom, though he is averse to enforcing them at the point of the bayonet. But the French can enforce them in no other way. In the arts, the labours, the works of peace, in industry, and in commerce, they are behind most European nations. Germany, and even Belgium, has beat them hollow in these things. They have only two petty railroads, not much longer than the space from London to Greenwich, whilst other countries are intersected through all their length and breadth by these modern improvements. Besides, as by the word propagandism, in the French sense, is not meant the sending out of preachers to proclaim certain doctrines, it can have no special meaning whatever, if military crusades be not thereby signified. And these the term does truly signify; only it must not be imagined that there is any genuine conviction in the truth of the principles sought to be propagated, any honest disinterested fanaticism in their entertainment felt by those who are so noisily zealous about them. No; these people have tried them, and found them hollow of

all good, but they must keep them, which they do with a kind of restless malignant passion, because they have no other principles to put in their place; and because they know them to be most apt to mutinize and convulse kingdoms, and that, wherever this effect is produced, France has, as it were, a moral domain of her own, spirits who will sympathize with her, and do her bidding. As a means of conquest, therefore, of territorial aggrandizement, revolutionary principles are chiefly precious to Frenchmen.

Let us dwell for a few moments longer on this thought. Material resources may be fairly met, perhaps overmatched, by material resources—at all events, one knows what one is about in dealing with them. But the master resources of France are not material; they consist not so much in fleets and armies as in anarchic principles. With these it is fearful to come into contention. Their progress, their consequences, when once fairly let loose, and supported heart and hand by a puissant nation as a means of conquest, cannot be precalculated. The Parisian journalists proclaim every day that these principles are "*destined to conquer the world.*" On this subject the *Siècle*, one out of many French papers (but which has larger circulation than any other) who have expressed the same sentiment, when discussing the project of fortifying Paris, thus writes:—"Paris is the hot-bed of principles destined to triumph by peace or by war among all people. It is for this reason an object of hatred and terror to absolute governments—their irreconcilable enemy: Paris must, therefore, be rendered impregnable."

Now, are sentiments like this, which are spouted out like water from fountains unceasingly, abundantly, *every day in the year*, by nearly all the journals of France, and which irrigate in all directions the whole land, to be regarded as the mere gushings and bubblings of egregious despicable folly?—are they to be condemned as the lion would condemn the braying of the ass who should attempt to imitate his roar?—or do they indicate a deep-seated mischief, which must expel itself eruptively, to the great peril of the civilized world, and which nothing but eruption can remove, and nothing can long effectually

suppress? We adopt, unhesitatingly, the latter opinion. And when we consider that wherever there are Socialists, Chartists, Papists, in revolt under the colours of Liberalism, men of undetermined, latitudinarian minds; wherever there are the elements of social disorganization in ferment, that there France has friends and allies, virtual or avowed—that there she has magazines of her choicest resources;—when we hear O'Connellites openly proclaiming, "France with the people of Ireland, or England with the Repeal of the Union;" and when we know that the French habitually look eagerly and anxiously towards every symptom of disturbance in every state as towards the horizon of all their hopes, just as one looks towards the east for sunrise;—when we consider these things, we feel assured that French democracy is more than ready for a fresh explosion; and that it is only waiting, with an impatience hardly to be restrained, till there be a riper readiness for its purpose in the temper of foreign populations—till there be a propitious disorder in European politics, again to break out, in the guise of war, with the most resolved wilfulness.

Further, let us recollect that France has never forgotten what the extent of her territory was under the republic and under Napoleon. Belgium, and the frontier of the Rhine especially, she regards, and has never ceased to regard, as *hers*. A more universally popular—a more emphatically national act than the violation of the treaties of 1815, than the utter abrogation and besoming out of the world of those treaties, cannot be conceived by Frenchmen. The strong-headed set of their national will is towards that consummation. They may find themselves in the end dreadfully mistaken; but the tremendous energies they put forth at their great revolution, and the astounding conquests and rapid empire, extending wellnigh over the half of Europe, which Napoleon acquired for them with such flashing suddenness, has dazzled their imagination to the complete overpowering of their judgment. They believe that, when once they rouse themselves up again in their might, nothing will be able to resist them—that they must be victorious. And experience alone, we fear, can cure them of this insanely exalted appreciation of themselves. Of such in-

sanity, however, of a whole nation, should it gather to a head and burst into action, as it is likely to do, it is fearful to anticipate the consequences. We, who are not under the spell of their delusions, may clearly see that their Revolution, and more certainly that Napoleon, raised the French people high above their natural level. The wonderful Corsican, (for we must bear in mind he was not a Frenchman,) by his disproportioned superiority to those over whom he ruled, strained up their mind to the pitch of his own purposes, and left them no pitch—no free volitions and activities of their own. This is the most intolerable slavery it is possible to imagine. Slavery in ignorant contented passiveness is baneful, but it is not necessarily accompanied by suffering. But slavery in a state of great mental energies, the enslavement of these very energies, roused and stimulated into their fullest, even overwrought action, to one single master-will, is doubtless the most acutely painful, and at the same time the most complete bondage, human nature can endure. The French have felt this bondage, and it is identified in their thoughts with the name of Napoleon. Despite the cold gorgeous honours they have conferred upon his ashes, they vaunt of his glory with a kind of shudder. There is an oppressiveness in the very memory of the man, which seems almost to check their free respiration. One would think, then, that this stifling sensation of recollected pain and dread, that this *incubus* they feel on their chests when the image of their self-willed hero comes before them, would teach them, that his stature high overtowered their stature, that his deeds were not their deeds, that his achievements far outstrip the measure of any thing they can possibly achieve in their own native strength. But it has not produced this effect. On the contrary, their vanity so preposterously imposes on them, that they fancy the successes of the emperor were merely indications—heralds of the greater glories to be attained by *la grande nation*; and that to throw down the gauntlet to Europe at any auspicious conjuncture, in order to recover their former possessions, would be to dare an enterprize below, much rather than above their force.

And what shall we say of the fortification of Paris? It shows, in our

conception, the reaching of the French mind after two great objects—a concentrated democratic government and society, and the highest rank and potency in Europe to be obtained by a military preponderance. Both these objects seem capable of promotion by rendering Paris strong against an enemy, and, at the same time, masterful over the insurgent spirit of its inhabitants. Nevertheless the two objects, as apprehended by the foes of order, and the favourers of internal revolutions, may appear to be placed thereby in the utmost peril. And, as the sentiments of these disturbers are too popular to be openly opposed, those Frenchmen—the great majority—who understand democracy, revolutionary principles, and national grandeur, in another sense from them, have not dared to speak out. Nay more—the language of the disturbers is their language, though secretly their purposes are respectively as totally different as their tongues are resemblant. Hence the contradictoriness of the words and aims of the leading French Liberals, and the confused jargon of sense of all which they have written and spoken about the fortification project. But of this we may be sure, M. Thiers, Odillon Barrot, the *centre gauche*, all the Liberal parties of France, understand by democracy and revolutionary principle, a system of rule and authority which will keep down insurrection, which will keep down the people, and which will give such concentrated force to the government as will enable it, without any impediment from intestine commotions, to carry out the most ambitious views of foreign policy. Let Englishmen always take this conviction with them, that much as the French abhor the *ancien régime*, much as they abhor aristocracy, much as they are fanatized for democracy and equality, they repudiate, nevertheless, liberty as impracticable among them; they know all, except the very mob, the emptiness of all their fine phrases about liberty; and they desire really only one thing—immense power for France. They would have a Napoleon over the nation—not an individual Napoleon, but a *Napoleon Parliament*. Doubtless they have no stomach even to think of Louis-Philippe, or any other monarch, possessing this power; yet they would first form the possibility

of the power, and then struggle to secure it to a democratic oligarchy. But this possibility would be the direct result of the subjection of the Parisian populace, and the consequent suppression of that capricious, riotous, abortive demagogism, which holds the kingdom in perpetual trances of nervous futile terror; and the purposes of public men would then not be dissipated and dissolved in the Babel noises of multitudes who have no aim but to speculate on, to subsist on popular agitation, but might go straight, with a vigorous, unbroken impulse, whithersoever they tended. Then the most daring military ambition might, with more assurance, be entertained. To provoke a combination of all Europe against France, would not appear hopeless, but glorious. And such a combination, it looks probable, is anticipated by the fortification ordinance; for while France has any one powerful ally on the continent, it would be quite a baseless fear to apprehend that her capital can ever be besieged by an enemy. At least, throughout all her history, except in 1814 and 1815, when Europe was united against her, that event has never happened. The eagerness, too, with which M. Thiers seized on the opportunity to commence the fortifications—his haste to undertake the work before the French Parliament was assembled, lest his design should be frustrated by opposition—his simultaneous declaration that England and the northern courts had entered into a coalition to humble France,—all the changes that have been rung on this supposed coalition by all the liberal Parisian prints and orators ever since, countenance strongly the supposition that the provocation of a general war is in contemplation. On the whole, the fortification scheme has a most ominous aspect. It looks like the determined preparation of wilfulness to risk every thing, to bear up against every extremity; but, cost what it may, to prevail. Considering this scheme, especially in conjunction with the occasion out of which it has sprung, with the comments that have accompanied it, with the character of the French nation, and of that of its immediate author and his adherents, it forms, we deem, one of the signs of the times, portentously significant, to which the world cannot give too anxious heed.

What, then, in the light of all the

facts and inferences we have above set down, are we to think of the opinion recently expressed by the Duke of Wellington, that the prosperity of France, that her due weight in Europe, were essential to the common welfare of other states, to the balance of power between them, and to the just settlement of all great questions of foreign policy? Why, that the Duke's view is that of a great and wise statesman, for that the peace and progress of the civilized world, as far as it is given to human foresight to form a judgment, *does* depend upon the powerful influence which France, concurrently with other nations, should exert in the general politics of Europe. But this opinion supposes the French government and people willing to consider themselves as one of the great family of nations, having all certain relations to each other of mutually binding force. But if France be determined to regard herself as a *revolutionary* country, and Paris as a *revolutionary* city, (to use the language of almost all the French journals,) and to constitute herself the foe, and to make herself the object of suspicion and of fear to all governments and social institutions which are *not* revolutionary—we humbly conceive that the opinion of the Duke of Wellington will be found quite inapplicable to her, and that an opinion the very reverse will be *forced* by her—*detrimental* as it would otherwise be to the general interests—into the adoption of other cabinets and people too. But why should France proclaim all the world to be her enemy? Why should she take up the isolated position of the enemy of all the world? Since the restoration, down to the treaty of July, from which she was not excluded, but from which she excluded herself, she has received nothing but friendly proceedings, nothing but good offices from all the great European states. Her change of dynasty, in 1830, was promptly acquiesced in on all sides; her colonization of Algeria, though in violation of engagements entered into with Great Britain, (and but for these engagements she would not probably have persisted so obstinately in an enterprize which has cost her so dearly, which *will* cost her more dearly, and which must be abandoned at last,) has also been acquiesced in; and the separation of Holland and Belgium—*i.e.* the destruction of the most

solid monument of the victory of the allies in 1814 and 1815—the annihilation of the crowning and most important result of a war of thirteen years, to the great loss and peril of the rest of Europe, but to the great actual and still greater prospective advantage of France—was suffered to take place chiefly under her influence, and in compliance with her interests. Why, then, should she resolve to stand *unam omnia contra*? Our preceding observations may, we believe, answer this interrogation. But however that may be, M. Thiers, in a debate in the last week of February, declared, in reply to arguments by which M. Guizot very hesitatingly and timidly recommended the policy of renewing a good understanding with England and the Northern Powers, that France's right position was to maintain an "*armed peace*," a "*menacing*"—as he justly called it—"*isolation*." M. Odillon Barrot expressed the same sentiment in other words, saying that France should be on the watch, and ready to take advantage of "*eventualities*;" and M. Dufaure and his party, on whose watch-and-wait sort of trimming intrigues the Soult-Guizot ministry depends, gave his adherence to this opinion.

But Louis-Philippe, it is said and hoped by many, is to stem this tide of the national will, or rather wilfulness; and its eddyings, from contending under currents, have certainly helped him wonderfully hitherto in damming up or diverting it from its headlong course. But that he will not long be able to continue his obstructive policy, which the character and tendencies of the kingdom have forced upon him, is greatly to be feared. Such policy, from its own nature, can be but temporary. If he had any one of the great influential parties wholly with him, he might be able to adopt some *following* out system. But he does not possess this advantage. Even Guizot, Soult, Molé, and the French Conservatives in general, are not more than half with him. From fear, more than from conviction, they support the throne. The king, therefore, seems to stand alone. To the great body of Frenchmen, he has the aspect of an anti-national man. Up to this time, one labour, and a most arduous one it is, has solely engaged him. He sees and feels the evil workings of the democratic principle; and

to subdue this principle, not by denying it, but by riding it as a breaker-in would a wild horse, with sharp spurs and a double snaffle, patting its neck and lacerating its flanks alternately, and keeping his seat firm despite all its desperate plunges and viciousness;—this is the task he has been and is performing. But this is a mere negative good, regarded by the French as a positive evil; and in France especially, every species of government, of national movement, which tends not to the end of the chapter—to the *solution*, as they say there, of the *problem of society* (!) is considered as contemptibly futile. *Finality* is every where abjured, precisely because there is every where an eager blind pressure towards *finality*. Repression consequently is what the age wants, and Louis-Philippe is for the civilized world at present its chief instrumental dispenser. He seems to have been raised up by Providence at this juncture as the great ~~REPRESSOR~~ of the most restless people of the earth. Unfortunately, however, for him, repression *alone* is insufficient; *with it*, there must be prospective objects, of a solid, sober kind, and much intermediate, interesting work to be done, in order to guarantee its operation from the most destructive recoil. But the object of Louis-Philippe, one indispensable to the peace, security, and prosperity of the world, is to bring France again, not nominally, or by constraint, or through feebleness, but in sound reality, into its old family relations with the other states of Europe. And in this object he has no single, whole-hearted adherent. It is *un-French*. It looks like a cool proposal to the nation to score out the last half century of its destinies—to abolish it, to vote it into non-existence—and such a half century! fuller, more impressed with apocalyptic meanings, more impregnated with the future than all the centuries preceding. We predict that Louis-Philippe will not succeed in his design; nor is he a man, we believe, to persist in it, when it may become (as it will, if not abandoned sooner or later) dangerously hopeless. Much as we admire and applaud the consummate prudence, firmness, and skill of this monarch, since he has been upon the throne, we cannot forget his antecedent conduct during the restoration. He is not likely to sacrifice himself or his dynasty to

his own views, however thoroughly he may be convinced of their wisdom. Many passages of his life countenance the idea that he is selfish and ambitious in the extreme, artful and outwitting, with a sure eye, and a cautious but steadfast heart; in fact, were he a little more gracefully supple, and a little less circumspectly bold—a *crowned Talleyrand*. Any middle mode by which he may satisfy the passion of his subjects (we beg their pardon, his *sub citizens*) for war and conquest, without letting them loose to their own concealed, desperate, and yet wily frenzies, he will surely adopt, if he should be pressed much closer by those parties against whom he has, till now, so strenuously, painfully, and meritoriously made head.

Now, how does England stand, as she looks out upon the scene of things we have described? Most advantageously, if she be true to herself. First and chiefly, she has this singular—this twofold happiness. Her strong ancient monarchy and aristocratic institutions give confidence in her to the old monarchical governments of Europe, whilst her popular liberties give equal confidence to the people generally in all countries. England may be said to be the most deep-founded, the most stout and complex-buttressed monarchy that society at any period has ever known. At the same time, this monarchy has its component parts made up so almost completely out of constitutional rights which interest intimately, which are the direct property of all classes of the community, that, in contemplating the monarchy, we seem to see it expand under our steadfast gaze into an immense structure, or temple of civil freedom; and again, in contemplating anew this edifice of civil freedom, it takes the shape, under our examination, of a royal castle, like that of Windsor—grand, proud, unapproachable; commanding, and yet withal inspiring the voluntary elevating homage of its freeborn spectators. Without a metaphor; it is emphatically this complete union, in their fulness and in all their strength, of the monarchic and the popular forms of government, of which other nations possess only the one species, or if both, in miserable weakness or confusion, in semblance rather than in reality, that gives to England her great politically moral superiority over the continental states. She can lay her one hand upon

Russia, and her other upon France, and say to them—"What each of you has separately, with respect to your social institutions, I have jointly; both of you combined would, in this sense, leaving out other considerations, only make one England." In truth, what kingdom is there on the continent, which, in its civil constitution, is more than the *half* of England? We have the two principles in concurrent reciprocally strengthening action, which elsewhere are dividing mankind into two hostile camps. There is a *wholeness* in the British constitution which is not, and never has been, among any other people to be found. Whilst we preserve this *wholeness*, we must be the first and most powerful nation of the earth. And in the event of a French war, which (should it break out) will be virtually, if not avowedly, a propagandist war, it is needless to point how victorious the very spectacle of British monarchical freedom must be over the specious and illusive promises of democracy. We are persuaded that Europe has already obligations beyond computation to this very spec-

tacle; for that, if the British constitution had not existed in 1789 to rebuke down the Revolution, dating from that year, with a moral power which the institutions of no other state possessed, that Revolution would have been eagerly adopted every where, even in England itself. Our limits warn us that we should conclude, somewhat abruptly we fear. Only, therefore, one word more. None can take from us that which is our glory and our strength—our *whole* constitution, complete in its *dualism*, which is the form of completeness in man, and in society, which is the aggregate earthly man; but we may ourselves make our constitution a *half* one, representing the predominance of but *one* principle if we choose. This, however, the English people, remaining a grave, thoughtful, Christian family of men, will *not* choose. Profane Belial levity, ribald ruffianism, must indeed become triumphantly and permanently ascendant among us, before a judicial blindness from heaven, driving us to national suicide, can fall upon us.

THE HOLOCAUST.

AN EPISODE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

In the various histories that have been written of the Peninsular War, comparatively little mention is made of the different guerilla corps which, under the Empecinado, Marguinez, Merino, and other leaders of more or less note, hung upon the skirts of the French armies, attacked their rear-guards, cut off their convoys and despatches, and contributed in various ways and in no small degree to the annoyance and final expulsion of the enemy that had overrun Spain. The occasional misconduct of the Spanish troops of the line, frequently provoked by the cowardice or inefficiency of their officers, rendered their little to be depended upon in their co-operation with the British forces; but it is not the less certain that the services rendered by some of the guerilla chieftains, were highly important, and worthy of more notice than has been accorded them by the historians of that period.

The knowledge possessed by those daring partizans of every by-road

and sheep-track, every mountain pass and defile in the district or provinces in which they operated, frequently enabled them to keep employed in their pursuit large bodies of the enemy, and finally to escape at the very moment when they appeared inevitably entrapped. Who does not remember the famous exploit of the Empecinado, when, at a dozen leagues from Madrid, he allowed himself to be surrounded by upwards of twenty thousand French troops, who hemmed him in, as they thought completely, and lit their bivouac fires in the full expectation of breakfasting the next morning on the terrible guerilla chief and his band? Nothing indeed appeared more probable. The Spaniards were about three thousand foot, and twelve or fifteen hundred horse. The French at least five times the number. But before midnight the infantry were sent off by a road unknown to, and unguarded by the enemy; whilst the Empecinado and his cavalry, passing unobserved through

the midst of the French, made a forced march on Madrid, and surprised the palace of the Pardo. The confusion was terrific. Joseph Buonaparte escaped in his shirt; and the Empecinado, entering La Mancha, proceeded to join his infantry, who were waiting for him in the province of Cuenca. The first intelligence received by the French general of the whereabouts of his slippery foe, was by an express from Madrid, desiring his presence to defend the capital against the Empecinado! In this night affair, an officer of the Empecinado, a German, rode through Madrid with only thirty men, going in at the Pardo gate, and coming out at that of Toledo, and sabring all whom he encountered on his passage.

Spain is, of all the countries of Europe, perhaps the best adapted to a war of guerillas. The fineness of the climate renders a bivouac rather a luxury than a hardship during the greater part of the year. Straw and barley, or maize, are to be found in every paltry village and secluded hamlet; and it is rare that skins of wine, and loaves of that fine white bread peculiar to Spain, are not forthcoming at the same time, if those who demand them belong to the party which finds favour in the eyes of the peasantry. Add to this, the mountainous character of the country—the vast, and, to a stranger's eye, seemingly inaccessible sierras—and we have at once a sufficient explanation of the successes obtained in the Peninsular war by the guerilla bands, which rapidly formed themselves around the banners of a few adventurous and popular leaders. These bands, at first of a dozen or twenty men, increased prodigiously fast; and towards the end of the war many of them rather resembled small *corps d'armée*, or at least brigades, than mere guerilla companies. Mina in Navarre was at the head of fifteen to eighteen thousand men, the Empecinado and Merino had from four to six thousand, Marguinez before his death headed two thousand excellent cavalry. Nor were the discipline and drill of these troops unattended to. Merino especially, himself a passionate lover of horses, took great pains to bring his cavalry to perfection. In his strongholds in the mountainous districts of Burgos and Soria, he had, besides a manufactory of muskets and

other arms, vast numbers of tailors, shoemakers, and saddlers, continually at work. Here he caused to be prepared complete bussar uniforms, ample cloaks, and every other necessary and comfort for his men. If obliged to absent himself, and to leave his stores and arsenals unprotected, he had immense caverns and hiding-places in which he caused every thing of value to be deposited, and the entrances to which were carefully concealed. Aware of the necessity of having good officers in order to make good troops, he spared no pains in the instruction of the former. The brigadier Blance, and a few superior officers, were sent to him from the regular army, and these employed themselves in forming the captains and subalterns selected by Merino himself—young men of talent, application, and courage, animated by a sincere and patriotic desire to free their country from the invader. They were nearly all men of education; many of them young law students. Santillan, the late minister of finance, was in his younger days one of Merino's officers. He joined as a volunteer; but soon conquered several grades, and at that period was reckoned one of the best cavalry officers in Spain.

On the march, when the troops halted for the night, and the rations and billets had been distributed, the trumpet would sound the call for instruction of officers and sergeants, and a certain time was devoted to this important branch of Merino's system. By these and other judicious arrangements, the Cura's band was rendered so efficient, that latterly he did not hesitate to attack large bodies of the French, and not unfrequently came off the victor.

The greater part of his cavalry were doubly mounted; that is, with two horses to every man. Half of these were usually left in stables which he had in the sierras, in order that, on coming off a long march, he might be able to start again immediately; for of iron frame himself, he took little account of the weariness of his men, or rather he forgot the possibility of their being fatigued. Sometimes for a forced march he would cause his cavalry to lead with them their spare horses; and in this manner would accomplish expeditions of upwards of twenty Spanish leagues (seventy or

eighty miles) without halting, to the astonishment and consternation of the French, to whom the rapidity of his movements was unaccountable.

A correct history of the exploits and adventures of Merino, would form a work far more interesting and romantic than any fictitious narrative. It would be difficult to obtain the necessary materials, unless the surly old priest himself condescended to furnish them. At the same time, there are many persons now living who could give most curious details of portions of his career, although it may not have been their fate or their choice to follow him through the whole of his fortunes. It was by one of these men, an officer who served under Merino during a part of the peninsular war, and who for some time acted as his aide-de-camp, that the incident which forms the subject of the following sketch was narrated to the writer.

In the year 18—, a division of French troops occupied the town of Aranda del Duero and its neighbourhood. Merino was observing them from his fastnesses in the sierras of San Lorenzo, San Millan, and Piguera, the latter of which mountain chains rises a little to the north of Aranda. The French general, aware of the vicinity of the Cura, was anxious to surprise him, and if possible to obtain possession of his person; and with this object he had spies out in all directions, to whom he promised great rewards should their information enable him to accomplish the *coup-de-main* he meditated. For some days, however, nothing could be ascertained; and he might almost have doubted that Merino was still in his neighbourhood, had not the troops of the latter daily taken prisoners his pickets and patrols, intercepted his despatches, and harassed his outposts. No quarter was given by the Spaniards to the prisoners they took. Mercy was but little the order of the day; nor had the French thought proper to set the example. Merino was especially noted for his vindictive and cruel disposition; and at this moment he was raging like a tigress robbed of her young; for the junta which he had

formed for conducting the affairs of the province of Burges, and drawing the best advantage from its resources, had been surprised by the French, and its members shot. Amongst them were some of his personal friends; and, on receiving the intelligence, he swore a fearful oath, that for every hair of their heads he would have the blood of a Frenchman.

At length, after one or two fruitless night excursions and ambushades on the part of the French troops, their general received information from a spy on whom he could depend, that Merino would pass the following night at a village about four leagues from Aranda; and that, having sent the greater part of his forces in another direction, he would have with him only a very small escort. The moment was propitious for the French commander to accomplish his long-cherished plan, and he accordingly gave the necessary orders to that effect.

About an hour before nightfall, on a Sunday evening, the peasantry of a small village situated at the foot of the Sierra Piguera, were dancing to the music of a couple of guitars on the open plaza which is to be found in nearly every Spanish town or village, however small, and which serves on the week-days as a market-place—on Sundays and *fêtes* as a ball-room. The castanets were rattling, and the dancers throwing themselves into the various graceful attitudes of the bolero, when a sudden stop was put to their amusement by the arrival of a small party of horsemen, to the foremost of whom the peasants immediately uncovered, saluting him with the deepest respect.

He was a man of thirty-eight or forty years of age, of grave and stern countenance, and of a spare and sinewy frame. His dress was a long frock-coat and waistcoat of rusty black, blue trousers, and a round hat. A pair of black cavalry spurs were screwed to his boot heels, a sabre hung at his side, and a long light carbine, of exquisite workmanship, was strapped to his saddle-bow.* His whole appearance was not calculated to at-

* This was the usual equipment of the Cura Merino. It was very rarely that he put on his general's uniform, giving the preference to the somewhat shabby-looking civilian's costume described above. He adhered to it to the very last; and when he was

ract much attention, which was more likely to be paid to the horse which he bestrode. The animal was from one of the finest studs in Andalusia; the lustrous black of his skin was free from the smallest speck of any other colour; and as he stood pawing the ground, arching his proud neck, and champing his bit, the specks of snow-white foam adhering like stars to his broad chest and flowing mane, he presented a perfect model of equine beauty. A few paces to the rear, another equally fine charger was led, ready saddled and bridled, by an orderly.

The new comer, in whom the reader will probably have already recognized the Cura Merino, enquired for the alcalde of the village; and on the appearance of that functionary, began a conversation with him, which he had not yet terminated when the head of a column of troops appeared. The first that arrived were cavalry, well mounted and equipped—hussars, whose blue pelisses, richly braided with white, well burnished arms, and fine horses, would have done no discredit to the more regular French troops which were opposed to them. Each squadron was mounted on horses of an assorted colour—one squadron black, one bay, one grey, and so on. Nearly a thousand horse having passed, the infantry appeared; their plain grey uniforms, with red facings, having a cleanly and service-like appearance. On the front of their black leather shakos were the arms of Burgos, painted in white, and surrounded by the words "Regimiento de Arlanza," a name taken from a small river which runs a little to the south of the above-named city. Four battalions marched through the plaza, and the rear was brought up by another squadron of hussars. The whole of the troops, on leaving the village, followed a lane turning to the left, which, after a march of about half a league, led to an open heath of

small extent, bounded on the north by the mountains, on the west by a thick pine wood, and on the south by some pasture lands, in one corner of which had been erected an extensive *corral*, or stable for cattle and sheep; a sort of shed constructed of wood, and with a large doorway or opening at one end. Here the cavalry who first arrived put up their horses; whilst the infantry, and about three hundred hussars who formed the rearguard of the column, disposed themselves for a bivouac. A better spot could hardly have been selected. To the south of the pastures, and in the direction of Aranda del Duero, was a small rising ground, the slopes of which were covered with lofty trees. Under the shelter of these the infantry established themselves: the cavalry picketed their horses in the flat; wood was collected, and fires lighted in perfect security—the uneven and mountainous nature of the country precluding the possibility of their being seen by the French. Every thing was done with the greatest order and regularity. The horses in the *corral* were allowed to be unsaddled; but the squadron which was to bivouac merely unbridled, in order to be sooner ready in case of a surprise. When the horses had had their corn and the men had refreshed themselves, the latter lay down in as good order as if they were expecting to be immediately roused and called into action; the infantry by companies in rear of their piled arms; the cavalry in front of their horses, which were picketed in line. The fires that had been lighted were allowed to die away; and the noisy hum of more than 4000 men was replaced by the greatest silence, only interrupted now and then by the rattling collar-chain of some restless horse, or the challenge of the sentries when a straggler approached their posts.

About two hours after dark, Meri-

driven into France in September 1839, he still wore his long black surtout and round hat, both somewhat the worse for use. As regards his arms, various fabulous histories have been recounted. He has been said to carry a huge *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, which he loaded with a score of bullets, and with which he thinned the ranks of his enemies by half companies at a time. The truth is, that the only fire-arm he ever carried was a light gun or carbine; and he was so admirable a shot, that he was frequently known, when on horseback, to bring down a partridge on the wing with a single ball. Passionately attached to field sports, he devoted a large portion of his time to them when not actively employed in his military capacity; and to that he probably owed his perfection as a marksman and as a rider. He was considered one of the best horsemen in Spain.

no, attended by an aide-de-camp, and by an orderly leading his spare horse, rode round the bivouac, visited the guards that had been mounted, gave some short orders for precaution to his second in command; and at length, having completed his inspection, left the ground occupied by his troops, without, perhaps, a single man being able to say which direction he had taken. Still accompanied by his aide-de-camp and orderly, he struck into a mountain defile, and pursued his way in silence for more than a quarter of an hour. During this time he followed a road so full of turnings and windings, that it would have been nearly impossible for any one who was previously unacquainted with it, to have retraced his steps even in the daytime. Having arrived at what he considered a fitting spot, he turned to his orderly—"Tu aqui," (stop here,) he said, "and in two hours be ready." The soldier, accustomed to Merino's habits, dismounted, and occupied himself in unsaddling and feeding his own horse and the one which he led. Meantime, the Cura pursued his way, now by the side of precipices, and over smooth rocks and stones, on which it appeared every moment that the horses' feet must slip from under them; now through deep ravines, overhung by old stunted oak-trees, whose

branches, bowed down by heavy masses of dark-green ivy, by mistletoe, and other parasite plants, formed a compact arch, and shut out the smallest glimmering of light from those who passed beneath their shade. At some distance from his orderly, the cautious priest left his aide-de-camp in nearly as unceremonious a manner as he had done the soldier, and proceeded alone to a spot of smooth turf, sheltered by trees and shrubs, surrounded by steep rocks, and accessible only by one narrow and difficult path, more fitting for the feet of goats than of horses or men. He unsaddled his charger, and, after carefully covering him with a blanket, fastened on his nose-bag, containing an ample feed of corn. He then took from his valise a small iron pot, a fragment of bread, and some chocolate. He collected a few sticks, and lit a fire, and, fetching some water from a neighbouring rivulet, procured himself, in a very few minutes, a cup of chocolate. Having eaten his frugal supper, he took a large draft of cold water, and stretching himself under a tree, was in an instant asleep.*

In somewhat less than two hours, the indefatigable Merino was again in the saddle, and on his road back to the bivouac of his troops; calling, on his way, for his aide-de-camp and orderly. It was past midnight; and

* Merino was more remarkable for great cunning and prudence, than for that headlong personal courage which distinguished some of his contemporary guerilla leaders. The Empecinado, for instance, whose rash negligence was probably induced by his extraordinary bodily strength and confidence in himself, had numerous hair-breadth escapes. He several times only avoided capture by jumping, half-naked, on a bare-backed horse, and scampering off, with the enemy's troops at his heels. On one occasion, in the year 1823, a village in which he found himself, with his secretary and a few soldiers, was surrounded by two thousand men, under his former friend Merino, who had joined the French army, and was fighting against the Constitutionalists. The enemy was close at hand before the Empecinado received the news of their approach. He made one bound from the top to the bottom of a high staircase, and barricaded the doors, which were of great solidity. Returning to his room, he ordered his secretary to put into his boots some gold and some important papers which were lying on the table, and immediately mounted on horseback with his followers, in all fifteen men. The large stable-doors were then thrown open, and opposite to them appeared the Cura, with a squadron of French cavalry and other troops. "Rinde, General," cried Merino, "hay cuartel." The reply of the Empecinado was the discharge of a *trabuco*, which knocked over five or six of his opponents. He then hurled the weapon at Merino's head, and, drawing his sabre, succeeded, being aided by his prodigious strength and activity, in cutting his way through his enemies. Out of fifteen men, five got through; these were pursued, and finally only three escaped—the Empecinado, his secretary, and another man. Merino never ran the risk of this sort of surprises. Prudent in the extreme, and constantly apprehensive of treachery, he rarely passed the night in a house, out alone, in some retired place, known only to himself. He seldom slept more than two or three hours, and would then mount his horse and visit his pickets, or watch the movements of the enemy, should there be one in his neighbourhood. He ate but little, and of the plainest food, partly from an apprehension of being poisoned, and drank no wine, but always carried with him chocolate, and a vessel in which to prepare it.

the sky, which the sunset had left clear and starry, was now overspread with clouds which rendered the darkness complete, especially in the neighbourhood of the mountains. The Cura, however, seemed nowise embarrassed by this circumstance; but guided his horse through the most intricate and difficult paths with as much facility as if he had been in broad daylight, on a good road. Having arrived at the bivouac, and satisfied himself of its well-being, and of the alertness of the sentries, he turned his horse's head south; and soon finding himself on some tolerably open country, he struck into a canter, which shortly brought him to the vicinity of the *Camino Real*, or highway from Burgos to Madrid, on which Aranda del Duero is situated. Here he halted, and, dismounting, listened attentively; but for some minutes no sound broke the stillness of the night. He had laid his hand on his horse's mane to remount, when the regular monotonous noise produced by the march of a body of troops became audible. The Cura sprung into the saddle, and with his two companions retired behind a broken hedge, which bordered part of the road. The noise increased; and shortly appeared, coming from the direction of Aranda, a score of cavaliers, whose small black shapskas, and long lances, denoted them to be Poles of the French imperial guard. These were followed, at a short interval, by nearly two hundred more, and by a battalion of infantry, also Poles; of which nation there were a vast number serving with the French armies in Spain. "Que son esos?" exclaimed Merino, as soon as the first horsemen came in sight; and, when their near approach enabled him to distinguish the character of the troops, his voice trembled with savage exultation, as he turned to his aide-de-camp with the words—"Son Franceses."† He allowed the whole column to pass him, carefully noting their numbers, and then, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off to the *corral*.

The high-road, which the French troops were following in a northerly direction, passed on the eastern side of the village in which we introduced Merino to the reader, and whence the country lane or cross-road by which the Spaniards arrived at their bivouac

ground, led westward. The lane debouched on the sort of heath or waste before mentioned, at the further extremity of which was a pine wood; whilst the *corral* and fields in which the Cura's band had stationed itself, were more to the south. It will be understood by this description of the ground, that Merino in a few minutes' canter across the country reached his troops; whilst it would take the French nearly an hour to arrive at the same point by the more circuitous route they were following. Before they had entered the village, the Cura had returned to the *corral*, and called to a person in the garb of a countryman, who was lying wrapped in a woollen rug at the entrance of the building, "Julian!"—"Señor!" answered the peasant, and sprung to his feet. Merino whispered a few words in his ear, and the man immediately started off at full speed.

When the French arrived at the village in which they expected to find Merino, their first care was to place sentries round the houses, which were but few in number, and a general search then ensued for the important prisoner whom they expected to make. Meanwhile the alcalde, and some others of the inhabitants, were brought before the commanding-officer of the expedition; but to all his questions as to when they had last seen Merino, and where he was to be found, they replied in a manner but little calculated to assist the search. They declared themselves entirely unacquainted with the Cura's places of resort, and that for months he had not been in their neighbourhood. To premises and offers of reward they opposed protestations of ignorance; and to menaces and blows a dogged silence. The French colonel, who had fully expected to catch Merino in bed in the village, and to carry him off in triumph to Aranda, found himself perplexed, and turned to consult with some of his officers who stood near. Around them were grouped soldiers bearing torches, by the flickering light of which was dimly distinguished the dark line of cavalry drawn up in the *plaza*; while in the midst of a party of infantry stood the alcalde and four other peasants, holding their large brimmed felt hats in their hands, their slouching attitudes, bare necks,

* "What are these?"

† "They are French!"

and sunburnt countenances, contrasting strangely with the military stiffness, pale faces, and fierce mustaches of their guards.

"*Rafas fusiller ces hommes*," said the commanding-officer, addressing himself to one of his subalterns. In a few seconds their hands were bound, and the firing party drawn up. But it was not the intention of the French officer to execute his threat: he merely wished to frighten the prisoners into greater communicativeness. It may be doubted how far he would have succeeded; but a young peasant, who had remained unobserved behind the soldiers, stepped forward. "May it please your Excellency," he said in Spanish, "to cause these men to be unbound, and I will be your guide to the Cura Merino. I know the farmhouse in which he was to pass this night, and by the road I can show you, an hour will be sufficient to arrive there."

"Who are you, and why did you not speak before?" asked the colonel.

"If I did not speak sooner," was the reply, "it was that I have no wish to have a knife or a bayonet in my body, or half-a-dozen bullets in my head, the reward which I shall inevitably receive from some of the Cura's followers, if they learn that I have betrayed their general. When I found, however, that you seriously intended to shoot my father because he would not tell you what he did not know, I resolved to risk my own life to save his."

The man designated by the peasant as his father, stared at the speaker, and seemed about to reply; but on an almost imperceptible sign made to him by the young man, he remained silent. This *manège* did not escape the quick eye of the French chief.

"Harkye, my man," he said, "your tongue runs almost too glibly, and your volubility is nearly as suspicious as the reserve of yonder churl with whom I observed you telegraphing. I shall, however, release these men, because I can find them again should I want them. For yourself, these are my conditions: fifty ounces of gold in your pocket the moment I have that lurking fox, Merino, in my power; one ounce of lead in your skull if you deceive or lead me astray."

"I accept the terms, colonel," boldly replied the person addressed; "but it is time you were stirring, for the

fighting-priest is no *lie-a-bed*, and we might find the nest warm but the bird flown."

The troops were immediately put in motion, the guide being provided with a horse, and placed between the colonel and another officer. Having passed through the lane, a compact column was formed, which moved across the heath at a quick steady pace in the direction of the pine-wood. The French commander renewed, from time to time, his promises of rewards, and threats of a speedy death, according as the one or the other might be merited by his guide; who contented himself with replying that he was under no apprehension, and that his *Escolnicka* would be satisfied with the result of his expedition. The night was so dark, that not an object could be discerned further off than fifteen or twenty paces. The head of the column had arrived at about that distance from the first pine-trees, when a strong voice challenged in French—"Que vive?"—"La France," answered the colonel, laying his hand on one of his holster pistols. "Fuego," commanded the same voice as before. The word was illuminated by the simultaneous flash of five hundred muskets, the echoes of the report running round the mountain, and at length dying away in the distance. The two front ranks of the French infantry fell almost to a man. At the same instant, the right flank was charged by a squadron of cavalry, and the whole column thrown into inextricable confusion. A torch, which had been kept concealed by the Spaniards, was produced, and a hundred others immediately lighted at it. By their glare might be seen the whole of Merino's forces, quietly humming in the devoted little band, which, already entirely broken by the volley and the subsequent charge of the hussars, was in no state to contend with the far superior forces brought against it. Those who attempted to resist, and amongst them was the colonel, who had been wounded, but not killed, by the first discharge, were instantly despatched. The remainder, nearly seven hundred men, surrendered themselves prisoners; and their arms, and the horses of the cavalry, having been taken from them, they were marched down to the corral, into which they were driven pell-mell, like a flock of sheep into the slaughter-house, and the entrance of the building

was, by Merino's order, immediately blocked up with bushes, branches, and trunks of trees, which the Spaniards brought for the purpose. The diabolical intention of this proceeding soon became apparent. A large stack of firewood, which the peasants had built up near the shed, had, by the Cura's orders, been distributed around it. To this had been added branches broken off the trees, and straw, of which a considerable quantity had been brought for the horses. Torches were then applied in fifty different places, and in an instant the *corral* was in flames!

Then commenced the most horrible scene which was, perhaps, ever witnessed or described. The seven hundred unfortunate Poles and Frenchmen, who, if they had not expected quarter, had by no means anticipated the frightful nature of the death reserved for them, uttered frantic yells when they became aware of their dreadful situation—when they saw the flames rising, and heard the pine planks, of which the building was composed, crackling and splitting in every direction around them. They made desperate efforts to break out of their burning prison; but even when, aided by the devouring element, they succeeded in making a breach, on every side was a wall of fire, and beyond that the naked sabres and fixed bayonets of the guerillas, by which those who rushed out, scorched and blackened by the flames, were thrust back again into the furnace. Fortunate were those amongst the number, who, by hugging the sharp steel, procured themselves a speedy and less painful death than that to which they were otherwise destined.

In a few minutes the roof fell in, and the dry fern and litter which was in great abundance on the floor of the

stable, became ignited. The heat was so violent, that the Spaniards were obliged to retire to some distance from the conflagration. The beams and planks of which the shed was built, were forced inwards by the fagots piled against them. The flames spread rapidly, and attained those of the wretched victims who had crowded together in the centre of the *corral*, to avoid as long as possible their inevitable doom. To their agonizing shrieks for mercy, their executioners replied by shouts of—“*Mueren los Polacos!*”—Death to the Poles; remember Ocaña!

At length Merino, either moved by pity, or desirous to hasten his departure, lest a larger force of French might be sent in quest of their comrades, ordered a volley to be fired amongst the survivors. Every shot told on the mass of dark forms that were writhing in the midst of what appeared to be a lake of fire. After one or two piercing cries of agony, and a few heart-rending groans, a pyramid of bright flame shot up into the air, and all was over!

The day was breaking when Merino, at the head of his troops, left the theatre where this bloody tragedy had been enacted. As he passed the spot where the French had received the volley from the wood, his horse nearly trode on the body of a peasant who had been killed by a pistol-shot *à bout portant*. The ball had penetrated his brain; and his dark curling hair, and a coloured handkerchief which he wore round his head, were singed and blackened with the powder.

“Povere Julian!” said the Cura, “que lastima!” It was his best and most intelligent spy.

The French colonel had kept his word.

* Without attempting to excuse Merino's cruelty on 'this and other occasions, it should be borne in mind that the provocation given by the French troops, and the numerous foreign regiments then in the French service, was so great, as in some degree to palliate, though it could not justify, the atrocity of the reprisals used by the Spaniards. Setting aside the unprovoked invasion of Spain by Napoleon, the excesses of the Imperial armies were unbounded. The Poles, especially, made themselves remarked by their cold-blooded cruelty and disregard of human life. After the battle of Ocaña, where the Spaniards were worsted, a division, consisting chiefly of Poles, was charged to escort to Burgos the prisoners, who were very numerous, some accounts stating them at 30,000 men. On the road, nearly half of these were massacred in cold blood, and the rest only escaped by being transferred to the custody of some French troops.

† “Poor Julian, what a pity!”

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

PROEMIUM—*Wherein are rebutted sundry errors anent the mighty Babylon—the conceit that London is a town, and the like—and introduceth the reader to a moral bird's-eye view of the Metropolis.*

FOLKS in the provinces have extraordinary notions of London. Some call it Babylon the Great; others facetiously style it the "Village;" Coleridge called it the "Leviathan;" Cobbett stigmatized it as the great "Wen;" and the author of the *Fool of Quality*, (Brooke,) who was at times rather poetical, denominated it a mausoleum of dead souls—a vast psychological cemetery. These high authorities are all wrong; London is neither Babylon the Great, nor a village, nor a leviathan, nor a wen—in short, we may say of London what the late ingenuous Mr Abernethy said of life:—Life, gentlemen, said Abernethy, is *life*; and London, gentlemen, says Maga, is *London*!

A strange combination of faculties must have vivified the mind of the man who took it in his head to imagine London a town—a sizeable town, with a pretty considerable sprinkling of humanity cutting in all directions about the streets.

London a town! Bless your dear innocent little hearts, and keep you in a blissful state of primitive know-nothingness! London a town, forsooth! No such thing—nor even a county, notwithstanding all the wagers that have been decided to the contrary—nor yet a province—nor even a nation; it is just as much of an island as the island of Barataria; it is not a continent—or two, or three—

What is it, then, in the name of goodness?

Impatient reader, if you had not interrupted me, I was going to say London is a **WORLD**—a world, reader, in itself; but as you have no patience, I shall not say what London is, but leave you to find out by your learning.

A *town* London assuredly is not; it may, if you please, be a collection of neighbourhoods. A *town* implies a coherence of parts—an integrity of the whole—a centre, with a church and a market-place, and suburbs, with dirty lanes and puddles to tumble into; with a clergyman, doctor, lawyer, editors of rival newspapers, and several hundred (every man in the place, in short) *other* great men, with gossips, tale-bearers, and scandal-mongers to match;

and (which I had almost forgot) a board, with big letters on it, at each end of the town, intimating to the naked, houseless, and hungry outcast of society, that if he does not rather perish in the fields, he will, on entering the town, "be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law."

London has none of these local or provincial attributes. There is no harmony of parts, no aggregation, no coherence; each neighbourhood is, in appearance, joined to its next door neighbour, but it is *only* in appearance; there is no sympathy, no congeniality of tastes, habits, feelings, or pursuits, between neighbourhoods severed only by the width of the street, or by the jutting out of a corner; and the inhabitants, for all they know of one another, are at as great a distance as the natives of China and Peru. Will any one point out to me the topographical affinity between West-end and Mile-end; between St Giles's in the Fields, and St George's, Hanover Square; between St Martin le Grand, who has the honour of being the landlord of the post-office, and St Martin in the Fields, who is equally proud of his noble church; between Whitechapel and White Conduit Fields; between the Green Park and Bethnal Green; between Hoxton Square and Grosvenor Square; between Belgrave Place and Brick Lane; not to mention ten thousand other cities, villages, hamlets, and towns included—not in London *town*, for there is no such thing—but within the bills of mortality?

The fact is, as I said before, London is a great world; and let all manner of persons to whom these presents shall come greeting, henceforward and for ever take care to talk of the great *world*, instead of the great city, town, or village, as heretofore, of London. London is a great world—a world of its own—a "great globe itself"—a collection of provinces—an aggregation of neighbourhoods—an abiding-place of approximated nations.

Look at the map, and, if you doubt me, convince yourself. Behold, within the Arctic circle, as I may call it, the migratory Esquimaux of Camden

town; regard Highgate steeple as the North Pole, beyond which no human Londoner was ever able to progress; behold the Antarctic regions of Wandsworth, Kennington Common, and Peckham Rye; and cast your astonished eye over the vast continent of Southwark, which, with its adjacent islands of Lambeth and Rotherhithe; and the archipelagic neighbourhoods of Kent Road, St George's in the Fields, Bethlem Hospital, and the Marsh Gate, make up the Australasian territories of our southern metropolitan hemisphere.

Crossing the equinoctial line, (popularly called the River Thames,) you arrive at length in Europe. Germany, I believe, may be represented, but this is uncertain, by the unexplored regions, as the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker terms them, in the vicinity of Russell Square—at all events, in these districts there is a great demand for metaphysics and tobacco, the only articles wherein the Germans were ever known to excel. Petty France you will find in the neighbourhood of the Tower—William Harrison Ainsworth will tell you all about it. *La Jeune France* you will find worthily represented in the penny cigar-shops, sixpenny eating-houses, and threepence-halfpenny billiard-rooms of the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Poland is a little northward of this in the same direction. Wapping and Rotherhithe are United States, distinguished by their tobacco-smewing and their long line of coast. Spitalfields is Hungary. The Tower Hamlets, presided over by its fortress, may represent the military government of Prussia. Hampstead and Highgate may worthily do duty as a little Switzerland. The four provinces of Ireland are found, *mutato nomine*, in Calmell Buildings, Lant Street, the Almenry, and St Giles's. The *City*, the soul and life of the vast mass—the heart towards which, and from which, as in the human body, all other portions grow and are subsidiary—in its industry, intelligence, free spirit, and untiring enterprise, is the worthy representative, in our microcosm, of little England; while Scotland—that is, Scotchmen—are, in the mass and out of it, to be found—every where.

So much for geographical distinctions—the natural boundaries of the several nations that compose the mighty world of London; now for the natives themselves.

Not, even in their native lands, do

the various races of men who huddle together in the world of London preserve more strictly their idiosyncracies—their national peculiarities—their marked expression of face, tone of voice, manners, customs, religion, prejudices, passions, and all the items that together make up the national character, than in London. Notwithstanding all that might reasonably be presumed to the contrary, of the efficacy of immense attrition and perpetual collision with other nations and other men that London affords, in rounding off the hard angles of national peculiarities, it so happens, unfortunately for the theory, that there is less intercourse between the natives of different nations in London, than at the several seaports of the respective countries. There is, it may be, intercourse; but it is an intercourse that precludes intimacy—the intercourse of the man who wants to buy cheap with the man who wants to sell dear—is an intercourse of business, not of sociality. Thus, the marked characteristics of the different individuals of the great human family who mingle without amalgamation, like fluids of different specific gravities, in the vast ocean of London, remain, from age to age, the same. The Hebrew of Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, and St Mary Axe, is the Hebrew of the days of the Confessor. The dairymaid who carries the milking-pail at Islington or Hackney, is as much an ancient Briton as was Llewellyn. The canny Scot has lost neither his accent nor his nationality; and the Irish are in as hopeless a condition as if they still resided on the paternal "sod."

The truth is, whether as regards individuals or masses of men, the world of London is the very worst world in the universe to rub off national or individual peculiarities of thought or action: *there*, let a man be of what humour he may, he will meet with men of his humour; let a man be of what country he may, he will meet with men of his country; and, as a state of solitude in crowds is a state of torture, it is not to be wondered at that the solitary man finds sympathy in the society of other solitary men, or that an exiled people clings fondly to the countenance and support of individuals who feel with them the like wants, and the like necessities.

In towns, much more in villages, a man cannot afford to be solitary; he is marked, and stigmatized as an eccentric, misanthrope, and so forth.

There are a thousand stupid stories afloat respecting him; he was crossed in love, he failed in trade, or he killed a man in a duel—all agree that he is no better than he should be; and the town becoming very soon too hot to hold him, he escapes some fine morning, and hides his solitude and himself in the great world of London.

Eccentricity of any kind is not, cannot be tolerated in a country place—eccentric old women were, not many half-centuries ago, burned on suspicion of being witches—that is to say, eccentrics. In London, on the contrary, there is no eccentricity too eccentric; no solitary not indulged with solitude; and, whether a man chooses to stand on his head or his heels, so that he stands out of the way, makes not the smallest difference to any human being save himself.

There is no place where the isolation of individual man is more complete than in London: the great machine of society revolves, like the tread wheel, by the labours of individuals

“Condemn’d to hope’s delusive mine,”

who, while they walk “their weary round,” know only that they are putting in their time, but remain in ignorance whether the machine picks oakum, raises water, or grinds suc-cory; who are unconscious, in a word, of the grand results of that machine revolving by their individually powerless, but united, all-powerful exertion. In London, few know their next door neighbour; and still less do they reflect how much, without knowing him, they are obliged to their next door neighbour. Our neighbours in the world of London, do the thousand little offices of kindness without inter-changing a word with us—put money in our pockets without our knowing it, and enhance, strangers to us though they be, all the little pleasures of a highly civilized society. In London every individual man revolves in two orbits: first, round his own axis in his individual sphere of action, be it little or great, narrow or widely extended; he revolves also with the huge mass of which he is but an atom, but which is, nevertheless, carried onwards in its course by the united exertion of aggregated atoms like himself.

Thus, although society in London is individually discordant, it forms an universal harmony; and although the interests of any one man may appear directly in opposition to the interests

of any other man, as regards the whole mass they are really the same. I regard the crowds of human faces who

“Come like shadows, so depart!”—

who flit by me in the streets like the faces of a dream, never to be again seen, as my very good friends: they lower the price of the necessaries of life for me; they enable me to hear a very excellent concert for a shilling, which, without their kind assistance, I could not listen to under a hundred pounds, if at any price. Their competition with one another, with the tradesman and with me, enables every one of us to have every thing cheaper and better, and, what is of equal importance, more ready to our hand, than any where else; and thus, without being under particular obligations to any, we are each of us under general obligations to all.

There is no misapprehension so general among provincials than that London is an expensive place: the amazing dearness of the hotels, of the shops, of pictures, jewellery, and plate; of carriages, horses, and harness; of house rent, and house equipage; in short, of every thing—is the theme of the country gentleman, and the country gentlewoman, when they return to their patrimonial demesne after spending May, June, and July—very expensive months, by the way—in furnished lodgings; but it is not so. The fact is decidedly the reverse. London, so far from being the dearest place, is, vanity and folly apart, the cheapest place in the known world. This I am prepared to prove by logic irrefragable.

Cheapness is not to be considered alone with regard to price, nor to price and quality together; but in addition to these, or rather in preference to these, the possibility of getting every thing you want, in whatever quantity you want it, *how* and *as* you want it. London, pre-eminently, affords you this grand criterion of cheapness. You can have every article, and that of the best quality, in any—the least quantity; you can have what you want, and exactly in the quantity you want it. In provincial towns the reverse of this is often—in places of less importance, *always*—the fact. If you live in a village, and want, for example, a sirloin of beef for your Sunday’s dinner, you find that it has been bespoken by the Squire. You enquire, failing this, for a leg of

mutton ; but the last has just been sent off to the parsonage—the rector being very fond of a boiled leg of mutton, with caper sauce, on Sundays. The end of it is, you are fain to put up with a shoulder—a joint you detest—and for which, after all, you are compelled to pay a penny a-pound more than you could have it for in London. In the country it is the same with every thing else : every thing is scarce when you want it, dear when you want it ; and if you very urgently want it, you are certain of not being able to procure it for love or money.

Within pistol-shot of the spot where I am now writing, on the contrary, every human want may (for money) be super-abundantly supplied. There is, almost within call, a bank, a post-office, a public school, all sorts of tradesmen, a physician, an undertaker, and a cemetery. Vast sums of money may, it is true, be laid out in town—the lust of the eye is exposed to a thousand temptations which press heavily upon the pocket—but expensive places are not necessarily dear. The careless rich are robbed mercilessly in London, and they find London dear enough ; the careless poor are in the like predicament. But the provident rich and the provident poor—the managing rich and the managing poor—find, I repeat, every article that custom has made necessary to man's enjoyment, as cheap, if not cheaper, in London, than in any place in the habitable globe. It is the affectation of social life, the necessities of fashion, the requirements of vanity, that melt noble fortunes in London—and the temptations that weakness of judgment is here subjected to ; that is to be charged, not against the *place*, but against the *man*. The man who has lived in London long enough to subdue this lust of the eye, wonders how little he wants ; and as for him who cannot, or will not, subdue it, it were better for his heirs that he were born blind. Living or dead, the advantage of London is in being equally near what the great Samuel Johnson delighted to call a man's "humour."

By the way, I am happy in being able to quote that great man as an authority in favour of the vast advantages, physical and intellectual, of the London world, over every other world in either hemisphere : "Sir," the great man used to say to his shadow, the immortal Bozzy, on emerging from the quiet solitude of Bolt Court into the living cataract of Fleet Street,

"talk of prospects, sir!—this is the most sublime and picturesque combination of objects within the periphery of our terraqueous ball!" Again, on Boswell beginning, as men will when they get in their cups, or become dotting through age, "to babble of green fields" in his small-beer way, the venerable sage at once silenced the shadow with, "Sir, no man that is at all intellectual will leave London. No, sir, when he has exhausted London, he has exhausted life ; for there is in London all that life can afford."

Again, on Bozzy hinting that the fields were pretty in summer time, and that the country might be tolerated for a day or so, by way of a change—the lexicographer broke in with, "No, sir, there is nothing a man has to do, that cannot be done better in town ; to be sure, if a man were to go for a year to study a science, he might choose to look out upon a green field instead of upon a dead wall ; besides, if a man walks out in the country, he knows when he shall come in again ; but if he walks out in London he does not know when he shall come in again."

How infinitely did the venerable sage delight in the ceaseless hum of men—the hive of this vast metropolis was the first place in the world to that busy bee—he loved to swell the full tide of human existence that rolls along Fleet Street at four of the clock, and to turn in with Bozzy to their customary dinner at the Mitre. "Let us dine, sir," observes the sage to the ever attendant Bozzy—"let us dine, sir, at the Mitre, to keep up the old custom—the custom of the Manor—the custom of the Mitre."

Nor is it at all to be wondered at that the great Samuel Johnson ever fondly clung to the vast metropolis as to his proper sphere. London resembled his own mind, vast and gigantic—full of images perpetually recurring in unaccustomed novelty, and ever furnishing that excitement so pleasurable, and, indeed, so necessary to minds whose aspirations are ever for the lofty, the noble, and the new. The Doctor illustrated his own love of London well, when he said, that "A man's mind grows narrow in a narrow place." London alone was large enough for him : there alone is the pursuit of knowledge and of fame without limitable bounds ; there alone is that petty vanity of tritonizing among the minnows properly rebuked ; there alone is a man sure of always finding his superiors in talent, learning, and virtue ; there alone

he is sure, as long as he lives, of having something to hope for—something to look up to—something to aim at—something that gives to life and its pursuits the excitement of a fox-chase; and, if it cannot enable a man to kill time, at least assists in cheating him of his weariness. “If you would know,” says Lacon, “and be not known, *live* in a town; if you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village.” There is, to a man engaged in any of the multifarious pursuits of London life, no time for vegetation; he must be alive, and *all* alive, or London is no world for him. Those unoccupied by labour, to be sure, come not within this category; for lassitude is, in town as country, the concomitant curse of idleness; and he who makes every day a holiday, can know little of the luxury of a day of rest.

Excitement is the food of noble minds, and it is in London that that intellectual provender is provided most abundantly—hence the vast aggregation of talent of every kind, from the world of the provinces to the world of London. Hope, too, clad in her brightest array, encircled by a halo of clouds, which partially concealing, renders her the more attractive, draws to this great world, above which she sits enthroned, crowds of suitors, allured by her deceptive blandishments to become aspirants for the hand of fortune. But the goddess is a rare coquette—a very Penelope—who unravels in a night the web of that good fortune she has been at work upon for many a day, and leaves the humble wooer of the golden goddess as far as ever from his end, but as hopeful as ever of his means. Hence, London becomes the arena of that ceaseless conflict, stimulated by hope, for the possession of fortune, which forms the business of men: every day brings a new accession of combatants eager for the fray, and every day sees the wounded, the defeated, and the dispirited, retire from the field. I never see a coach rattle through one of the avenues to town, without imagining it freighted with buoyant hopes and confident anticipations; nor do I ever behold a waggon wend its weary way in the silence of night out of the skirts of the metropolis, without a pang for the broken prospects and shattered hopes concealed beneath its tattered canopy. How interesting would it not be, if we could ascertain how many hope-deluded souls came with each setting sun to London; and how many

broken spirits, on the contrary, retire from its wearisome precincts with the dawn of each returning day! How pregnant with instruction, to the mind seeking after wisdom, are the very streets! How curious—recollecting that, in fifty years, that jostling crowd will, with few exceptions, be mingled with the silent dust—to observe the eagerness with which, as if life and death depended upon a moment, they hurry hither and thither—scarce taking time to see whether they can with safety pass across the street, nor pausing for an instant, though a fellow creature be in the last agonies of death! How full of meaning every face—how many romances may we read in them—how many “plays in five, and operas in three acts” meet us, as we stroll along! I know not how it is, but books and men are so jumbled together in the chambers of my brain, that even now, as I saunter idly down Ludgate Hill, I seem to encounter a living library. A dapper spruce octavo, in drab cloth, gilt, but not lettered, runs against me full tilt. I have scarcely escaped him, when I am pushed into the kennel by a dusty-faced folio of divinity. A pair of robust quartos, handsomely bound, with half-a-dozen chubby duodecimos, block me up at the corner; half-starved pamphlets, seedy and thin, with ragged covers, flit by me in all directions; a comedy in five acts, rosy and plump, with whom every thing has gone well through the run of life, swaggers smilingly along the street; close behind, with a melancholy pride of look, as if it loathed the bustle and the business it has no part in, an undoubted tragedy slinks silently along; while fashionable novels, in all the approved styles of the day, bent only on amusement, publish themselves and their attractions in easy negligence from one end of the metropolis to the other.

Such is the aspect our crowded avenues present to a bookworm; and seeing them thus, he reflects, not impertinently, on the common lot of books and men.

With this, our preamble, we leave for the present our readers to meditate at leisure upon the broader lights and shadows of that vast world of London, of whose checkered scenes so many partial and limited views have been of late presented to the public view; but whose contemplation as a whole has been reserved for the far-seeing eye, and whose philosophic analysis will occupy the meditative mind, at intervals, of the mighty Maga.

THE CITY VISITER.

FEBRUARY is well named from *febris*, fever month; man is a walking mongrel, an internal volcano, caked and frosted without. It is a vile month, Eusebius; and to spend it in the country is a very odious practice to one who neither hunts nor shoots. It is a deteriorated damp November, without the prospect of Christmas jollity and social meetings. The feasting is over, the visitings are over, and you are left to a blank world, with a weakened digestion. It is a turncoat month; or, according to the admitted blunder, it turns its back upon itself: it promises one thing, and performs another. It is alternate frost and rain, sunshine and damp; and there are no Valentine's days for us old fools now, Eusebius. If you are in the country, you had better shut yourself up in the house, close the shutters, light your lamps, and stir the fire, and be as happy as a February ailment will let you; for fever there is, and it brings with it vexation and irritation; so take "physic, pride," lay yourself up in ordinary, and fit yourself for the coming time—the present has no enjoyment. Look what weather you have to walk abroad in: the earth is in a partial winding-sheet, that does not quite hide the brown decay—decay that more and more appears as the chilling thaw melts away the ill-concealing remnants; then you have a pretty rest for the soles of your feet—cloddy, clayey, cloggy ground; umbery, and misty, and reeking. Those beautiful ornaments of nature—trees—are like gibbeted skeletons, creaking and shaking to the moaning, groaning, discontented, roaring winds, that would drive, in their vulgar tyranny, every thing off the face of the country—men, women, and children—like the refuse and unswept leaves, into the great reservoir of human life, the city, that they may rule alone—"solitudinem faciant." I will take the hint, thought I, and be off to the city, gay, gorgeous in comparison, paved and lighted. You know my incapacity for rural affairs and employments: what on earth, or in earth, could I do? It is in vain the almanac bids me put melons and cucumbers in hotbeds: I know not how, and care not; for is it not a vile occupation for intellectual

man to busy himself about a thing to be eaten, and not to be, as if it had never been; to identify one's-self with a cabbage? What can interest you or me, Eusebius, rustleized in this odious February? Shall we go and look at the sheep?—melancholy things, like a union-apothecary's patient, that "look up and are not fed;" and why should we visit them? Is there pleasure or profit in it? We are not the ewes' midwives: and as for lambs, it is all very well for pastoral poets to bleat and baa about them, and attempt to frisk it in rhyme, and, putting a good face on it, call them endearingly lambkins; but to us who, at least in February, not even "indignation" can make to write verses, a young lamb is the most forlorn, piteous of sights. Pity for them expends its whole stock in the contemplation of their wretchedness; I look till I have no merciful feeling for poor humanity, that can blow its fingers' ends, and keep warm. I would transfer all "clothing for the poor" to the dumb animals; and yet not dumb, for these little creatures tell touchingly of their pains and aches, ere they are a day old in this troublesome world. Our poor village half-idiot boy, used to catch the lambs, and take off his own jacket and fasten it round them; you will like the kind fool better than cold wise man. Then the leverets your poets write of, how unlike the poor scared creatures that cross your path! The "hare and many friends" indeed! I never tell if I see one, and wish the roystering riders and their felonious hounds, foul-mouthed, at a distance kind; but when a country greediness comes on, then I wish her in my larder. Oh this country in February! even the fox is not your worst neighbour; for if he thins your poultry he spares your hedges. To stay, is to ruminate upon disease, and die of ill-humour. Farewell, for a season, to all country affairs; rates settled, and forgotten summonses, meetings magisterial and parochial, I know you not again during this fever month; I am off to hide my head in the great hive,—that patent hive, where there is no turning out the drones like me. With these reflections, meditations, soliloquies, I put my resolution to the test;

and now, my dear friend, I write to you, having experienced, during a week or two, the pleasures of a town sojourn, from which I had anticipated so much satisfaction. Six times have I seated myself, ready to dip my pen in the ink, and as many times have I been interrupted; frivolous triflers, vexatious applications, unheard-of distresses, have poured in upon me, till I have neither heart nor patience. Thrice have I been called away ere I could have written thus far; and now, for quiet sake, when the house suppose me out, have I retired to my room to indite my letter. I cannot boast of the prospect: it is a mizzling, drizzling day; I look down upon what they call a garden—the smallest conceivable space that can be comprehended under that name, between four walls; and such walls, rough, sooty, damp; the green about them not wholesome, and even this space is circumscribed of its fair proportion by out-buildings, so that the eye runs along a range of pantile roofs, all sombre, relieved only here and there by patches of unmelted snow. I generally keep the blind down, that by day I might not see the scene; but at night the cats are all repeating their valentines, for this is their month too; and so, having once seen, sounds, as I lie awake, call up too faithful imagination, and this city prospect is before me. Places more peculiarly located for this happy view are commonly known as "Prospect Place," or "Belle Vue." Perhaps, after all, hedgerows are nearly as good. Country solitude is sometimes awful, but the interruptions here are distracting; I have put down the exact number for several days; and as I reside in a house not having a large establishment, the services required, or rather demanded of the poor servants, to answer calls at the door, are most fatiguing, and very worrying to a poor nervous invalid, as I fear too many are in this fever February. I have supposed myself, therefore, commencing a residence; and have just sent off the following to the editor of the provincial paper. It is to be hoped the proposed scheme will be adopted. Some credit is due for it.

To the Editor of ———.

Sir,—Whoever, by his invention, can add to the peace and comfort of

private families in this obtruding world, and particularly in this your bustling city, will confer a benefit upon society, which society seem very unwilling to bestow upon him. By a simple inversion of a practice among men of business, who have chambers on various floors, and with but one entrance, I hope to add to the comfort of my own invalid life, and return to the public good for evil.

Having been compelled, on the score of health, to quit the calm retreat of a country life, (here I am a little ashamed of the hypocrisy, but it is nothing, after all, in writing to the editor of a newspaper,) "rure tractatus in urbem," as the Latin poet has it, I selected your opulent and delightful city, which science, art, and literature—the Three City Graces—continually adorn, (a most becoming paragraph—humbug style.) There is a grievance to be rectified, Mr Editor. My means do not afford a large establishment; no uncommon case, sir, with many of your most respectable citizens, who, like me, require the whole of the services (observe the plural) for which they pay. Scarcely had I shut myself into my house, when I found my own importance, or other people's impertinences: I was literally knocked out of it every half hour the first week, till I determined to dispense with a knocker altogether. Still there was a bell—at which, and at me, and my purse, there continued a perpetual pull. One would imagine I had put up an invitation—"please to ring the bell." Six destitute families, in one day, to be provided for at a call, all sending in well penned cases and petitions, (the happy results of universal education;) four persons leaving "religious tracts," to call again, making eight serious calls; seven persons to sell things that no human being can want; four persons to enquire if one Mr Johnson lodged there; five secretaries of various societies, for the halt, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, for the lying-in and the lying-out poor, and all for the charitable laying out of my monies. I was literally obliged myself to take refuge in the streets. There, ruminating upon these great little troubles—

"My wound so great, because it is so small."

I noticed the names of persons on the

sides of door entrances, showing who had offices on the several floors; and sometimes by a painted hand, sometimes by written directions, as to the left or the right, soliciting calls. Now, thought I, why may not such means of advertisement be used to shut out, as well as to call in? And as a friend's catalogue of his library was once headed—"A list of books I have not got," so might we advertise the society of persons we do not want. I therefore determined upon the following announcement over my door—"Ladies and gentlemen," (for there are now-a-days no others, Mr Editor,) "I cannot afford to keep a servant to open the door for idlers or impertinents; I have therefore caused the following bells to be put up and labelled as under:—

Butcher's bell.
Baker's bell.
Taxman's bell.
Postman's bell.
Grocer's bell.
Milk bell.
Doctor's bell.

I cannot by any possibility want the services of any other; my 'friends' have private keys—the rest are begged to pass on."

My master of the house was delighted with the scheme, adopted it, and hastened with it to the editor of the journal. It never appeared—would you believe it, Eusebius, I had omitted the newsman's bell!! I begin to think the country is not amiss for meditation. The noises in the streets are here intolerable. Well might the Roman satirist say in derision of the impossibility of composing amid the din.

"I nunc et tecum versus meditare canoros."

Compose, indeed! You are not allowed to think; but how you can escape from carts and carriages. A high wind sweeping through the woods is melancholy enough, but the trees bend, or, if blown down now and then, are out of reach: but here it is really frightful to know that the winds are playing at nine-pins among the chimney-pots—a tile may kill you—to say nothing of tottering walls. You remember Juvenal, and are not quite satisfied. But the noise of the streets—the shuffling,

the hustling! Does not polite come from *polite*—a city? Does it not imply manners, polity, government? But here there are the worst of all manners—it never struck me so forcibly. The father of a celebrated authoress, a man of singular inventive faculties, of shrewd observation, and shrewd sayings, used to observe that a man who smoked tobacco took up more room in the atmosphere than he had a right to. This license infringes upon liberty. "Those who learn manners pays twopence more," was the advertisement on the board of a village schoolmistress. Would that all the race of *Titmice* would pay twopence more, and those very young gentlemen who sit upon the tops of coaches, and are particularly partial to the box seat, that, with the wind in their faces, and cigars in their mouths, they may smoke the passengers—But that is not the practice I now mean to animadvert upon. When I quoted the observation about a man's taking up more room in the atmosphere than he has a right to, that is the petty tyranny of coxcombry and vulgarity—but it is not half so bad as the offences committed in this city against one's ears. To be compelled, *nolens volens*, to swallow another man's smoke, is not to be compared, for odiousness, to the hearing, upon compulsion, the dissonance of voices. There should be a limit to offences of this kind; for it ought to be considered a personal attack to take possession of the whole and sole room of your ear. Socrates speaks of the wonderful construction of that instrument; that it is capable of receiving all sounds, and being never full. Well, that may have been the case in polite Athens—but ears must be very nearly full in this place; and, if incapable of being full, it is a positive aggravation of the evil, for it removes all possibility of limit to the annoyance. People, as they get old, say the newspapers are not so well printed as they used to be, hardly being brought to believe the defect is in their eyes; so am I half inclined to say, that, though I have known this venerable city from childhood—and it was always famous for its street noises—the evil is wonderfully increased: I suppose I must admit that the fault is in weakened nerves. Were I to remain here long, your respectable friend, Eusebius, would be mobbed and hooted by the

boys in the streets; for I cannot help setting myself up *censor*, if not *castigator morum*. Many times a day do I stop them, reprove them, threaten them with policemen, sometimes try irony, take off my hat to them, and thank them for the tunes they whistle; and, if I hear an ass bray, ask them if they do not hear a brother call. The other day, Sunday too, close before my window was a whole troop of boisterous, roystering, loitering boys, disturbing the whole neighbourhood. I went out and endeavoured to put down the disturbance, when one fellow put his arms a-kimbo with his back to the wall, and set up his pipes at their full compass, roaring out audaciously some song about "Free-born Britons." It is now here the practice for all boys, of all ages, whether on errands or roving at large for their own rude pleasure, to make the city resound with cat-calls, shouting, roaring, whooping, whistling with the fingers in the mouth, hallooing, hurraing, screaming, groaning, and noises for whose invention and growth language has not yet found words. And this is not only done for individual pleasure, but they have communication with each other from district to district—so that you will see a boy stand in the very centre of the city's grave business, put his two fingers into his mouth, and send forth between a whistle and a shriek, imitative of the steam-engine; and this will be answered by others from the quays, the squares, the great streets, and the lanes, and repeated continually, so as to allow throughout the day no cessation. Then, to make up for their idleness, with trays on their shoulders, or other burdens, they run and push by you, unrestrained by any the slightest sense of decency, or respect for what, in former days, were called "their betters;" but now there are no "betters," and that is the rude fashion of the times. No "betters," consequently too many are the worse. Now, what sort of men will grow out of these insolent swaggering boys? If it is not to be mended, and must be endured, let me recommend an improvement in the city arms—an addition emblematic of those who inflict, as well as those who bear the nuisance. Let the city be represented by an ass, delighting to bray monstrosly, with large ears to hear, and gifted with most asinine patience. I begin to

think the ploughman's whistle in a large field, to which the crows seem to listen and the boughs in the hedge-rows to bend, is rather better than this city noise. And perhaps, after all, it is nearly as well to be wakened up of a morning by the blackbird's various and sportive notes, which, in this month of February, are the preluding and practising for the summer, as with the city cries of old clothes and vendors of unuttered and unutterable things. You remember my old friend Sylvanus Summerland, the octogenarian, now nearly quite blind? I was not long ere I found him out, and thought to have his sympathy for these little vexations. Not a bit of it. The ever-cheerful octogenarian only laughed at me. It is delightful to see him; and yet, were I like him, keeping my bed in the gout, with twinges of positive pain, and too blind to read, what a querulous discontented being should I be in my present humour! This did occur to me, and I felt better. I know no such another happy man. He will not know care. Why? He has a thankful heart, not an insensative one. He is conscious that he enjoys blessings, and would think it a sin not to enjoy. His active imagination can go back to pleasures, and enjoy them over again, or look forward yet with hope. He seems to think nothing past; whatever sense or taste of things he ever had, he thinks he has still, and cheats himself, if it be a cheat, into a belief that he sees, though he is blind. A remarkable instance of this I witnessed some time ago. He was then up and walking about his room, feeling his way. We talked, among other things, of photographic drawing. He explained, with great vivacity, the process; and, feeling about him, put his hand upon a box, a new sort of camera for the purpose, which he said he had invented, and came across the room to me, feeling the instrument, and putting his fingers on the several notches, the use of which he explained. "Here," said he, "I go out to nature; alide off this cover, put my paper in: whenever I get a view that I like, shut my box, so: set the sun to work, and bring home my view—never was any thing so complete." Who would believe the man was blind? So it is; it is happiness when he forgets that he is blind; and when he knows it, he extracts good out of it. That is hard to do;

but he did at this visit. As I told you, he was sitting up in his bed; and he reminded me of a picture I had seen of the Patriarch conferring his blessing. He was speaking of the teaching of the blind—for which he had been the first to form a society and collect subscriptions—and how quickly they learned to read the embossed characters. "Positively," said he, "they have an advantage over those that see; they don't distinguish your dull, melancholy-looking days such as you complain of: and then, when, as I have been, they are kept awake with pain from any little ailment, (how light he made of his!) they have not the trouble to get a light, and lean uncomfortably at a table, but merely to stretch out their hands, take the book; and haven't they it soon at their fingers' ends? To be sure, they haven't a large library yet; but they have the best of the best book, and one that will make 'em happy too." Then he rallied me upon my complaining of February, and noises in the streets, and foolish vexations.—"It's all in your own head," said he; "you remind me of my old nervous friend, whom we used to call the rich bachelor. I called upon him one day, in one of the quiet streets out of the Strand, to get rid of noises, as he said. He was in sad irritation. 'Here,' said he, 'they follow me; grinding organs come on purpose—do you hear that hall-singer? there is a conspiracy to annoy me—the tailor sent me home this waistcoat, look at it—look at it; how it has a bad sit here, and is tight there,' and getting red in the face stamped upon the ground, tried to twist his collar out of it; and with a voice that showed he could bear it no longer, cried—'d—n the waistcoat!' Now, if you don't take care, you'll be as bad as the rich bachelor; and I dare say you too are getting rich; so hand me some money for the poor blind, and you'll be better, lighter, you know; lighten the ship, and she'll ride easy."

I love my dear old friend, Eusebius, and in him I honour human nature. Let me take a lesson from him—happiness is not local.

"Quod petis hic est,
Est Umbra, animus si te non deficit
æquus."

I remember a poor—yet poor he was not—bilious, melancholy, German miniature painter, who losing some money he had lent to a friend, and meeting with some other vexations and crosses, bore his melancholy about with him wherever he went; and it being war time, and he could not return to his own country, he determined, at all events, to leave this, and go where he could; so thus he addressed a friend, who enquired, as he met him, the cause of his dismay. "Ah! my friend, I have lost my money—my temper is soured, and I am going to Sweden." I will not go to Sweden, but to my good old octogenarian Summerland, who will teach me what is right and good, and sweeten the temper whenever acerbities are coming over it. Such men as he are the true "Socialists." By-the-bye, Eusebius, the "Socialists" have been creating here the most unsocial disturbances. Did you ever read any of their insanities? or, add one letter more, and make it their insanities? The old sinner, Owen, for a universal philanthropist, was pretty considerably in the gall of bitterness. He met with his match in Brindley; not a match in bitterness, but in argument—and what can be worse? For a man to be defeated before hundreds, is not to be convinced; but do mark the singular inconsistency of creed and practice. The cant, the very cream of their creed, the very dogma upon which their mighty scheme of living together higgledy-piggledy, is, that man is a creature of circumstances, and not responsible for his actions—and that to punish him for any thing he does, is useless cruelty, gratuitous folly. Yet Mr Owen refuses to discuss with Mr Brindley, because he supposes his character not good. Well, that slander got rid of, Mr Owen is compelled to eat his words; whereas their very philosophy—let us not defame the word "religion"—upsets the very idea of character if there be no responsibility, and man cannot but do what he does; and the philanthropical crew set about to knock down, maim, and perhaps murder, their antagonist of words only. Then, when on one occasion that the people, considering all they held sacred, and all they held moral, insulted, apply their feet to the doors, and tear up a few benches, the Socialists drag the creatures of

circumstances—who, according to their showing, must be guiltless of all crime, and cannot but do what they do—before the magistrates, and are guilty of the “useless cruelty, and gratuitous folly” of wishing to punish the rioters. A mighty fuss is made about breaking a few beggarly benches: but to make public proclamation, that all who like may break God’s laws—to propagate tenets that go directly into the poor man’s house, and turn it topsy-turvy—banish at once from it moral obligations, filial obligations—tear to pieces bonds of conjugal fidelity, and proclaim unrestrained license—all which a poor man who loves his home as it is, hears, and thinks it will verily come to pass, and that he shall stand here in the streets, broken, ruined, homeless, crushed as to every hope of domestic peace, the sweetest, the only peace on earth—to do all this, and to complain that the poor man, in his burst of honest indignation, and with a view to prevent this desolation coming upon him and his, breaks a few benches, and pulls down the platform of Satan’s worship, is to enact further wickedness, and stamp their inconsistency with the very mark of madness. Is their philanthropy only to their own converts? I think it is Friar John in Babylon, who says, “if you see a man drowning, you must convert him before you hold out a rope to save him; and unless he answer at all points of the true doctrine, draw back the rope he is catching at.” So the “creature of circumstances” must first deny God and morality before he is entitled to the non-responsibility scheme of these idiots. A gentleman in business told me that he employed a man who was a Socialist; that the mothers of many apprentices, and youths likewise in his employ, came to him to petition him to dismiss the man, for their children brought home at night most detestable notions, with much pain disseminated by this man. So you see the evil does enter the poor man’s house, and turn his happiness out of it. In former days, when I lived in this same city, I do not remember that I was ever sensible of the beauty of the scenery—beautiful scenery, many a one will say with astonishment!—yes, beautiful scenery; would you think the sun only deigns to shine upon thistles? Does he not delight in light, and shade, and colour,

in masses, and that confused order, showing in picturesque panorama the multitudinarian and multifarious business, pencilling all so sharply? If you doubt it, just get a sight of some of his pictures in daguerrotype, and you will ever after that be looking out for scenes that you did not feel existed, until you had known what that great artist, the sun, has made of them. Then, how gratifying is it to see the splendour of the shops! Coming from the dull sombre fields, I seemed to be as Aladdin after he had descended the steps, and saw on each side of him the fruit of precious stones. The display is most splendid in every direction, and that nothing may be lost, the plate-glass windows are nearly universal. Not to want many things is, they say, a happiness; this may be doubted, but the philosopher who says so, will allow of admiring many things—so, while with the philosopher I gaze and say, “How many things there are in the world that I do not want!” I have as much use as Aladdin had at first of his jewellery fruit.

“Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.”

Now, in the country, at this season, there are no fruits but rotten apples; and you have but to speculate upon sheep—as silly yourself for speculating upon them—but here you have mankind. It is a treat to go into the shops—to wonder at the shopocratic looks of the people. They appear a distinct race. You cannot believe you ever saw one of them walking—that they ever perambulate the streets. There is an enviable comfortableness in their very busy occupations; they are always receiving money too, and if they are not, may fancy themselves rich. I speak of those who serve. Then they are obliged to put on civility till it has become a habit, and the “second nature” here is sure to be a good one. There is a look of obliging complacency, not only in their faces, but in their fingers and very attitudes. “I fear,” said I to one, “I am giving you a great deal of trouble.” “That is an article we do not deal in,” was his urbane reply. You never would have met with such an answer in the fields, nor ever was such heard since the days that Apollo fed the herds of Admetus. And where do the shopwomen come from? If they were all to live together, it should be in “Paradise Row;” so remarkably genteel,

so well-looking, so well-dressed, such a fresh colour in the younger. I verily believe we are indebted to the country for them; they very soon learn politeness and shopocratic becomingness; but the shopmen, if they come from our farm-houses, must be caught very young, while they have as yet only herded with the calves; when they have once run rantipoling over the moors after bullocks, it is all up with them; they never get the proper standing bend in the back, and bow of the head. I delight in going again and again into the shops, to see the same people, to speculate upon what they have done, where been, since I saw them last—imagine them in their hours of enjoyment, if they really have any other enjoyment but that of serving. I desire to know their history—how they talk to each other when the world is not by; if they make love to each other, and feel the passion as other people do. They must, for I had twopence change put up in white paper—finding it written on, I unfolded it, and read—the hand was flourishing—

TO ELIZA.

I love thee, love, where none intrude,
Yet beauty in mine eye,
And in the lonely solitude,
With no one standing by!

Now, if poetry should be exact to the life and feelings of those to whom it is addressed, is not this exquisite?—does it not express most closely the “pains and penalties” of such a love?—to be doomed to love where every body is coming in, intruding, and all to be served but the lover. The “beauty in mine eye,”—not the shop goods which he is obliged to pretend to hold up and to admire, yet the beauty he had, I dare say, a hundred times told Eliza of, and perhaps called her *his* beauty; so that here he shows that his eye had love's cast as well as trade's. Then, sensible, too keenly sensible, of the admiration of his co-partners in service, he longs for that broken moment in the twenty-four hours, when he may see her, alone, “*vacuam et amabilem* ;” and, mark the truth of the attitude—who but a Titmouse ever could have written “With no one standing by?” Solitude, *per se*, would be nothing; but with the freedom from the shopboy's misery, the perpetual “standing by,”

it is exquisite bliss. There were two or three words scratched of the commencement of another stanza; but I suppose the broken moment was up, and calico had the day. The author of “Ten Thousand a-Year”—whose monthly production is much more necessary to the world than the moon herself, with this advantage over the moon, that it never wanes—has not done justice to the poetical abilities of this race. He knows not, perhaps, that they have libraries, and study poetics between supper and the putting on of their nightcaps. *His* hero might have been reduced to

“Tittlebat Titmouse is my name,
And England is my nation,” &c.;

but the genuine specimen I have given ought to convince him that there may be silken and satin Apollos, fit to write in the very finest albums; and I am sure I know a shop where there is one whose radiating head has a very Phœbus-like cast, and he is daily surrounded by nine as beautiful muses as ever Raffaele put round his Parnassus. I became somewhat familiar with a Titmouse, and was surprised at the account he gave me of their management and employment. He told me he had been in a concern in St Paul's Churchyard, where were ninety such as he was, all employed in serving customers, and twelve porters carrying out goods; that they took in cash L.800 per day; that they were all lodged and fed in the house; that they, on entering, paid down a sum for a general library; that they had, with managing their time, about an hour of a night, or little more, to read, if they liked; that they must be in the house at eleven; and all the management was conducted by seven servants; and that all went on orderly. Shopocracy, indeed! The man that founds such an establishment as this founds an empire, and has his *standing army* ever fit for active service, none running *counter* to their duty. Who but he should know how to raise supplies? He, too, has his foreign ambassadors. Forgive me, Eusebius, but you, with all your genius, are no more equal to conceive, much less to put in motion such machinery as this, than you are to drive the diurnal coach through the zodiac. It is the foolish fashion of would-be literati to sneer at trade as something below the edu-

eated—but I confess, a real downright *bona fide* man of business, of trade (as are your great iron-masters, and some of our large merchants, or great shopocracy) as a wonder—and to think there are giants in these days. That they should comprehend the working of their very machinery is astonishing. Some of them must have very large conceptions. I heard, the other day, of a new manufactory built, I think, at Leeds; it was most extensive. I am afraid to trust my memory for dimensions—but on one side was the steam machinery to set all going, and the working of it was passed and communicated, with perfect regularity, throughout above from below; and the whole building was covered in and roofed with soil and turf, and was so extensive that there were gardens on the top; and, for aught I know, a farm to feed the colony within.

That a man who is capable of constructing and setting going an establishment of this kind, should ever be able to sleep like other men, knowing, as he must, that with every pulsation of his own blood, the heart of this great concern must be kept beating at its work of involuntary motion during sleep, and during his sleep—is a mark of self-confidence and fortitude that is beyond the comprehension of such drones as we are. Do you remember Xenophon's account of Socrates giving advice to a man, whose great talents for management he knew, to set up a manufactory? The man had been rich; but Athens being beset by the enemy, and no revenues coming in from the country, the poor man's female relations, never accustomed to and never dreaming of work of any kind, were all upon him, and he was sorely put to to maintain them. The consequence was pride, poverty, and discontent in the house, and on all sides—the provider and the provided for. The advice was taken: it was eminently successful; and all were cheerful, eating bread of their own earning. This man came to Socrates afterwards to acknowledge the service done him, and said that he was the only one who did not work with his hands, and his busy and happy relatives sometimes rallied him thereon. "Tell them," said Socrates, "the fable of the dog and the sheep. You are the faithful dog that watch, that they may feed in security." How

do people so employed ever do any thing but watch?

As I was an idler, I amused myself not unfrequently by walking into the auction-rooms, but think I never came out of one in perfect good-humour; I am certain I could never be brought to bid up to the value of any thing in an auction-room. How the sight of the hammer, and the chalk marks and numbers, deteriorates every thing! It is no longer a proprietorship; it is every body's, any body's every thing. If you buy, you have what every body has refused; you stand a self-convicted dupe, and convicted in the sight of all, for having given something more than any one else would give. You feel ashamed of yourself and of your purchase. There are persons who frequent auction-rooms well aware of this moment of humiliation; brokers, who, by a look or some depreciating remark upon the article, or an ironical praise, sink you still lower; and then, just then, some kind person is ready to take it off your hands, at a moderate loss on your part. But of all auctionable things, there is nothing to me more painful than to see household furniture conveyed from the home, and put up for sale in an auction-room. All seems so conscious of past comfort, past taste, past conviviality, past pride; the house broken up, perhaps by death, perhaps by misfortune, that there is not a piece of furniture that speaks not a melancholy history, and upbraids not the intending purchaser. Every item seems to beg the mercy of a conflagration. The cradle of the child, and the bed of age, both having witnessed the incessant care, incessant watchings of affection; the bridal bed, the very curtains that have been drawn round the sanctity of home nights, and opened to let in the morning sun upon fresh hopes of renewed domestic blessings—to see all these torn from their local order, tossed about by unfeeling, coarse-looking porters, who would drag the dead from their shrouds, and numbered with ill-written figures of chalk, is to a reflecting mind to see the real "handwriting upon the wall—"mutability." "Set your house in order," or the auctioneer will do it for you. The more valuable things are, the oftener have they been in the hands of death. Our thoughts run from trinkets, jewels, rings, and their new purchasers, to

the last wearers; and it is impossible not to conceive that there is something very like a curse upon them. These are sad thoughts, that lay bare everything down to the very skeleton. I never pass a house in which *has* lived a dear friend, and find it now tenanted, that I do not feel a spite, or something like it, against the new intruder; but I should be unfeeling, indeed, could I stand by and see the chair he was wont to sit in, put up, and empty, in my sight, to vulgar gaze, to under-rating scrutiny. An auction-room, at best, is a place for the hard-hearted.

Thomson is known to have written his eulogy upon early rising in bed at noon-day; so you will not be surprised if this diatribe upon auctions is a prelude to my telling you that I went some distance on purpose to attend one. The great Hottitottipotney of Taste, for I must not give his real name, had determined in one of his usual freaks to bring his pictures and curiosities to the hammer. Being too late for the pictures, I only remained while a few cabinets were put up. This was a choice sale, for there were to be no admissions without catalogues—I think half-a-crown—an impertinence upon the public; for no show should be more than a shilling. You know this Mogul of Vertu is a singular being; unseen, he governs the world of taste. What his hands have touched, or his eyes condescended to look at, must henceforth be privileged to pass into the possession of kings and emperors. Methinks, you ask me, Eusebius, how I know this? From the auctioneer? The auctioneer! Yes—"λαβὲ το βέβαιον"—see the account. I know not that I can tell his exact words, but to the purport certainly. A cabinet is put up—I suppose it was very fine. He said it was, but was at a loss for words to say how fine; that he had never known himself how exquisitely beautiful it was, until, when he had been honoured with an interview with the proprietor for the purpose of consigning these precious cabinets to public competition, he had then seen the great Hottitottipotney go down on his knees before the very cabinet that gentlemen were now looking at, and heard him explain the certainty of the proportions, the judicious disposition, of the precious stones, the beauty

of the colouring, and all that wholeness which made it unique, and which he really had not language to detail; for though all was explained to him in words of glowing eloquence, his mind was so opened to and absorbed by the excellence in all respects of the cabinet before them, that he was not able to repeat the beautiful lecture which had been then delivered by the accomplished possessor. If he could, and it was unfortunate he could not, the wealth he saw around him would be taxed to a worthy competition.

I cannot but say, I estimated it pretty much as my Lord Chancellor Eldon did Catalani's music. Another cabinet was put up. One unfortunate scrutineer drew upon himself the general eye, for scrutinising doubtfully; for the auctioneer immediately told him he might take it for granted it was executed in the very best taste it was possible for art and skill to design and bring to perfection; for, in fact, were the slightest flaw, defect, or any thing in any part of it, in the remotest degree short of perfection, it never could have been in the possession of his employer, and he never should have had the honour he now had of offering it for sale. Off went that piece of trumpery—I beg pardon, Eusebius, and retract the word—but "*littera scripta manet*." Up came another. This piece was indeed a masterpiece; and there was a curious history attached to it, owing to which, perhaps, it was that gentlemen present had the opportunity of purchasing it. It was most exquisite; he need not say that—it required but to be seen. The circumstance to which he alluded was this:—When the beautiful cabinet was brought in its case, with other treasures, to the mansion, unfortunately the case containing this very most elegant cabinet fell upon the ground. Hottitottipotney was present, and so indignant was he, that though, on opening the case, not a shadow of a shade of damage was done to it, he vowed it never should enter his doors; and gentlemen were assured it never had—nay, had it been possible for it to have been ten times more valuable than it was, such was the singular decision of him, the great Hottitottipotney, that it never would have been seen in his collection. Have you had enough, Eusebius, of the auction? if not, I

have. But I could not but reflect that a man in the hands of an auctioneer, is like a man in the hands of a medical practitioner—he may kill or cure. For my own part, I could not help wondering why this Great Mogul should dismantle his empire of taste. For the auctioneer told us further, that he was not one to admire less, but the contrary; he relished all with equal admiration to the last. Then why part with them? thought I. There are secrets in all trades, and the connoisseur is a man of trade. Are Quakers ever auctioneers? If their affirmation be in conscience as valid as an oath, a Quaker auctioneer must be quite a curiosity of iniquity—a precious stone set in brass. It may suit the tastes of some men to be thus puffed up; but, after all, it is but like overfeeding big babies, and they make spoiled children, who, since they will have what they cry for, and throw it away again when the humour takes them, must sometimes pay “too dear for their whistle.” And now, Eusebius, I must back to the country, where “my hills are white over” with snow. I am happy to say not “sheep”—snow is had enough.

What with the advice of dear old Sumnerland, a little railing, a little sight-seeing, auction-waiting, and writing you this account of myself and goings on, I feel my ill-humours going off, and am now thoroughly convinced that February is well enough for February—the country well enough for those who like it—and the city the best of all for *all* who do not happen to live in it. Mankind in the aggregate, as in cities, are but as an individual, humoursome, with diversities in himself, likings and dislikings many, some inconsistencies, some follies, but after all, more virtues. As I like my friend—I mean not to be personal—for his defects, when added to what is good in him; so like I the aggregate of friends, foes, peace-makers and peace-disturbers, all embodied under one name and individuality, the old city—of my birth, of my childhood, somewhat of my manhood, and where I now think I shall be more honoured in my death, if mayhap I may lay my bones there; and the older I grow the more I love the Scriptural expression of “sleeping” with one’s “fathers.”

VIVE VALEQUE.

WHEN I WAS IN THE LEGION; A MEMOIR OF MILITARY LIFE.

THE FIRST DIVISION.

I’LL tell you all about it how it was.—You see when I was gazetted to the legion, there was, in reality, no such thing as a legion at all—it was only the ghost of a legion—a disembodied legion; and I was one of the officers.

We might, without telling a lie, be called a regiment of gentlemen; for we had a colonel *en chef*, a lieutenant-colonel, two majors—the one to do nothing and the other to help him—ten captains—the full active service complement of lieutenants—five ensigns, besides myself—myself makes six—a principal doctor, and the war complement of doctor’s mates—assistant-surgeons I should say—an adjutant with the rank of lieutenant—a paymaster, quartermaster, and no private—not a single individual rank and file.

In this effective condition did I find my gallant and distinguished corps (that was to be) on my being gazetted.

We were what is called in military parlance a skeleton corps—but it was not long. I can tell you, before we began, with the help of our adjutant, to put flesh on our bones.

But before I begin to tell you about that—as you say you are no politician—it would be but decent in me to tell you why our regiment and the other regiments were thought of at all, and what our regiment and the other regiments were expected to do, like gallant and distinguished corps as they were—intended to be.

Great Britain and Ireland, you know, is one country—Spain, you may have heard, is another country—the king of Great Britain is not the king of Spain, any more than the king of Spain is the king of Great Britain;—very well then.—Spain and Great Britain are two different things—I suppose you won’t deny that.

Spain, you must know, in the second

place, is called the Peninsula, on account of the Peninsular war. You have heard, I dare say, of the Peninsular war—Torres Vedras, Salamanca—not the university of Salamanca, mind, nor the bachelor of Salamanca, but the battle of Salamanca—Talavera—Vimeira—Albuera—Albufera—Orthes—Vittoria—the Pyrenees—I don't, of course, mean the mountains of the Pyrenees, but the battle of the Pyrenees—Toulouse, and the like of that;—you can't but have heard of all these—and that's the reason, do you see, why Spain is sometimes called the Peninsula.

Now, in the fifth place, Spain, or the Peninsula—it's all the same—is reigned over, d'ye see, by a king; and this king, from the time of St Patrick, or later than that, for all I know to the contrary, was always a man—not a woman, mark me, but a man; for the same rule holds good in Spain and in Lindley Murray, that the masculine is always to be preferred to the feminine gender.

The Spanish kings and queens being all men—as I told you before I needn't tell you now—they can't be women, because it's against the law, and contrary to the statue in that case made and provided; not the statue of Great Britain, mind me, because that's a horse of another colour, but the Spaniard statue in the Peninsula.

Well, in process of time, a king came to the throne whose name was Ferdinand—not Ferdinand and Isabella—that was the name of another king in Spain long ago, but Ferdinand by itself; he came to the throne after his father, and in preference to all his sisters, who couldn't be kings, you see, because they happened to be queens—princesses, I mean—and not a doubt of it, if any one of them had so much as smelled at the crown of their brother, he would have snapped their heads off clean and clever, just exactly as I snap off the head of this second-hand tobacco pipe.

But the ladies, God bless them! knew the value of a head—not that they ever made any great use of it; but because it is, you know, ornamental, and finishes off the figure. You can't imagine how awkward a man feels without his head; but as for a lady, the loss of it spoils her entirely.

Ferdinando, the old boy, lived as long as ever he could, reigned and

governed just however he liked; and when he grew old, took a young wife, as another old fool of a king did long before him, and flattered himself that it wouldn't be long before the cannons would fire, the drums beat, and the bells ring in honour of his royal highness Ferdinando, the young boy that was to be.

Young Ferdinando, however, thought better of it, and didn't come, but sent an apology by a young sister of his, that made her appearance at Madrid about this time. So the cannons fired, the drums beat, and the bells rung in honour, not of old Ferdinando's son, young Ferdinando, who was expected and didn't come—but in honour of old Ferdinando's daughter, Miss Isabella, who was not expected, and who *did* come.

When I say Miss Bella was old Ferdinando's daughter, I may be telling a confounded lie without knowing it; for the old king's young wife, let me tell you, made more free than welcome with one of the life-guardsmen—Blue-nose, or Mew-nose—blow me if I knows exactly which—and for all I or any body else knows to the contrary, Miss Bella Ferdinando may be, and very probably is, Miss Bella Blue-nose.

However, that's a point that can't be satisfactorily cleared up at this time of day; for, as the old saying goes, "it's a wise child that knows its own father."

A vexed man was Ferdinando, you may be sure, when he found he didn't have a boy; but he consoled himself with the reflection, that as half a loaf is better than no crust, a little lady is better than no chick. And whether she belonged to him or to Blue-nose, there she was, make much of her. If my wife had kept company with a life-guardsmen under my nose, don't you imagine I would have cooked his goose!

So, one evening, when the old catamaran had got the mulligrubs—he was the devil to stuff was old Ferdinand, and so are all the family of the Poor-bones just the same—and thought he was going at last to hop the twig, he couldn't make his mind easy about Bell. So he says to his wife:—"Ducky," says he, "did you hear what the mob shouted after brother Charles the other day at the Bull-ring?"—for you must know the Bull-ring at Ma-

drid is quite as fashionable for the nobility and gentry of the town as the Bull-ring at Brummagem.

"No," says the Queen, says she.

"Just fill that bottle then," says the King, "with hot water. Be sure it boils. And you may as well put about a pint and a half of brandy in it. Don't forget a squeeze of a lemon—and the least pinch in life of ginger—and the size of a hen-egg of lump sugar—and the rest of the combustibles—for it is my firm opinion, that taking the hot water that way is more likelier to come into close quarters with the pain in my bowels, than laying it hot and heavy on the outside of my abdo-men. If you please, doctor dear, I'll take the liquid *inwardly*."

So the Queen, like a dutiful wife, did as she was bid, mixed the materials; and after her royal half had helped himself to a pretty stiff facer, and demolished, moreover, a bucket of real Carlingford oysters, opened on the deep shell by the Lord Chamberlain—the Poor-bones are devils to pay at the oysters—his Majesty heaved a deep sigh, and began, all of a sudden, to feel himself greatly improved in his health, and the mulligrubs very much debated.

"May I ask what's that you're a-sighing for, my deary me?" says the Queen to the King, very tender and affectionate-like, though, if the truth must be told, she was thinking a great deal more about Blue-nose the life-guardsmen. "Does that sigh, now tell me," says she, flinging her arms about his neck, and laying her blarney on very thick, "does that come from your heart," says she, "or from Aldgate pump?"

"It's on account of Bell, ducky," says the old cock.

"Ah, poor little dear!" says the Queen, says she, "what will become of her when you and me's gone?"

"Gone!" says the old oyster-catcher, starting up in a sort of a fit; "don't mention going, my dear," says he; "don't make an auctioneer of yourself, if you love me."

"Love you!" says the Queen to him again. "You old turkey-cock, you knows I do."

"Then why don't you give me a kiss?" says his Catholic Majesty.

And with that, my dear, the royal pair rubbed noses for an hour together.

By this time the Queen was like to

burst with curiosity, and couldn't hold in no longer; for she wanted to know all about the Bull-ring, and what brother-in-law Charles said to the mob, and what the mob said in return to brother-in-law Charles. Don Carlo they called him, you know, in their outlandish lingo, as if a Christian was to be called by the same name with a dog, when every body knows that dogs are called after the old Roman pagans, Cæsar, Pompey, Carlo, Nero, and the like of them old ancient heathens that weren't Christians because they knew no better.

Now Carlo, being the brother of old Ferdinando, and because it was the law of the land that no queens could ever be kings in the Peninsula, thought no small beer of himself; and indeed most of the Dons—for all the Spaniards, you know, are called Dons—are of Carlo's way of thinking.

But this Don Carlo set up, d'ye mind me, for king of the Dons when old Ferdinando should hop the twig, as he then seemed likely enough to do, because he was next on the list, and brother of the old one—sure enough!

So to make himself gracious and affable, as your great Dons always do when they want any thing—when they've got it, to be sure, "to the devil I pitch you" 's the sweetest word in their jaw—Carlo or Charley went to a bull-bait—the Dons are quite gluttons at a bull-bait—where there were more ladies and gentlemen than I ever dined with, you may be certain.

To make a long story short, however, the bull-bait was the grandest, I'm told, that ever was seen;—the ladies clapped their hands, and waved their handkerchiefs; the Dons shouted and danced about; and the common fellows roared *viva* Don Carlo, when his royal highness pulled the bull (after he was dead) by the tail.

Viva, I should tell you, is the same as "*hirroo*" in Irish; and you know, I think, what that means. "*Viva Don*" is exactly the same as "*hirroo* for Dan."

When Queen Christina told her royal half how the ladies and gentlemen, not to speak of the common fellows, received Don Carlo, and how they hullabulloed when he pulled the dead bull by the tail, sick as he was, the King grew as mad as a hatter; and swore a great oath that

he would put brother Charley's nose out of joint.

"How can you do that, ducky, when we've got no son and heir?"

"That's no fault of mine," replied his Catholic Majesty, very much put out.

"Nor mine, I'm sure, I can tell you that," retorted Queen Christina; and with that, my dear, the royal pair got to high jinks, and exchanged fond words for half an hour together, and then (as usual) gave one another kisses a-piece, and made it up again.

"I'll tell you what," says the king, "I'll cut him off with a shilling."

"Couldn't you cut off his head and save the shilling?" enquired Queen Christina.

"I wish I could catch him—but he's not to be caught, and that being the case, we may as well let him alone; for, as the Scripture says, 'Brethren should dwell together in unity,' and it wouldn't make the family look too respectable. But," continued the King, "I've a crotchet in my head that will do quite as well—I'll issue an order in council."

"A what?" enquired Chris.

"An order in council—that nobody but Bella shall bear the sway in this here Peninsula after I kick."

"But, lovey dear," said her Majesty, "will that be according to Hoyle?"

"What if it isn't?" replied the King of Spain very sharp. "What if it isn't according to Hoyle, or according to Cocker, provided it wins the game, and turns up trumps?"

"But you know, lovey," continued Chris, "that we have always led Kings in this country, and now, at the end of your game, you can't *revoke*, you know."

"Can't I though?" replied his Majesty, tipping the double wink: "see if I can't;" and with that the King sent for the councillors, telling them to be candid, and give an unbiassed, free opinion: for that he had made up his mind that Bella was to have the sway when he was dead and gone, and those that didn't choose to agree with him might assure themselves of being *scrapped*, as the saying is, in less than no time at all.

The effect of this royal intimation was, I need hardly tell you, that the councillors were agreed, to a man, upon the propriety of the king's

determination: they were, in fact, all on one side, like the handle of a jug, and would have been all on the other side if the royal will and pleasure had been so communicated.

So it was all pleasantly settled that Bella was to be the man—king I should say—and that poor Carlo should go to the dogs; and this having been made known to all the Dons "in Parliament assembled," old Ferdinando turned his face to the wall, and died quite comfortable, to give the devil his due.

There he lay in state for a week or ten days, clad in his royal robes—a quilt over his face, and a nightcap under his crown—thousands upon thousands went to see him dead, who gave him a very wide berth when living; it was even said that some of the disaffected winked and made faces at his late Catholic Majesty, on the principle, I suppose, that a dead king is no more to be feared than a dead lion; but this indecency I do not believe in, the Dons being super-ceremonious chaps, and not likely to indulge in the grimaces of Mounseers, which, I need hardly tell you, is the name them foreigners call French jabberers go by in the market.

Ferdinando being dead and buried, Bella, I need hardly tell you, was all alive and kicking; her mamma, Queen Christina, took off her pinafore, put on her clean Sunday cap, her needle-work frock, her little flannel socks, and tidy red morocco slippers—and having put a little crown on the child's head, and a coral with silver bells in her little hand, (the sceptre was rather heavy for her Majesty,) held her up on the balcony, to the great admiration of all the Dons great and small, and the Donneses, who blessed the little dear's heart, and called it (of course) *a* angel, while the guard presented arms, the mob *viva'd*, the courtiers put their India-rubber backs into motion, and little Bella was then and there proclaimed Queen of Spain and the Seven Sicilies—five or seven, I forget which, but it was either the one or the other.

It may be supposed that Madrid (Madrid, I must tell you, is the capital of Spain)—very well, you ask me why it is that the Dons call their cities and towns by such outlandish names as Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, Badajoz, Ciudad Real, and Ciudad Rodrigo,

names that no Christian can take between his teeth, when they might easily have called them by names that honest men can get their tongues about, as Dublin, Ballymagander, or Ballinamuck; but there is no teaching these foreigneering fellows the proper usage of their parts of speech. So I leave them in their ignorance, till the schoolmaster, who seems to have been at home this long time, goes abroad again.

But Madrid, you may suppose easily enough, was no safe place for Don Carlo: in fact, as I'm credibly informed, if they could have laid hands on him, there can be no reasonable doubt he would have got his "tea in a mug;" so he thought it better to take to his scrapers, and *levant*, which he did at the flight of night, somewhere about the small hours of morning, followed hard and fast by one General Roddle, a fast friend of the Queen's mother, who stuck to the heels of Carlo like wax, and would no doubt have brought back his royal highness's head, if he hadn't cut into Portugal like a flash of lightning through a gooseberry bush, and skipped on board the Donegal, a seventy-four of ours, then and there lying at anchor in the Tagus, (which answers to the Shannon at Limerick,) and so saved his royal bacon. You see how it is that a British man-of-war is always the home of these foreigneering fellows at long and at last, and how, in all their ructions and faction fights, they run aboard Jack Tar for a welcome, just as a parcel of larking babes cut away under their mother's petticoats, to end the battle.

So, my darlings, his Royal Highness Don Carlo came over in the Donegal, I think it was, to Portsmouth, and from that to London, where he took a neat house in Brompton Square, next door to Mr Farren, the great old gentleman on the stage—kept a servant boy, and maid, and a chaplain, the Very Reverend Father Don José Dozè Pozè Nozè, and lived *quite* (quiet) and respectable, like any other gentleman.

While this was going on, Bella was crowned in Spain, and every thing seemed to be going on swimmingly for the little dear, when all of a sudden the friends of Don Carlo—for he had a many friends among the Dons—set up for his highness, and swore that he was the rightful heir to the proper-

ty—to the crown of Spain I mean, and declared that, as he had taken the dead bull by the tail, they were ready to take the live bull by the horns, and to fight to the last kick for their rightful sovereign.

More than that, there are a parcel of fellows up in the North, along the skirts of the Pyrenees, and away down to a great river they call the Ebro—very desperate dogs—devils to fight—and grand stickers for what they called their privileges, or *parquises*, I forget which; but the *parquise* was to pay no taxes to Bella—to furnish no men for the army or navy—to send no members to Parliament, and to govern themselves among themselves, without any interference on the part of the other Dons at Madrid or elsewhere.

These outlandish chaps, of whom I shall have much more to tell you as we go along, called themselves *Biscayans*, *Navarrese*, and *Aragonese*, and arrogant enough they were, I can tell you; but these barbarous names they took pride in, because they lived at the foot of the Pyrenees, instead of simply calling themselves *Ulater boys*, as we are in the habit of doing in the north of Ireland.

Call themselves as they please, howsoever, they were ugly customers—fond of old times, old wine, old bottles, old guns, old swords, and old recollections: they loved their old hills and mountains, and had no idea of having their backs broke with Madrid taxation: they liked things as they were—reverenced the Constitution in Church and State—were prime hands at fighting and religion, which in that country, as in Ireland, always go together: and, what was of more importance to our present history, they were, one and all, of opinion that the disposition of the Crown of Spain, by old Ferdy, to the exclusion of Don Carlo, was a regular bite—a complete "do," in short, of the old cock—and contrary to the *Salic law*, which, I need hardly tell you, is the law that, among the Dons and Mounseers, prevents ladies from being queens and cooks, and throws all the cookery and stateswomanship in these countries into the hands of the gentlemen, and which satisfactorily accounts for some of the rare messes we have seen cooked in our time.

But this, although it nettled the arrogant Arragonese, the Biscayans, and the rest of them Northerns, was nothing to the row they made about their privileges, or *fueros*, as they called them: they were furious about their *fueros*, I can tell you; and the moment Menjízabal, or Mendizabal—for that was the name of the Spanish Chancellor of the Exchequer—attacked their *fueros*, and wished to make them “tip up the browns,” like the rest of the Dons, for the use and benefit of her High and Mighty six-year-old Majesty, Queen Isabella, these high-land devils took to the mountains like so many mad buck-goats, foraging here and foraging there—laying about them on all sides, like so many thousands of brick, and crying *Viva Don Carlo*, and *Viva los Fueros*, like good ones.

This was, you may be sure, no joke to the Mendizabalites, and Isabellamen: they could not, or, what was much more likely, *would* not understand the question of the *fueros*, nor could they conceive why the Biscayans should not pay taxes because they lived at the back of a mountain; in fact, they were dull of apprehension about the rights of it, and, I need not inform you, what a common failing dulness of apprehension is, when the pocket is a party to the argument.

The fact was, Queen Christina, who called herself Queen Regent, and felt very much inclined, if all accounts be credible, to do as she chose, both in her public and private capacity, wanted money, and didn't well know where to get it: Mendizabal, her Chancellor of the Exchequer, was at his wits' end—and if his wits were as short and as narrow as some wits that we have lately seen in Chancellors of the Exchequer, he hadn't far to go to get to the end of them—ask Spring Rice,* and he will tell you the same, or I'm much mistaken.

However, Mendizabal attacked the *fueros* of the northern Spaniards, and he might just as well have rode ram-race at a wind-mill, as another great Don is said to have done before him—for, before you could say Jack Robinson, the northern boys were up in arms, and the row began.

The particulars of this row is none of our business; and as I hold it very impertinent to meddle in other people's affairs, I shall say nothing about it—the long and the short of it was, that it was pull devil, pull tailor, between the two—now the Mendizabalites had the best of it, driving the rebels, as they called them, beyond the Ebro—again the Charleys rallied, and bumped their noses against the very gates of Madrid, and so the fortune of war was kicked from Vigo to Valencia, and from Cadiz to Barcelona, like a football between the rival counties of Carlow and Kilkenny, when the boys gather strong for a great big hurling match.

Thus they knocked one another—these Charleys and Christinos; for so they called themselves, though without any good reason; for may I never see day, if I saw either a Charley or a Christian, good, bad, or indifferent, the whole of the time I was in Spain—bad luck to it!

However that may be, one thing is certain, that the match was cleverly played between the Kingites and the Queenites, and probably they would have been hard at it to this blessed day, if Queen Chris hadn't gone down on her marrow-bones to John Bull, [when she found none of the saints could get her out of the hobble,] and prayed him to send some of the old Peninsular blades who had chased the French from Badajoz to Bayonne—that was before now—to hunt these devils of Charleys back to their native mountains.

Now John Bull, though loth to disoblige the lady, thought he had done pretty well in driving out King Joseph and the Mounseers on a former occasion, and could not afford to send another army to settle this new row between the Charleys and Christinos, particularly as these Spanish allies are very slow at times, I understand, in “posting the pony,” or, in plain and correct English, stumping up, for the expenses of our armaments, fitted out at our expense to settle their affairs.

So Lord Palmerstown—you know Palmerstown well?—as dirty a fellow—I mean a *town*, as there is in all Sligo, let the other be where it may. His

* Baron Mountcocksparrow.

lordship shifted his wig, scratched his head, and came to the resolution of letting any poor fellows that couldn't live at home, go out to fight for little Bella on their own private account—just, as in time of war, privateering chaps get afloat, to try what they can rap and run, by hook or crook, upon the high seas.

In this way Palmerstown, who is called in London by the name of Cupid—because he wears a scratch wig, paints up his weather-beaten old face, has a mouthful of other men's teeth in his head, rules the globe like his namesake, and is quite as great a humbug, although not so blind but that he can see the difference between No. 1 and the letter X (ex.)—in this way the old double-face thought to kill two birds with one stone; in the first place, he would serve his little friend Bella without committing himself with the great northern powers of Europe, and he would get rid of

a good many hungry boys who were any thing but comfortable customers at home, without costing himself a rap halfpenny.

So, my dears, the Foreigneering Listing Act, which is the name of a statue which prevents us loyal subjects from going into the service of foreign states, except when our doing so will suit the views of our government—for otherwise the devil a drop of dead small beer *they* care where we go, or what becomes of us—was repealed, and the British Axillary Legion—it was called axillary, because, d'ye mind me, we were to fight on the side of the Queen of Spain against the Charleys, and it was styled Legion on account of there being such a lot of us.

This information I give you on account of your ignorance, that you may know what it was we were raised for, and what was the occasion of the row.

DIVISION THE NEXT.

Blessed be the times when my father had the farm of Kilmanashanaghan, in the county of Tipperary, in the height of the war, when land was cheap, and every thing else was dear; then it was our family rolled in money, and drank our claret out of quart mugs of the circulating medium, tossing it off as if it had been no more than a pot of Guinness's entire in the natural pewter!

God be with the times! them were the times, when my governor followed the fox on a bit of blood, and took all the raspers, neck and neck, with the Earl of Donoughmore, and my Lord Cahir, (since Glengall,) and the ould Marquis of Ormonde; not to forget the Earl of Kilkenny, my Lord Carrick, and the rale bloods of the two counties, where noblemen of the right sort—none of your pitchforked, day-before-yesterday aristocracy, but fine old families that came in with Strongbow, rich and ripe as Stilton cheeses, and proud as Lucifer—small blame to them—are to be found as plenty as blackberries in October.

Never will I forget, if I live to the age of Methusalem, the reception my father got when he went out to hunt with the quality. My Lord Cahir was master of the hunt; and sure enough

there was a rare field of fashion, beauty, and horseflesh, on the sod: both high and low, rich and poor, noble, gentle, and simple. My father, although very well mounted for a farming man, knew something more of the world than most of his neighbours, for he had served as a full private, in the North Cork militia when he was young, and learned manners; for I need hardly tell you, the army, if it cannot make you do any thing else, will make you, at all events, consider yourself a gentleman, and conduct yourself as sich. So, on account of his manners, my father, though only in a grey frieze, with a black velvet collar, bright yellow buckskins, and mahogany tops, was mightily respected, and “how are you, Denny?” from my Lord Cahir; and “how's all with you, Denny, my boy?” from my Lord Donoughmore; and “how's all at home, Denny?” from the rest of the quality, was the worst word my father ever got from one of them when he rode into the field. To be sure, my father was a modest man, and knew his whereabouts with the quality: he used to say—

“Hely, my boy,” (he christened me Hely, after the great Hely Hutchinson, of the house of Donough-

more,) "mind what I tell you: if you know your distance with the quality, *they* will sometimes forget it; but if *you* forget your distance, by Japurs they'll let you know it, my boy, and keep you at it the longest day you live."

Well, my dears, one day—of all days in the hunting season—my father was out with the hounds as usual, and there was such a field: it was a fine, bright, sunshiny morning, after the frost, and they were going to draw a cover that never failed—a sure find it was, and no mistake, I can tell you.

Well, sirs, the hounds were just a-going to be thrown off into cover, and all the lords and quality were gathered on the side of a hill; my father, and some other responsible farmers like himself, at a little distance in the rear, but not so far behind as not to be able to hear what was going on—when a jackeen of a fellow came riding over the hounds into the field, as if hounds and field had been his own and his heirs' for ever. He was mounted on a very poor hack, but had himself fagged out in the highest fashion of the day: a spy-glass stuck in one of the holes of his eyes, a laced coat, a silver-mounted whip, and jack boots; for he was a military chap—an ensign, or something of that sort, in the Ancient Britons—a Welsh fencible regiment, commanded by Sir Watkyn Wynn, that came over to Ireland to settle the rebellion, but never went back, because, d'ye see, they got settled themselves in the mean time. Hows'ever, this precious Taffy thought the whole world, and three parts of Ireland, his own; and paraded up and down as if an Ancient Briton was the only *man* in the world, and all others were only crickets and grasshoppers: his antics were so foolish and conceited that even my father and the rest of the farmers couldn't help shaking out a laugh at him—after, take notice, my lords and the quality had laughed *first*; for my father and the other farmers knew better than to laugh at any body till their betters had done.

"Who's that laughin' and disturbin' the hunt," says my Lord Cahir, looking round very fierce at the farmers, who, you may depend, looked as solemn as church mice when the organ's a-playing, an' whispered to my father, for they knew *he* could take a liberty—

"Denny—Denny, make our excuse."

"My Lord," says my father, "we couldn't help laughin' at that jackeen down there in the bottom below."

"I don't wonder at it," says my Lord; "come here Denny, a word in your ear," says his Lordship.

So with that my father rode up very respectful, touching his hat—for my father wasn't a man to take his hat off in any presence but *one*—I needn't say more—and after my Lord had whispered him in the ear, away my father rides to the Ancient Briton, who was philandering about on his nag to the mighty amusement of the entire hunt, and, in obedience of the directions given him by my Lord, accosted him very politely, and said he was mighty glad to see his honour ont with the hounds.

"Who are yaw, fellar?" says the jackeen to my father, mighty impudent, letting his spy-glass fall out of his eye, and staring like a stuck pig.

"I'm happy to see your honour with my Lord's hounds, and hope your honour 'll enjoy your sport," says my father.

"Be off, fallaw," says the jackeen more offended than ever; and sure enough my father rode off at full gallop to where my Lord was with the other gentlemen.

"What sort of reception did he give you, Denny?" enquired my Lord.

"His honour entertained me with the cold shoulder, my Lord," replied my father, and recounted what passed between them.

By this time, the Ancient British officer, tired of parading up and down in the meadow below, came riding up the hill among the quality; and when he cocked his spy-glass upon my Lord Cahir—he had seen his Lordship somewhere before at a distance—and shaking his whip, saluted him hail fellow well met, just as if he was going to marry his Lordship's daughter. "How d'ye daw, my Lud?" says the jackeen.

"Who are yaw, fellar?" replied his Lordship, mimicking, as my father had told him, the words of the Ancient Briton so exactly, that the whole field burst out a laughing.

"He! he! my Lud, you aw pleased to be faw-ce-tious, aw, aw,—he! he!" rejoined the militiaman, terribly put out.

"Be off, fallaw," shouted his

Lordship, cracking his whip at the same time, while the roar of a laugh grew louder against the jackeen than ever; and the farmers this time laughed louder than the quality—for as my father used to observe, a farmer may laugh as loud as he likes, when he sees his landlord has the laugh against another gentleman.

When the laugh had somewhat subsided, my lord changed his tone, and, riding close up to the jackeen, said, "Don't consider yourself ill-treated, sir. I give you the same reception you gave this honest fellow, (pointing to my father;) and recollect, sir, that there is a much greater difference between *you* and *me*"—his lordship raised himself up in his stirrups, and looked like a king—"than between *you* and *him*."

This was the story my father (Lord be merciful to him!) used to tell, whenever he finished his sixth tumbler.

"It's a good story, father," I used to say when he finished, as regular as amen to a paternoster.

"Never mind the story, my boy," the old gentleman used to reply; "never mind the story, mind the *fable* of it," says my father.

Perhaps he meant to say the *moral* of it; but any how, my father was no great collegian; and if a boy has the grace to take a word of advice, it does not matter much whether he borrows it from the moral or the fable.

For my own part—I tell you truth—I have studied wisdom in wise books, from Solomon's Proverbs down to boys' writing copies, and got maxims by heart from Socrates, Plato, and Dr Maginn—have had as much good advice as would have converted Newgate to Christianity—and, there is my hand upon it! I never found myself half as scruple weightier in wisdom after all: my thirst for folly never yet could be slacked at the fountain of book wisdom, any more than my hunger could be appeased by the steam that condenses on the outside of the window of a cookshop.

Take the word of Captain O'Donahoo on this, and lay it to your stomach like a poultice, that although Solomon made a book of proverbs, a book of proverbs never made a Solomon!

Talking of Solomon, puts me in mind of old Murty Finnegan, who had the honour of being my earliest in-

structor in polite literature, and moreover disciplined me, for he was sexton of our chapel, to ring the congregation in to mass; for which reason, I suppose, the polite reader wont object to my styling Murty Finnegan—Professor of *Belles Lettres*.

Murty's school I mind well—no wonder, for many and many a thrashing I've had in it. Indeed, hardly a week passed without a row between me and the master; for I was noted, God help me! as being a remarkable clever boy; and a worse curse I could not wish my enemy than to have a son as clever a boy as I was.

I could get out my task in less than no time at all; nothing was too deep or too shallow for me; and finding that nature had been so bountiful to me in the way of brains, I never troubled myself to improve the richness of the soil by any industry of cultivation.

"Hely, my boy," old Murty used to say, "you're the cleverest blackguard in my academy: come up here while I bate you!"

If you have been educated at Winchester, Rugby, or Harrow—as I suppose you have—an idea of Murty Finnegan's academy might be useful to you—particularly if you want a striking instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Not a hundred miles from Clonmel there used to be an old chapel—not unlike two barns tied crossways—it had been wrecked in the troublesome times, and had neither roofs, nor doors, nor windows—nothing but the naked walls indicated what it had been.

In one corner of this edifice, protected from the rain and sun by some loose straw scattered over one or two remaining beams of the old gallery, Murty Finnegan established his academy,—at the other end was a ball-alley, where the "boys" of the country—not the boys of the school—used to assemble of evenings for their usual recreation, after the professional fatigues of the day,—not a hundred yards off, in a burrow that overlooked the Suir, a private still—in which Murty was a partner concerned—was always at full work,—and just outside the consecrated ground, was a Danish Rath, or conical green hill, on the top of which there was a most splendidrous cockpit.

So that what with the chapel, and

what with the school—what with the ball-alley, and the poteen manufactory, and the cockpit—I leave it to Oxford or Cambridge to say, whether at Murty Finnegan's academy we didn't enjoy all the advantages of an university education.

More than that—if it were not for two trifling failings of the master—I would back him at long odds against Professor Porson, ay, or for the matter of that, against the great Dr Parr himself, for the head of a grammar school.

There never was a head master yet, in all England or Ireland either, who had a more sovereign contempt for the practical education that carries a man through life—for that sort of hard-headed instruction that enables a man to fight his way in the world, or to come to any thing, than Murty Finnegan.

Murty was a devil at the Greek—to be sure he might not be quite so deep in the metres as Professor Porson—in Irish there was no man to match him, barrin' Dr O'Connor; at the Latin, too, he was a Trojan—but as for book-keeping, by single or double entry, arithmetic, the English language, manners, or behaviour, the master knew and cared no more than if he had kept a Yorkshire boarding-school.

The failings that I alluded to in Murty Finnegan, were mere trifles—an ardent love of spirits, and an entire devotion to cock-fighting.

In fact, cock-fighting and drinking made up the employment of the master: teaching the juvenile idea how to shoot, was merely his recreation.

These luxuries at last proved the ruin of Murty Finnegan, in the way that I am going to tell you. The master had one gamecock in particular that he called General Sarsfield; the boys, for shortness, or, as Professor Porson would have said, *per syncope*, called

this hero of a hundred fights the *General*. Nor was the General at all unworthy the distinction. He resembled his great prototype in this, that he was game to the back-bone and served a bad master; but he differed from Sarsfield in this, that he never was beaten. The General was truly a noble bird—black and all black, with a tinge of brilliant rifle green about the hackles; small well-shaped head, round well-filled body, and well-set legs; in short, every one of the points of a bird of game belonged to the General. He had the run of the school and the kitchen; domineered over the smaller boys, and was not much afraid even of the big ones. Murty had him always, instead of a bell, to crow the boys in and out of school hours; and when the still was at work, the General used to take his stand in an old hawthorn that stood right over the hole in the rock where the boys carried on the war. From this vantage ground the General was able to spy any one coming, which he would announce by crowing at the top of his speed, so that full time might be had for Murty and the other contrabandists to *levant*, like the Ghost in Hamlet.

But it was in the field—I mean cockpit—that the General was unrivalled. Poor as Murty Finnegan was, I firmly believe he would as soon have parted with the fore-finger of his right hand as with the General. Not a cock in the five counties could match him—and indeed it was supposed that the General might be backed against all Ireland.

And so, no doubt, he might. But what of that? The General was once beaten; but the downfall of his glories and those of his backer—for with the General fell Murty Finnegan—I reserve until after this my present adjournment—to the public-house at the corner!

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XVII.

"FORTUNA SEVO lesta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem : SI CELESER QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIUM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."

Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

WERE you, oh unhappy Lady Cecilia! in entering into this ill-omened union, to be more pitied or despised? 'Twas most *deliberately* done; in fact, we have already had laid before us ample means of determining the question—but 'tis a delicate and painful one, and had perhaps be better left alone.

They spent about a fortnight at Poppleton Hall, and then went on to Yatton; and if the reader be at all curious to know how MR AND LADY CECILIA TITMOUSE commenced their matrimonial career, I am able, in some measure, to gratify him, by the sight of a letter addressed by the Lady Cecilia, some time afterwards, to one of her confidential friends.

"YATTON, 28th April 18—.

"You may well ask, my dear Blanche, what has become of me—and why I have not performed my promise. I have not written, only because I had not courage to do so. Indeed, my dear friend, I am the most miserable woman in the world—and am I not to be pitied? For I have become such purely to please papa—but as I am fortunately left alone this evening, (no novelty by the way,) Mr Titmouse being gone to some of his haunts at Grilston, or thereabouts, I am resolved to write you a long letter. Whenever he is away I feel as if I were rid of a mischievous and odious animal—an ape, or an orang-outang, or something of that kind. Why did he not always appear to me the same as he does now that I am so dreadfully committed to him? Surely he is the most vulgar horrid wretch the world ever saw; and I feel it will be quite impossible for me to live with him without going mad, for you never heard of such tricks and habits as his; indeed he *tries*, I do believe, to make

himself as disgusting to me as he can. He is the most ignorant fellow in the world, and is always drinking and smoking, both in-doors and out of doors—in every room of the house, and night and day. To say nothing of his personal impertinences to myself, and his gross *gaucheries* in the presence of every one one goes to see, or who comes to see us—fancy the creature carrying a nasty pocket-comb every where, and combing out his abominable hair in the carriage when we go out to dinner. I have even seen him doing it in the drawing-room before the chimney and pier-glasses! What will you think of the vile creature when you hear what happened only four days after our most unfortunate wedding! He comes up to my dressing-room, and bursts open the door while I was dressing, and 'Ah, Cicely, Cicely,' (that is the odious way he pronounces my name,) says he, holding up to me—gracious Heavens! the little morocco collar of my poor dear little Fidelio all stained with blood, so that I was very nearly fainting outright—'what do you think? We've unmuzzled and let loose *Fiend*,' (that's a monstrous mastiff of papa's, chained up in the courtyard, and dreadfully savage,) 'and we set him, quite in fun, at your little Blenheim Fil.; and curse me if he didn't snap his head off in a moment and crush him to pieces, and this is all that's left of him!' The beast never once thought of Titmouse! I fainted, and recollect nothing more till Annette was sitting by my bedside. Talking of her, by the way, the other day she gave me warning, to my infinite annoyance, (for she's quite a treasure;) and when I asked her why, she blushed a good deal, and said it was very unpleasant to be used so by Mr Titmouse. 'What do you mean?'

said I. 'Oh, my lady,' said she, 'he's always winking at me, or chucking me under the chin; and once he tried to kiss me—and more than that, my lady, I'm not the only one he does the same to.' The odious, abominable devil! (one can't help writing strongly,) my rivals are my own servants! We have several times, gone out to dinner since we have been here to some of papa's friends, (for the creature knows no one of himself)—and he has more than once got quite tipsy, and lain snoring or hiccuping; and once—faugh! And as for the company he keeps, it is all of a piece. Fancy me entertaining a Unitarian parson, an auctioneer, and a little fat apothecary, with their dowdy wives! He says it is to keep up his political influence, (which is all stuff); the real truth is, he is so despised, no decent presentable person will come near Yatton. I often see the servants almost bursting with laughter, while waiting at dinner! His breath and all his clothes are full of the filthy odour of tobacco; and Annette is often obliged to deluge my shawls and pelisses, &c., with eau-de-cologne, before and after my going any where with him, lest they also should smell of tobacco-smoke. He is quite hated by all the tenants; he is the most insolent and unkind landlord, and is going to 'screw them all up, a little higher' (he says) in their rents. He will soon not have a respectable tenant on the estate. And he is such a little liar, that not the least reliance can be placed on any thing he says. The other day he began telling me how beautiful Miss Aubrey was, and that it was no fault of *hers* that she was not now Mrs Titmouse, and that he has a good many letters from her! which I cannot believe; but I wish he had married—however it is now too late. Then he goes on in such a rude, odious way before Dr Tatham, (a very nice little old clergyman—the vicar of Yatton,) that I have no doubt he will give up visiting us. Mr Titmouse has no more sense of religion than a cat or a dog; and I understand has left a great many of his election bills unpaid: and positively the diamond spray he gave me, turns out to be only *paste*!! What do you think he is about to-night? Why, you must know there is a little school-room, between the park gate

and the vicarage, which Dr Tatham says Mr Aubrey built for his sister (by the way, you cannot imagine how beloved they are here by every body) to educate little girls in; and Titmouse, to spite Dr Tatham, and to promote his own political interests, he says, has given it to a Mr Murky-flint, (or some such name); a Unitarian parson, who always abuses the Church horribly. Well, they are giving Mr Titmouse a sort of public dinner at Grilston to-day, partly to celebrate this affair of the chapel. He is going to run up a long shooting gallery—and, in short, will ruin this sweet old place, (for such it is at present.) I have reason to believe that he has introduced a sad set into the village; in short, he will ruin every thing about him before long. I dare say, dearest B., you will be heartily sick of reading all this, and yet it is only a hundredth part of my sufferings. Good Heavens! where were my wits when I ever thought of uniting myself to such a fellow? *Fancy* him heir to the barony! I hope I shall outlive him: in fact, I am not (between ourselves) quite in despair on that head, for I should think—[the word first written by her ladyship was plainly '*hope*']—his constitution *cannot* stand such continual drinking. However, fate brought us together, and we must all resign ourselves to fate. My papa knows nothing of all this horrid work as yet—at least from me; but I soon shall tell him that Mr Titmouse and I cannot possibly go on together much longer: I shall die if we do. Of course, I sha'n't degrade myself by getting my letter franked by Mr Titmouse, so I direct under cover to the Marquis.—By the way, another piece of gross impertinence of Mr Titmouse—when I came down one morning to breakfast, I found that the little brute had positively opened all my letters!! And he says it is all one between us now, and he has a right to do it! So I have now got a letter-bag of my own, which is always delivered in my dressing-room. He is everlastingly talking about the women he might have married! But I must conclude—alas! he is come home! I hear his voice: he is evidently tipsy, and abusing some one in the hall. What is to become of your wretched

"CECILIA?"

"THE LADY BLANCHE DE BURGHE."

A dull and phlegmatic disposition, like that of Lady Cecilia, must have been roused and stung, indeed, before she could have attained to such strength and bitterness of expression as are displayed in the above communication. Though it shadows forth, with painful distinctness, several of the more disadvantageous features of Mr Titmouse's character and conduct, there were far darker ones, with which its miserable writer had not then become acquainted. I shall but hastily allude to one of them, viz. that he was at that moment keeping a mistress in town, and commencing the seduction of a farmer's daughter in the neighbourhood of Yatton! Execrable little miscreant!—why should I defile my paper by further specifying his gross misdeeds, or dwelling upon their sickening effects on the mind and feelings of the weak woman who could suffer herself to be betrayed into such a union? Whatever may be the accidental and ultimate advantages, in respect of fortune or social station, expected to be realized by a woman in forming a union with one who would beotherwise regarded with indifference, or dislike, or disgust, she may rely upon it that she is committing an act of deliberate wickedness, which will be attended, probably, for the rest of her life, with consequences of unutterable and inevitable misery, which even the obtaining of her proposed objects will not compensate, but only enhance. It is equally a principle of our law, and of common sense, that people must be understood to have *contemplated* the natural and necessary consequences of their own acts, even if hastily—but by so much the more, if deliberately done. When, therefore, they come to experience those consequences, *let them not complain*. A marriage of this description is, so to speak, utter dislocation and destruction to the delicate and beautiful fabric of a woman's character. It perverts, it *deflects* the noblest tendencies of her lovely nature; it utterly degrades and corrupts her; she sinks irretrievably into an inferior being: instead of her native simplicity and purity, are to be seen thenceforth only heartlessness and hypocrisy. Her affections and passions, denied their legitimate objects and outlets, according to their original weakness or strength of development, either disappear and wither—and she is no

longer woman—or impel her headlong into coarse sensuality, perhaps, at length, open criminality; and then she is expelled indignantly and for ever from the community of her sex. It is not the mere ring, and the orange blossom, that constitute the difference between VIRTUE—and VICE.

Had Lady Cecilia been a woman of acute perceptions or lively sensibilities, she must have fled from her sufferings—she must have gone mad, or committed suicide. As it was, dull as was her temperament, when the more odious points of Titmouse's character and habits were forced upon her notice by the close and constant contiguity of daily intercourse, the reflection that such must be the case for *the remainder of their lives*, became even hourly more intolerable, and roused into existence feelings of active hatred and disgust; she became hourly more alive to the real horrors of her position. The slender stay she had sought for in the reflection that she had incurred all by a dutiful submission to her father's wishes, quickly gave way: *she knew that it was false!* As for Titmouse, he had never cared one straw about anything beyond becoming the husband of the future Baroness of Dreilincourt, not merely on account of the dignity and splendour conferred upon him by such an alliance with the last remaining member of the elder branch of his ancient family, but also because of the grave and repeated assurances of Mr Gammon that it was in some mysterious way essential to the tenure of his own position. Had she, instead of being cold and inanimate, haughty even to repulsion in her manner, and of person lean and uninviting,—been of fascinating manners, affectionate disposition, of brilliant accomplishments, and of ripe loveliness of person, it would, I am persuaded, have made little or no difference to Mr Titmouse, since such a woman would, as it were, stand always surrounded by the invisible but impassable barrier of *refinement*—for ever forbidding communion and sympathy. As for Lady Cecilia, Titmouse could scarcely avoid perceiving how she despised him, and avoided his company on every possible occasion. No person, from merely seeing them, could have dreamed of their being husband and wife. He made no secret at all (at least in his own peculiar

visiting circles) of his wishes that the Earl's increasing age and infirmities might quicken, and Lady Cecilia's apparently delicate health decline apace—and thus accelerate the accession of Mr Titmouse to the barony of Drelin-court and the fortune attached to it.

"Ha, ha!" would exclaim his choice boon companions, "won't it be comical, Tit, to see you take your seat in the Upper House?"

"'Pon my soul, jolty, ah, ha!—Demmee, I'll show the old stagers a funny trick or two!"

"Capital!—ah, ha, ha!—Do the *donkey*? eh?—You'd make the Chancellor's wig jump off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—I'll tickle 'em, or my name isn't 'Tittlebat Titmouse!"—By all which was meant, that he purposed introducing into the House of Lords that peculiar mode of debating which had earned him such quick distinction in the House of Commons!

After they had spent about a month at Yatton, his urgent parliamentary duties required Mr Titmouse to tear himself from that lovely seclusion—that "bower of bliss"—and resume his arduous post in the House. Though Lady Cecilia would have vastly preferred being left behind at Yatton, decency seemed to require that the bride and bridegroom should make their reappearance in the world jointly, and she was therefore compelled to accompany him to town; and they were very soon duly established in his new residence in Park Lane. It was spacious and elegant—indeed it was furnished with great splendour, inasmuch as *carte blanche* had been given to a fashionable upholsterer. In a moment they were both in the great whirling world of fashion. Lord Dreddington gave a series of dinner parties on their account, as did several of their distinguished kinsfolk and friends; and in due time their hospitalities were returned by Mr Titmouse. His first dinner party went off with great *eclat*, no fewer than four peers of the realm, with their ladies, being among his guests. Mr Titmouse led down to dinner the gigantic Duchess of Tantallan, blazing in diamonds, being preceded by his Grace the Duke and the Lady Cecilia—all of which was duly announced, the ensuing morning, in the obsequious columns of the *Aurora*. For some time Mr Titmouse occupied his novel and dazzling post-

tion with becoming decorum and self-denial; but, as he became familiar with it, his old tastes revived—and Lady Cecilia and her friends were gratified, while in the drawingroom after dinner, by catching occasional sounds of Mr Titmouse's celebrated imitations of animals, which, once or twice, when considerably elevated, he insisted upon giving on his re-entering the drawing-room! Indeed, he spared no pains to acquire the power of pleasing society by the display of rare accomplishments; for which purpose he took lessons every other day in the *art diabolic*—i. e., in conjuring, in which he soon became an expert proficient, and could play marvellous tricks upon cards and with dice, eat pocket-handkerchiefs, cause wine-glasses visibly to sink through solid tables, and perform sundry other astounding feats. Nor was he long in collecting round him guests, who not only tolerated, but professed infinite delight in, such entertainments—"fit audience, *nor few*"—consisting principally of those adventurous gentlemen who have entered Parliament in a devout reliance on Providence to find them dinners. 'Twas only in such society as this that Titmouse could feel the least sense of enjoyment, and from which Lady Cecilia altogether absented herself, often without deigning the slightest reason, excuse, or apology. In fact, the intemperate habits and irregular hours of Titmouse soon rendered it necessary that he and the Lady Cecilia should occupy separate sleeping apartments; for either his club, the House, or his other engagements, kept him out till a very late—or rather early—hour every morning.

It was about half-past eleven o'clock one day towards the latter end of June, that Mr Titmouse, having finished breakfast, (which was surely very early, since he had not got to bed till four o'clock that morning,) a meal to which he invariably sat down alone, often not catching a glimpse of Lady Cecilia, except on a chance encounter in the hall, or on the stairs, or when they were forced to go out to dinner together—had entered his library to enjoy undisturbed the luxury of his hookah. The library was a large and handsome room, all the sides of which were occupied by very curious antique carved oak bookcases, which had belonged to the former tasteful occupant

of the house, and from whom they had been purchased by Titmouse, who then bethought himself of procuring a library to fill them. For this purpose, it luckily occurred to him, on seeing an advertisement of a library for sale by auction one day, that it would be a good speculation to be before-hand with the expected audience, and purchase it in a lump, by private contract. He did so—and at a remarkably low price; giving directions that they should forthwith be carried to a book-binder, named by the obsequious auctioneer—with orders to bind them all in elegant but as varied bindings as possible. Certainly the works were of a somewhat miscellaneous character;—old directories; poems by young ladies, and gentlemen; ready reckoners; Doddridge's Expositor; Hints on etiquette; two hundred Minerva press novels; triplicate editions of some forty books on cookery; the art of war; charades; books of travels; bibles, dictionaries, prayer-books, plays, adventures of noted highwaymen; the classics; moral essays; and Burn's Ecclesiastical Law. If these respectable works had had the least sense of the distinction that had been so unexpectedly bestowed upon them, they ought not to have murmured at never afterwards receiving the slightest personal attention from their spirited and gifted proprietor. The room was lit by a large bow-window, which, being partially open, admitted the pleasant breeze which was stirring without, while the strong light was mitigated by the half-drawn blinds, and the ample chintz window-draperies. On the mantelpiece stood one or two small alabaster statues and vases, and a very splendid and elaborately ornamented French timepiece. The only unpleasantness perceptible, was the sort of disagreeable odour prevalent in rooms which, as in the present instance, are devoted to smoking. To this room had been also transferred many of the articles which I have described as having been visible in his rooms at the Albany. Over the mantelpiece was placed the picture of the boxers—that of Titmouse, being similarly situated in the dining-room. Mr Titmouse was in a full crimson dressing-gown, with yellow slippers; his shirt-collar was open and thrown down over his shoulders—leaving exposed to view a quantity of

sand-coloured hair under his throat. In fact he looked the image of a gentleman (of one sort) at his ease. He lay on the sofa with his hookah in his left hand; near him was the table, on which stood the *Morning Groul*, and some eight or ten letters, only one or two of which had as yet been opened. He had just leaned back his head, and with an air of tranquil enjoyment very slowly expelled a mouthful of smoke, when a servant submissively entered, and announced the arrival of a visiter—Mr Gammon.

"How dy'e do, Gammon!—early, eh?" commenced Titmouse, without stirring, and with infinite composure and nonchalance. Mr Gammon made the usual reply, and presently sat down in the chair placed for him by the servant, nearly opposite to Mr Titmouse—who, had he been accustomed to observation, or capable of it, might have detected something very unusual in the flushed face, the anxious and restless eye, and the forced manner of his visiter.

"Likely to be devilish hot day—'pon my soul!" exclaimed Titmouse, after again emptying his mouth—adding, in a tolerably conceited manner—"By the way—here's a letter from Snap—just opened it!—Dem him, asks me for a place under government;—Ah—a—what's he fit for?"

"For what he *is*, and nothing else," replied Gammon, quietly glancing his eye sarcastically over poor Snap's letter, which Titmouse handed to him, though marked "strictly confidential."—Gammon being undoubtedly the very last man upon earth whom Snap would have wished to know of his application.

"Were you at the House last night? They sat very late! Lord Bulfinch made, I think, a very powerful speech—"

"Yes—devilish good—rather long though!" replied Titmouse, languidly.

He had by this time turned himself towards Mr Gammon;—his right arm and leg hanging carelessly over the side of the sofa.

"Lady Cecilia is well, I hope?"—"Can't say—not seen her this week," drawled Titmouse. "I'll ring and ask, if you wish," he added, with an affected smile.

"Ah, my dear Titmouse," quoth Gammon blandly, and with a smile of delicious flattery, "I hope you don't give her ladyship just cause for

jealousy?—Eh? You must not avail yourself of your—your acknowledged power over the sex—ahem!”

Mr Titmouse, half closing his eyes, silently expelled a mouthful of smoke, while an ineffable smile stole over his features.

“You must not neglect her ladyship, Titmouse,” quoth Gammon, gently shaking his head, and with an anxiously deferential air.

“Pon my life, I don’t neglect her!—Public life, you know,” replied Titmouse, slowly, with his eyes closed, and speaking with the air of one suffering from *ennui*. Here a pause of some moments ensued.

“Can we have about half an hour to ourselves, uninterrupted?” at length enquired Mr Gammon.

“A—a—why—my singing-master is coming here a little after twelve,” quoth Titmouse, turning himself round so as to be able to look at the clock on the mantelpiece.

“Oh, probably less than that period will suffice, if we shall not be interrupted—may I ring the bell, and will you give orders to that effect?” With this Gammon rung the bell; and on the servant’s appearing—

“I say, sir—do you hear, demme?” said Titmouse, “not at home—till this gentleman’s gone.” The man bowed, and withdrew; and on his closing the door, Gammon softly stepped after him and bolted it; by which time Titmouse, somewhat startled, withdrew his hookah from his mouth, and gazed rather anxiously at Gammon, about whose appearance he then, for the first time, fancied he saw something unreasonable.

“Ah, how!—how monstrous funny!” he exclaimed, and began to smoke rather more energetically than before, with his eye fixed on the grave countenance of Mr Gammon.

“My dear Titmouse,” commenced his visitor, drawing his chair near to Titmouse, and speaking in an earnest and kindly manner, “does it never astonish you, when you reflect on the stroke of fortune which has elevated you to your present point of splendour and distinction?”

“Most amazing!—uncommon!” replied Titmouse, apprehensively.

“It is!—marvellous! unprecedented! you are the envy of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands! such an affair as yours does not happen above

once or twice in a couple of centuries—if so often! You cannot imagine the feelings of delight with which I regard all this—this brilliant result of my long labours, and untiring devotion to your service.”—He paused.

“Oh, ’pon my life, yes; it’s all very true,” replied Titmouse, with a little trepidation, replenishing the bowl of his hookah with tobacco.

“May I continue to hope, my dear Titmouse, that I have established my claim to be considered, in some measure, as the sole architect of your extraordinary fortunes—your earliest,—your most constant friend?”

“You see, as I’ve often said, Mr Gammon,—I’m most uncommon obliged to you for all favours—so help me—I and no mistake,”—with a countenance of increasing seriousness; and he rose from his recumbent posture, and sat with his face turned full towards Mr Gammon, who resumed—

“As I am not in the habit, my dear Titmouse, of beating about the bush, let me express a hope that you consider the services I have rendered you not unworthy of requital.”

“Oh yes—to be sure—certainly,”—quoth Titmouse, slightly changing colour—“any thing, by Jove, that’s in my power—but, it is most particular unfortunate that—ahem!—so deuced hard up just now—but—ah, ’pon my soul, I’ll speak to Lord Bulfinch, or some of these people, and get you something—though I shan’t do any thing of the kind for *Snep*—dem him! You’ve no idea how devilish thick Lord Bulfinch and I are—he shakes hands with me when we meet in the lobby—he does, ’pon my life.”

“I am very much obliged, my dear Titmouse, for your kind offer—but I have a *little* political influence myself, when I think fit to exert it,” replied Gammon, gravely.

“Well, then,” interrupted Titmouse eagerly—“as for money—if that’s what—by jingo! but if you don’t know how *precious* hard up one is just now—”

“My dear sir, the subject on which we are now engaged is one of inexpressible interest and importance, in my opinion, to each of us; and let us discuss it calmly. I am prepared to make a communication to you immediately, which you will never forget

to the day of your death. Are you prepared to receive it?"

"Oh yes!—Never so wide awake in my life! oh Lord! fire away"—replied Titmouse; and taking the tip of his hookah from his lips, and holding it in his left fingers, he leaned forward, staring open-mouthed at Gammon.

"Well, my dear Titmouse, then I will proceed. I will not enjoin you to secrecy;—and that not merely because I have full confidence in your honour,—but because you cannot disclose it to any mortal man, but at the peril of immediate and utter ruin."

"Pon my soul, most amazing! Demme, Mr Gammon, you frighten me out of my senses!" said Titmouse, turning paler and paler, as his recollection became more and more distinct of certain mysterious hints of Mr Gammon's, many months before, at Yatton, as to his power over Titmouse.

"Consider for a moment. You are now a member of Parliament; the unquestioned owner of a fine estate; the husband of a lady of very high rank—the last direct representative of one of the proudest and most ancient of the noble families of Great Britain; you yourself are next but one in succession to almost the oldest barony in the kingdom: in fact, in all human probability you are the next Lord DAREINCOURT; and all this through me." He paused.

"Well,—excuse me, Mr Gammon—but I hear;—though—ahem! you're (meaning no offence) I can't for the life and soul of me tell what the devil it is you're driving at"—said Titmouse, twisting his finger into his hair, and gazing at Gammon with intense anxiety. For some moments Mr Gammon remained looking very solemnly and in silence at Titmouse; and then proceeded.

"Yet you are *really* no more entitled to *be* what you seem—what you are thought—or to possess what you at present possess—than—the little wretch that last swept your chimneys here!"

The hookah dropped out of Titmouse's hand upon the floor, and he made no effort to pick it up, but sat staring at Gammon, white as his shirt, and in blank dismay.

"I perceive that you are agitated, Mr Titmouse," said Gammon kindly.

"By Jove—I should think so!" replied Titmouse, faintly; but he tried to assume an incredulous smile—in vain, however; and to such a pitch had his agitation reached, that he rose, opened a cabinet near him, and taking out from it a brandy-flask and a wine glass, poured it out full, and drank it off. "You a'n't *joking*, Mr Gammon, eh?" Again he attempted a sickly smile.

"God forbid, Mr Titmouse!"

"Well—but—*why* a'n't I entitled to it all! Hasn't the law given it to me?"

"No one on earth knows the *who* and the *why* of this matter but myself; and, if you choose, no one ever shall; nay, I will take care, if you come this morning to my terms, to deprive even myself of all means of proving what I can *now* prove, at any moment I choose."

"Lord!" ejaculated Titmouse, wiping his forehead—his agitation visibly increasing. "What's to be the figure?" he faltered, presently, and looked as if he dreaded to hear the answer.

"If you mean, what are my *terms*—I will at once tell you:—they are terms on which I shall peremptorily insist; they have been long fixed in my own mind; I am quite inflexible: so help me Heaven, I will not vary them a hair's-breadth! I require, first, To sit in Parliament for Yatton, at the next election; and afterwards alternately with yourself; and secondly, That you immediately graut me an annuity for my life of two thousand pounds a-year on your—"

Titmouse sprang from the sofa, dashing his fist on the table, and uttering a frightful imprecation. He stood for a moment, and then threw himself desperately at full length on the sofa, muttering the same execration that had first issued from his lips. Gammon moved not a muscle, but fixed a steadfast eye on Titmouse: the two might have been compared to the affrighted rabbit, and the deadly boa-constrictor.

"It's all a swindle!—a d—d swindle!" at length he exclaimed, starting up into a sitting posture, and almost grinning defiance at Gammon. "You're a swindler!"—he exclaimed vehemently.

"Possibly—but you are a *BASTARD*!"—replied Gammon, calmly.

Titmouse looked the picture of horror, and trembled in every limb.

"It's a lie!—It's all a lie!"—he gasped.

"Sir, you are a *bastard*"—repeated Gammon, extending his fore-finger in a solemn manner towards Titmouse. "Wretched miscreant—do you presume to tell me I lie? You base-born cur!"—a lightning glance shot from his eye; but he restrained himself. Titmouse sat at length as if petrified, while Gammon in a low and solemn tone proceeded—"You the owner of Yatton? You the next Lord Drelincourt? No more than the helper in your stables! One breath of mine blights you for ever—as an impostor—a mere audacious swindler—to be spit upon! to be kicked out of society—perhaps to be transported for life. Gracious Heavens! what will the Earl of Dreddlinton say when he hears that his sole daughter and heiress is married to a——It will kill *him*, or he will kill *you*."

"Two can play at that," whispered Titmouse, faintly—indeed almost inarticulately. There was nearly a moment's pause.

"No—but is it all true?—honour!" enquired Titmouse, in a very subdued voice.

"As God is my witness!" replied Gammon.

"Well," exclaimed Titmouse, after a prodigious sigh, "then, at any rate, you're in for it with me; you said just now you'd done it all.—Ah, ha! I recollect, Mr Gammon!—I should no more have thought of it *myself*—Lord! than—what d'ye say to *that*, Mr Gammon?"

"Alas, sir! it will not avail you," replied Gammon, with a fearful smile; "for I never made the dreadful discovery of your illegitimacy till it was too late—till at least two months after I had put you (whom I believed the true heir) into possession of Yatton."

"Ah—I don't know—but—why didn't you tell Lord Dreddlinton? Why did you let me marry Lady Cicely? By Jove, but it's *you* he'll kill," quoth Titmouse, eagerly.

"Yes!—Alas! I ought to have done so," replied Mr Gammon, with a profound sigh—adding, abstractedly, "It may not be too late to make his lordship *some* amends. I may save his *title* from degradation. Lord Drelincourt!"

"Oh, lud!" ejaculated Titmouse, involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, staring stupidly at Gammon, who continued, with a renewed sigh—"Yes, I *ought* to have told his lordship—but I *own*—I was led away by feelings of pity—of affection for you—and is this the return?" He spoke this with a look and in a tone of sorrowful reproach.

"Well, you shouldn't have come down on one so suddenly—all at once—how can a man—eh? Such *horrid* news!"

"It has cost me, sir, greater pain to tell you, than it has cost you to hear it!"

"By the living Jove!" exclaimed Titmouse, starting up with a sort of recklessness, and pouring out and tossing off a large glassful of brandy—"it *can't* be true—it's all a dream! I—I a'n't—I *can't* be a *bas*—perhaps *you're* all this while the true heir, Mr Gammon?" he added briskly, and snapped his fingers at his companion.

"No, sir, I am not," replied Gammon, calmly; "but, let me tell you, *I know where he is to be found*, Mr Titmouse! Do you commission me to go in search of him?" he enquired, suddenly fixing his bright penetrating eye upon Titmouse, who instantly stammered out—"Oh, lud! By Jove! no, no!"

Gammon could scarcely suppress a bitter smile, so ludicrous were the look and tone of Titmouse.

"You shouldn't have let me spend such a lot of money, if it wasn't mine, all the while!"

"The estate was, in a manner, Mr Titmouse, in my gift; and in pitching upon you, sir, out of several, I had imagined that I had chosen a gentleman—a man grateful and honourable!"

"Pon my solemn soul, so I *am*!" interrupted Titmouse.

"I had but to scrawl a line or two with my pen, the very first day that I saw you at the shop of Mr Tag-rag—and there, sir—or in some similar hole—you would have been at this moment!" replied Gammon, with a sudden sternness that quite overawed Titmouse, but totally losing sight of the very different account of the matter which he had given Titmouse five minutes before; but the very best and most experienced liars have very short memories. Here it was, however,

Liar v. Fool; and the latter did not perceive the slip made by his adversary—who, however, suddenly became aware of his little inconsistency, and coloured.

"You'll excuse me, sir," quoth Titmouse, presently; but with an air which was becoming momentarily more timid and doubtful—"but *will* you, if all this isn't a bottle of smoke, tell me how you can *prove* it all? Because, you know, it isn't only *saying* the thing that will do—you know, Mr Gammon?"

"Certainly—certainly! You are quite right, Mr Titmouse! Nothing more reasonable! Your curiosity shall be gratified. Aware that your natural acuteness, my dear sir, would in all probability prompt you to make the very observation you have now made, I have provided myself with the three principal documents, and you shall see them; though I doubt whether you will at first sight understand them, or appreciate their importance; but, if you desire it, I will fully explain them to you."

With this he took out his pocket-book, and with much care took out three pieces of paper, folded up, which, after a brief preliminary explanation, he unfolded and read—Titmouse looking over his shoulder.

"Do I know the handwriting?" said Titmouse.

"Probably not," replied Gammon.

"It's a devilish queer old-fashioned sort of writing."

"It is, and when you consider"—

"Are all three in the same handwriting?" enquired Titmouse, taking them into his tremulous hand; while Gammon observed that his countenance indicated the despair which had taken possession of him.

"That cursed curtain is so much in the light," said Titmouse, looking up, and going towards it, as if to draw it aside, he started suddenly away from Gammon, and with frenzied gestures tore the little papers to pieces with inconceivable rapidity, and flung them out of the window, where a brisk breeze instantly took them up, and scattered them abroad—the glistening fragments—never to be again reunited.

Having performed this astounding feat, he instantly turned round, and leaning his back against the window, gazed at Gammon with a desperate

air of mingled apprehension and triumph, but spoke not a word. Nor did Gammon; but—oh the smile with which he regarded Titmouse as he slowly approached towards him! who stepping aside, as Gammon advanced, reached the cabinet, and with desperate rapidity threw open the door, and, as if the devil had been waiting his bidding, in a moment turned round upon Gammon with a pistol.

"So help me God, I'll fire!" gasped Titmouse, cocking and presenting it—"I will—I will—one!—two!—For God's sake I be off!—it's loaded, and no mistake!"

"Booby! you may put your pistol down, sir!" said Gammon, calmly and resolutely, a contemptuous smile passing over his pale features.

"Demme! distance!—Keep your distance!"

"Ridiculous simpleton!—you poor rogue!" said Gammon, laughingly. There was, however, *murder* in his smile; and Titmouse instinctively perceived it. He kept his deadly weapon pointed full at Gammon's breast.

Gammon stood, for a minute or two, gazing steadfastly, and without moving, at Titmouse; and then, shrugging his shoulders, with a bitter smile returned to his chair, and resumed his seat. Titmouse, however, refused to follow his example.

"So help me God, sir! I will not hurt a hair of your head," said Gammon, solemnly. Still Titmouse remained at the window, pistol in hand. "Why should I hurt you? What have you to fear, you little idiot?" inquired Gammon, impatiently. "Do you think you have injured me? Do you think me so great a fool, my little friend, as really to have trusted you with the precious originals, of which those were only the copies!—Copies which I can replace in a minute or two's time? The originals, believe me, are far away, and safe enough under lock and key."

"I—I—I—don't believe you," gasped Titmouse, dropping the hand that held the pistol, and speaking in a truly dismal tone.

"That does not signify, my worthy little friend," said Gammon, with a bitter smile, "if the *fact* be so. That you are a fool you must by this time even yourself begin to suspect; and

you can't doubt that you are an arrant little rogue after what has just taken place? Eh? 'Twas a bright idea truly—well conceived and boldly executed. I give you all the credit for it; and it is only your misfortune that it was not successful. So let us now return to business. Uncock your pistol—replace it in your cabinet, and resume your seat, or in one minute's time I leave you, and go direct!"

Titmouse, after a moment or two's pause of irresolution, passively obeyed—very nearly on the point of crying aloud with disappointment and impotent rage; and he and Gammon were again sitting opposite to one another.

Gammon was cold and collected—yet must it not have cost him a prodigious effort? Though he had told Titmouse that they were *copies* only which he had destroyed, they were, nevertheless, the *originals*, which, with such an incredible indiscretion, he had trusted into the hands of Titmouse; they were the *ORIGINALS* which Titmouse had just scattered to the winds; and in so doing had suddenly broken to pieces the wand of the enchanter who had long exercised over him so mysterious and despotic an authority. How comes it, that we not infrequently find men of the profoundest craft, just at the very crisis of their fortunes, thus unexpectedly and incredibly committing themselves?

"Are you now satisfied, Titmouse, that you are completely at my mercy, and at the same time totally undeserving of it?" said Gammon, speaking in a low and earnest tone, and with much of his former kindness of manner. To an observant eye, however, what was at that moment the real expression in that of Gammon? Soothing and gentle as was his voice, he felt as if he could instantly have destroyed the audacious little miscreant before him. "Do not, my dear Titmouse, madly make me your enemy—your enemy for life—but rather your friend—your watchful and powerful friend, whose every interest is identified with your own. Remember all that I have done and sacrificed for you—how I have racked my brain for you day and night—always relying upon your ultimate gratitude. Oh, the endless scheming I have had to practise, to conceal your fatal secret—and of

which you shall ere long know more! During these last two years have I not ruinously neglected my own interests to look after yours?"

Gammon paused, and abruptly added—"I have but to lift my finger, and this splendid dressing-gown of yours, Titmouse, is exchanged for a prison-jacket!"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! oh Lord!" suddenly exclaimed Titmouse, with a shudder—"I wish I were dead and forgotten! oh Lord! what shall I do? 'Pon my soul!"—he struck his forehead with some violence—"I'm going mad!"

"Consider, Titmouse, calmly, how reasonable and moderate is my offer"—proceeded Gammon; who now and then experienced changes of colour, on the sudden recurrence of a sense of his last misfortune.

"Here's Lady Cicely to have £3000 a-year."

"Not till after your death, my dear sir!"

"Then she shall have it directly; for curse me if I don't kill myself!"

"Then she would never have a farthing—for I should instantly produce the real heir!"

"Yah!" exclaimed Titmouse, uttering a sound like the sharp, furious bark of a cur, foiled at all points. He threw himself on the sofa, and folded his arms on his breast, compressing them as it were with convulsive vehemence.

"Do not excite yourself, Mr Titmouse—you are still one of the most fortunate men upon earth, to have fallen into hands like mine, I can assure you! You will still enjoy a truly splendid income—little short of nine thousand a-year—for I will undertake to raise the Yatton rental, within a year or two, to twelve or thirteen thousand a-year, as I have often told you—I have explained to you over and over again, how absurdly under their value they were let in the time of!"

"And you've perhaps forgotten that I've borrowed nearly fifty thousand pounds—that costs nothing, I suppose!"

"Well, certainly, you must be a little careful for a year or two, that's all!"

"Demme, sir!—I must give up my *yacht*!" exclaimed Titmouse, desperately, snapping his thumb and finger vehemently at Gammon.

"Yes—or Yatton," replied Gammon, sternly. "After all—what more shall I be than a sort of steward of yours?"

"I don't want one," interrupted Titmouse; and, starting from the sofa, walked to the window, where he stood with his back turned towards Gammon, and crying! Gammon eyed him for several minutes in silence; and then slowly approaching him, tapped him briskly on the shoulder. Titmouse started. "Come, sir—you have now, I hope, relieved your little feelings, and must attend to me—and be prompt. The time for trifling, and playing the baby, or the girl, is gone. Hark you, sir!—yield me my terms, or this very day I spring a mine under your feet, you little villain! that shall blow you into ten thousand atoms, and scatter them wider than even you scattered just now those bits of worthless paper! Do you hear that?" As he said this, he took hold of the collar of Titmouse's dressing-gown, which Titmouse felt to be grasped by a hand, tightening momentarily, with the vehement emotion of Gammon. Titmouse made no reply; but gazed at Gammon with a countenance full of distress and terror.

"Pause, and you are lost—stripped of this gaudy dress—turned out of this splendid house into the streets, or a prison!—If I quit this room—and I will not wait much longer—without your plain and written consent to my terms, I shall go direct to my Lord Dreddlington, and tell him the obscure and base-born impostor that has crept!"

"Oh, Mr. Gammon—Mr Gammon! have mercy on me!" exclaimed Titmouse, shaking like an aspen-leaf—at length realizing the terrible extent of danger impending over him.

"Have mercy on yourself!" rejoined Gammon, sternly.

"I will!—I'll do all you ask—I will, so help me —!"

"I'm glad to hear it!" said Gammon, relaxing his hold of Titmouse; and, in a voice of returning kindness, adding—"Oh, Titmouse, Titmouse! how fearful would be the scene—when your noble father-in-law—you must have quitted the country! His lordship would have instantly divorced you from the Lady Cecilia!"

"You can't think how I love Lady Cicely!" exclaimed Titmouse, in a broken voice.

"Ay—but would she love you, if she knew who and what you were?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I love Lady Cicely! I love Lady Cicely!"

"Then get pen, ink, and paper, if you would not lose her for ever!"

"Here they are, Mr Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse, hastily stepping to his desk which lay on the table, and with tremulous eagerness got out a quire of writing paper and took a pen. "Suppose you write, Mr Gammon," said he suddenly—"my hand trembles so! Lord, I feel so sick! I'll sign any thing you like!"

"Perhaps it would be better," replied Gammon, sitting down, and dipping his pen into the inkstand; "it may save time." He commenced writing; and, as he went on, said, at intervals—"Yes, Titmouse! Thank God, all is near over! It shall no longer be in Lord Dreddlington's power—no, nor any one's—to beggar you—to transport you—to take your noble wife from you."

"Oh, no, no! You know Lady Cicely's taken me for better for worse, for richer for poorer."

"Ah, Titmouse! But she did not know, when she said that, that she was speaking to a —"

"What! wouldn't it hold good?" exclaimed Titmouse, perfectly aghast.

"We need not speculate on a case that cannot arise, my dear Titmouse," replied Gammon, eyeing him steadfastly, and then resuming his writing.—"This paper becomes, as they say at sea, your sheet-anchor!—Here you shall remain—the owner of Yatton—of this splendid house—husband of Lady Cecilia—a member of Parliament—and, in due time, as my Lord Drelincourt, take your place permanently in the Upper House of Parliament.—Now, Mr Titmouse, sign your name."

Titmouse eagerly took the pen, and, with a very trembling hand, affixed his signature to what Gammon had written.

"You'll sign it too, eh?" he enquired, timidly.

"Certainly, my dear Titmouse."—Gammon affixed his signature, after a moment's consideration.—"Now we are both bound—we are friends for life! Let us shake hands, my dear, dear Titmouse, to bind the bargain."

They did so, Gammon cordially

taking into his hands each hand of Titmouse, who, in his anxiety and excitement, never once thought of asking Mr Gammon to allow him to read over what he had signed.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, heaving a very deep sigh, "I begin to feel *something like again!*—It's really all right?"

"On my sacred word of honour," replied Gammon, laying his hand on his heart, "provided you perform the engagement into which you have this day entered."

"Never fear! honour bright!" said Titmouse, placing *his* on his heart, with as solemn a look as he could assume.

Mr Gammon, having folded up the paper, put it into his pocket-book.

"I was a trifle too deep for you, Titmouse, eh?" said he, good-humouredly. "How could you suppose me green enough to bring you the *real* documents?" he added, with perfect command of voice and feature.

"Where are they?" enquired Titmouse, timidly.

"At a banker's, in a double-iron strong-box, with three different locks."

"Lord!—But, *in course*, you'll put them into the fire when I've performed my agreement, eh?"

Gammon looked at him for a moment, doubtful what answer to make to this unexpected question.

"My dear Titmouse," said he, at length, "I will be candid—I must preserve them—but no human eye shall ever see them except my own."

"My stars!—Excuse me"—stammered Titmouse, uneasily.

"Never fear *my* honour, Titmouse! Have you ever had reason to do so?"

"No—never! It's quite true! And why don't you trust *me*?"

"Have you forgotten!—*Did I not trust you—as you supposed!*"—quickly subjoined Gammon, positively on the point of again committing himself—"and when you fancied you had the precious documents?"

"Oh! well!"—said Titmouse, his face flushing all over—"but that's all past and gone."

"You *must* rely on my honour—and I'll tell you why. What would be easier than for me to pretend to you that the papers which you might see me burn, were really the originals—and yet be no such thing?"

"In course—yes; I see!" replied Titmouse—who, however, had really not comprehended the case which Gammon had put to him. "Well—but—I say—excuse me, Mr Gammon"—said Titmouse, hesitatingly returning, as Gammon imagined, to the charge—"but—you said something about the *real* heir."

"Certainly. There *is* such a person."

"Well—but since you and I, you know, have made it up, and are friends for life—eh? What's to be done with the fellow? (betwixt ourselves!)"

"That is at present no concern—nay, it never will be any concern of yours or mine. Surely it is enough for you, that you are enjoying the rank and fortune belonging to some one else? Good gracious! I can't help reminding you—fancy the natural son of a cobbler—figuring away as the Right Honourable Lord Drelincourt—while all the while, the real Lord Drelincourt is—nay, at this moment, pining, poor soul! in poverty and obscurity."

"Well—I dare say he's used to it, so it can't hurt him much! But I've been thinking, Mr Gammon, couldn't get him—pressed? or enlisted into the army?—He's a deuced deal better out of the way, you know, for both of us."

"Sir," interrupted Gammon, speaking very seriously, and even with a melancholy and apprehensive air—"leave the future to *me*. I have made all requisite arrangements; the only person on earth beside myself that can disturb them, is yourself."

Here a gentle tapping was heard at the door.

"Be off!" shouted Titmouse, with angry impatience; but Mr Gammon, who was anxious himself to be gone, stepped to the door, and opening it, a servant entered—a tall, graceful footman, with powdered hair, shoulder-knot, and blue and yellow livery—and who obsequiously intimated to Mr Titmouse, that Signor Sol-fa had been in attendance for at least half-an-hour.

"A—a—I don't sing to-day—let him come to-morrow," said Titmouse, and the servant withdrew.

"Farewell, Mr Titmouse—I have a most important engagement awaiting me at the office—so I must take my leave. Will you execute the neces-

sary documents as soon as they are ready? I will cause them to be prepared immediately."

"Oh! yes"—and he added in a correction—"take care, Mr Gammon, no one knows *why*."

"Leave that to me!—Good morning, Mr Titmouse," replied Gammon, buttoning his surtout, and taking up his gloves and hat; and having shaken Titmouse by the hand, he was the next moment in the street—where he heaved a prodigious sigh—which, however, only momentarily relieved his pent-up bosom from the long-suppressed rage, the mortification, the wounded pride, and the wild apprehension with which it was nearly bursting. Why, what a sudden and serious disaster had befallen him! What but his own inconceivable folly had occasioned it? His own puppet had beaten him; had laid him prostrate: 'twas as though Prospero had permitted Caliban to wheedle him out of his wand!—What could Gammon possibly have been thinking about, when he trusted the originals into the hands of Titmouse? As Gammon recognized no over-ruling Providence, he was completely at a loss to account for an act of such surpassing thoughtlessness and weakness as he had committed—at the mere recollection of which, as he walked along, he ground his teeth together with the vehemence of his emotions. After a while, he reflected that regrets were idle—the future, not the past, was to be considered; and how he had to deal with the new state of things which had so suddenly been brought about. All he had thenceforth to trust to, was his mastery over the fears of a fool. But was he *really*, on consideration, in a worse position than before? Had Titmouse turned restive at any time while Gammon possessed the documents in question, could Gammon have had more effectual control over him than he still had, while he had succeeded in persuading Titmouse that such documents were still in existence? Could the legality of the transaction which Gammon sought to effect, be upheld one whit the more in the one case than in the other, if Titmouse took it into his head resolutely to resist? Again, could an arrangement of such magnitude, could so serious a diminution of Titmouse's income, remain long concealed from his father-in-law, Lord

Dreddlington, who, Gammon knew, was every now and then indicating some anxiety on the subject of Titmouse's finances? Was it possible to suppose the Earl disposed to acquiesce, in any event, in such an arrangement? Suppose again Titmouse, in some moment of caprice, or under the influence of wine, should disclose to the Earl the arrangement which would have taken place; and that either sinking, or revealing, the true ground on which Mr Gammon rested a claim of such magnitude? Gracious Heavens!—thought Gammon—fancy the Earl really made acquainted with the true state of the case! What effect would so terrible a disclosure produce upon him?

Here a bold stroke occurred to Mr Gammon: what if he were himself, as it were, to take the bull by the horns—to be before-hand with Titmouse, and apprise the Earl of the frightful calamity that had befallen him and his daughter? Gammon's whole frame vibrated with the bare imagining of the scene which would probably ensue. But what was the practical use to be made of it? The first shock over, if the old man, indeed, survived it—would the possession of such a secret give Gammon a complete hold upon the Earl, and render him, in effect, obedient to his wishes? The objects which Gammon had originally proposed to himself, and unwaveringly fixed his eye upon amidst all the mazy tortuosities of his course, since taking up the cause of Tittlebat Titmouse, was his own permanent establishment in the upper sphere of society; above all, conscious that could he but once emerge into political life, his energies would ensure him speedy distinction. With an independent income of £2000 a-year, he felt that he should be standing on sure ground. But even above and beyond these, there was one dazzling object of his hopes and wishes which, unattained, would render all others comparatively valueless—a union with Miss Aubrey. His heart fluttered within him at the bare notion of such an event. What effect would be produced upon that beautiful, that pure, high-minded, but haughty creature—for haughty to *him* had Kate Aubrey ever appeared—by a knowledge that he, Gammon, possessed the means—Bah! accursed Titmouse!—thought Gammon, his cheek suddenly

blanching as he recollected that through him *those means* no longer existed—stay!—unless, indeed—which would, however, be all but impossible—perilous in the extreme. Absorbed with these reflections, he started on being accosted by the footman of the Earl of Dreddlington; who, observing Gammon, had ordered his carriage to draw up, to enable his lordship to speak to him. It was the end of Oxford Street nearest to the City.

"Sir—Mr Gammon—good day, sir!" commenced the Earl, with a slight appearance of disappointment, and even displeasure; "pray has any thing unfortunate happened?"

"Unfortunate! I beg your lordship's pardon"—interrupted Gammon, colouring visibly, and gazing with surprise at the Earl.

"You do not *generally*, Mr Gammon, forget your appointments. The Marquis, I, and the gentlemen of the Direction, have been waiting for you in vain at the office for a whole hour."

"Good Heavens! my lord—I am confounded!" said Gammon, suddenly recollecting the engagement he had made with the Earl; "I have forgotten every thing in a sudden fit of indisposition, with which I have been seized at the house of a client at Bayswater. I can but apologize, my lord!"

"Sir, say no more; your looks are more than sufficient: and I beg that you will do me the honour to accept a seat in my carriage, and tell me whether you will be driven. I'm at your service, Mr Gammon, for at least an hour: longer than that I cannot say, as I have to be at the House; you remember our two bills have to be forwarded a stage?"

Since his lordship was as peremptory as politeness would permit him to be, in got Gammon, and named THE GUNPOWDER AND FRESHWATER COMPANY'S Offices, in Lothbury, in the hopes of finding yet some of the gentlemen whom he had so sadly disappointed; and thither, having turned his horses' heads, drove the coachman.

"Sir," said the Earl, after much enquiry into the nature of Gammon's recent indisposition, "by the way, what can be the meaning of my Lord Tadpole's opposition to the second reading of our bill, No. 2?"

"We offered his lordship no shares, my lord—that is the secret. I saw

him a few days ago, my lord, and he sounded me upon the subject; but—I'm sure your lordship will understand—in a company such as ours, my lord!"

"Sir, I quite comprehend you, and I applaud your vigilant discrimination. Sir, in affairs of this description, in order to *secure* the confidence of the public, it is a matter of the last importance that none but men of the highest—by the way, Mr Gammon, how are the GOLDEN EGG shares? Would you advise me to sell?"

"Hold, my lord, a little longer. We are going, in a few days' time, to publish some important information concerning the prospects of the undertaking, of the most brilliant character, and which cannot fail to raise the value of the shares. Has your lordship signed the deed yet?"

"Sir, I signed it last Saturday, in company with my Lord Marmalade. I should not like to part with my interest in the company, you see—Mr Gammon—hastily; but I am in your hands!"

"My lord, I am ever watchful of your lordship's interests."

"By the way, will you dine with me to-morrow? We shall be quite alone, and I am very anxious to obtain an accurate account of the present state of Mr Titmouse's property; for, to tell you the truth, I have heard of one or two little matters that occasion me some uneasiness!"

"Can any thing be more unfortunate, my lord? I am engaged out to dinner for the next three days—if indeed I shall be well enough to go to any of them," said Gammon, with an agitation which could have escaped the observation of few persons except the Earl of Dreddlington.

"Sir—I exceedingly regret to hear it: let me trust that some day next week I shall be more fortunate. There are several matters on which I am desirous of consulting you. When did you last see Mr Titmouse?"

"Let me see, my lord—I don't think I've seen him since Monday last, when I casually met him in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, where, by the way, he seems a pretty frequent attendant!"

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the Earl, somewhat gravely; and, as Gammon imagined, with a slight expression of surprise, or even distrust.

Gammon therefore fancied that the Earl had received recent intelligence of some of the wild pranks of his hopeful son-in-law, and wished to make enquiries concerning them of Gammon.

"Will you, sir, have the goodness to write off to-day to General Epaulette's solicitors, and tell them I wish to pay off immediately £12,000 of his mortgage? Oblige me, sir, by attending to this matter to-day; for I met the General the other day at dinner—and—I might possibly have been mistaken, sir—but I fancied he looked at me as if he wished me to feel myself his debtor. Do you understand me, sir? It annoyed me; and I wish to get out of his hands as soon as possible."

"Rely upon it, my lord, it shall be attended to this very day," replied Gammon, scarcely able—troubled though he was—to suppress a smile at the increasing symptoms of purse-pride in the Earl, whose long-empty coffers were being so rapidly and unexpectedly replenished by the various enterprises into which, under Gammon's auspices, his lordship had entered with equal energy and sagacity. While the Earl was speaking, the carriage drew up at the door of the company's office, and Gammon alighted. The Earl, however, finding that all the gentlemen whom he had left there had quitted, drove off westward, at a smart pace, and reached the House in time for the matters which he had mentioned to Mr Gammon. That gentleman soon dropped the languid demeanour he had worn in Lord Dreddlington's presence, and addressed himself with energy and decision to a great number of important and difficult matters requiring his attention—principally connected with several of the public companies in which he was interested—and one of which, in particular, required the greatest possible care and tact, in order to prevent its bursting—prematurely. He had also to get through a considerable arrear of professional business, and to write several letters on the private business of Lord Dreddlington, and of Mr Titmouse—respectively. Nay, he had one or two still more urgent calls upon his attention: the action against himself for L.4000 penalties, for bribery, arising out of the Yatton election, and as to which he had received, that afternoon,

a very gloomy opinion from Mr Lynx, who was advising him on his defence. Much in the same plight, also, were Messrs Bloodsuck, Mudflint, and Woodlouse, for whom Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, were defending similar actions; and who were worried out of their lives by daily letters from their terror-stricken clients, as to the state, progress, and prospects of the several causes in which they were so deeply interested. All these actions were being pressed forward by the plaintiffs with a view to trial at the ensuing Yorkshire Assizes; had been made, by the plaintiffs, special juries; and, infinitely to Gammon's vexation and alarm, he had found, on hurrying to retain Mr Subtle, that he, Mr Sterling, and Mr Crystal, had been already retained for the plaintiffs! Lastly, he was dreadfully teased by an action of seduction, which had, a few days before, been brought against Mr Titmouse; and which Gammon, finding it was a very bad case, was making great efforts to compromise. To each and every of these matters, he gave the attention that was due—and, about seven o'clock, having finished his labours for the day, repaired, a dood deal exhausted, to his chambers at Thavie's Inn. After a slight repast, he proceeded to draw up confidential "*instructions*" for Mr Frankpledge, to frame the deeds necessary to carry into effect his contemplated arrangement with Titmouse. That did not take him long; and having sealed up his packet, and addressed it, he threw himself down on the sofa, and gave himself up to anxious meditation, for he was aware that he was now, as it were, touching the very crisis of his fortunes. Again, again, and again he recurred to the incident of the day—the destruction of his documents by Titmouse; and cursed his own stupidity, even aloud. Yet he could not avoid indulging at the same time in secret pride and exultation at the admirable presence of mind which he had displayed—the successful skill with which he had encountered so sudden, singular, and serious an emergency. But what would be the effect of the destruction of those documents, upon *certain secret arrangements* of his connected with Titmouse's recovery of the Yatton property?—a question which occasioned Gammon great perplexity and apprehension. Then, as

to Gammon's rent charge of £2000 per annum on the Yatton property—he bethought himself, with no little uneasiness, of some expressions concerning Titmouse's property, let fall by the Earl that day: and if his lordship should persevere in his determination to become minutely acquainted with the state of Titmouse's property, how could the new and heavy incumbrance about to be laid upon it possibly escape discovery? and if it did, how was it to be accounted for, or supported? Confound it! It seemed as if fate were bent upon urging on a catastrophe!

"Shall I," thought Gammon, "wait till I am challenged on the subject, and then fire my shot, and bring his lordship down from the tight-rope? Then, however, I cannot but appear to have known the thing from the very beginning; and God knows what liabilities, civil or criminal—of fraud or conspiracy—may be attached to what I have done! Shall I wait for a convenient, though early opportunity, and rush, with dismay and confusion, into the Earl's presence, as with a discovery only just made? By Heaven! but the thing wears already a very ugly appearance. If it comes out, what an uproar will be in the world! The lightning will fall on my head first, unless I take care. The discovery will doubtless kill Lord Dredlington; and as for his daughter, it may overturn the little reason she has!"

Passing from this subject, Gammon surveyed his other relations with the Earl, which were becoming daily more involved and critical. He had seduced his lordship into various mercantile speculations, such as had already placed him in a very questionable point of view, as taking advantage of the raging mania for bubble companies. In fact, Gammon had, by his skilful but not very scrupulous manœuvring, already put into Lord Dredlington's pocket some forty thousand pounds, and at the same time involved his lordship in liabilities which he never dreamed of, and even Gammon himself had not contemplated. Then he warmed with his apparent proximity to Parliament, (to that part of Titmouse's bargain Gammon resolved to hold him to the very letter,) which he was sure of entering on the very next election. By that time he would

have realized a sum, through his connexion with the various companies, which, even independently of the income to be derived thereafter from the Yatton property, would render him so far independent as to warrant him in dissolving partnership with Messrs Quirk and Snap, and quitting at least the *practice* of the profession. He was a man of very powerful mind, possessing energies of the highest order, and for the development and display of which he felt, and fretted when he felt, his present position in society afforded him no scope whatever, till at least he had entered upon that series of bold but well-conceived plans and purposes with which he has been represented as occupied since the time when he first became the secret master of the fortunes of Titmouse. His ambition was boundless, and he felt within himself a capacity for the management of political affairs of no ordinary magnitude, could he but force himself into the regions where his energies and qualifications could be discovered and appreciated. Indeed I will undertake to say, that, had Gammon only been a coon man, he would, in all probability, have become a great one. But, to proceed with the matters which were then occupying his busy brain. There was yet one upon which all his thoughts settled with a sort of agitating interest—his connexion with the Aubreys; and whenever that name occurred to his thoughts, one beauteous image rose before him like that of an angel—I mean Miss Aubrey. She was the first object that ever excited in him the passion of *love*—that love, I mean, which is in a manner purified and sublimated from all grossness or sensuality by a due appreciation of intellectual and moral excellence. When he dwelt upon the person and character of Miss Aubrey, and for a moment realized the possibility of a union with her, he felt, as it were, elevated above himself. Then her person was very beautiful; and there was a certain bewitching *something* about her manners, which Gammon could only *feel*, not describe; in short, his passion for her had risen to a most extraordinary pitch of intensity, and became a sort of infatuation. In spite of all that had happened at Yatton, he had contrived to continue, and was at that moment, on terms of considerable intimacy with the Aubreys, and

had, moreover, been all the while so watchful over himself as to have given none of them any reason to suspect the state of his feelings towards Miss Aubrey; and, on the other hand, nothing had ever transpired to give him the slightest inkling of the state of matters between Miss Aubrey and Delamere—with the exception of one solitary circumstance which had at the moment excited his suspicions—Mr Delamere's contesting the borough of Yatton. Though he had watched for it, however, nothing had afterwards occurred calculated to confirm his suspicion. He had taken infinite pains to keep a good name in Vivian Street, with great art representing, from time to time, his disgust for the conduct and character of Titmouse, and the reluctance with which he discharged his duty towards that gentleman. He made a point of alluding to the "gross and malignant insult" which had been offered at the hustings to the venerable Vicar of Yatton, and which, he said, was a sudden suggestion of Mr Titmouse's, and carried into effect by "the vile Unitarian parson, Mudflint," in defiance of Mr Gammon's wishes to the contrary. He represented himself as still haunted by the mild, reproachful, sorrowful, indignant look with which Dr Tatham had regarded him, as though he had been the author of the insult. The account which appeared in the *True Blue* of his indignant interference on the occasion of Mr Delamere's being struck on the hustings, was calculated, as Mr Gammon conceived, to corroborate his representations, and aid the impression he was so anxious to produce. For the same reason Mr Gammon, whenever he had been at Yatton, had acted with great caution and secrecy, so as to give no cause of offence to Dr Tatham; to whom he from time to time complained, in confidence, of those very acts of Mr Titmouse which had been dictated to him by Mr Gammon. Thus reasoned Mr Gammon; but it would indeed have been singular had he succeeded as he desired and expected. He lost sight of the proverbial influence of one's wishes over one's belief. In imagining that he had concealed from the Aubreys all the unfavourable features of his conduct, was he not, in some degree, exhibiting the folly of the bird that thrust its head only into

the bush, and imagined that it had thereby concealed its whole body?

The Aubreys knew amply sufficient to warrant a general dislike and distrust of Mr Gammon; but there existed grave reasons for avoiding any line of conduct which Gammon might choose to consider offensive. Mr Aubrey justly regarded him as standing, at present, alone between him and some of his most serious liabilities. If Gammon, to accomplish objects to them undiscoverable, wore a mask—why challenge his enmity by attempting to tear off that mask? Mr Aubrey governed his movements, therefore, with a prudent caution; and though, after the election and the infamous decision of the election committee, Gammon was received at Vivian Street—whither he went with no little anxiety and trepidation—it was with a visibly increased coolness and reserve, but still with studious *courtesy*; and beyond that distinct but delicate line, none of them ever advanced a hair's breadth, which Gammon observed with frequent and heavy misgivings. But he felt that something must at length be *done*, or attempted, to carry into effect his fond wishes with reference to Miss Aubrey. Months had elapsed, and their relative position seemed totally unchanged since the first evening that his manœuvre had procured him a brief introduction to Mrs Aubrey's drawing-room. In fact, he considered that the time had arrived for making known, in some way or other, the state of his feelings to Miss Aubrey; and after long deliberation, he resolved to do so without loss of time, and, moreover, personally. He had a heavy misgiving that he should be—at all events at first—unsuccessful; and now that, having taken his determination, he passed in rapid review all their intercourse, he perceived less and less ground for being sanguine; for he felt that Miss Aubrey's manner towards him had been throughout more cold and guarded than that of either Mr or Mrs Aubrey. Like a prudent general contemplating the contingencies of an important expedition, and calculating his means of encountering them, Gammon considered—*persuasion* failing—what means of *compulsion* had he? He came, at length, finally to the conclusion, that his resources were at that moment most available; and

moreover, that his circumstances required an immediate move.

The very next day, about ten o'clock, he sallied forth from his chambers, and bent his steps towards Vivian Street, intending to keep watch for at least a couple of hours, with a view to ascertaining whether Mrs Aubrey's going out alone would afford him an opportunity of seeing Miss Aubrey, alone and undisturbed; reasonably reckoning on the absence of Mr Aubrey at the Temple, whither he knew he always went about half-past nine o'clock. That day, however, Mr Gammon watched in vain—during the time that he stayed, only the servants and the children quitted the door. The next day he walked deliberately close past the house: was that brilliant and tasteful performance on the piano *hers*? Again, however, he was unsuccessful. The next day, from a safe distance, he beheld both Mrs and Miss Aubrey, accompanied by a female servant and the children, quit the house, and walk in the direction of the Park, whither he followed their movements with a beating heart. The next time, he saw Miss Aubrey leave the house accompanied only by little Charles, and he instantly turned his steps despondingly eastward. How little did either of those fair forms dream of the strict watch that was thus kept upon their every movement! Two days afterwards, however, Gammon's perseverance was rewarded; for shortly after eleven o'clock, he beheld Mrs Aubrey, accompanied by the two children, quit the house, and turn towards the Park. Gammon's heart began to beat hard. Though he never cared much for dress, his appearance on the present occasion afforded indications of some little attention to it; and he appeared simply a well-dressed gentleman, in a dark-blue buttoned surtout, with velvet collar, and plain black stock, as, after a moment's somewhat flurried pause, he knocked and rang at Mr Aubrey's door.

"Is Mr Aubrey within?" he enquired of the very pretty and respectable-looking maid-servant, who presently answered his summons.

"No, sir; he is never here after"—

"Perhaps Mrs Aubrey?"—

"No, sir; there is only Miss Aubrey at home; my mistress and the children are gone out into the Park,

and Miss Aubrey is writing letters, or she would have gone with my mistress."

"Perhaps—I could see—Miss Aubrey for a moment?" enquired Gammon, with as matter-of-fact an air as he could assume.

"Certainly, sir—she is in the drawing-room. Will you walk up stairs?" said the girl, who of course knew him well, as not an infrequent visitor at the house. So she led the way up stairs, he following, and with somewhat fading colour.

"Mr Gammon!" he presently heard, as he stood on the landing, echoed in the rich and soft voice of Miss Aubrey, who seemed to speak in a tone of great surprise, in answer to the servant's announcement.

"Why, Fanny, did you not say that neither your master nor mistress was at home?" Gammon next heard hastily asked, in a lower tone, by Miss Aubrey, and his countenance fell a little; for there was a tone of displeasure, or chagrin, in her voice, especially as she added, "You should have said that I was *engaged*! Well, show him in, Fanny;" and the next moment Mr Gammon found himself bowing his way towards Miss Aubrey, with whom, for the first time in his life, he found himself alone.

She was sitting writing at her desk, before which stood, in a small flower-glass, a beautiful moss-rose. There was a little air of negligence in the arrangement of her hair, and her light morning costume displayed her figure to infinite advantage. There was really something inexpressibly lovely in her whole appearance, seen, though she was, at that moment, by Gammon, through a faint mist of displeasure.

"Good-morning, Mr Gammon," she commenced, rising a little from her chair; and sinking again into it, slightly turned it towards him, gazing at him with some curiosity.

"May I venture to hope, madam, that I am not intruding upon you," said he, seating himself in the chair nearest to him, and placing his hat upon the ground.

"My brother always leaves at half-past nine; is he not at the Temple today, Mr Gammon?" she added, a little eagerly—for the first time observing something unusual in the expression of his countenance.

"I—really don't know—in fact, I have not been there to-day; I thought it better, perhaps,"—he paused for a second.

"I sincerely trust, Mr Gammon," interrupted Miss Aubrey, slightly changing colour, and looking with great anxiety at Mr Gammon—"that nothing unpleasant—unfortunate—has happened: do, pray, Mr Gammon!" she continued earnestly, turning her chair full towards him—"for Heaven's sake, tell me!"

"I assure you, madam, upon my honour, that nothing whatever has happened, that I know of, since last we met."

"Oh dear—I was getting so alarmed!" said she, with a faint sigh, hastily putting back the curls which were clustering rather more luxuriantly than usual over her fair cheek.

"Certainly, madam; I have, however an errand—one to me, at least, of inexpressible importance," he commenced, and in a lower key than that in which he had previously spoken; and there was a peculiarity in his manner which quite riveted Miss Aubrey's eye upon his expressive—and now, she saw, plainly agitated countenance. What can possibly be the matter? thought she, as she made a courteous but somewhat formal inclination towards him, and said something about "begging him to proceed."

"I hope, madam, that comparatively few as have been my opportunities of becoming acquainted with it, I may venture to express my profound appreciation of your superior character."

"Really, sir," interrupted Miss Aubrey—"you are not candid with me. I am now certain that you have some unpleasant communication to make! Do, I entreat of you, Mr Gammon, give me credit for a *little* presence of mind and firmness: let me know the worst, and be prepared to break it to my brother and sister." Gammon seemed unable to bear her bright blue eyes fixed upon his own, which he directed to the floor, while his cheek flushed. Then he looked again at her; and with an eye that explained all, and drove away the bloom from Miss Aubrey's cheek, while it also suspended, for a moment, her breathing.

"Oh, forgive me for an instant—for one moment bear with me, Miss

Aubrey!" continued Gammon, in a voice of low and thrilling pathos—"this interview agitates me almost to death; it is that which for a thousand hours of intense—absorbing—agonizing doubts and fears, I have been looking forward to!" Miss Aubrey sat perfectly silent and motionless, gazing intently at him, with blanched cheek: he might have been addressing a Grecian statue. "And now—now that it has at last arrived—when I feel as if I were breathing a new—an intoxicating atmosphere, occasioned by your presence—by the sight of your surpassing loveliness!"

"Gracious mercy, sir! what can you mean!" at length interrupted Miss Aubrey, with a slight start—at the same time slipping her chair a little further from Mr Gammon. "I declare, sir, I do not in the least understand you," she continued, with much energy; but her increasing paleness showed the effect which his extraordinary conduct had produced upon her. She made a strong and successful effort, however, to recover her self-possession.

"I perceive, madam, that you are agitated."

"I am, sir! astonished!—shocked!—I could not have imagined!"

"Madam! madam! at the risk of being deemed unkind—cruel—if I *die* for it, I cannot resist telling you that I reverence—I love you to a degree!"

"Oh, Heavens!" murmured Miss Aubrey, still gazing with an air of amazement at him. Several times the thought of rising to ring the bell, and at once get rid of so astounding an interruption and intrusion; but for several reasons she abstained from doing so as long as possible.

"It would be ridiculous, sir," said she, at length, with sudden spirit and dignity, "to affect ignorance of your meaning and intentions; but may I venture to ask what conduct of mine—what single act of mine—or word—or look—has ever induced you to imagine, for one moment to believe!"

"Alas, madam, that which you could not conceal or control—your incomparable excellence—your beauty—loveliness—Madam! madam! the mere sight of your transcendent—my soul sunk prostrate before you the first moment that I ever saw you!"

All this was uttered by Gammon in a very low tone, and with passionate fervour of manner. Miss Aubrey trembled visibly, and had grown very cold. A little vinaigrette stood beside her—and its stinging stimulating powers were infinitely serviceable, and at length enabled her to make head against her rebellious feelings.

"I certainly ought to feel flattered, sir," said she, rapidly recovering herself—"by the high terms in which you are pleased to speak of me—of one who has not the slightest claim upon your good opinion. I really cannot conceive what conduct of mine can have led you to imagine that such an—an *application*—as this could be successful—or received otherwise than with astonishment—and, if persisted in—*displeasure*, Mr Gammon." This she said in her natural manner, and very pointedly.

"Miss Aubrey—permit me"—said Gammon, passionately.

"I cannot, sir—I have heard already too much; and I am sure, that when a lady requests a *gentleman* to desist from conduct which pains and shocks her—sir, I beg you will at once desist from addressing me in so very improper a strain and manner."

"Indulge my agonized feelings for one moment, Miss Aubrey," said Gammon, with desperate energy—"alas! I had suspected—I had feared—that our respective positions in society would lead you to despise so comparatively humble and obscure a person, in point of station and circumstances."

"Sir!" exclaimed Kate, magnificently, drawing up her figure to its utmost height—her manner almost petrifying Gammon, whose last words she had most unaccountably imagined, at the moment, to amount to a bitter sarcastic allusion to their fallen fortunes, and diminished personal consequence in society; but she was quickly undeceived, as he proceeded, fervently—"Yes, madam—your birth—your family connexions—your transcendent mental and personal"—

"I—I—I beg your pardon, sir—I misunderstood you," said Kate, discovering her error, and colouring violently—"but it is even more painful to me to listen to the language you are addressing to me. Since you urge me to it, I beg you to understand, sir, that if by what you have been say-

ing to me, I am to gather that you are making me an offer of your addresses—I decline them at once, most peremptorily, as a thing quite out of the question." The tone and manner in which this was said—the determination and hauteur perceptible in her striking and expressive features—blighted all the nascent hopes of Gammon; who turned perfectly pale, and looked the very image of misery and despair. The workings of his strongly marked features told of the agony of his feelings. Neither of them spoke for a few moments. "Alas! madam," at length he inquired, in a tremulous voice—"am I presumptuous, if I intimate a fear—which I dare hardly own to myself even—that I am too late—that there is *some more fortunate*—" Miss Aubrey blushed scarlet.

"Sir," said she, with quick indignant energy, "I *should* certainly consider such inquiries—most—*presumptuous*—most offensive—most unwarranted by any thing that has ever passed between us"—and indeed her eye quite shone with indignation. Gammon gazed at her with piercing intensity, and spoke not.

"You cannot but be aware, sir, that you are greatly taxing my forbearance—nay, sir, I feel that you are taking a very great liberty in making any such enquiries or suggestions," continued Miss Aubrey, proudly, but more calmly; "but, as your manner is unobjectionable and respectful, I have no objection to say, sir, most unhesitatingly, that the reason you hint at is not in the least concerned in the answer I have given. I have declined your proposals, sir, simply because I choose to decline them—because I have not, nor ever could have, the least disposition to entertain them."

Gammon could not, at the moment, determine whether she really had or had not a pre-engagement.

"Madam, you would bear with me did you but know the exquisite suffering your words occasion me! Your hopeless tone and manner appear to my soul to consign it to perdition—to render me perfectly careless about life," said Gammon, with irresistible pathos: and Miss Aubrey, as she looked and listened, pitied him—"I might, perhaps, establish *some* claim to your favour, were I at liberty to recount to you my long unwearyed exertions to

shield your brother—nay, all of you—from impending trouble and danger—to avert it from you.”

“We are indeed deeply sensible of your kindness towards us, Mr Gammon,” replied Miss Aubrey, with her usual sweetness and fascinating frankness of manner, which now he could not bear to behold.

“Suffer me, Miss Aubrey, but one word more,” he continued, eagerly, apprehensive that she was about to check him. “Were you but aware of the circumstances under which I come to throw myself at your feet—myself, and all I have—nor is that little, for I am in independent circumstances—I shall soon be in the House of Commons”—Miss Aubrey exhibited still more unequivocal symptoms of impatience—“and for ever have abandoned the hateful walk in life to which for the last few years”—

“I suppose I *must* listen to you, sir, however uselessly to yourself and disagreeable and painful to me. If, after all I have said, you choose to persevere,” said Miss Aubrey, with calm displeasure—

But Gammon persevered.—“I say, Miss Aubrey, that could you but catch a glimpse—one momentary glimpse—of the troubles which surround you all—ininitely greater than any which you have even yet experienced, severe and terrible though these have been—which are every day coming nearer and nearer to you”—

“What *do* you mean, Mr Gammon?” interrupted Miss Aubrey, alarmedly.

“—And which, eager and anxious as may, and shall be, my efforts, I may be unable any longer to avert from you—you would at least appreciate the pure and disinterested motives with which I set out upon my truly disastrous mission.”

“Once more, Mr Gammon, I assure you that I feel—that we all of us feel—a lively gratitude towards you for the great services you have rendered us; but how can that possibly vary my resolution? Surely, Mr Gammon, you will not require me to enter again upon a most unpleasant”—Gammon heaved a profound sigh.—

“With regard to your intimation of the danger which menaces us—alas! we have seen much trouble—and Providence may design us to see much more—I own, Mr Gammon, that I am disturbed by what you have said to me on that subject.”

“I have but one word more to say, madam,” said Gammon, in a low impassioned tone, evidently preparing to sink upon one knee, and to assume an imploring attitude.

On which Miss Aubrey rose from her chair, and, stepping back a pace or two, said, with great resolution, and in an indignant manner—“If you do not instantly resume your seat, sir, I shall ring the bell; for you are beginning to take advantage of my present defenceless position—you are *persecuting* me, and I will not suffer it.—Sir, resume your seat, or I summon the servant into the room—a humiliation I could have wished to spare you.”

Her voice was not half so imperative as was her eye. He felt that his cause was hopeless—he bowed profoundly, and said, in a low tone—“I obey you, madam.”

Neither of them spoke for some moments. At length—“I am sure, sir,” said Miss Aubrey, looking at her watch, “you will forgive me for reminding you that when you entered I was engaged writing letters”—and she glanced at her desk—“for which purpose alone it is that I am not now accompanying my sister and the children.”

“I feel too painfully, madam, that I am intruding; but I shall soon cease to trouble you. Every one has some great bitterness to pass through at some time or other of his life—and I have this instant passed through mine,” replied Gammon, gloomily. “I will not say that the *bitterness of death is past*; but I feel that life has henceforth, as far as I am concerned, nothing worth pursuing.”—Miss Aubrey remained silent while he spoke.—“Before we part, Miss Aubrey, and close, as far as I—nay, as far, it may be, as both of us are concerned—a very memorable interview, I have yet one communication to make, to which you will listen with absorbing interest. It will be made to you in such confidence as, having heard it, you may consider yourself at liberty conscientiously to keep from every person upon earth; and I shall leave it to produce such effect upon you as it may.”

“I shall not disguise from you, sir, that your manner and your language alarm me terribly,” said Miss Aubrey, peculiarly struck by the sinister expression of his eye—one quite inconsistent with the sad, subdued, gentle tone and manner of his address. “I am not *anxious* to receive so dark and

mysterious a communication as you hint at; and, if you choose to make it, I shall use my own discretion as to keeping it to myself, or mentioning it to any one whom I may choose—of *that* I assure you. You see that I am agitated; I own it," she added, dropping her voice, and pressing her left hand against her side; "but I am prepared to hear any thing you may choose to tell me—that I *ought* to hear.—Have mercy, sir," she added, in a melting voice, "on a woman whose nerves you have already sufficiently shaken!"

Gammon gazed at her with a bright and passionate eye that would have drunk her very soul. After a moment's pause—"Madam, it is this," said he, in a very low tone: "I have the means—I declare in the presence of Heaven, and on the word and honour of a man"—[Oh, Gammon! Gammon! Gammon! have you forgotten what occurred between you and your friend Titmouse one short week ago? Strange, infatuated man! what can you mean? What if she should take you at your word?]"—"of restoring to your brother all that he has lost—THE YATTON PROPERTY, Miss Aubrey—immediately—permanently—without fear of future disturbance—by due process of law—openly and most honourably."

"You are trifling with me, sir," gasped Miss Aubrey, faintly, very faintly—her cheek blanched, and her eye riveted upon that of Gammon.

"Before God, madam, I speak the truth," replied Gammon, solemnly.

Miss Aubrey seemed struggling ineffectually to heave a deep sigh, and pressed both hands upon her left side, over her heart.

"You are ill, very ill, Miss Aubrey," said Gammon, with alarm, rising from his chair. She also rose, rather hastily; turned towards the window, and with feeble trembling hands tried to open it, as if to relieve her faintness by the fresh air. But it was too late; poor Kate had been at length overpowered, and Gammon reached her just in time to receive her inanimate figure, which sunk into his arms. Never in his life had he been conscious of the feelings he that moment experienced, as he felt her pressure against his arm and knee, and gazed upon her beautiful but death-like features. He felt as though he had been brought into momentary

contact with an angel. Every fibre within him thrilled. She moved, she breathed not. He dared not kiss her lip, her cheek, her forehead, but raised her soft white hand to his lips, and kissed it with indescribable tenderness and reverence. Then, after a moment's pause of irresolution, he gently drew her to the sofa, and laid her down, supporting her head and applying her vinaigrette, till a deep-drawn sigh evidenced returning consciousness. Before she had opened her eyes, or could have become aware of the assistance he had rendered her, he had withdrawn to a respectful distance, and was gazing at her with deep anxiety. It was several minutes before her complete restoration—which, however, the fresh air entering through the windows, which Gammon hastily threw open, added to the incessant use of her vinaigrette, greatly accelerated.

"I hardly know, sir," she commenced, in a very low and faint tone of voice, and looking languidly at him, "whether I really heard you say, or only dreamed that I heard you say, something most extraordinary about Yatton?"

"I pray you, madam, to wait till you are completely restored; but it was indeed no dream—it was my voice which you heard utter the words you allude to; and when you can bear it, I am ready to repeat them as the words, indeed, of truth and soberness."

"I am ready now, sir—I beg you will say quickly what you have to say," replied Miss Aubrey, with returning firmness of tone and calmness of manner; at the same time passing her snowy handkerchief feebly over her forehead.

He repeated what he had said before. She listened with increasing excitement of manner; her emotions at length overmastered her, and she burst into tears, and wept for some moments unrestrainedly.

Gammon gazed at her in silence; and then, unable to bear the sight of her sufferings, turned aside his head, and gazed towards the opposite corner of the room. How little he thought, that the object on which his eyes accidentally settled, a most splendid harp, had been, only a few days before, presented to Miss Aubrey by Mr Delamere!

"What misery, Miss Aubrey, has the sight of your distress occasioned

me!" said Gammon, at length; "and yet why should my communication have distressed you?"

"I cannot doubt, Mr Gammon, the truth of what you have so solemnly told me," she replied, in a tremulous voice; "but will you not tell my unfortunate, my high-minded, my almost broken-hearted brother?" Again she burst into a fit of weeping.

"Must I say it, Miss Aubrey?" presently enquired Gammon, in a broken voice; "can I say it without occasioning what I dread more than I can express—your displeasure? The use to be made of my power *rests with you alone.*"

She shook her head bitterly and despairingly, and hid her face in her handkerchief while he proceeded.

"One word—one blessed word from your lips—and before this very day shall have passed away, I strike down the wretched puppet that at present—replace your noble-minded brother at Yatton—restore you all to its delicious shades—Oh, Miss Aubrey, how you will love them! A thousand times dearer than ever! Every trace of the wretched idiot now there shall vanish; and let all this come to pass *before* I presume to claim!"

"It is impossible, sir," replied Miss Aubrey, with the calmness of despair, "even were you to place my brother on the throne of England. Is it not cruel—shocking—that if you know my brother is really entitled—nay, it is monstrous injustice. What may be the means at your command I know not—I shall not enquire; if it is to be purchased only on the terms you mention"—she involuntarily shuddered—"be it so—I cannot help it; and if my brother and his family must pine because I reject your addresses!"

"Say not that word, Miss Aubrey! Do not shut out *all* hope—Recall it! For God's sake consider the consequences to your brother—to his family! I tell you that malice and rapacity are at this moment gleaming like wild wolves within a few paces of you—ready to rush upon you. Did you but see them as distinctly as I do, you would indeed shudder and shrink!"

"I do, sir; but we trust in a merciful Providence," replied Miss Aubrey, "and resign ourselves to the will of Heaven."

"May not Heaven have brought about *this* meeting between us as a mode of?"

"Monstrous!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, in a voice and with a look that for a moment silenced him.

"It is high time that you should leave me, sir," presently said Miss Aubrey, determinedly. "I have suffered surely sufficiently already; and my first answer is also my last. I beg now, sir, that you will retire."

"Madam, you are obeyed," replied Gammon, rising, and speaking in a tone of sorrowful deference. He felt that his fate was sealed. "I now seem fully aware, to myself even, of the unwarrantable liberty I have taken, and solicit your forgiveness."—Miss Aubrey bowed to him loftily.—"I will not presume to solicit your silence to Mr and Mrs Aubrey concerning the visit I have paid you?" he continued, very anxiously.

"I am not in the habit, sir, of concealing *any* thing from my brother and sister; but I shall freely exercise my own discretion in the matter."

"Well, madam," said he, preparing to move towards the door, while Miss Aubrey raised her hand to the bell—"in taking leave of you," he paused,—"let me hope, not for ever—receive my solemn assurance, given before Heaven! that, haughtily as you have repelled my advances this day, I will yet continue to do all that is in my power to avert the troubles now threatening your brother—which I fear, however, will be but of little avail! Farewell, farewell, Miss Aubrey!" he exclaimed; and was the next moment rapidly descending the stairs. Miss Aubrey, bursting afresh into tears, threw herself again upon the sofa, and continued long in a state of excessive agitation. Mr Gammon walked eastward at a rapid pace, and in a state of mind which cannot be described. How he loathed the sight of Saffron Hill, and its disgusting approaches! He merely looked into the office for a moment, saying that he felt too much indisposed to attend to business; and then betook himself to his solitary chambers—a thousand times more solitary and cheerless than ever they had appeared before—where he remained in a sort of reverie for hours. About eleven o'clock, he was guilty of a strange piece of extravagance; for, his fevered soul being unable to find rest any where, he set

off for Vivian Street, and paced up and down it, with his eye constantly fixed upon Mr Aubrey's house; he saw the lights disappear from the drawing-room, and re-appear in the bed-rooms: them also he watched out—still he lingered in the neighbourhood, which seemed to have a sort of fatal fascination about it; and it was past three o'clock before, exhausted in mind and body, he regained his chamber, and throwing himself upon the bed, slept from mere weariness.

Let me now turn to a man of a very different description—Mr Aubrey. He had now spent nearly a year in the real study of the law; during which time I have not the least hesitation in saying that he had made—notwithstanding all his dreadful drawbacks—at least five times the progress that is generally made by even the most successful of those who devote themselves to the legal profession. He had, moreover, during the same period, produced five or six very brilliant political dissertations, and several contributions to historical literature; and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that such exertions as these, and such anxieties as were his, had told visibly on him. He was very thin; his cheek had lost its colour; his eye was oppressed; his spirits had lost their buoyancy, except in the few intervals which he was permitted, by his harassing labours, of domestic enjoyment. He still bore up against his troubles with an unyielding resolution; feeling that Providence had called upon him to do his uttermost, and await the result with patience and faith. Nothing had occurred during this long interval to brighten his prospects—to diminish his crushing load of liability by a hair's weight. But his well-disciplined mind now stood him in noble stead, and enabled him to realize a daily consciousness of advancement in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself.

You may imagine the alarm occasioned him, on his return from the Temple on the evening of the day on which Gammon had paid his remarkable visit to Miss Aubrey, which I have been describing, by the sight of the troubled countenances of his wife and sister. Mrs Aubrey had returned home within about half an hour after Gammon's leaving Vivian Street, and to her Miss Aubrey instantly commu-

nicated the extraordinary proposal which he had made to her, all, in fact, that had passed between them—with the exception of the astounding information concerning their probable restoration to Yatton. The two ladies had, indeed, determined on concealing the whole matter from Mr Aubrey—at all events for the present; but their perceptible agitation increasing as he questioned them concerning the cause of it, rendered concealment impossible, and they told him frankly the singular and most embarrassing incident which had happened in his absence. Blank amazement was succeeded by vivid indignation in Mr Aubrey, as soon as he had heard what had passed; and for several hours he was excessively agitated. In vain they tried to soothe him; in vain did Kate throw her arms fondly round him, and implore him, for all their sakes, to take no notice to Mr Gammon of what had happened; in vain did she protest that she would give him instant intelligence of any future attempt by Mr Gammon to renew his offer; in vain did they both remind him, with great emotion, of the fearful power over all of them which was in Mr Gammon's hands. He was peremptory and inflexible, and, moreover, frank and explicit; and told them, on quitting home the next morning, that, though they might rely on his discretion and temper, he had resolved to communicate that day, either personally or by letter, with Mr Gammon; not only peremptorily forbidding any renewal of his proposals, but also requesting him to discontinue his visits in Vivian Street.

"Oh, Charles! Charles! be punctually home by six!" exclaimed they, as he embraced them both at parting, and added, bursting afresh into tears, "do consider the agony—the dreadful suspense we shall be in all day!"

"I will return by six, to a minute! Don't fear for me!" he replied, with a smile—which, however, instantly disappeared, as soon as he had quitted their presence.

Old Mr Quirk was the next morning, about ten o'clock, over head and ears in business of all kinds—and sadly missed the clear-headed and energetic Gammon; so, fearing that that gentleman's indisposition must still continue, inasmuch as there were no symptoms of his coming to the office as usual, he took off his spectacles,

locked his room-door, in order to prevent any one by any possibility looking on any of the numerous letters and papers lying on his table; and set off to make a call upon Mr Gammon—whose countenance, flushed and harassed, strongly corroborated what he said on the subject of his indisposition. Still, he said, he could attend to any business which Mr Quirk was prepared then to mention; whereupon Mr Quirk took from his pocket a piece of paper, put on his glasses, and put questions to him from a number of memoranda which he had made for the purpose. Gammon's answers were brief, and pointed, and explicit, on all matters mentioned—as might have been expected from one of his great ability and energy—but his muddle-headed companion could not carry away a single clear idea of what had been so clearly told him; and without allowing the fact, of which he felt, however, a painful consciousness, simply determined to do nothing that he could possibly avoid doing, till Mr Gammon made his re-appearance at the office, and reduced the little chaos there into something like form and order.

Before he quitted Mr Gammon, that gentleman quietly and easily led conversation towards the subject of the various outstanding debts due to the firm.

"Ah, drat it!" quoth the old gentleman, briskly—"the heaviest you know, is—eh?—Suppose, however," he added, apprehensively, and scratching his head, "I mustn't have that—I mean that fellow Aubrey's account—without coming to words."

"Why—stay! stay," said Mr Gammon, with a gravely thoughtful air—"I don't see that, either, Mr Quirk, Forbearance has its limits. It may be abused, Mr Quirk."

"Ecod! I should think so!" quoth Mr Quirk eagerly—"and I know who's abused *somebody's* forbearance—eh, Gammon?"

"I understand you, my dear sir," replied Gammon with a sigh—"I fear I must plead no longer for him—I have gone already, perhaps, much further than my duty to the firm warranted."

"It's a heavy balance, Gammon—a very heavy balance, L.1446, 14s. 6d. to be outstanding so long—he agreed to pay interest on't—didn't he, eh?—But really something ought to be done in it; and—come, Gammon! as you've

had *your* time so long, now comes mine!—Turn him over to me."

"I should be very sorry to distress him poor devil."

"Distress him? Our bill must be paid. D—n him! why don't he pay his debts? I pay mine—you pay yours—he must pay his."

"Certainly. By the way," said Gammon, suddenly, "if you were to take bold and decided steps, his friends would undoubtedly step forward and relieve him."

"Ay! ay!—What think you of three days—give him three days to turn about in?—There he's living all the while in a d—d fine house at the West End, like a gentleman—looks down, I'll be sworn, on us poor attorneys already, beggar as he is, because he's coming to the bar. Now mind, Gammon, no nonsense! I won't stand your coming in again as you did before—if I write—honour between thieves! eh?"

"I pledge my honour to you, my dear sir, that I will interfere no more; but the law must take its course."

"That's it!" said Mr Quirk, rubbing his hands gleefully; "I'll tip him a tickler before he's a day older that shall wake him up—ah, ha!"

"You will do me one favour, Mr Quirk, I am sure," said Mr Gammon, with that civil but peremptory manner of his, which invariably commanded Quirk's assent to his suggestions—"you will insert a disclaimer in the letter of its emanating from me—or being with my consent."

"Oh lud, yes! yes! any thing."

"Nay—rather *against* my wish, you know—eh? Just for appearance's sake—as I have always appeared so infernally civil to the man, till now."

"Will you draw it up yourself? And then, so as the *other* matter's all right—no finching—stick in as much palaver, Gammon!—ah ha!—as you like!" replied Quirk; who, as the proposal involved only a greater measure of discourtesy on his part, without any sacrifice of his *interest*, regarded it with perfect indifference. He took his leave of Gammon in far higher spirits than those which he had carried with him. It having been thus determined on by the partners, that within a day or two's time, Mr Aubrey should be required to pay the whole balance, under penalty of an arrest—Gammon, on being left alone, folded his arms as he sat beside his break-

fast-table—and meditated on the probable results of this his first hostile move against Mr Aubrey. "I wonder whether she's told him," thought he, with a slight palpitation—which was somewhat increased by a pretty sharp knock at his outer door. The colour suddenly deserted his cheek as he started from his seat, scattering on the floor nearly a dozen unopened letters which had been lying at his elbow on the table; and he stood still for a moment to subdue a little of his agitation, so as to enable him to present himself with some show of calmness before the visitor whom he felt perfectly certain that he should see on opening the door. He was right. The next minute beheld him ushering into his room, with a surprising degree of self-possession, Mr Aubrey, whose countenance showed embarrassment and agitation.

"I have called upon you, Mr Gammon," commenced Aubrey, taking the seat to which Mr Gammon, with great courtesy, motioned him, and then resumed his own, "in consequence of your visit yesterday in Vivian Street—of your surprising interview with my sister—your most unexpected, extraordinary proposal to her."

Mr Gammon listened respectfully, with an air of earnest attention, evidently not intending to make any reply.]

"It cannot surprise you, sir, that I should have been made acquainted with it immediately on my return home yesterday evening. It was undoubtedly my sister's duty to do so; but she did it, I am bound to acknowledge to you, sir, with great reluctance, as a matter of exquisitely painful delicacy. Sir, she has told me all that passed between you."

"I cannot presume, Mr Aubrey, to find fault with anything Miss Aubrey may have thought proper to do; she cannot do wrong," replied Gammon, calmly, though Mr Aubrey's last words had occasioned him lively anxiety as to the extent of Miss Aubrey's communications to her brother. He observed Mr Aubrey's eyes fixed upon him steadfastly, and saw that he was labouring under much excitement. "If I have done any thing calculated to inflict the slightest pain upon a lady for whom I have so profound"—he saw the colour mounting into Mr Aubrey's cheek, and a sterner expression appearing in his eye—"a re-

spect, or upon you, or any of your family, I am distressed beyond measure."

"I perfectly appreciate, Mr Gammon, the position in which we stand with regard to each other. Though I am fearfully changed in respect of fortune, I am not a whit changed—we are none of us changed," he continued proudly, "in respect of personal feelings and character."

He paused: Gammon spoke not. Presently Mr Aubrey resumed—"I am, as we are all, very deeply sensible of the obligation which you have conferred upon us. We all feel that we are, to a great extent, placed at your mercy."

"Pray—I beg, Mr Aubrey, that you will not speak in a strain which really hurts my feelings," interrupted Gammon, earnestly; "and which nothing on my part has justified, nor can justify."

"Sir, I meant nothing in the least calculated to wound your feelings, but merely to express my own; and let me, Mr Gammon, without the least reserve or circumlocution, inform you that both my sister and I have felt the most vivid displeasure—dissatisfaction—at your conduct of yesterday; and I have deemed it expedient to lose no time in informing you that your proposals are utterly out of the question, and can never be entertained, under any circumstances, for one moment."

Had Aubrey been, instead of the mere pauper he really was, and in the presence of one whom he knew to be able to cast him instantly into prison, at that moment in the position he had formerly occupied, of wealth and greatness, he could not have spoken with an air of more dignified determination, and even *hauteur*, which Gammon perceived and fully appreciated.

"I am undoubtedly aware, sir, of the disparity between Miss Aubrey and myself in point of position," said he, coldly.

"I have said nothing of the kind that I am aware of, nor would I, on any account, say any thing offensive to you, Mr Gammon; but it is my duty to speak explicitly and decisively. I therefore now beg you to understand that your overtures must not, in any shape, or at any time, be renewed; and this I must insist upon without assigning or suggesting any reason whatever."

Gammon listened attentively and silently.

"I presume, Mr Gammon, that I cannot be misunderstood?" added Mr Aubrey, with a very perceptibly increased peremptoriness of manner.

"It would be difficult to misunderstand what you say, sir," replied Gammon; in whose dark bosom Mr Aubrey's words had, as it were, stung and roused the serpent *raide*—which might have been seen with crest erect, and glaring eyes. But Mr Gammon's external manner was calm and subdued.

"It gives me pain to be forced to add, Mr Gammon," continued Mr Aubrey, "that after what has taken place, we all of us feel—that it will be better for you to discontinue your visits at my house. I am sure your own delicacy will appreciate the necessity which exists for such a suggestion on my part?"

"I perfectly understand you, Mr Aubrey," replied Gammon, in the same grave and guarded manner which he had preserved throughout their interview. "I shall offer no apology, sir, for conduct which I do not feel to require one. I conceive that I had a perfect right to make, with all due deference and respect, the offer which it appears has given you so much offence; for reasons, it may be, which justify you, but which I cannot speculate upon, nor do I wish to do so. It is impossible ever to see Miss Aubrey without becoming sensible of her loveliness, both of person and character. I have paid them homage: for the rest, the issue is simply—unfortunate. While I may not feel disposed, even if inclined, to disregard your strict and solemn injunctions, I take leave to say, that my feelings towards Miss Aubrey cannot alter; and if in no other way they can be gratified, there is yet *one* which"—here he looked greatly moved, and changed colour—"yet remains open to me, to exhibit my regard for her, in a tenfold anxiety to preserve her—to preserve all of you, Mr Aubrey, from the approach of difficulty and danger. That much Miss Aubrey may have also told to you, of what passed between us yesterday." He paused—from emotion apparently; but he was only considering intently whether he should endeavour to *ascertain* whether Mr Aubrey had been put by his sister in possession of his—Gammon's—last communication to her; and then, however that might

be, whether he should himself break the matter to Mr Aubrey. But he decided both questions in the negative, and proceeded, with a little excitement of manner—"There are dangers menacing you, I grieve to say, Mr Aubrey, of the most serious description, which I may possibly be unable to avert from you. I fear I am losing that hold *upon others* which has enabled me hitherto to save you from rapacity and oppression! I regret to say that I can *answer* for others no longer; but all that man can do, still will I do. I have been most bitterly—most fearfully disappointed; but you shall ever find me a man of my word—of as high and rigid honour, perhaps even, Mr Aubrey, as yourself"—he paused, and felt that he had made an impression on his silent auditor—"and I hereby pledge myself, in the presence of God, that so far as in *me* lies, there shall not a hair of any of your heads be touched." Again he paused. "I wish, Mr Aubrey, you knew the pressure which has been for some time upon me—*say*, even this very morning"—he cast a melancholy and reluctant eye towards the letters which he had gathered up, and which he had placed beside him on the breakfast table—"I have received a letter; I know the handwriting; I almost dread to open it." Mr Aubrey changed colour.

"I am at a loss to know to what, *in particular*, you are alluding, Mr Gammon?" he interrupted, anxiously.

"I will not at present say more on the subject; I devoutly hope my negotiations may be successful, and that the affair may not for many months, or even years, be *forced* upon your attention! Still, *were* I to do so, one effect, at least, it would have—to satisfy you of my honourable and *disinterested* motives in the offer which I presumed to make Miss Aubrey.

"Well, sir," replied Mr Aubrey, with a melancholy air, and sighing deeply, "I can only place my trust in Providence—and I *do*. I have suffered much already; and if it be the will of Heaven that I suffer more, I hope I have not suffered already—in *vain*!"

"Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, gazing at him with a brightening eye, "my very soul owns the sublime presence of *VIATUS*, in your person! It is exalting—it is ennobling—merely

to be permitted to witness so heroic an example of constancy as you exhibit!"—He paused, and for some moments there was silence.—"You do not distrust me, Mr Aubrey?" said Gammon at length, with a confident air.

"No, Mr Gammon!" replied Mr Aubrey, eyeing him steadfastly. "I am not aware that I ever had any reason for doing so."

Shortly afterwards he took his departure; and as he bent his steps slowly, and with thoughtful air, towards the Temple, he saw one or two things, on his own part, during his interview with Gammon, to regret—his sternness and pride; but nothing on the part of Gammon that had not been admirable. Could Mr Aubrey, however, but have seen the satanic smile which settled upon Mr Gammon's features, as soon as, after cordially shaking his hand, he had calmly shut the door upon Mr Aubrey, it might have occasioned some few misgivings as to that gentleman's sincerity. Mr Gammon resumed his seat, and meditated upon their recent interview. Almost the first glance which he had caught of Mr Aubrey's countenance, and the very first tones of his voice which he had caught, had inspired Gammon with a deadly animosity towards poor Aubrey, whose pride Gammon resolved to trample upon and crush into the dust. He was acquainted with the state of Aubrey's little finances, almost to a pound; for Aubrey had, under the circumstances, felt it even a duty to be frank with him upon that subject. He turned over in his mind, with great anxiety, the matter of the two promissory notes for five thousand pounds each, which he held in his hands, and which would be the best mode of setting into motion, but with the hands of another, those two dreadful instruments of torture and oppression—which, judiciously applied, might have the effect of humbling the pride and breaking the determination of Aubrey and of his sister. Long he considered the subject, in every point of view; and at length—"Ay, that will do!" said he to himself, aloud; sighed, smiled, and gently tapped his fingers upon his ample forehead. Shortly afterwards, having ordered his laundress to take away the breakfast things, he took pen, ink, and paper, and sketched off the following draft of

a letter, to be copied by Mr Quirk, and signed in the name of the firm, and sent, Gammon finally determined, early in the ensuing week:—

SAFFRON HILL, 9th July, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—Owing to a most serious and unexpected pecuniary outlay which we are called upon to make, we feel ourselves compelled to avail ourselves of whatever resources lie within our reach. Having been disappointed in several quarters, we are obliged to remind you of the heavy balance we have against you of L.1446, 14s. 6d. You must be aware of the length of time during which it has been standing; and trust you will forgive us if we now apprise you that it is absolutely impossible for us to allow of any more delay. Unless, therefore, the whole of the above balance, or at least L.1000 of it, be paid within three days of the date hereof, we regret to inform you we have finally made up our minds to let the law take its usual course. We feel the less hesitation in saying thus much, because we are persuaded that, with a little caution you might long ago have liquidated this heavy balance, or the greater part thereof." (Mr Gammon wrote as nearly in the peculiar style of Mr Quirk as he could.)

"In writing thus, Messrs Quirk and Snap feel it only due to their partner, Mr Gammon, to add that he is no party to this application. Messrs Q. and S. have felt, however, in making it, that the interests of the firm have already suffered long enough, through their deference to the personal wishes and feelings of one of the members of the firm; and but for whom, their heavy balance would have been called for long ago, and, no doubt, in due course discharged.

"We regret being unable to vary or depart from the determination above expressed; and most sincerely hope your resources are of that nature that we shall be spared the unpleasantness of letting the law take its usual course.

"And we remain,

"Dear sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"QUIRK, GAMMON, & SNAP.

"Charles Aubrey, Esquire,

"Vivian Street."

Exactly on the seventh day from that on which Mr Gammon had made his ill-omened advances towards Miss Aubrey, did the above dreadful and heartless letter reach its destination—being delivered into Mr Aubrey's hands while he was intently perusing a very heavy set of papers, which, at his request, Mr Weasel had allowed him to take home. The painful scene which ensued I shall spare the reader—only mentioning that poor Miss Aubrey became almost frantic, treating herself as the sole occasion of this disaster. That very morning, at breakfast, had he been talking of selling out, of their precious remnant in the funds, the sum of £105, to enable him to become a pupil with Mr Crystal—at the suggestion of the Attorney-General.

What was to be done in this fearful emergency, none of them knew—except consenting to an immediate sale of all their plate, books, and furniture. Their affliction, indeed, knew no bounds. Even Mr Aubrey, though for a long time he bore up heroically, was at length overcome by the agonies of the dear beings whose ruin was involved in his own.

Had not Gammon been prompt in his vengeance? So thought they all.

What was to be done? A word will suffice to explain Mr Aubrey's position fully. It will be recollected, that about a twelvemonth before, he had been left in possession of a balance of £1063, after paying the sum of £4000 to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Messrs Runningsons, and Mr Parkinson, in the way which has been already mentioned. Since then, by his incessant exertions, he had realized the sum of £150 by his contributions to literary journals; and, by means of a severe and systematic economy, this sum, together with about £200 taken from his store of £1063, had sufficed to cover their whole year's expenditure. 'Twas impossible to carry economy further than they did, without, poor souls, positive injury to their health, and stinting the little children, as Mr and Mrs Aubrey often said to each other, when alone, with tears and sighs of anguish.

Alas! misfortune followed him like a bloodhound, let him turn his steps whithersoever he might! Naturally anxious to make the most of his little store of £1063, so long as any considerable portion of it could be spared

from their immediate personal necessities, he looked about in all directions for some safe and profitable investment, which might produce him a little more income than could be derived from the funds. He cautiously avoided having the slightest connexion with any of the innumerable joint-stock speculations then afloat, and of which he saw distinctly the mischievous and ruinous tendency; and this, moreover, in spite of the artful occasional representations of Mr Gammon. Having consulted his banker, and also a member of the House of Commons—one of the City members—a man of immense wealth, and great mercantile experience and sagacity, and with whom he had been intimate, while in the House—confirmed by their approval, and also that of Mr Weasel and Messrs Runnington, all of whom poor Aubrey anxiously consulted concerning the disposal of this his little ALL; about six weeks after the period of his settlement with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, he invested five hundred pounds in the purchase of a particular foreign stock. Safe and promising as it appeared, however, at the very moment when it was in the highest repute with capitalists of all descriptions both at home and abroad—from scarce any assignable reason, but for one of the many unaccountable instances of fluctuation to which property of that kind is proverbially liable, Aubrey had hardly held his scrip for a month, when—alas!—to his dismay, he found it falling—falling—falling—down, down, down, it went, till his scrip was so much waste paper! His loss was irretrievable. This wealthy member whom he had consulted, lost nearly one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and was driven to the very verge of ruin. Mr Weasel even, caution personified, in dealing with the little accumulation of his hard earnings, lost upwards of a thousand pounds; and Mr Runnington, about double that sum. It required a great stretch of fortitude on the part of Mr Aubrey to sustain this severe and sudden blow with any thing like equanimity. You should have seen and heard Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, on that occasion, in order fully to appreciate the rich and melting tenderness of woman's sympathy!

This left him only a sum of about

L.350 in the funds, and in his banker's hands a little balance of some fifty or sixty pounds to meet his current expenses. The above sum, at the time when Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's letter reached him, had been necessarily diminished to about L.290; this was all the money he had in the world, to save himself, and those dependent on him, from absolute destitution. Yet he was now peremptorily called upon, within three days' time, to pay the sum of L.1446, 14s. 6d.

He hurried off, early the next morning, in consternation, to Messrs Runningtons. Mr Runnington, with a heavy heart and a gloomy countenance, set off instantly, alone, to the office of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. He saw Mr Gammon, who told him, with a well-dissembled air of disgust, to go in to Mr Quirk, or Mr Snap. He did so, and found them inexorable. Mr Quirk doggedly told Mr Runnington that he had been out of pocket long enough, and would not be fooled by one of his own partners any longer. Mr Runnington quitted them, fairly at his wits' end; and, on his return, told Mr Aubrey, whom he had left at his office, that he had done, and could do, "nothing with the vultures of Saffron Hill." Mr Runnington felt that his unhappy client, Mr Aubrey, was far too critically situated with respect to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, to admit of his threatening, on Mr Aubrey's behalf, to refer their exorbitant and monstrous bill to taxation. He knew not, in fact, what suggestion to offer—what scheme to devise—to extricate Mr Aubrey from his present dreadful dilemma. As for applying for pecuniary assistance from friends, Mr Aubrey's soul revolted at the bare thought. What—borrow! Overwhelmed as he already was, it would be grossly unprincipled. Was not one alive of his generous friends at that moment under a liability on his behalf of more than ten thousand pounds? No: with gloomy composure he felt that, at last, *his hour was come*; that a prison wall must soon intervene between him—poor broken-hearted soul!—and the dear, beloved beings from whom, as yet, he had never been once separated—no! not for one moment deprived of blessed intercourse and communion with them—his wife—Kate—his unconscious little children—

Kate, however, got desperate; and, unknown to her brother, though with the full privy of his weeping wife, wrote off a long—a heart-rending letter to good old Lady Stratton, whose god-daughter she was, telling her every thing. Kate was up half the night writing that letter, and it was blistered with her tears. She took it very early in the morning, herself, to the post-office, and she and Mrs Aubrey awaited the issue with the most trembling and fearful solicitude.

I have hardly heart to recount the events which followed upon poor Kate's adventure; but they form a striking exemplification of the mysterious manner in which frequently Providence, for its own awful and wise purposes, sees fit to accumulate troubles and sorrows upon the virtuous.

Old Lady Stratton had been for some months in very feeble health, and the receipt of Kate's letter occasioned her infinite distress. It will be remembered that she had long before effected a policy of insurance upon her life for £15,000, always intending to bequeath it as a little portion to poor Kate. She had many months—in fact, nearly a year and a half before—given the necessary instructions to her solicitor, good Mr Parkinson, of Grilston, for making her will, so as to carry into effect her kind intentions towards Kate; bequeathing also legacies of £500 a-piece to each of Mr Aubrey's little children. How it came to pass, however, I scarcely knew—except by referring it to that sad superstitious weakness which makes people often procrastinate the execution of so all-important an instrument as a will; but, at the time when Kate's letter arrived, her ladyship's will had not been executed, but still lay, merely in draft, at Mr Parkinson's office. Feeling greatly indisposed, however, shortly after she had received Miss Aubrey's letter, she sent off an express to Mr Parkinson to attend with her will; and, a few minutes afterwards, her attendants found it necessary to send off another express for her physician, Dr Goddard. Before drawing a check for the sum of £700 or £800, which she intended instantly to place at Mr Aubrey's disposal, she awaited Mr Parkinson's return, that he—who managed all her affairs—might inform her of the exact balance then at her banker's. He

was absent from Grilston when the express arrived, but he was followed, and about seven o'clock that evening entered Lady Stratton's residence, carrying with him the draft of her will, ready prepared for execution. His chief clerk also accompanied him, lest, by any possibility, a witness should be wanting. The countenances of the domestics warned him that there was not one moment to be lost; and he hastened at once into Lady Stratton's bed-chamber. There she lay, venerable old lady, partially propped up by pillows—her long white hair partially visible from under her cap. A hasty whisper from Dr Goddard apprised him of the very critical situation of Lady Stratton. Writing materials stood ready prepared in the room against Mr Parkinson's arrival. She recognized him, on his passing the foot of the bed, and in a feeble voice whispered—"My will!—my will!"

[Oh, hasten! delay not an instant, Mr Parkinson! If you did but know what depends on your movements—could you but at this instant—oh me!—could you but catch a glimpse of the scene this instant passing in Vivian Street!—Give her the pen, Mr Parkinson—guide her hand—place it upon the paper.]

But it was too late. Before the pen could be placed within her fingers, those fingers had become incapable of holding it—for Lady Stratton at that moment experienced the paralytic seizure which Dr Goddard had been dreading for three or four hours before. 'Twas useless: pen, ink, and paper were removed. She lingered till about nine o'clock the next morning, when, in the presence of Mr Parkinson, who had not quitted the room for one instant, death released the venerable sufferer. She had thus died *intestate*; and all her personal property—Lady Stratton had none other—became the property of her ladyship's next of kin. Had this event happened but two years before, that next of kin would have been—Mr Aubrey; but now—will the reader have patience to read it?—that next of kin was—TITTLBAT TITMOUSE! Alas! there could be no question about the matter; and it was the knowledge of

that contingency that had distracted Mr Parkinson from the moment that he received his last ineffectual summons to the bedside of Lady Stratton. Yes, Mr Titmouse had now become entitled to all the goods, chattels, credits, and effects which were of the late Lady Stratton; and before she had been laid in Yatton churchyard, not far from her beloved friend who had preceded her by a few months only—Mrs Aubrey—Mr Parkinson received a letter from Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as the solicitors of Mr Titmouse, giving him formal notice of the title of their client, and requesting Mr Parkinson to lose no time in making an inventory of the effects of her ladyship, to whom Mr Titmouse intended to administer immediately. Mr Gammon himself went down, and arrived the day after the funeral. Guess his excitement on discovering the windfall which came to his client, Mr Titmouse, in the policy £15,000, the existence of which they had, of course, never dreamed of!

But there was another discovery, which occasioned him not a little excitement, as his flushed cheek and suspended breath testified—alas! poor Aubrey's bond for £2000, *with interest at five per cent!*—an instrument which poor Lady Stratton, having always intended to destroy, latterly imagined that she had actually done so. It had, however, got accidentally mingled with other papers, which had found their way, in the ordinary course, to Mr Parkinson, and who was himself ignorant of its existence, since it lay folded in a letter addressed to Lady Stratton, till it turned up while he was sorting the papers, in obedience to the instructions of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. He turned pale and red by turns—did Mr Parkinson—as he held the accursed document in his fingers, and—but his sense of duty prevailed. Of course the obligee of the bond, and, as such, entitled to the principal money secured by it, together with all arrears of interest which might be due upon it, was Mr TITTLBAT TITMOUSE.

Surely it is hard to imagine a more dismal and wanton freak of fortune than this—as far, at least, as concerned poor Kate Aubrey.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

A CONSIDERABLE degree of apathy with regard to Spain and Spanish affairs, appears to have lately come over most of the well-organized powers of Europe, and England in particular. But a few years, or even months since, and the attention of statesmen was directed almost exclusively to the Spanish peninsula, and to that quarter of it where the brave mountaineers of Navarre and the Basque provinces maintained an unequal but heroic contest against the more numerous armies of the Christinos. Public speculation was at one period much engaged on the probable consequences of that struggle to the provinces and to the country in general; and it was more than once believed that some of the northern powers of Europe would have interfered to restore the balance between the hostile parties, or at least to bring back a more reasonable state of things, which the jobbing policy of our weak and short-sighted Ministers had attempted to disturb. It was supposed on all hands that the prudent and consistent policy of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, would never allow the political charlatans of France, nor those cold-blooded animals, the imbecile Whigs of England, to bring the relics of what was once a great nation, to a still lower depth of degradation than they had yet attained to:—but no; from some unaccountable dread of producing a general conflagration, from some excessive deference for England, which the conduct of our rulers during the great war, and up to 1830, had indeed well merited, the northern powers abstained. They allowed the two active and the two dummy partners of the political rubber which was then playing, to have the game to themselves, and they left the two stronger to rook the two weaker nations if they could. It was only when the truth came out, that the latter had nothing to be rooked out of, that the game began to slacken, and has at length, by the under shuffling of a

pricked card, been formally abandoned; but that such a game should have been played, and that its consequences should not have been more immediately disastrous to the parties who shared in it, is one of the many extraordinary anomalies that modern times have presented. The day of reckoning may come, however, and England may yet have to rue the unwise conduct she then adopted towards a people who had a right to expect from her better things. Meantime, however, the current of political events has set in another direction: the attention of the British public has been called to other matters, in which they have great reason to be thankful that the Whigs were for once wise enough to adopt the right side, and to keep company with honest men. But Spain seems to have slipped out of the Laputan memory of John Bull, and he is far too busy with his new friends, with setting his own house in order, and with making preparations for calling his servants over the coals, to attend to the domestic calamities of the Don, whose present lamentable condition is owing (next to the misfortune of having such disreputable neighbours on his Pyrenean frontier) to the easy and half-witted facility with which his old British friend was wheedled into the Quadruple alliance.

We propose briefly to call the attention of our readers to the actual condition of Spain and Portugal, to point out the effects that the melancholy revolutions to which those countries have lately been subject, have had, and will have on themselves, and to raise a warning voice to our countrymen to beware of the evils that misguided policy, or even neglect with regard to the Iberian peninsula, may occasion. It is idle for any European people to say, that they are not concerned with the affairs of any other in this quarter of the globe. It is impossible for any member of the great European family not to be influenced, for good or for evil, by the conduct

of any other member. This truth was sufficiently demonstrated during the great war against the revolutionary despots, and the military tyrant of France, when it was found that, however much the misconduct of any nation might be overlooked, the offending parties could not have principle enough to appreciate the forbearance of their neighbours; and when it was discovered, almost too late, that to allow a nation to go to the utmost depth of moral and social depravity, unchecked in its previous course, was the same as if any family should admit into its intimacy a convicted felon. Not that the Great Powers did not interfere early in the French Revolution, but they did so to little purpose, and without sufficient energy: and the evil had almost become irreparable, when the hand of Providence came to aid the uncertain efforts of man, and swept the hordes of France from the land they encumbered. The Spanish peninsula is further removed from the centre of Europe than France or Italy; but it is not for all that without its influence upon its neighbours, near or remote. We know what Spain did in former days, and we may easily infer what her example, if not her direct power, may effect in times to come. Russia may indeed allege that the whole width of the continent is interposed between the Vistula and the Pyrenees, and that a Spanish armada is never likely to pass the Sound, much less to sail up to Cronstadt. Still we doubt whether that skilful, and certainly magnanimous power is not on the watch for warding off the evils of a social explosion in Spain, if not from herself, at least from some of her friends; but England has nothing to allege as an excuse for indifference. Her geographical position throws her into constant communication with Spain and Portugal: her commercial wants keep up a considerable trade with those countries: and the association of former times, but more especially those of the earlier part of this century, make her intimately connected with, and in some degree responsible for, the weal or woe of those countries. France is, of course, the nearest neighbour Spain has—and she is also the most perfidious, and the most essentially hostile. The greatness of Spain must always tend to diminish the importance, real

or self-imagined, of France. If things were as they ought to be, Spain, and not France, should be the second maritime power in Europe: Spain should be totally independent of France for manufactures and supplies of all kinds: Spain should be able to fight her own battle with France single-handed, and not be subject, as she has been ever since the war of the Succession, at the beginning of the last century, to the insults and injustice of her more fortunate neighbour. But whatever may be the political and commercial ties that bind England to Spain and Portugal—whatever may be her claim to be considered as a truer and more disinterested friend than France can ever be—there is no doubt that our country, as well as all others in Europe, is exposed to the contamination arising from the moral and social misconduct of the Spanish and Portuguese people: for there is always danger that, when a revolution tending to a corrupt democracy is working its way in one country, the infection may spread to another; and we have surely no need of the bad examples of the Spanish or the Portuguese to be added to that of the French, in order to hasten the degeneracy of our own lower classes. Our Chartists and our Radicals are depraved enough, and have too many prototypes in France, that they should want encouragement from the Exaltados and Descamisados of the other side of the Pyrenees: our Whig ministers have got quite little enough of principle in them, and are already too much inclined to the *laissez faire* system, that they should need to be backed by the example of the present regent ministers of Madrid, or the official nullities of Lisbon. It is abundantly sufficient trouble to Europe to be pestered with the democratic tendencies of France, without having two ragamuffin republics, such as Spain and Portugal are likely to become, also thrust offensively forward. We believe that a great and prosperous nation, such as it has pleased the Almighty to allow the British to grow to, is interested more or less directly in the welfare of all other nations. No people have so many wide-spread ramifications as ourselves; no people have so many stranger tribes under their command; no people have it more in their power to do good to their fellow-men, and

no people have in an equal degree the strength to enforce their will. It is no unjust conclusion, therefore, to infer that we are under a heavy responsibility to the Dispenser of all good for the use we make of the blessings granted to us as a nation. Great Britain has the best right and the greatest ability of any country under heaven, to hold up what is just and good wherever her flag can fly or her language be heard;—and we therefore repeat, that it is idle to say we are not interested in what is going on internally among other nations in general, and among the Spanish and Portuguese in particular.

At the conclusion of the great Peninsular war—the war of independence, as the Spaniards and Portuguese call it—when the rightful sovereigns of Madrid and Lisbon were restored to their thrones by the generous aid of Great Britain, the middle and lower classes of those nations, though exhausted by the calamities they had undergone for so many years, were roused up to a state of feeling for the honour and dignity of their country, that, had it been properly directed, might have kept them from falling back into their usual apathy, and have effected their complete regeneration. The allied powers, however, and Great Britain more particularly, committed the mistake of supposing that the upper classes—the nobility, and the royal families in either country—were able of themselves to govern and direct the people restored to their charge, in such a manner as the circumstances of the case required. They forgot to take into account the deep degeneracy into which the upper classes had fallen; and they mistook the energies of the common people for that of the powers whom they again appointed to be their leaders. The consequence was a period of bad government from above, of unwilling submission from below, and a retrogression in most matters of social amelioration. It must not be concealed that the main causes of the decline of the Spanish monarchy, and we may add of the Portuguese, have been, on the one hand, the unmitigated oppression of an ignorant but powerful clergy; and on the other, the great corruption and weakness of the courts—arising principally from the personal imbecility

of the several monarchs. These two causes combined together, while they prevented the development of the commercial and middle classes, effected the moral disorganization of the aristocracy; and, at the time when France first pounced upon the Peninsula as a long coveted prey, the people, the peasantry, suddenly found themselves without any natural leaders, and without any means of resistance. A reversion to such a system, after the expulsion of the French, did not tend to effect any improvement in the condition of the nation; and what with the personal defaults of Ferdinand VII., (and they were many,) what with the ambitious attempts of the republican party, that state of things was brought about in Spain in 1823 which called for the intervention of France. Had England not been contented with merely establishing the form of a constitutional government in Spain, but had insisted on the king and the nobles doing their duty to the common people—had she continued to exercise an efficient moral control over the Peninsula—there is every reason to believe that the country would have gone on quietly in the way of slow but therefore sound improvement; and the dangerous chance of leaving a door open for France to meddle with Spanish affairs would have been avoided. True it is, that the conduct of the French government on that occasion was very moderate, and highly honourable to the monarch and his ministers. They saw one of the evils to which Spain was exposed—a republican revolution—and they immediately checked it: probably they did not perceive the counter evil of rottenness among the leaders of the nation, or, if they did, it was considered too delicate and too difficult a matter at that time to interfere with. France, however, was at that period governed by men of honour and integrity; men who were sincerely desirous for the peace of Europe as well as the real welfare of their own country; and accordingly the expedition of the Duke of Angoulême for the delivery of the King of Spain, was distinguished no less by the comparative mildness and moderation of the measures employed, than by the total absence of all views of self-aggrandizement on the part of France. This indeed was no more than what might have been

previously expected from the personal character of Louis XVIII., of Charles X. (then Count of Artois,) and of the Duke of Angoulême; the honour and integrity of whom, whatever may be said against their firmness of temperament, is acknowledged by all the world. England was justified by the event in trusting to the honour of those princes on this occasion; but she would not have been justified, nor indeed would she perhaps have done so, had similar circumstances occurred since the iniquitous expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons from France in 1830. It has ever been found a most dangerous experiment to let France have any thing to do with Spain; and we cannot avoid saying that the great ministers who presided over the destinies of our country at the conclusion of the French war, are accusable of want of foresight in not having retained more direct and efficient influence over the internal affairs of the Peninsula.

In the same way, with regard to Portugal, had England exercised her moral as well as her commercial influence over that unfortunate country, the state of things that led to the usurpation of Don Miguel, and the subsequent civil war, with the still more recent anarchical commotions of the Lusitanian people, would never have existed. The lower classes in Portugal had not perhaps the same innate strength of character which so many of the Spanish tribes still possess; but they had quite enough wherewith to have formed a vigorous and healthy community. The aristocracy, on the other hand, were not more degenerated than the Spanish; but the royal family of Rio Janeiro presented a lamentable contrast to the first founders of the House of Braganza, and Portugal evidently required not to be left to itself with an apparatus of government, the use and working of which it did not understand, but rather to have the watchful eye and hand of an old and tried friend, like England, constantly devoted to her service, and to be led onward by her in the paths of political regeneration.

From 1815, up to the accession of Don Pedro in Portugal, and to the death of Ferdinand VII. in Spain, England, we are sorry to confess, has been much more attentive to the supposed furtherance of her own commer-

cial views in the Peninsula, than to the promotion of the real good of her two ancient allies. It was from a false spirit of moderation, from a generous, perhaps, but erroneous principle of non-interference, that the British government, under several cabinets, abstained from lending any thing more than common-place diplomatic advice to the governments of Lisbon and Madrid:—and yet the nation that had come forward so nobly and courageously to stop the progress of the foreign invader, and, at such an immense expense of blood and treasure, had rescued the Peninsula from the gripe of France, was bound to continue its active solicitude towards the chosen objects of its care. To recover the sick man from the hand of death was not alone enough; it was not sufficient to see that he was even convalescent; it was essential to take precautions for ensuring him against relapse, and to effect, if possible, his complete cure. The other powers of Europe who know the fallacy of the non-interference principle, have turned the political debility of Spain and Portugal into a handle of accusation against Great Britain; and they assert that we are anxious to keep those people down, in order that we may the more easily maintain our commercial superiority over them. We are conscious, of course, that the allegation is not true; but we confess we have very few, if any, proofs to allege in favour of our anxiety to promote their political progress. Were it otherwise, we should never have allowed the dreadful evils of despotic corruption and anarchical devastation to be constantly oppressing those devoted countries; we should have stifled such causes of trouble in their birth; we should in fact have performed the duties of a sincere and influential friend, rather than have apparently followed the conduct of a crafty and overreaching ally. One of the causes of this line of policy on the part of England, has been the babbling of pseudo-liberal politicians at home, and the mistaken feelings of deference towards France, by which, of late years at least, our government has been unfortunately actuated. This and other circumstances have made England far too apathetic with regard to Spain and Portugal: she has had too much the appearance of one who looks on with indifference

while her neighbour's house is being pillaged or burned; and she has thereby not only lowered her own character for political sagacity among continental nations, but is in no small degree answerable for the many evils that now weigh so heavily on the Peninsula.

Before advertng to events subsequent to the accessions of Queen Donna Maria and Queen Isabella II., it is as well briefly to call attention to the social characteristics of the subjects of these young sovereigns, and to their then political condition. The main body of the Spanish people, fond of their local privileges, and greatly attached to the places of their birth, cherished at one and the same time strong feelings of personal independence and loyal devotion to their sovereign. Spain was any thing but a centralized country; each of the several kingdoms and provinces that make up the monarchy, retained more or less of their ancient local customs and rights. The municipalities, and the inhabitants of the provincial capitals, were powerful each in their own small circle; and many parts of the country, but especially the northern and Basque provinces, were in a state of individual prosperity. The evils the population principally suffered from, were the rapacity of the fiscal officers, the not always justly apportioned imposts of government, and the ignorance in which the clergy allowed them to remain. The privileges of some of the nobles were felt heavily, but only in a few instances; and, on the whole, the great mass of the nation would have been content to lead the life of silent and dignified indolence that has so long been its most striking characteristic. In some of the great cities, as Barcelona, Cadiz, Malaga, Valencia, and Saragossa, the infusion of French principles had been felt; and the middle classes, fettered and thwarted in their commercial pursuits, sided with the lower in grumbling more or less loudly against the existing state of things. These cities had been much compromised during the events of 1820, and the three subsequent years; they formed, too, the strongholds of the so-called liberal party; and in them, more than any where else, the seeds of future mischief existed. The capital was comparatively well disposed; though in it, as in all metropolitan cities, there was a class of dis-

affected intriguers and ready advocates for any change. In general, the clergy was respected by the peasantry; and, though the tithes pressed somewhat heavily on the small farmer, the influence of the sacerdotal character was such, that the people bore their burdens patiently, and looked on their resident pastors as their best friends. The monasteries were not perhaps in such repute as they had been; the idleness of their inmates afforded too ready a subject for jokes and uncharitable observations; while exaggerated reports of their supposed illimitable wealth, gave ample scope to the greedy imaginations of the needy and unprincipled. The army had fallen into a state of great inefficiency; the men were ill disciplined, badly paid, and badly fed; the officers were devoid of military instruction, and generally obtained their commissions without reference to their military fitness: the navy could hardly be said to exist. As for the aristocracy, they seemed completely to forget that there was such a thing as the Spanish nation in existence. They thought a good deal of themselves, and they liked the pleasures either of their own residences or of the court; but the form of the government which Ferdinand VII. of late years had adopted, left to only a small portion of them any share in the concerns of state; and as a class of nobles, compared with any other similar class in Europe, they are remarkably deficient in mental cultivation of every kind. The influence of the nobility, further than as being possessors of much wealth, was unknown in the country. The people did not look up to them, but to the government; and government again communicated with the people, not through the nobles, but through the *Ayuntamientos* and their *Alcaldes*. There was no doubt a certain degree of respect felt for the provincial, the resident aristocracy; but there was nothing of that affectionate confidence in the generous protection of the nobles, which is such a bright and gratifying characteristic of the real old English character. The court had unfortunately been presided over by a very weak and heartless monarch—a prince who; whatever he might have been in his youth, showed in his mature age all the worst features of a degenerate Bourbon; and it was in the absence of that control which an

enlightened monarch ought to have exercised, that a system of universal intrigue prevailed, and gave rise, not only to a loss of popular respect, but also to an alienation of feeling among the severer and more principled part of the nation. Most unfortunately, too, the conduct of the Queen-consort and her partizans; who were of the liberal shade of opinion, as contradistinguished from the absolutist party and the adherents of Don Carlos, was not so candid and open as to acquit her of the accusation of having obtained an alteration in the order of succession by unfair methods. The Cortes and the King, assembled in joint deliberation, had no doubt the constitutional authority to alter the line of succession if they so pleased, more especially when by the alteration they reverted to the ancient forms of the monarchy; and set aside the absurd Salic law, which the Bourbons had imported into Spain a little more than one hundred years before. Don Carlos could not complain on this ground: but there was some underhand and dirty work going on in the palace, and even by the bedside of the sick monarch, that gave an apparent justification to that prince's protest: and the known ambition of the Queen-consort, added to her family jealousy, together with the avowed tendency of the liberal party to support her, formed the grounds on which the friends of the monarchy founded their adherence to the heir-presumptive. It is much to be regretted that the higher nobility of Spain should not have had foresight and courage enough, at that period, to have insisted on so important an alteration being settled with much greater solemnity, and without so much haste. It is a pity that England did not lend her aid more efficaciously in causing the point to be established more firmly and more openly one way or the other: much of the subsequent miseries of Spain might have been prevented, and the country would not have been reduced to its actual condition.

In Portugal, where the relative positions of the people and the government had been much the same as in Spain, and where the friends of the people, the nobles, had been still more wanting in their duties, a cruel war, wasting the best energies of the people, and fomenting all their worst passions, had been brought to a conclusion be-

fore Ferdinand's decease. The question of Don Miguel's right to the throne of Portugal has been so often discussed and decided against him, by all parties in England, that it is not worth while here to go into it. We would merely observe that Dom Pedro himself, though no doubt a man of much individual energy and honour, cannot avoid the accusation of a double weakness in vacating, first, the throne of Portugal in favour of his daughter, and then that of Brazil in favour of her half brother, as well as of not having shown all that consideration for a brother's rights which the position of Don Miguel required. In taking a retrospective view, however, of the policy of England at the period of Don Miguel's usurpation, it appears to us of the most inconceivable nature. The moment government had made up its mind, either one way or the other, as to that prince's rights, its duty, as an old and sincere friend of Portugal, was instantly to stop all effusion of blood; to have crushed the expectations of the lovers of disorder, by establishing a regular and a strong government; and, by putting the nation on its feet, again to have enabled it to advance in the road of social prosperity. It is true that domestic events occupied the attention of the Duke of Wellington's administration too much, to allow of its acting abroad with that prompt decision which the energetic and upright character of that illustrious warrior and statesman justified his friends in expecting. The ministry that next succeeded, found their purposes suited by allowing mischief in Portugal to run its course, and adopted that miserable half-and-half policy, which is the strongest characteristic of the pseudo-liberal school, and is so pregnant with evil both to those who employ it, and to those against whom it is employed. All the good that remained in Portugal was wellnigh rooted out by that disastrous civil war—society was disorganized—funds wasted—commerce destroyed—public credit exhausted—respect for established institutions vanished—the people became disgusted with their rulers of each party—and last, not least, they became hostile to the nation, which stood by an unconcerned spectator of their woes, and allowed them, first of all, to be robbed of their navy by France, and then of their peace and

comfort by their own misdeeds. The foundation of all the anarchy and degradation which have since prevailed in Portugal, was laid during the civil war, and is nearly entirely attributable to the culpable apathy of Great Britain.

It is not our purpose to go into the history of the civil war in Navarre and the Basque provinces. That struggle, many of the details, and most of the leading facts of which, are known to British readers, still requires the comprehensive study and the eloquent pen of a patient historian to be placed in its true light: we wish, however, to say a few words on some of its results, since they bear an intimate relation to the present and future condition of the Spanish people. To the Navarrese and the Basques it was almost a holy war—it was a contest of honour and principle. They fought for their laws, their liberties, and their lives—they, like the Athenians of old, could well exclaim:—

—ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε,
 ἰλιυθιρῶντε πατρίδ', ἰλιυθιρῶντε δι
 παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τι πατρῶν ἴδη,
 θήκας τι προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

Now that the contest is over, it appears that their adoption of the cause of Don Carlos was, as it was all along alleged by their opponents in England, only because they thereby hoped to secure their much prized *fuecos*: but they also fought with a spirit of national antipathy to their southern, and especially their Castilian, invaders, which none but a real Spaniard can feel or comprehend. The queen's generals committed the great mistake of commencing that series of cold-blooded murders and cruelties which formed such a disgraceful characteristic of this war; and, though they were of course imitated by the Carlists, yet at the final closing of accounts at Bergara, the latter had a long score of murders, of robberies, and of burnings, perpetrated on them by the Christinos, for which they had not had time to take their due revenge. It was the fashion with the pseudo-liberal party throughout Europe to exclaim, without cause and without reflection, against the atrocities of the Carlists, just as if the Christinos were not the more reckless and the more inexcusable of the two, especially since they acted in the name of the *de facto* Spanish Govern-

ment. Nor was it until some courageous and enlightened Englishmen had been among the Carlist troops, and had seen how the Prince and his chiefs were acting, that the real truth came to be acknowledged by all impartial enquirers. The great powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, acted with much prudence and moderation in holding themselves aloof from recognising Don Carlos, as perhaps they were inclined to do. Of course, they could not at once commit themselves to acknowledge the government of Madrid, since it was daily becoming more evident how little principle existed among the men that composed it. We attribute their forbearance more to their deference for England than for France, on this occasion. They did not like to entertain an open difference of opinion with a power whom they had learned to love and respect: but, had it been France alone which took up the side of the Queen, there is no doubt that they would have intervened with a high and decisive hand. England had the misfortune to be lugged into the Quadruple Alliance, and to admit France as a co-operating power, in a question of which she herself, more than any other power in Europe, had the right to be the sole arbitress. If our Whig ministers had had more honesty and more courage—if they had been imbued with a truer sense of national dignity, and even of self-respect, they could have terminated the Vasco-Navarrese question at once; and we are sure that, whichever way England by herself had decided, the Northern Powers would have given her their acquiescence. Of course, they looked with well-founded jealousy at any course of action in which France had a share; and they therefore adhered to their previous settled line of policy. Had they not wisely preferred the peace of their own subjects to the doubtful chances of a war of succession, they would, perhaps, have made more open demonstrations of sympathy than they did. In this case, however, just as in that of Portugal, England played a weak, dishonest, and disgraceful part. There should have been no hesitation on the subject: either Isabella was rightful queen, or she was not; whichever way the question might have been settled, it was suitable to the power and dignity of so great a power as England, not to go and ask the advice

or the permission of such a set of political *intriguants* and adventurers as Talleyrand, or Thiers, or any other men in France; but of her own right and pleasure to give at once such public and effectual aid to either party as would have settled the dispute at once. Twenty thousand English bayonets would hold the whole of Spain as easily as a groom does a restive horse with a nose twitch; twenty sail of the line, off the coast of Spain, would have had such an effect on the population, no matter which course they adopted, that the opposing party would not have dared to say their lives were their own. A vigorous expedition would have required but a single campaign; and it would have been a matter of little or no effort to have embarked either "the innocent Isabella," or "the bloodthirsty Don Carlos,"—as they used to be called—for the shores of England or Italy: little blood would have been spilled, the horrors of civil war would have been avoided, and Europe would have been spared a most heart-rending and disgusting spectacle. Instead of this, another of the never-to-be-forgotten, vacillating measures, such as Portugal had witnessed, such as only "the Friends of the People," the "Liberty and Equality Boys," the "*charte vérité*" men, the imbecile and dishonest ministers of England and France, could have devised, was adopted; and that wretched burlesque of a military expedition was sent out, which ended in utter failure, and brought infinite disgrace on the name and character of Great Britain. The troops that composed the British Auxiliary Legion, though totally raw and undisciplined, were men of good mettle, and got into fighting order sooner than could have been expected. A considerable part of their officers were good; but they had a leader without a head, a commander-in-chief with much personal courage, but with no military capacity; and their presence in Spain became of comparatively little utility. What they wanted was a veteran of well-known skill and decision of character, who, instead of humming and hawing over each piece of intelligence that was brought him, and then dining, sleeping, and breakfasting upon it, and drawing out to his aides-de-camp "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Do you think so?" should have been in the

field, rivalling Jaureguay in activity and Zurbano in daring; not imitating Cordova in procrastination, nor Espartero in indecision. Had the Auxiliary Legion been under the guidance of a competent commander-in-chief, Don Carlos ought to have been driven out of the Basque provinces in eighteen months.

We must confess that, on the other hand, and this was one of the most curious features of the war, the Carlists had got an uncommonly bad card to play with. Don Carlos himself, however estimable in all the relations of private life, is full of the bad public qualities of that amiable but very weak house, the Bourbons. Without any military skill, without much political ability; too honourable, perhaps, to cope with the crafty men that abused his confidence, he had the infinite misfortune of never knowing who were his real friends, and of utterly misunderstanding the true principles on which his cause rested. Had he been more active in organizing the provinces, and the kingdom of Navarre, into constitutional, but highly monarchical communities; had he held out similar hopes of insuring local constitutions and local privileges to the other provinces of Spain; had he restored their *fueros* to the Catalonians and the Arragonese; had he conferred similar privileges on the Galicians, the Castilians, the Leonese, the Valencians, he would certainly have caused each of these ancient kingdoms to rise against the bastard government of Madrid, and would have ascended the Spanish throne as the head of a powerful feudal monarchy. But he neglected his military friends; he thwarted Zumalacarre— he preferred the Castilians to the Basques—and he fell, with his eyes almost open, into the snares of Maroto. If the Carlists had had but a leader with the talents of Don Pedro of Portugal, they would have made but one march on Madrid, and they would have placed him on the throne. Before quitting this part of our subject, we repeat that the civil war afforded a melancholy and disgusting spectacle to Europe: cruelties exercised on both sides, such as had not been heard of for centuries except among North American savages; the most thriving part of Spain entirely laid waste, and checked in its prosperous course for several years;

many of the ablest men of the nation sacrificed on either side ; and the whole affair terminating in what ? Don Carlos bought and sold ; his generals taken off by one of the most atrocious pieces of treachery extant in history ; the Basques and Navarrese persuaded to submit on a solemn promise of having all their *fueros* granted, and then swindled out of nearly every one of them ; the Queen's cause, for which their opponents fought, so metamorphosed during the contest, as not to be recognizable by the time it was terminated ; all the undeserving promoted to places of honour and emolument ; all the good, what few there were, driven out of their country as exiles ; the Spanish monarchy almost swamped by the men who protested they had been fighting for it so lustily ; and at length two poor children, deserted by their mother, her morganatic husband, paramour, and her second family, placed nominally at the head of the state, but in reality kept close prisoners by the unprincipled democrats of the capital. Unfortunate Spain ! Her ancient feudal liberties gone, her ancient prosperity for ever blasted, her credit annihilated, her resources exhausted, her social constitution broken up, and a profligate republic advancing with rapid steps to complete her fall !

Spain, as every student of history knows, was once essentially an aristocratic country : one, that is to say, in which people as well as nobles prided themselves on the hereditary wealth and power of their local leaders. It possessed centres of action and of political life in the capitals of each of its principal subdivisions : Saragossa, Barcelona, Valencia, Cadiz, Seville, Malaga, Toledo, all rivalled the capital in their pretensions to guide the nation : political life, in whatever extent the absolute forms of the monarchy allowed it to prevail, was warmly felt in all parts of the country : the people were not industrious, but they were brave, patient, sober, comparatively moral, and obedient to the constituted authorities. At the present day, the Radicals of Madrid, with their junta and their regency, have tried to seize the whole power of the kingdom into their hands, and are endeavouring to ape the worst of all examples, that of France. The nobility are exiled from the land : trade

and agriculture are more at a standstill than ever : the central government is without a real at its disposal, and a Spanish loan could not be proposed in any market in Europe : self-elected *Ayuntamientos* have seized on municipal authority and municipal revenues wherever they were able : the army, unpaid, unclothed, unlodged, is elapsing into insubordination : the clergy are reduced to a state of beggary : the religious institutions of the country are mostly annihilated, and the "brave national guards" dance fandangos in the churches, and pronounce blasphemous discourses from the pulpits. The only wonder is, how such a state of things can continue to exist in the face of other powers for a week.

We will forbear from saying any thing about the constitution of 1837, because there is no real friend of constitutional government in Europe who will defend either that constitution in itself, or the mode of its adoption and subsequent maintenance. We will say nothing about the expulsion of the Queen Regent and the movements of the *juntas*, further than that we should not have been surprised to see such things done by Frenchmen, but that we are pained to witness them in Spaniards. Were it not, however, for the illegality of the matter, and the unfortunate position of the young Queen, the absence of the Queen Regent was rather to be desired than her company. We will say nothing about the present conduct of the Regency, because it is evidently about to meet with its due reward from the hands of the very people which raised it into power ; but we will add a few words on the ecclesiastical condition of the country—words that will apply to Portugal nearly as well as to Spain. It cannot be denied that the Catholic religion ran into abuses of the most serious nature both in Spain and Portugal ; that the clergy kept the people in a lamentable state of ignorance on all points, even on morality ; and that the monastic system was carried to a pitch of excess that called loudly for reform—all this must be admitted. But, on the other hand, Protestants, such as we are in England, must not be so blindly hostile to Catholicism as to rejoice at its overthrow among any people, when we find no other religion substituted in its place. It is true that

the Catholic religion has not yet been declared in Spain to have ceased to exist—to use a French revolutionary phrase—but things have come to nearly that state. The Court of Rome does not acknowledge either of the Peninsular governments—it considers many of the superior clergy as irregular; and, if the times permitted, would long since have launched an interdict against each nation. The monasteries have been utterly abolished in both countries: all their property confiscated and applied to the maintenance of the army, or the constantly increasing necessities of the State: the secular clergy, the parochial ministers—the only moral guides the people had—have been deprived of nearly every farthing of their incomes, and live either in beggary, or on the charity of their needy flocks. At Madrid, and in most of the large towns, the most immoral doctrines are openly professed by the middle and upper classes: all sacred things are turned into ridicule, and Spain is “progressing” to that enviable state of moral and religious feeling, which we all know a Paris revolutionary mob to possess! Surely no friend of Christianity, no friend of morality, no person of any religious creed whatever, Christian, Jew, or Mohammedan, can be glad that Catholicism is made to give way in Spain to such a chaotic revolution of all that is bad in man. The monasteries certainly wanted reforming, and the clergy wanted to be shaken out of their indolence and ignorance; but it was too harsh and too sweeping a measure to abolish *all* the religious houses of the country at one stroke, and to turn their helpless inmates penniless and shelterless on the world—this was neither common humanity nor common po-

licy. The true motive for the measure was, that the property of the convents might be transferred to the coffers of the State, which it was in effect, and has long since been squandered in powder and shot, and soldiers' rations: it was a mere piece of revolutionary spoliation, and it was accomplished at the sacrifice of the religion and morality of the country. Whatever learning existed in the monasteries—whatever examples of pious and good behaviour—whatever stores of objects of literature, science, and art, were collected in them—all has been scattered to the winds, and the people, like sheep without a pastor, have fallen a prey to the cunning rogues who have climbed into power on the shoulders of more honest but less fortunate men.*

Of the persons who have suffered by the late revolutions of Spain, Queen Christina is not to be pitied. She has left the country, to which she was attached only by her first marriage, having gained in it, and having placed in foreign funds, a fortune of most ample amount. Her second husband, and her children by him, are safely on the northern side of the Pyrenees; and she has nothing to do but to fix her residence at the court of her brother, the King of Naples, or in any other part of Europe she pleases. No one, perhaps, has better reasons to be contented with her position than the ex-Regent. Far different is the case of Don Carlos: that unfortunate prince has had all his Spanish property confiscated, has seen the prospects of all his children and most faithful followers blighted, and has had the misery of experiencing what the honour and relationship of the House of Orleans amounts to. Upon what pretext, or by what right, that

* The destruction of ecclesiastical buildings of the finest periods of the middle ages—the dispersion of libraries, both of printed books and manuscripts of the greatest value—and the dilapidation and sale of pictures, &c., consequent on the abolition of the monasteries—has been, as is well known, most lamentably extensive in Spain and Portugal. The antiquarian, the architect, the bibliophil, and the connoisseur, should hasten into Spain ere yet it be too late: some to see buildings yet in *loco*—others to secure for their own country a portion of those treasures which would probably remain in the Peninsula only to be totally destroyed. The acquisitions made by the French government have been very extensive; and several continental galleries have been enriched by cheaply purchased *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Spanish masters. Others, however, may still be bought; and, to a man of taste and property, a residence of some months in Spain might be of the greatest value. There is nothing now in Spain that may not be bought with gold!

prince has been detained in France, it would be very difficult clearly to define. As long as the remains of his armies held out in Catalonia and Aragon, there might have been found in the terms of the Quadruple Treaty some sort of "Might is Right" excuse for preventing his return into Spain; but now that the revolutionary party is triumphant; now that the Regency of the Queen-Dowager is extinct; now that there is not a single Carlist in arms in Spain; there does not exist the smallest shadow of a pretence for offering any impediment to his movements. Don Carlos is precisely on the same footing as Don Miguel of Portugal, and is entitled to the same degree of consideration, even from the members of the Quadruple Alliance. In our opinion, however, conceiving that alliance itself to have been a subject neither advantageous nor honourable for England, we think that France should be summoned not to exceed the powers assumed by her under pretence of executing that treaty, and should be ordered to set Don Carlos and his family at liberty;—we think it contrary to the honour and good faith of England, even as party to an unjust treaty, to allow such an infringement of national law to exist. If England does not interfere, she consents to his detention, and she shares the responsibility of that act with France. But a more unjust and cruel act has not been perpetrated towards an unfortunate prince for a long series of years; never, indeed, since the similar deed committed by Bonaparte.*

The present aspect of affairs in Spain is such, that a formal dethronement of Isabella II. and the establishment of a pure Republic, is not only possible, but highly probable; and if it occurs, it will be inevitably followed by a similar event in Portugal. The nations of the Peninsula will then have reached their political *apogée*, and the

intervention of the Great Powers will be inevitable. We say inevitable; for we take it for granted that whatever England may do, the Northern Powers will never allow another nest of hornets, another plague-shop, to be formed in Europe by the side, or rather under the wing, of France. If they do allow it, they will richly deserve the revolutions that will come to disturb them at their own doors. But this cannot be; and we have no doubt that the Russian and Germanic inhabitants of Europe will make the Spaniards amend their behaviour, whether they like it or no. An opportunity will then be offered to England (and it may be of most fatal consequences to her reputation if she refuses to profit by it) of retracing her steps, and of doing something to repair the mischief which the erroneous policy of the Whigs has brought upon Spain and Portugal. France, we hope and trust, will take it into her head not to accede to such an alliance of the other Great Powers for the settlement of the Spanish question;—for the less the opinion of France is consulted in matters relating to a revolutionary state, the better; and whatever treaty or convention France of 1830—revolutionized France—is a party to, is not likely to come to much good. The affairs of Spain will be much more speedily and equitably settled, if they are left to the great and good men of the school of Metternich, Nesselrode, and Wellington, than if any mushroom quacks of the Thiers' kind are allowed to meddle with them. Whatever may be the result if such a combination of events and counsels should then take place, or whether the state of the peninsula may not be considered even now as calling for the earnest attention of the Great Powers, (and in our humble opinion this is the case—the evil is so prurient, that the sooner it is checked the better,) it is to be hoped that efficacious means will

* It is to be hoped that this subject will be brought before the British Legislature, or rather before the House of Lords, by some person of influence; and no one could discharge the office more ably or more warmly than the Marquis of Londonderry. We cannot avoid remarking, that the disinterested manner in which that generous-hearted nobleman advocated the cause of the officers of the British Auxiliary Legion, and compelled government to procure for them the settlement of their just dues by Spain, reflects the highest honour on his lordship. The advocacy of the officers' claims, when he had so long opposed the measure that gave rise to those claims, could only have originated in the heart of a high-minded and chivalrous soldier.

be taken for settling the monarchical institutions of Spain and Portugal on broad bases of religious, but not bigoted feeling, and of enlightened, but not licentious liberty. The old stability of the Spanish character, and the more active energies of the Portuguese, their most valuable features, require to be especially protected and fostered; their religion wants to be enlightened, their ignorance to be instructed; they want to be stimulated to active persevering industry, and they should be encouraged to become, at one and the same time, agricultural and commercial people. But they must not be left to themselves: they are like children, and may be turned promptly either to good or to evil, but they require inspectors, teachers, and guardians; they want moral as well as political aid and control; and while, on the one hand, no power in Europe would desire to see the times and maxims of Philip II. revived, so

none will for a moment allow that Spain should become like some of her South American children, nor Portugal like Brazil. We have seen quite enough of the republican principle, both in the Old World and the New, to know that it is the worst of the three unmixed elements of a constitutional government. What the Peninsula wants, and what the Peninsula must have, are enlightened, but strongly aristocratical and monarchical governments;—the nobles and the princes of Spain and Portugal must be forced to exert themselves, and to fulfil the duties of their station; but this they will not do if they are not assisted and encouraged;—and the people must be rescued from the hands of their republican leaders, but this must be done under due control. Of one thing there is no doubt: a storm is brewing southward of the Pyrenees, and it is for us who live to the north to be prepared for it when it comes.

LITTLE JOHN FINALITY.

THERE lives a lord, whom men may call

A morsel of mortality;
In mind as well as members small,
Though Whigs extol the stature tall
Of little John Finality.

"Upon the Bill I fix my foot,"
Exclaim'd this sprig of quality;
"No further urge the rash pursuit;
For, by the Gods of Lilliput!
I'll stand on my finality."

Thus John remain'd a year or so
Opposed to Radicality;
Though many said 'twould prove nogo,
And thought this Whiggish world below
Too fickle for finality.

Hard is the half-reformer's fate,
(As witness old Egalit  :)
From mobs who worshipp'd him of late
He earns a double dose of hate
By mentioning finality.

As weak as those who leave Brown
Stout,
And take to Tea-totality,

John's friends no longer could hold out

Against the pressure from without
Which threaten'd their finality.

Then first the open-question plan
Made half his colleagues ballotry;
Through all their ranks the movement
ran;

Yet still 'twas thought our little man
Held fast his own finality.

But Walsall, Canterbury too,
And eke the Principality,
Now made the baffled Whigs look blue;
And John, at last, began to rue
His fondness for finality.

So, able to resist no more,
O'Connell with his wallet, he
Tries to throw up the franchise door,
And fill with Irish votes the floor
In aid of his finality.

But BULL begins his brows to bend
In wrath at such rascality:
And soon, as many signs portend,
Resolves to make a final end
Of John and his finality.

BANKING AND CURRENCY.

THE unfavourable state of commerce, during the last two or three years, has of course been felt severely in the manufactures and trade of the country; and, among other complaints to which this state of things gave rise in the manufacturing towns, was the very serious one against the Bank of England, of having occasioned the trading reverses and depreciation of prices, by their mismanagement of the currency. This accusation, embodied in a report of the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester, was replied to; and, as it appears to us, very ably refuted, by Mr Samuel Jones Loyd, the eminent banker in London, in a pamphlet published by him in January 1840, in the form of a letter to J. B. Smith, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce of Manches-

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Robert Peel.

Mr Hume.

Mr Labouchere.

Mr Goulburn.

Mr Mark Philips.

Mr O'Connell.

Sir James Graham.

Mr Clay.

Mr Gisborne.

Sir John Rae Reid.

Mr Oswald.

Mr Charles Wood.

The committee sat thirty-seven days, and examined nine witnesses, and have published a very large Report, containing, besides the evidence, a variety of returns relative to banking, and every matter that appeared to them calculated to elucidate the effect of banking operations on prices and commerce, and also an exceedingly useful index, referring to the different subjects of investigation, and analysing and classifying the oral and documentary evidence.

The examination of witnesses has only related to the management and measures of the Bank of England. The committee report that they consider the enquiry incomplete, and recommend a renewal of it in the present session, when of course the proceedings of other banks of issue will be investigated. We think it will then be shown that the management

ter. The publication of this led to further correspondence between these gentlemen; but ultimately, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into the effects produced on the commerce of the country by the paper circulation of banks of issue generally, before which were repeated, in the shape of evidence, the statements and opinions these gentlemen had previously advanced; and they themselves were subjected to a scrutinizing cross-examination of the committee, which, as will be perceived in the following list of its members, comprehended bank directors, private bankers, statesmen, and political economists of great experience, and very opposite opinions on the subject under investigation:—

Mr Rickford.

Mr Warburton.

Mr Pattison.

Mr Herries.

Mr Ellice.

Sergeant Jackson.

Mr Hector.

Mr Grote.

Sir Thomas Freemantle.

Mr John Abel Smith.

Mr Strutt.

Mr Matthias Attwood.

Mr Morrison.

of many of the Joint-stock banks has not only been ill adapted to benefit the manufacturing interest, or to secure stability of prices; but that great injury has been occasioned by that competition of bankers which resulted from the number of new establishments recently opened, (no less than forty-six in the year 1836,) and that their improvident advances of capital have led to uncalled for increase of factories, and extension of produce, and in their train to that depreciation of stock and property from which our manufacturers are still suffering.

It does appear to us, that the traders, merchants, and manufacturers of our principal commercial towns, have not taken a clear view of their own interest in embarking their surplus capital in the formation of this large number of new banking companies. Some publicity has taken place with

respect to the transactions of several of these banks, by which it has become known that, owing to the excitement of competition, anxiety to make an exhibition of profits, and inexperience, or worse, in the managers, they have made large and improvident advances to manufacturers and speculators; which have not only been attended with loss to the commercial shareholders in their character of bankers, but have made them suffer still more in their trading, mercantile, and manufacturing concerns, by placing them in competition with the imprudent, reckless, and in many cases penniless adventurers to whom the bank directors profusely dealt out the capital of the proprietors, the deposits for which they were responsible, and the paper money or bills of exchange they were empowered to issue.

We think that the members of the committee, and all who have studied the large volume which contains the particulars of their enquiry, will be disposed to agree with Mr Samuel Jones Loyd, who says, in his second letter to Mr J. B. Smith, "the practical conclusion, however, to be deduced from this discussion is clear—the necessity, namely, of separating effectually, and for ever, the power of issuing from that of deposit and every other branch of banking business." We shall explain in the succeeding part of this article a plan of regulating paper issues, which we believe has been proposed to the committee, and which seems to comprehend those checks and securities which have been found wanting hitherto; but must preface our explanation by some remarks on the mode of enquiry pursued, and on the working of the present system.

The committee very properly contains representatives of the various parties interested in the result of the enquiry; but though eventually that may be conducive to justice and public benefit, it evidently tends in the mean time not unfrequently to a partial, adverse, and harassing style of examination, with a view to maintaining or subverting various doctrines, advocated by contending interests in the committee, or connected with the members of it.

The examination is very much carried on with the object of establishing principles, doctrinal points, and defini-

nitions; and it appears to us that a great deal of time has been wasted in attempts at generalization, which the subject does not admit of. For instance, no one would be at a loss to answer whether a bank-note passing from hand to hand, is circulating medium or currency; but it is asked, whether a bill of exchange also comes within the same definition. Now it appears to us, that this question cannot be answered in the concise off-hand form that either of the opposing classes of interrogators desire, but requires a previous examination of the particular instrument, and tracing by its endorsements the history of the functions it has performed. Should it appear, by the endorsements, that a bill of exchange had passed through the hands of a great many holders in different parts of the country; that it had in fact been received in payment repeatedly; that, acquiring security by successive endorsements, it had been the means of various transfers of goods and property, and of the settlement of accounts, there can be no theoretical reason for drawing a distinction between such a bill of exchange and a bank-note, because practically their functions have been the same.

On the other hand, a bill of exchange may be, and frequently is, drawn merely for the purpose of fixing definitively the date of a payment, and never passes out of the hands of the drawer till the day of its being due. In that case, it has no title to be described as currency. A third, or intermediate case, is that of a bill being drawn, and circulated for a time, as in the case first mentioned, but afterwards discounted by a bank, or some other party, merely for the purpose of investment—that is to say, locking up that bill, and putting into circulation bank-notes, or what is indubitably circulating medium, in its place. Bills of exchange being subject to these perfectly different conditions or functions, how can it be justly predicated of them generally, that they are or are not currency?

With respect to a peculiar description of these bills, issued by a certain class of country bankers, and described in the examination of Mr J. B. Smith by Mr Rickford, we must confess that they appear to us very much in the light of what are called accommodation paper, and to constitute a form

of banking business that requires the attentive consideration of the committee.

Another great subject of investigation has been, whether circulation and deposits in the Bank of England are theoretically the same. We say theoretically, because the practical responsibility to meet a claim of payment on demand, is the same in either case. The Directors of the Bank of England do not, of course, conceive that, by destroying their own bank-note paid in by a depositor, they cancel their obligation to pay him on demand the amount of his deposit: then why labour at a definition? Whether the Bank is chiefly liable to a drain upon its bullion from depositors, or from the holders of bank-notes in circulation, is a point well worth enquiry, and practically of great importance in the management of the bank. Mr J. H. Palmer states (q. 1636), that a diminution of £3,311,000, in the stock of bullion, which took place in the first quarter of 1839, arose solely from the drafts of depositors, which is just what we should expect to be the invariable cause of drains of bullion.

From the moderate variation in the amount of bank-note circulation stated in the returns, we are led to infer that it seldom exceeds the actual necessity of the country—that is to say, no more notes are held by bankers, merchants, and the public, than the amount absolutely necessary for carrying on the immense trading, banking, and agricultural transactions of the country; the circulation appears to be never voluntarily reduced by the exchange of notes for bullion; but a reduction in the deposit-account always appears to be conjoined with a diminution of the stock of bullion; and this, we think, may be very naturally accounted for.

The deposit-account at the Bank of England is made up, in great part, of the funds of great merchants and exchange-brokers, or their representatives—the London bankers; that is to say, of capital peculiarly devoted to foreign transactions, and held in readiness for the equalization of the exchange. It has often happened that when—owing to particular currents in trade, foreign loans, and other circumstances—large payments in bullion have been rendered necessary for a lengthened period, the stock

of bullion has been nearly drained out by the abstraction of the deposits in that shape; whereas the Bank of England notes in circulation, which in the hands of private bankers and merchants are dead stock, or capital yielding no interest, are economized to the utmost, and therefore cannot be spared for operations on the stock of bullion. Indeed, in circumstances affecting general credit, they are held with more tenacity by the public, because bills of exchange become less negotiable, and therefore less available for the general purposes of trade.

If there were a general bank of issue, or a government issue of paper-money, the Bank of England would share with other banks, according to some certain rule or stint, and, under such circumstances, would not destroy the notes as they came in; but that would not alter the nature of their business in reality, though it might assist in establishing the correctness of this abstract principle—namely, the identity of deposits and bank-notes, which appears to some parties a matter of such serious importance.

It is to be presumed, that the promoters of this investigation respecting the alleged fact that changes in the amount of the paper-circulation have produced injurious effects on the trade and manufactures of the country, have in view the discovery and introduction of an improved system, calculated to prevent the recurrence of such evils. At any rate, that will probably be the object of the committee; for it is of less importance to ascertain whether the Bank of England, or the private and Joint-stock banks, have been in fault, than to correct a defective system, and secure the trading community from ruinous fluctuations, and the public from unsound or redundant paper-money. As it appears to us, the main object to be kept in view, in fixing the character and adjusting the amount of it, is to furnish that which can be safely and advantageously employed in domestic commerce, to guard against its being supplied in excess, and to prevent the inconvenience and distress resulting from its occasional and sudden contraction.

We are disposed to think in the present instance, as in most cases where opposite opinions and doctrines are put forth and pertinaciously ad-

vocated, that there is at the bottom a distinction of interests; and that the system of convertible paper-money is particularly well suited to the interests of great capitalists, foreign merchants, and exchange brokers—but attended with occasional contractions of the currency, and particularly ill suited on that account to the steady course of domestic commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, and to uniformity of prices. We are therefore inclined to a favourable view of the following plan, which is intended for the attainment of those objects; because we think the foreign exchange transactions could all be carried on without the convertibility of bank-notes on demand; and that at present the domestic concerns of the country, which are of far greater importance, are unnecessarily sacrificed to the maintenance of that principle.

Parliamentary Enquiry respecting the Currency, and its bearing on the Trade and Manufactures of the Country.

This enquiry into the circulation of notes payable on demand, relates to the weakest and most unguarded, but perhaps the most important part, of the whole system of public credit, of which, as of honour, it may be said—

“The least part crack’d, the whole doth fly.”

Notwithstanding that a very large proportion of the community is primarily or indirectly connected with the funds, and that the whole nation is deeply interested in the maintenance of public credit, it must be admitted that, so long as trade and commerce and the receipt of revenue appear to be going on favourably, the public at large have at all times manifested little anxiety on the subject of the currency; and the Government have allowed every convenient season to pass by for bringing into operation a more solid and secure system of carrying it on than the present. Over and over again, the causes of derangement, discredit, and danger, have been plainly distinguishable by all competent and watchful observers of the state of commerce

and banking operations; but they have been allowed their full scope and career of mischief, and it is only when the country is plunged in distress, and the whole financial system on the brink of ruin, that some enquiry like the present is instituted to investigate the most prominent symptoms of the national disease.

Previous to commenting on the evidence and information published in the Report of this Committee, it may not be inexpedient to call attention to the immense mass of property dependent on the stability of public credit, viz.—

- 1st, The different Stocks, Government Annuities, and Exchequer Bills.
- 2d, Savings' Banks.
- 3d, The Bank of England and all other banks, with reference to their notes, engagements, deposits, and capital.
- 4th, Trust investments for charities, &c.
- 5th, Money lodged in the Court of Chancery.
- 6th, Insurance offices, with reference to their capital and the validity of their policies.
- 7th, Tontines.
- 8th, Debts not secured by lands, houses, or tangible property.

A striking proof of the insecurity of our present paper circulation is exhibited in page 238 of the Report, wherein it appears that, on the 15th October 1839, the notes of the Bank of England in circulation were £17,646,000, and that the coin and bullion in their coffers at the same time amounted only to £2,466,000. It appears also, (Appendix, page 3,) that the amount of notes in circulation by private and joint-stock banks in England and Wales at the same period, was £11,422,445; and also, (Appendix, p. 276,) that the notes in circulation by private and joint-stock banks in Scotland at the same time, was £3,316,464, making a total of £32,384,909 of paper-money. The coin or bullion in possession of the private and joint-stock banks is not stated; but as it is notorious that they rely on Bank of England notes for meeting their engagements,* it is

* Mr Samuel J. Loyd, who is both a London and country banker, and has the fullest information on the subject of banking generally, says, in answer to Q. 2855,

probable that the total provision of coin or bullion held by the issuers of these £32,000,000 of paper-money, for the payment of which, on demand, they were responsible to the public, did not exceed £4,000,000 sterling.

At the same period the Bank of Ireland (Appendix, page 340) had £3,151,000 notes in circulation, with £1,235,400 in specie, by way of provision for their payment; and the private and joint-stock banks in Ireland (Appendix, p. 353) had £2,355,450 notes in circulation, but what provision of coin or bullion those private and joint-stock banks were in possession of at the same period, is not ascertained.

All these banks held large deposits at the same time, constituting an immense amount of additional liabilities; but the bullion stated above was the total provision both for notes and deposits—equally payable on demand.

In the Report on the Bank charter, printed in 1832, it appears (Appendix, page 37) that, on the 24th December 1825, the total amount of coin and bullion in possession of the Bank of England, was £1,027,000, and the liabilities of the Bank at the same time amounted to £32,403,000. It appears that, at other periods, the amount of bullion in the Bank coffers has amounted to nine and ten millions and upwards; but, owing to the varying demand of the public, the reduction of it is often very rapid. For instance, in January 1839, the coin and bullion in the Bank of England amounted to £9,048,000, but in October of the same year it was drawn down to £2,466,000.

The Bank being obliged to meet all demands of the public, by paying out gold coin or bullion in exchange for their notes, have no means of

retaining any part of their treasure, when a drain or demand for bullion occurs, but by rendering money scarce, and thereby preventing the reflux of their notes; and, for this purpose, they not only withhold issue of notes by advances to bankers, brokers, and other money dealers, but may be said to buy up their own notes, or pay off their own deposits by the sale of exchequer bills and other securities.

These indirect measures for counteracting the export of gold, which the demand for foreign corn and other circumstances from time to time occasion,* often come into operation when traders are unprepared for a contraction of the currency; and the commerce and manufactures of the country have suffered frequent derangements from the struggle with foreign countries for gold, as well as from excessive issue of paper in periods of tranquillity and confidence.

The parties primarily affected in either case are bankers, who, for the most part, watch the exchanges, and other indications of demand for gold, and in order to transact their business with security, promptly and largely contract their circulation when they perceive a demand for it coming on; otherwise, from the liability of being called upon to pay their notes in Bank of England notes or gold, they would not perhaps be able to meet the demands upon them. But it has been shown by the evidence before the Committee on joint-stock banks, that many bankers even are still negligent of these matters, and disregard variations in the exchanges, and other aspects of monetary affairs, which both their interest and their safety should induce them to watch. It is not surprising then that traders, agriculturists, and manufacturers, consider these matters quite

* Undoubtedly the duty of holding all the bullion requisite to sustain the whole paper currency of the country devolves, according to the present system, exclusively upon the Bank of England." Also, Q. 3584, "Does not the law as it now stands require from country banks only to pay their drafts in Bank of England notes, and does not the liability of providing bullion fall entirely upon the Bank of England?"—"Undoubtedly that is the present state of the law." 3585, "Then is not the Bank of England solely responsible for the amount of bullion being kept in that proportion which you consider the rule of the Bank requires?"—"Under the existing system, the Bank of England is placed in the situation of being obliged to find all the bullion that is requisite for maintaining the convertibility of the whole paper issues of the country."

* In 1839, a very great amount of bullion was carried out of the country, because it was the easiest and readiest way to pay for the foreign corn required.

beyond the sphere of their concerns, and never think about or notice exchanges at all; yet they are the parties who have to bear the brunt of reduced circulation. Probably, also, they cannot in their transactions be guided with much effect by such circumstances, because there is generally a long interval (often years) between the commencement and the perfecting of their undertakings, and they trust, sometimes fatally, that the ups and downs of the money market may not work against them.

It appears that the range of liabilities of the Bank of England is from £25,000,000 to £35,000,000—of discounts or advances on commercial bills, from £1,000,000 to £15,000,000—of bullion, from £10,000,000 to £2,500,000; and who can contemplate these large and important variations in the amount of treasure—of commercial accommodation—and of liabilities, without being impressed with the magnitude and urgency of the causes by which they are produced, and without a sense of danger from the present insufficient control over them by means of the power, as well as the vigilance and judgment, of the Bank Directors?

The means of the Bank Directors for controlling the circulation are not only indirect, and exercised with difficulty in the management of the Bank itself, but are chiefly ineffectual from the want of co-operation on the part of the other banks of issue in the kingdom. Indeed it appears by the various returns in the Appendix, that the country and joint-stock banks, instead of immediately following the example of the Bank of England, and calling in a part of their issue, when the state of the exchanges renders a drain of bullion probable, have on some occasions taken advantage of the gap left in the circulation by the contraction of the Bank of England issues, and pushed out an additional quantity of their own paper money.* The Directors of the Bank have never prematurely or unnecessarily resorted to the defensive or protective system, because diminution of discount and sale of securities, by which they contract the amount of their notes, are of course attended

with reduction of bank profits. When the assets of the Bank are made up of a large amount of securities, which give interest, and a small amount of bullion, which yields none, the profit of course is greater than when the bullion is abundant and the securities yielding interest reduced; and whatever other important objects the Directors have to keep in view, it cannot be expected that they should be wanting in attention to the stock and dividends of the Company. Nobody can go through the statement of liabilities and assets of the Bank (page 21; and also No. 1 of the Appendix), without being convinced that the Directors, in their non-adherence to that principle of regulating their issues by which the chairman professed their intention of being guided at the time of the last renewal of their charter, have erred or deviated from the system proposed, so as in effect to promote the interest of the proprietors of bank stock.

But the fact is, that this principle of regulating the paper circulation of the country has been very imperfectly acted upon; and when it has been partially carried into effect, viz. from May 1836 to January 1837, and from October 1838 to October 1839, it has caused stagnation of manufactures, and great commercial difficulties, though the reduction in the first period was less than £1,000,000 Bank of England, and £1,000,000 country bank-notes, to meet a reduction of £3,000,000 in bullion; and, in the second, £1,747,000 Bank of England, and £280,000 country bank-notes, to meet a reduction in bullion of £7,000,000. These half measures of the Bank Directors did not arise from any reluctance to act on their own principle, nor from any view to bank profits, but from conviction that the trade of the country was so much crippled by the scarcity of money, intentionally produced even by this limited action of the Bank for the object of upholding the "permanently convertible" principle, that extensive bankruptcy and commercial ruin would have ensued from carrying it further, with of course a most injurious reaction on the assets of the Bank. Whoever can interpret this modified proceeding otherwise than as a demonstra-

* Mr S. J. Loyd says, q. 2728, "We generally find that the first effect of a contraction of the Bank circulation is an increase of the country circulation."

tive proof of the impossibility of carrying such a principle into full operation, must remind the public of Dr Sangrado's observation, that his patient the licentiate died, because he had not been sufficiently bled and drenched with warm water.

Mr Horsley Palmer and Mr Norman, the Bank Directors, who have been examined respecting the management of the Bank, state the various circumstances by which they were led, and in some instances compelled, to deviate from the system they proposed to pursue. The examination of those gentlemen occupies 107 pages of the Report; and it will be found that the leading transactions and the management of the Bank, not only at particular periods of difficulty, but in all states of the money market, were thoroughly scrutinized with reference to the effect of their measures on the circulation, monetary transactions, and commerce of the country.

This examination leads to a conviction that the Directors have had functions to exercise of a far more serious and important nature, than merely the management of a bank on a very large scale; and also, that with whatever skill, judgment, and vigilance, they have watched and endeavoured to regulate the circulation, the indirect influence with which alone it is in their power to operate upon it, is, in the present extended and altered state of banking throughout the country, insufficient, and therefore that the system of the paper currency is unsafe.

A great difficulty in the limitation of the Bank issues arises from the pressure on the Bank of England for commercial discounts, when the bullion is low and Government securities thrown upon the market. If the Directors are not liberal at such periods, a clamour is raised; and it is understood that on more than one occasion the Bank has been recommended by Government to extend, instead of reducing the discount of commercial bills. It will be seen in the statement, No. 1 of the Appendix to the Report, that throughout the year 1838 the Bank possessed an ample stock of bullion, viz. from nine to ten millions; and it will be seen in the statement of liabilities and assets of the Bank in the same year, (Appendix, page 207 to 224,) that the commercial bills on discount, and lodged as security for advances on interest, which in effect is

the same thing, average about five millions; while in May 1839, when the stock of bullion was reduced to about four millions, the bills on discount had increased to eight millions; and, in October 1839, when the stock of bullion was reduced to two and a-half millions, the bills on discount had increased to ten millions, which shows that, though the Bank withheld money from bankers and bill-brokers, they were compelled by these large discounts to neutralize, in a great degree, their own measures for making money scarce.

The Bank Directors, private bankers, merchants, traders, and political economists who have been examined, all concur in stating that the present system is practically and scientifically wrong, and in recommending changes of one sort or another, admitting, at the same time, that it is expedient or rather indispensable to have paper money; but as no definite or satisfactory mode of regulating it has been brought forward, the following considerations are submitted as to the proper character, attributes, and extent, of the paper circulation required:—

1st, Paper money ought to be of ascertained security.

2d, It should be entirely independent of government action.

3d, In the regulation of its issue, through banks or individuals, it is necessary to prevent monopoly, but at the same time to guard also against issue on a very small scale.

4th, There should be a power of regulating its extent from time to time, or periodically, by the legislature.

5th, The paper money should be rendered secure from that foreign action which the public at large are incapable of foreseeing or guarding against.

6th, The whole operation of the system should be conformable to fixed rules, and under the administration of a responsible officer having no pecuniary interest in the results.

The following plan is founded on this basis, and its conformity to the principles proposed will be subsequently discussed:—

Banks and bankers to be respectively authorized to issue a certain sum of paper money on the deposit of securities to the same amount.

Securities to consist of *two-thirds* government stock, or exchequer bills, vested in trustees, and *one-third* gold coin or bullion deposited in the Bank of England, in the joint custody of the Bank and the same trustees.

The notes issued on these securities to be a legal tender within *twenty* miles of the place of their issue, in the same way as bank-notes are at present.

The interest of the vested securities producing interest to be paid by the order of the trustees to the depositors.

Total amount of paper circulation, and proportion of securities deposited, and proportion of gold coin or bullion deposited, to be fixed by an annual Parliamentary vote; not with a view to an annual alteration, but in order to bring the state of the circulation under the annual revision of Parliament.

All joint-stock banks and bankers that have been established and licensed five years,* to be at liberty to make application once per annum for privilege to issue, or keep in circulation, a proposed amount of notes on the above terms, but also subject to the payment in advance, and at once, of a certain rate per cent, by way of stamp-duty, on the notes they are allowed to issue.

The intermediate regulation of this issue, by transfer or otherwise, would be practicable, and might be allowed, under certain circumstances and conditions.

The notes to be stamped, signed, and numbered on one side by Government officers, and to be printed with the banker's plate on the other, and filled up in the usual manner previous to the issue. New notes to be issuable on the return of old ones cancelled.

The bankers to find paper, or pay Government for the same.

With reference to the proportion of the notes of issue, distributable to the different applicants, it may be observed, that there are several circumstances which would make it very material for banks and bankers to consider carefully the amount they should apply for, viz. :—

1st, The total amount of capital they will have to invest.

2d, The large proportion of that capital consisting in bullion, and therefore unproductive; possibly to the amount of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the total amount of their issue.

3d, The Government charge for stamps, possibly to the extent of 7s. per cent more.

4th, The fabrication of the notes, which would perhaps add 3s. per cent more.

5th, The certainty that, if they took out more than was required for their own circulation, the notes would remain dead and unproductive in their safe; and therefore, that though the charge of about £2 per cent would be inevitably incurred on the whole amount of notes they undertook to issue, the profit could only accrue on that portion which was on the average in circulation.

Nevertheless, as there would be a clear profit of near 3 per cent on that portion of the notes so obtained which they could keep in circulation, and as the bankers would secure themselves against the hazard of a run in this branch of their business, they might desire to possess themselves of the means of extending their operations; so that it is rather probable that the demands would exceed the total amount of paper money of which Parliament might be disposed to sanction the issue; and it would be exceedingly important to the public, that the allotment of issue to the different applicants should be made on right principles. Of these the most important seems to be, that local circulation of notes should not be put a stop to or materially varied; otherwise the trade and commerce of particular districts might be checked and injured. Consequently the most important object would be, in the first instance, and from time to time, to ascertain and record the circulation in every part of the kingdom, with a view to providing or permitting a local circulation as nearly commensurate with the local necessity or convenience as the total fixed amount of issue would afford. That is to say, a given amount of paper money being voted by Par-

* These amounts, and the space of circulation, would be matters for consideration; and in the first introduction of the plan, it would perhaps be considered inexpedient to encourage new banks of issue, unless those actually in existence thought it not worth while to avail themselves of the government paper, to a sufficient extent for the business of the country.

liament, regard to be had to the public convenience in the local apportionment of its issue, rather than to the individual objects of the parties desirous to issue notes.

Provided the total of demand for issue exceeded the amount sanctioned by Parliament, the limitation would chiefly be made in proportion as the claims from particular districts exceeded the ascertained amount of their previous circulation. No reduction would be desirable (unless the average required it) where the local claim fell short of that amount.

In the absence of claim from any particular district, where a circulation of local notes had previously existed, it might be desirable to make such an event known to neighbouring banking establishments, and to invite an extension of their proposals, in order to prevent any void that might be inconvenient to the public. The Bank of England would, of course, be large issuers, and might supply local demand by transactions with bankers as they do at present, in the manner described in the return, (Appendix, No. 6, page 11.)

If the system were once established, the future working of it, in conformity to these principles, would not be difficult; but the privilege of issue ought not to be too readily granted to new bankers, or permitted on too small a scale. Perhaps no issuer should be allowed to pay for less than £10,000.

The returns obtained by the committee, the evidence it is in their power to elicit, and the amount of applications from bankers desirous of issuing notes, would enable Parliament to judge, in the commencement of this new issue, of the necessary amount of notes. The proportion of bullion to be deposited might be determined partly by information obtained from various sources of the stock in the country; in addition to which, the applicants might be required to tender the amount they were prepared to deposit, with an intimation that the largest depositors of bullion would be preferred as issuers. On subsequent occasions, Parliament might derive perfectly ac-

curate information from the actual working of the measure; but it would be desirable to fix the standard for the amount of bullion deposit, making it as high as the nature of the circulation would enable issuers to afford; and in the event of that amount not being attained in the first issue, or of Parliament authorizing, in any particular state of mercantile or monetary affairs, a temporary reduction of bullion, and substitution of other securities in lieu of the portion of bullion given up, the interest of those securities should accrue to the State.

It will be found that a paper currency of this description conforms in all respects to the proposed principles.

I. Considered in the abstract, the power of creating paper notes to represent, and take the place of, and supersede, sterling money, is so extraordinary a privilege, that it seems surprising that any individual or copartnership should be allowed to exercise it under any circumstances; but infinitely more so when, as has long been the case in this country, it is permitted without any means being taken to ascertain the pretensions or property of the parties, without any restrictions as to amount, and without any peculiar responsibility in the event of the paper notes ultimately turning out worthless.

The consequence of this has been, that in very many cases the confidence of the public has been enormously abused, and that the poorer classes, in particular, have suffered great losses owing to the issue of large amounts of notes by parties who, in a proper state of the law, would never have been allowed in that way to impose upon the public.

It appears by the return No. 6, in the appendix to this Report,* that the value of this paper money to those who propose to use it for banking purposes, (*i. e.* to make a further profit upon it,) is about 3 per cent per annum, so that there is great temptation to engage in the manufacture of it; but surely that ought only to be permitted by the legislature on the very reasonable conditions of its value being ascertained, and in a manner stamped

* " APPENDIX, No. 6.

" The number of country bankers who act with Bank of England notes exclusively, having fixed amounts assigned; the total amount of the credit; and the rate at which they [pay] discount—(being a continuation of Appendix, No. 48, of the Report from the Committee of Secrecy on the Bank of England Charter, 11th August 1832.)

upon it, and its extent accurately defined.

It is not only advantageous to issuers, but it is convenient, and in many cases beneficial, to the public to have notes instead of gold and silver; but those notes should be *representative*, not—as has too often been the case—*fictitious* money.

The principal charge to which, by this plan, it is proposed to subject the issuers of paper money, will arise from the locking up or deposit of bullion, which, like all hoards of treasure, must be unprofitable; but in this case the profit is derived from its representative the paper notes, which are more convenient for commercial purposes, and circulate with so much greater rapidity, that a given amount of business can be transacted with not more than one-third the amount that would be required of coin. Notes, therefore, would and must be used, even if their whole value were to be required in deposit of bullion; but that, of course, could not be accomplished.

There ought, to a certain extent, to be a solid basis of gold coin for every paper circulation; the larger the better in ordinary times,* so that, in case of dearth, or any peculiar national emergency, a large proportion might be liberated without hazard to the established system of currency.

The general introduction of this new element (that is to say, ascertained security) into paper money, involves, of course, the making it a legal tender to the extent proposed; because, if you take from an issuer (and lock up)

the funds by means of which he is to pay his notes, you must for the time secure him from the demand for payment.

This seems like the introduction of a new principle into the system of paper money, viz. permanent inconvertibility instead of "permanent convertibility;" but, in fact, it has been distinctly acted upon for a very long period with the notes of the Bank of England—that is to say, the only paper money for which any ascertained security existed; and it has taken place practically throughout Britain for many years, because notes have uniformly, and without scruple or objection, passed current in all cases where the solvency of the issuer was credited, or rather where his insolvency was not suspected.

The change of system proposed, is to provide for the country a secure and limited domestic circulation, independent of transactions with foreign countries, and not acted upon by the fluctuations of the exchanges; and it is thought that, by rendering all notes as good as Bank of England notes, they would perform all the functions of those notes with equal satisfaction to the public.

According to the present system of regulating the bank-note circulation with a view to the "permanent convertibility of paper," it is systematically established that every foreign demand for bullion, from whatever cause or quarter it may originate, shall derange entirely the paper circulation of this country, and, as a consequence

	No.	£
Gloucester, . . .	1 . .	140,000
Manchester, . . .	3 . .	570,000
Swansen, . . .	1 . .	28,000
Birmingham, . .	6 . .	372,000
Liverpool, . . .	7 . .	1,035,000
Newcastle, . . .	3 . .	315,000
Hull, . . .	1 . .	20,000
Portsmouth, . . .	1 . .	10,000

23-

£2,490,000

Rate of discount charged to the country bankers having fixed amounts, £3 per cent per annum.

Bank of England,
3d April 1840.

M. MARSHALL,
Chief Cashier."

* It appears that, in January 1824, the Bank of England had L.14,100,000 of bullion in their coffers—*Report on Bank of England Charter*, page 127. Mr S. J. Loyd, Q. 3086, says, "I should say that, if you took it at one-third, at a period of full currency, you would have a very ample amount of bullion, but I am speaking rather loosely upon the point;" and, 3087, Mr Loyd seems to think there have been periods when bullion has been in the hands of the Bank of England equal to one third of the aggregate circulation of the country.

of that, its internal and foreign commerce, the prices of goods, the activity of manufactures, and the wages of the manufacturing classes.

The following evidence of the late Mr Rothschild in the House of Commons' Report on the Bank resuming cash payments, published 1819, shows how all this mischief may be inflicted on the country, from causes which really ought not to have the slightest influence on the public or private affairs of this empire:—

"Do you know whether a considerable quantity of bullion has gone out of this country on account of foreign loans?—Certainly, an immense deal.

"Was there a particular demand for gold in Russia on account of the loan made there?—The gold in Russia has paid from 10 to 15 per cent profit.

"Was any considerable part of that gold sent from this country?—No, not so much from this country as from Paris and from Germany.

"What effect upon the exchange between Paris and Petersburg had the sending that quantity of gold from Paris to Petersburg?—The premium on gold rose in Paris from 1 to 1½ per cent; in Hamburg about 2½ per cent; in Berlin 2 per cent; in almost every place on the continent it improved from 1 to 2 per cent.

"With what do you compare it? silver, or the price of other commodities?—With silver.

"Had that demand for gold in Russia any particular effect upon the price of bullion in the English market?—Yes, certainly; it rose, I believe, about 2s. per oz., from 81s. to 83s.

"Supposing the Bank to have been paying in cash, would not the same rise in the price of gold have taken place in consequence of such a demand?—I think not, because a great deal of our coinage would have gone there.

"The price of gold having risen considerably at Petersburg, would not that high price have had a natural tendency to attract gold from all other parts of the world as to a better market?—When gold was paying so well in Russia, gold went from all places on the continent to Russia, and gold rose in almost every place, in France, in Prussia, in Austria, and almost every where.

"Supposing the same thing were to take place again, and there was an extraordinary demand in Russia, that they chose

to give a larger price than it was worth, would not that attract it from this country as well as from every other?—Certainly; if you pay in gold, and the Russian Government gives a greater price for it, a great deal of the specie will go there; and if you issue gold at 77s. 10½d., the people will get more profit by vending your gold than by purchasing it, on the continent.

"Supposing such a case to arise again, and that the bank were to be paying in cash, would not such an extraordinary demand, and such an extraordinary price abroad, drain us of the gold in circulation? No doubt it would."

II. It is hardly necessary to point out how completely distinct a paper circulation of this kind is from a Government or national paper money. The issue of notes would be confined, as at present, to individual responsibility, and proportioned, of course, to commercial and local demand with exact precision, instead of being issued *ad libitum* for the necessities of the state.

III. Neither in this case would there be monopoly, but equal justice, as well as general security. The Bank of England, joint-stock banks, and private bankers would be placed in a fair state of competition, and subjected to a rateable charge for the provision of bullion; the duty, responsibility, and expense of which now fall exclusively on the Bank of England; and, on the other hand, the issue of paper money, which is a matter of general concern, would be in no way mixed up with the private trading operations of the Bank of England. There might be some errors in the first proceedings of issuers, and they might be allowed to adjust their issues, in the early stages of the measure, subject to the important consideration of local supply before mentioned, but after the first year there would be no practical difficulty in the working of the system.

IV. The useful and important power of regulating, or rather controlling, the amount of paper circulation, would by this mode be for the first time satisfactorily and completely established, and the greatest of all the evils and dangers of paper money would be obviated by the opportunity of guarding against its excess.

* Examination of Mr S. J. Loyd, q. 2859, "If the Bank of England, in order to meet the occasional demands of the country issuers for gold, is obliged to keep a larger reserve of gold, does not this diminish the profits of the Bank of England?—Undoubtedly.

Of course the amount of paper issue would have to be determined by strict investigation of all circumstances appertaining to that part of the subject, in which many weighty considerations are involved.

In answer to q. 2686, "Is the amount of bills of exchange dependent in some degree on the quantity of money?" Mr Loyd says, "I apprehend that it is dependent in a very great degree; I consider the money of the country to be the foundation, and the bills of exchange, to be the superstructure raised upon it; I conceive that bills of exchange are as important form of banking operations, and the circulation of the country is the money in which these operations are to be adjusted: any contraction of the circulation of the country will act of course upon credit—bills of exchange being an important form of credit, will feel the effect of that contraction in a very powerful degree—they will in fact be contracted in a much greater degree than the paper circulation. This point was adverted to in the enquiries of the committee of 1832, and the question was put in a very pointed form to Mr Burgess, the secretary of the Country Bankers' Association, and I have therefore extracted the question put, and his answer to it. 'Is it the result of your experience that, upon a contraction of the issues of the bank-taking place, the amount of bills of exchange is also narrowed; and is it in the exact ratio, or in a very increased ratio?'—'It is in a very increased ratio.' I believe that answer to be perfectly correct."

In answer to q. 3305, "Do you not apprehend that all those other modes of payment—such as bills of exchange, notes payable on demand, deposits, and so forth, as the precious metals are the ultimate commodity to which all those are referable—are limited in their amount, and must bear a certain proportion to the coined specie of the country?" Mr Tooke says, "Unquestionably." Q. 3306, "And the precious metals being supposed to be invariable, the amount of bills of exchange, notes payable on demand, and so forth, can only fluctuate within certain moderate limits?—I beg leave to say that, within short periods, and be-

fore the principle of limitation can apply, there may be a very great fluctuation."

A very large portion of this enquiry consists in the examination of Mr Page, and most of the other witnesses, as to the identity of deposits and circulation. Whether the distinction be real or theoretical, the fact is evident, that any bank or banker is equally liable to be called upon for payment of either on demand; but with reference to fixing the amount of paper circulation upon the principles proposed, the point assumes a very practical character.

In the Bank of England returns of circulation, they report only the amount of notes actually out; and it appears that as the notes are brought in they are cancelled; and probably the returns of all other banks and bankers are on the same principle, though they differ in practice by not destroying the notes paid in, but using them by re-issue till they become worn out. Now, under the circumstances of each bank and banker contracting for certain specific amounts of notes, they must provide for their deposit-account or rest, as well as for the amount of notes actually in circulation, which, if we mistake not the nature of the country returns, would in both cases greatly swell the aggregate amount;* and the necessity of that apparent, though not real, amount of issue would have to be considered by the legislature in fixing the total amount of paper-money to be allowed. The danger in this is all on the side of excess, and the advance of capital, and deposit of bullion, now first required from issuers, would be a powerful check against that.

V. The paper circulation would no longer be subject to fluctuations from the necessity of adapting it to the foreign demand for bullion. If the commerce of the country absolutely required on certain occasions the export of bullion, the legislature might from time to time allow a limited and temporary abstraction from the mass of deposit; but the currency of the country, and its internal trading operations, would not be affected by the liberation of such portions of bullion.

* It is probable that the amount of Bank of England notes held by country bankers might be reduced under the system of circulation proposed; but that might be a subject of enquiry by the Committee.

We are, however, inclined to think that the necessity for it would very seldom occur; partly because merchants and exchange-brokers, if compelled to pay a premium for gold coin, which may be anticipated under such circumstances, would adopt other means for providing themselves with the gold that might be necessary for their own transactions with foreign countries, and partly because a productive, mercantile, and manufacturing country like Britain would rarely have the balance of exchange against her with any part of the world. During the existence of an ill-regulated and therefore redundant paper circulation, a large exchange transaction, for a foreign loan or coinage, would be actually serviceable, by demonstrating the excess of our paper circulation, and compelling its reduction. But when it appears that the exportation of three or four millions of gold bullion has an injurious and distressing effect on all our trading and manufacturing interests, and on the state of the labouring classes, it must be admitted that the country pays very dear, in the operation of the permanently convertible principle, for enabling a huge capitalist to work out his grand operation, some three or four per cent cheaper, by draining the bank of its bullion, than he would accomplish it by realizing, in different parts of the continent, merchandise, produce, or manufactures, and drawing the net proceeds in gold to the required focus, in the manner described in Mr Rothschild's evidence, before quoted. Two or three of the victims who, in the final result, are saddled with foreign national bonds, active and passive debts, bank shares, and other trash, for which some genius of the Stock Exchange invented the term "securities," might be examined as to the national benefit of facilitating the outflow of bullion from the bank for future speculations of the like nature.

Even under the circumstances of a demand for foreign corn, the payment is made by bullion chiefly to facilitate the transaction. In most cases, the corn required could be purchased by the sale or barter of produce, merchandise, or manufactures, though perhaps it would cost more; but it would be far better for the country to submit to that, than to the contraction of the currency necessarily resulting from the export of bullion under the

"permanently-convertible" principle, which stops manufactures, and renders cheap labour the concomitant of dear bread.

Mr Loyd says, q. 2870, that nothing will secure the permanent convertibility of the paper currency but a constant regulation of the amount of that paper currency by the variations of the exchange, because, without that, the paper currency, whatever other measures you may resort to, may be liable to permanent depreciation. The answer to this is, prevent excess, and you prevent depreciation.

VI. Of course the regulation of this currency, by an officer acting on prescribed rules, but competent to judge with nice discrimination of their application in all cases, would be preferable to a board of bank directors, having interests of their own to mislead their judgment; and such officer would of course be responsible to Government and Parliament.

The plan proposed would have no visible difference to the public at large, except in the aspect of the notes arising from the new description of stamp; and with those of the bank of England there need not even be that change, if Government think proper to confide to the directors, on certain conditions, the management of that portion of issue they may contract for, in their present mode, subject to terms of supervision and verification that may be satisfactory to Government. The whole operation of the measure would be between Government and the banks and bankers; the transactions of the latter with the public would be the same as at present in appearance, and nearly the same in fact—the total change in the nature of paper money would be unseen. It is, however, necessary to bear in mind that the whole principles of issue being altered, a great deal of the reasoning that has been justly applied to the system at present acted upon has no bearing upon that very different system proposed; nevertheless the latter is not inconsistent with one very general theorem, enunciated by Mr S. J. Loyd, viz. q. 3074, "I apprehend the sound principle to be, that you put a correct restraint founded on principle upon the paper money of the country; and that being strictly and correctly regulated, all transactions, all forms of credit, all superstructure that is raised

upon that paper money will then be kept within their legitimate bounds."

With reference to the system now in operation we have from the same authority, "that the amount of paper should be represented by an amount of securities which never varies, and an amount of specie which is left to fluctuate with the fluctuation of the amount of notes out."

Mr J. H. Palmer, bank director, the first and most important witness on the part of the bank, says, q. 1142, "The reduction of the circulation, so far as may be dependent on the bank, being subsequently solely affected by the foreign exchanges, or by internal extra demand;" and afterwards, q. 1143, he explains the system of the bank to be, "as far as may be practicable to throw the action of the increase or decrease of the circulation upon the public, with reference to the state of the foreign exchanges in the import or export of bullion." Mr Palmer's examination then goes on:—

1145. "Is the committee to understand, that the object of keeping the amount of securities nearly invariable, is to preserve a certain fixed amount of notes outstanding, and to suffer the remainder of the circulation to be regulated by the action of the public exclusively?—Certainly.

1146. "Is the proportion of one-third reserve in bullion fixed with regard to the circulation only, or with regard to the joint capacity of the bank as a bank of issue and a bank of deposit?—In regard to the joint character of the Bank as a bank of issue and a bank of deposit."

It is to be understood from this, that when merchants and exchange brokers draw upon the bank of England for bullion to be exported, the bank-notes that they pay to the bank on the occasion are not to be re-issued,* in order that by that means the aggregate of notes in circulation being reduced, money may be rendered scarce throughout the country that Bank of England notes cannot be parted with to a large extent for this operation on the bullion.

The actual transactions of the bank, especially taken in conjunction with those of the other paper money issuers

of the country, have, it appears from evidence in the report, by no means corresponded with this interpretation of the proposed system of action; but it would be unjust to the bank directors not to point out that any departure from their own system probably results from the ill working of the whole paper-money system of the country, which is neither regulated by the bank of England, nor by any satisfactory principle.

Evidence of Mr W. R. Wood:—

667. "Are you not aware that Mr Horsley Palmer, in his pamphlet on the conduct of the Bank of England, published early in the year 1837, ascribed the drain for gold during the year 1836 to the demand for gold which originated in the United States?—I think his statement was, that he ascribed it in a great measure, not I think wholly, to the demand for gold for America; that the gold did go to America, there is, I believe, no doubt; but I apprehend, first, that if the bank had acted upon the rule of regulating the amount of her circulation by the fluctuations of the bullion, the demand of gold for America would soon have checked itself; and, secondly, that, acting as the Bank did act, the gold was sure to go away, either to America or somewhere else.

668. "Have you any further statement to make with reference to the conduct of the Bank of England?—In the course of the year, from January the 1st, 1837, to January the 1st, 1838, things were brought back to a healthy position; the amount of securities, representing the circulation, the bullion, and the circulation, [deposits,] being all brought back to something like the points from which they had departed; but in the year commencing January the 1st, 1839, the Bank pursued the same course as in 1836, and with the same unfortunate results. From the 1st of January 1839, to the 1st of January 1840, there is an increase in that portion of the securities which, conjointly with the bullion in the Bank, represents the circulation, of more than £4,000,000 in what ought to be a fixed amount; there is a decrease in the deposits of more than £3,000,000, whilst there is an actual increase of more than £1,000,000

* I am disposed to concur with several of the witnesses in considering a large proportion of the Bank deposits precisely the same, to all intents and purposes, as bank-notes in circulation.

in the total securities; the Bank, therefore, in place of selling securities to meet the amount of £3,000,000 of deposits withdrawn, actually increased her securities; and the consequence was that she was on the verge of stopping payment. This calculation is made without reference to alterations which ought to be made for the Paris loan, which makes the matter so much the worse.

669. "You are aware that the rule you have stated for the management of the issues is not a rule which the Bank of England has herself laid down; can you state any case in which injury has arisen from the Bank's departing from such rules as she has herself laid down?—The rule of the Bank, I believe, proceeds upon the assumption that the deposits and the circulation are precisely upon the same footing with regard to the provision which she is bound to make for meeting them; but in the year 1839, the Bank departed from her own rule by increasing the securities. Mr Horsley Palmer, in his evidence in 1832, in answer to question 84, says, he considers it important to keep the securities at as nearly the same amount as can be managed. Mr Warde Norman, in his evidence in 1832, in answer to question 2394, says, the object is to keep the securities, upon the whole, at the same amount, or nearly the same amount. In 1839, the Bank increased her securities from £21,680,000 to £22,913,000, or more than a million. The rule of providing for a drain upon her deposits by a sale of securities would have told her to reduce her securities; her own rule would have told her to remain at all events stationary. In violation of her own rule, she increased her securities, and the committee are aware how nearly very serious consequences have resulted from this.

And Mr S. J. Loyd says, 3077, "Under the existing system, the deviations from the state requisite to be maintained for the certain preservation of convertibility, have been such, that reflecting persons, and indeed the whole community, have been seriously apprehensive that payment in gold on demand would cease; and therefore we are now dealing not with an evil that has actually occurred, but with a danger of the occurrence of that evil

which has been of the most imminent and alarming kind."

It is probable that the confusion and discrepancy discovered in any attempt to reconcile system and practice in the management of the paper circulation, result partly from the mixture of the regulation of the currency with banking operations in general, which, though they have never yet been separated in practice, are in their nature perfectly distinct.

How the Bank of England and other bankers may deal with stocks, exchequer bills, deposits, and bills of exchange, is a matter which it is unnecessary for Government to control, or for the committee to be informed of. The parties concerned in managing those things, with due care of their own interest, are not suspected of endangering that of the public; but there is ample experience and evidence that the creation of paper money cannot be left to the uncontrolled management of the same parties, without extreme hazard to the most important interests of the country. Mr Norman says, q. 3324, "The rule of 1832 certainly acted satisfactorily about the period referred to in the question, but I certainly consider that it is a rule founded on incorrect principle, and which cannot be maintained at all times and under all circumstances; and it seems to me that the error of the rule, as I have already so often stated, arises from its uniting deposits and circulation, and mixing together the business of issue and ordinary banking business, which I conceive ought to be completely separated."

Upon this one subject there is complete agreement among all the witnesses, though they differ as to the mode and principles of the future regulation of the paper currency; and those best qualified to form an opinion on the subject are not only undecided as to plan, but are evidently unable to point out any system of conducting the issue that would be satisfactory to the country.

A distinct bank of issue seems to be rather the favourite project; but we apprehend that the country at large would at once repudiate such a scheme.—How is such a bank to be constituted? How managed? Is it to be an overwhelming monopoly? or a Government engine?

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NIEBUHR.

HERE was a distinguished man ; of a distinguished father the more distinguished son. Few people but have heard his name as a name of power and revolutionary value in the historical application of old Pagan fables, previously useless or incoherent. Many are aware of the particular direction given to his researches—that through the best part of his life that direction tended determinately towards Roman antiquities, and of the particular success which crowned them—that it was the success of a creator. It is known pretty generally, perhaps, that the Roman history, before and after Niebuhr, corresponds, by analogy, to the system of the heavens before and after Sir Isaac Newton. Kepler, before Newton, had delivered pregnant oracles of truth ; and, without those, even Newton must have wasted his powers. So had many writers directed a fixed stream of sceptical light upon the fables of the early Roman history ; and without such an awakening of his attention, it is possible that the combining faculty of Niebuhr might never have been solicited to that field of enquiry. The echo of the internal contradictions amongst Roman fables might have sounded less clamorous in his ear ; and the harvest of new truths, or of new relations amongst old ones, might have seemed less promising in the prospect, even where the existing barrenness was most painfully undeniable. Not, therefore, absolutely without a warning from his predecessors, did Niebuhr come to this great

task. Glareanus had sent forward a morning breeze over the dead sea of the Roman annals ; Bayle had shot his sceptical spirit into the most superficial of the Roman legends ; Beaufort, amidst his general superficiality, had laid bare some veins of new truth, leading into far ampler strata ; Perizonius had operated on the same general body of materials in a mode better adapted for lasting results, though less immediately attractive. Then came the great events of Niebuhr's own times ; the resurrections, as from the dead, of three separate authors, indispensable to his full success—viz. Lydus, Gaius, and Cicero *De Republica*. Secondly, the great lights which Savigny was able to spread over the Roman jurisprudence, and the advantage at one time of daily intercourse with this oracle of civil law. Thirdly, the favour of the Prussian Government, shown both personally to Niebuhr, and with almost equal benefit to his studies, through the munificence applied to two royal foundations—the universities of Bonn and Berlin.

At the time when Niebuhr reached mature manhood, it might be said that for Roman history both philosophy and learning had severally done its utmost ; and as yet with no result whatever. Archæology, applied to Roman infancy, was confounded. Political sagacity, applied by the very subtlest of political thinkers to the same impracticable problem, had terminated in the same unprofitable result. Machiavel had failed ; Montes-

quieu had failed. Neither had, in that way of approach, been able to find or to make a path amongst the shapeless ruins of Roman antiquities. The great edifice of Roman polity, and (as depending upon that) of Roman history, seemed at length to be a *condemned* problem; hopeless, intractable—a mystery, an opprobrium. At such a point arose Niebuhr. Was he arrogant? No; he was diffident, and full of reverence for his predecessors. Was he learned? Yes; but so had been many of the greatest who had failed. Did he confide in his own native sagacity? Yes, and with reason; but he remembered that all their sagacity had not delivered Machiavel and Montesquieu from the unparalleled labyrinth. Both of these men had seriously written nonsense at times upon Roman affairs. What else could be looked for? Had not both argued from mere chimeras as from a basis of demonstration? Had not both allowed the strength of sworn documents and monumental institutions to legends and nursery tales, more baseless or more disconnected than the fables of the Hesperides? Trusting, then, in what accomplishments, in what new lights, or in what accidents of luck, had Niebuhr dedicated a life of activity to a task apparently so unpromising? Perhaps that very fact—the fact that he allotted a life unbroken in its energy to a theme which, for others, had been but an occasional amusement—might be the original cause that he succeeded, and that he ever hoped to succeed. Perhaps he might be aware that, if, in comparison with himself, others brought some one talent, separately more dazzling, to the enterprise, no other, amongst them all, brought so rich a combination of talents. And perhaps, above all other gifts, or coincidences of gifts, he might rely secretly upon some felicitous conjecture, or some fruitful hint, such as accident sometimes reveals to the unpretending, and hides from generations of haughtier scholars.

Barthold George Niebuhr, son of the Arabian traveller, was born at Copenhagen on the 27th of August 1776. His position in life was fortunate from his very birth. His father had been now a settled man for nine years. His wanderings amongst oriental nations were over; but the dis-

tinction which these travels had conferred upon his name was diffused over Christendom; and throughout Europe there was no land, perhaps no principal city, in which the name of Niebuhr the traveller would not have secured friendly services, from his direct personal connexions, on behalf of his son. This was an advantage which one generation of thirty years would naturally have obliterated. But Niebuhr the son showed such early activity in moving about the world, that every where he surprised what might be called the rear-guard of his father's friends before the wear and tear of life had summoned them to strike their tents. For his father's sake, every where he received the warmest welcome; and in this way his genial disposition was happily expanded. The churlishness and the quarrelsomeness of German scholars, which doubtless oftentimes originate in their own early difficulties, found no encouragement in the circumstances of Niebuhr's life. For him no harsh necessity existed of fighting his way to distinction. All doors flew open to a young man armed with his recommendations; and if any peril beset him, it was—that too prosperous a commencement of life might possibly remove him altogether from the healthy trials of difficulty and opposition.

Another advantage for the youthful Niebuhr respected his education. He was so placed as to drink in knowledge without an effort from his childish days. We have always been satisfied, that, in training the intellect of a child, it is a matter of no consequence what class or quality of knowledge you select; with this one restriction, that it be fitted to engage the interest of a childish understanding, and frequent in its appeals to the eye. Now, of course, a traveller of eminence could not be supposed without a cultivated sense for the great field of geography and geographical discovery. No age had contributed so powerfully to the improvement of geography as that of D'Anville, Rennell, and their contemporaries. Maps accordingly were provided in excess for the young Niebuhr; and the father's own personal experience, which had extended even to East Indian regions, made him the very best guide in turning them to account. As an interpreter

for his son, the elder Niebuhr appeared in the triple character of an amateur, a scholar, and a practical traveller. But a wider advantage, which the son drew from the accomplishments of his parents, connected itself with his early attainments as a linguist. Both parents were German by immediate descent; but both had been connected by accidents with Denmark. The father had been officially a servant of the Danish Government, and is usually styled the Danish traveller in Arabia; the mother had been reared in a domestic circle at Copenhagen. Consequently the family was *bilingual*; German and Danish were equally familiar to each parent; but, by preference or by accident, the father usually spoke German, the mother Danish. Naturally, therefore, without an effort, the son spoke both.

Thus, and in mere childish play, without an effort, or a conscious act of learning, were two steps taken of some importance towards the future training of the boy; not so much for the attainments made, as for the direction given to his pursuits, and the unexpected value of their results. In a Turkish war, which arose for Austria in his boyhood, all the events and the motions of the armies had an instantaneous meaning and significance, from the minute local acquaintance which his father had founded in his mind with the theatre of the campaigns. He found the use of a severe geography, built upon the great arteries of rivers and the spinal column of the chief mountains, connected with the lateral processes or ribs of dependant hills, almost before he had consciously reviewed his own obligations to this paternal instruction. With respect to languages, again, he soon found himself growing into a polyglot scholar before he knew how to apply his learning. The reader may judge of Niebuhr's attainments in this field from the following memorandum of his father, written, it is true, when the son had reached his 31st year, but looking back to earlier days:—

"My son is in Memel, at which place, finding the journey to Riga impracticable for the present, he began immediately to learn Russian. He was two years old when he came to Meldorf, consequently, German may be regarded as his mother tongue. At school or college he learned, 2.

Latin; 3. Greek; 4. Hebrew; at home in Meldorf, 5. Danish; 6. English; 7. French; 8. Italian. A casual shipwreck in our neighbourhood, which strewed the shore with books, led him to learn, 9. Portuguese; 10. Spanish. Of Arabic, I cannot say that he learned much at home, which arose from my Arabic lexicon having been lent to a distant friend: in the family of the Austrian ambassador at Copenhagen, who happened to have been born in Constantinople, he acquired, 11. Persian; and 12. Arabic. In Holland he acquired, 13. the Dutch; in Copenhagen, 14. Swedish, and a little Icelandic. In Memel he mastered, 15. the Russian; 16. the Slavonic; 17. the Polish; 18. the Bohemian; 19. the Illyrian; and, if to this list I should add the Low German, that would complete the cycle of twenty languages. Pardon this little sally of paternal pride."

The only accident of any interest, which ruffled the profound tranquillity of Niebuhr's childhood, was the most alarming perhaps in the whole cycle of human calamities. When eight years old, he was hit by a dog supposed to be mad. To complete the misery of the case, the dog was destroyed before any examination of its condition could be made. The sequel showed, either that the dog had not been diseased, or that the *virus* (as sometimes happens) had been in too weak a state for absorption into the system; and the misery of suspense, through two or three months, though great for the parents, was naturally a shadow without a meaning to the child.

The course of the young Niebuhr's life up to four-and-twenty, is soon stated. When he was two years old, by way of evading a surveying mission amongst the snows of Norway, his father accepted a situation of some value in Dithmarsh, part of the Danish continental territory. The capital of Dithmarsh is Meldorf, once a flourishing city, but reduced by two sieges and conflagrations to a quiet provincial village. The elder Niebuhr has been well described by his son in 1816. Imagine a short square figure, of great strength, robust health, and the simple habits of a peasant—habits which he had strengthened by his residence in the desert with the abstemious children of Ishmael. He had

a private estate—a good official income besides—and was moderately rich throughout his son's life. Yet he never deviated from a Holstein peasant's diet; wine even, or any liquor but milk, he rarely tasted, and only in civility or hospitality. Morally, he was a man of most upright nature; kind and indulgent to error, but stern in his own principles. Hence arose his two distinguished passions in life—love and veneration for the English character, and a perfect mania of hatred to the French. With respect to the former trait, it had been strengthened by his extensive experience of the British character in Syria, Turkey, Egypt, India, and generally through the East. He was also in the habit of repeating that memorable, though unpalatable truth, expressed by an English minister to a man of the continent about 1770:—"Sir, there are but two subjects worth a wise man's consideration: politics and religion—our state here, and our state hereafter. On neither of these *dare* your continental people talk." The other trait was less intelligible; for he had himself received from the leading literary bodies of Paris the highest honours they could confer, and from Britain none at all. Moreover, two classes of the French scholars he fully appreciated—their mathematicians through the better half of the 18th century, and their oriental scholars. No sort of knowledge was more valued by him—eastern philology, from the accidental direction of his own travels; and mathematics, from his natural turn for the palpable and the external. But, for all that, he lived and died in the faith that France was a nuisance in the system of European civilization.

His son inherited these feelings, and at first in their original strength. But in him they were softened by a more lax liberality, and by the accidents of life. He agreed with his father in ascribing far greater veracity and strength of moral principle to the English character. But he had a fancy—in the midst of a prodigious regeneration of the British literature, precisely concurrent with his own mature life—that our intellect had burned itself out. The fact is, he knew nothing at all, not even by name, of our modern literature. He had

heard of Lord Byron; he had heard of Sir Walter Scott; of others, no echo had reached him; and, except Burke, perhaps no intellectual power amongst us had come within his own practical knowledge. In fact, German literature is itself too vast a world to be manageable by any single mind. Quite as little justice did Niebuhr render to Great Britain as a civil power. Our policy he never comprehended; he had been present with his wife at the first of our attacks on Copenhagen, (in 1801;) this event had soured his whole feeling towards us. And either he was very ill-informed on the private history of this affair, as well as of that in 1806, or else he was very disingenuous; for he never alludes to that justification of our conduct, which was current in political circles. It is singular, besides, that Niebuhr, though exulting in the effects of our long and often solitary contest against the French power, never seems to see any merit in that prodigious scale of efforts and sacrifices by which we kept alive the hopes of Europe, and held aloft the banner of a successful resistance to that power of iron and clay, which he and all the company of nations around him had been compelled to worship in a spirit of abject fear.

Niebuhr has accurately described his own education in the life of his father, (printed amongst his *Kleine Schriften*,) and in a letter to Jacobi. His position was singular as to bodily health: his father was amongst the strongest of men; his mother amongst the weakest of women. Hence, and perhaps from more luxurious habits than had been known to his simple ancestors, he never enjoyed robust health, and lived only to the age of fifty-five; whilst his father reached that of eighty-two. Spite of his father's opposition, his mother kept him constantly at the fireside: "I was a thorough *haus-vogel*," he says, a bird in a cage, or (as we express it) a hot-house plant. His father, who could talk Arabic fluently, knew nothing of Latin: yet, by mere guidance of the facts, and their succession, he forced his way in company with his young son through *Cæsar's Commentaries*. English, of course, was taught from infancy: English newspapers were the constant reading of the younger Niebuhr, when seven or eight years

old: and amongst science, whatever had a tangible and ponderable form. While yet a boy, and thoroughly home-sick through his whole residence, this delicate student was sent to Hamburg, where he enjoyed the friendship of Klopstock and other literati, now forgotten.

England, however, and still more Scotland, was the palestra for the active business of life to which the traveller had always destined his son. And, therefore, after a previous residence at the Danish University of Kiel, from 1794 to 1798, he dispatched him to London: that being merely a place of transit towards his final object of Edinburgh. At one time, he had meditated the plan of fixing his son in the service of our East India Company; the motive being probably twofold—to extend or to apply his oriental learning, and to make a fortune. For, exactly at that period, India was an *El Dorado* for all clever adventurous men of business talents. This scheme, however, must have been finally laid aside in 1799, when the English journey was accomplished, since by that time the youthful Niebuhr had been regularly affianced to his future wife.

In London, Niebuhr made but a short stay. His report of us, we are sorry to say, was unfavourable. Yet the chief complaint he made, was really of a kind that presents a dilemma or choice of evils: one or other *must* belong to the case here or any where. The same truth and uprightness, he says, prevail as in other times; but the conversation of all mixed companies is painfully common-place. No sentiment, no enthusiasm, no German raptures on behalf of the beautiful in art or literature. But was there no balance to this? Why, yes: there was none of that political wrangling, with which it seems German companies overflowed; and if there was no elevation in the tone of general conversation, on the other hand, there was none of that affectation and eternal pretence which the German society breeds.

At Edinburgh, Niebuhr's name introduced him to some of the Professors; but of other introductions he seems to have had only one:—viz. to a family of Scotts, who showed him conspicuous kindness, and whose amiable family group Niebuhr sketches in

very lively terms. For some time we were at a loss to identify this family; but Niebuhr himself clears up the mystery in his father's life, within seventeen years after. The head of the family was a Francis Scott, a cadet of the house of Harden, who had made a fortune in India; which house, he describes as an Episcopalian and once Jacobitish family in Selkirkshire. From his letters, at this period, we make some extracts.

In the following letter, dated Edinburgh, February 26, 1799, Niebuhr gives some slight account of literature and its condition throughout the island. After complaining that there are no public reading-rooms, such as were then established even in Copenhagen, where travellers might be sure to meet with "new books, pamphlets, and learned journals;" and that in the establishments of the most distinguished publishers, to which the friendly Scotts had introduced him, "political news formed the staple conversation, [surely, with reason enough, in a great and free nation, bearing so important a part in the vast drama then unweaving:] or that, if books were at all introduced as a topic of interest, it was old books;" the young scholar proceeds thus:—"In reality, the English appear to have no great writer at this moment; none, I mean, upon whose words one might hang with love and expectation. They have a considerable body of useful writers in the department of mathematics and the physical sciences. Philosophy lies prostrate. Many are they who write history; but the best do not rise above mediocrity. The public taste is depressed to the lowest point. People, in general, admire and swallow the whole library of horrors embodied by our German romance writers, or writers for the stage,—their own works, that reach any popularity, are in the same walk of composition. Schiller is the most admired amongst our German poets. Even in political composition, for which the English are otherwise so distinguished, nothing appears that attracts general notice—far less which deserves it. One book, meantime, I would wish to mention with praise: it is the work of an unmarried woman (*eines madchens*), who throughout a period of twenty years, dating from the era of her youth, has taken a share in the education of her

father's family, — it treats this subject, and I must say that a more reasonable style of opinions, views more free from prejudice, and a spirit of more penetrating criticism, never yet have I seen in any work on education, than in this particular work of Miss Edgeworth."

This report of our British condition as to literature in the very close of the eighteenth century would be mortifying, were it not that one moment's reflection corrects and defeats its impression. At the moment when Niebuhr wrote, Burke had been dead for scarcely eighteen months, and surely his works had not become obsolete as yet for any circle. The very edge of his personalities still told with the happiest effect; and for his graver wisdom, such a writer was enough to glorify any one half-century. Let people think what they please, France, like the needle of a compass, settling back from momentary disturbance through a series of vibrations, is still revolving into those unhappy phases which meet the full blaze of this great seer's revelations; nor is it likely that the deep warnings of Burke will be suffered to become a dead letter for many a decennium before us. As to our choice of German authors, is it not odd, that other accomplished Germans have read the case in the very opposite meaning? They complain that the English, so far from making a bad selection of German authors, were led in those days, by the false sentimentalities of Kotzebue, and the perilous moralities of Goethe in his Werther, to the injustice of making no selection at all, but of kicking all alike into the *index expurgatorius* of indiscriminate proscription. The stage, it is true, adopted a few plays from the German: the Stranger, for instance, Sheridan's Pizarro, and some other translations, or recasts, from the inferior German playwrights. But this arose entirely from the scenic art manifested in these plays, the felicitous arrangement of their situations, or else from the range of display opened in some individual characters to the histrionic qualities of a great actor such as John Kemble. And so little did the stage interest argue a previous literary interest, that it did not even avail subsequently to create such an interest.

"Edinburgh, 4th March 1799.

"This winter I had done a little in

mathematics. Professor Playfair interrupted his course of lectures on Algebra by the interposition of a difficult but interesting part of the higher geometry. The very difficulty constituted the first attraction. I was hardly up to the comprehension of the theorems; but strenuous determination opened a road, and the next step became easier. Previously to this, during the winter, I had possessed myself of the elementary principles in geometry, *proprio Marte*; and these new attainments, which of myself I never should have had energy to make, now gave importance and beauty to such as I had mastered for myself, and this by illustrating their application. Satisfied now, that nature has not excluded me by any personal proscription from the field of mathematics, I have put my hand with zeal to the work of raising for myself a systematic edifice of mathematic knowledge.

"The summer lectures, I am told, last only for three months—so we shall be dismissed early in August. How capitally all arranges itself! Precisely then is the season for the Highlands. Thence, I pass to Carlisle and Newcastle, where I spend a week or two with Lambe: his father lives there, and has extensive coal mines, besides manufacturing establishments." [Then follows a scheme of travels over other parts of England, after which,] "These rambles, take my word for it, with the rapid progress made every where by the English system of travelling, will not detain me long. And you yourself would approve an extension by a week or so to the scheme we formerly concerted; especially when applied to seeing objects which my recent Edinburgh studies have enabled me to understand. For it will hardly happen that I shall again visit this island: and it is a conjectural notion of mine, to which experience is continually giving further weight, that what is called travelling, with general purposes of observing men and nations, yields a miserably poor result. I had hoped to meet some great genius, whose friendship might have drawn out any thing in myself allied to his own high qualities: but this is a phantom that I have not. Scott, who was well acquainted with Hume, tells me that this great man, he is sure, would have been my friend: but, alas! he is no more. And nobody

remains in Great Britain that resembles him. . However, these are vain dependencies ! each man must develop for himself his own germs of excellence, if any such are laid in him by nature."

"Edinburgh, 26th March 1799.

"Two days ago, Professor Playfair asked me to breakfast: he had formerly given me a general invitation to visit him—of which I had not availed myself, chiefly through frequent fits of indisposition. Something of the same compulsion had caused me to neglect his lectures; and I went therefore to this breakfast with a jealousy, that, as the true cause of such lax attendance could hardly be known to him, he might have put a false construction on it. However, this did not appear in his reception: indeed, so far otherwise, that he treated me with a confidential kindness, such as I feel more flattering by much than a studied compliment. I found myself perfectly at ease with him.

"You cannot imagine, my dear mother, with what instinct and respect every body in Edinburgh asks after my father; and how generally he is the subject of conversation. The elder Scott takes pleasure in recalling his Indian life; and it gratifies him that I am able, from my oriental knowledge, to go along with his narrations. By the way, one anecdote he reports, which I must not omit to mention. Explain it, if you can. It is this:—My father, he says, and his companions, on their approach to Mass, had been maliciously represented to the native ruler as magicians; upon which followed a proclamation, with all the hurry of despotism—importing, that upon pain of death no one was to give food or shelter to the strangers. This reached the ears of Scott; who, accordingly, by his fortunate interposition, was, to all appearance, the deliverer of all the party from death. Now 'riddle me, riddle me, mother dear,' how comes it—for, as to Scott's veracity, that is beyond all suspicion—that my father never talked of this incident to you and me? Is it that he shudders at the recollection, and shrinks from repeating a tale so nearly tragical, (for Scott, observe, was a perfect stranger to him?) Or is it, (yet that would be hardly less a mystery,) that

he has actually forgotten the affair? However, be that as it may, I feel myself now compelled to love Scott more than ever."

The next letter, dated Edinburgh, April 2, is addressed to the young lady called *Germanicé* his bride; i. e. betrothed to him. It describes an illness of some violence, and the kindness of the Scott family expressed in every mode of sympathy.

"Edinburgh, April 9, 1799.

"Yesterday was the first day on which I could go abroad to make visits. You may easily imagine that the first was to the Scotts—unhappily too far removed from my abode. Their freedom from reserve, and their friendly warmth, always brings cheerfulness and restoration to my mind. We have now a week's vacation; but this, by the way, is pure accident: and I mean to spend it, weather permitting, in strolling westward to Glasgow and Lanark; not, however, with your expectations as regards the lower orders, whom I, on the contrary, know to be —. What a spectacle is a Scottish peasant's house even in the neighbourhood of a great city! Not there, but amongst people of superior education, I mean to seek my relaxation, and in the sight of a natural scenery which is new to me; whilst, from the exercise, I shall seek health.

"I am not sorry that our lectures are drawing to a close; and for this, besides other reasons—that the colds connected with the very form and arrangement of our lecture-rooms, those at least in which the numerous classes assemble, will then be at an end. Figure to yourself a room where three hundred students are collected, the door being kept open until all have assembled, and this door, in some rooms, opening immediately upon a breezy court. The two summer lecturers that I mean to attend, are Rutherford for botany, and Coventry for agriculture. The man who reads on natural history, is a venerable blockhead. Both Rutherford and Coventry agree in not lecturing on Sundays; so I shall have time for fresh air in the country: though, as by this time you understand, the cottage of that Arcadian simplicity and virtue which we so readily ascribe to it; less indeed,

so far as freedom goes, than amongst those peasants whom you and I know in Holstein."

We forbore to translate the four epithets by which Niebuhr characterized the Scottish peasantry. Every where one is reminded of Pope's "*slashing* Bentley;" as that great critic made no scruple of cutting away right and left in reviewing the text of *Paradise Lost*, so—but in a different field—does this intrepid youth mow away with a giant's scythe amongst whatever opinions he views as prejudices: it will not, therefore, occasion much surprise to find him opening his abstract of Scotland in the following terms:—"Scotland, since the Reformation, stands far and wide in the odour of religiosity. The clergy, as a body, are utterly worthless. That is granted by every body who knows the country. The piety of the *plebs* is generally a mere eye-service; a ritual formality, that has no influence whatever on the motives or on the conduct. They repeat set forms of thanksgiving, even before and after tea: they are unscrupulous observers of the ordinances prescribed by their kirk: and curse all infidels, deists, and atheists, with the arrogance of a soul knowing its own privilege for heaven. In short, I no longer take it amiss in Hume that he delivered a judgment so severe and so scornful on the Presbyterians in the days of Charles I. I looked for austerity amongst them: I here found only clownishness."

Much of this precipitousness in judging, must in candour be put down to Niebuhr's youth and constitutional rashness. Yet we must also remark, as a quality that adhered to him through life, a singular defect in the power of accurately observing or distinguishing objects. The very letter from which our last extract is taken, furnishes a remarkable instance of this inaccuracy. It is dated May 1799, consequently not in the early, but in the latter half of his Edinburgh residence. And yet, when he describes the situation of his lodgings, which he had been requested to do with minute circumstantiality, meaning to say, in the first place, that they were in the old town, (which is the natural choice of students from the greater proximity to the College,) he can think of no better expression for this old town

than the absurd and false one that it is a *vorstadt* or suburb. Now, when one remembers the relation between the two towns of Edinburgh, the antiquity, the historic interest of the elder section—the other having scarcely existed for one generation in 1799—inevitably one is lost in astonishment that this memorable pre-eminence for the antiquarian, the poet, the philosopher, should have been so entirely lost upon Niebuhr: treading daily upon ground hallowed by tragical histories, he was not aware of any reason for looking back upon its traditions. Yet surely the existence of the palace, of the parliament-house, of the college, of the metropolitan church, all in the old town—would have made it impossible for any logical mind to view this part of Edinburgh under a subordinate relation to the other.

On his return to the Continent, Niebuhr married, and settled in Copenhagen. His letters record, with much irritation, the attack on the floating batteries at Copenhagen, under Lord Nelson in 1801. There is, however, no novelty in his account. The second more serious attack and occupation in 1806, he just escaped by his translation into the Russian service. He is equally angry in both cases. Strange that a Dane could have so little sagacity as to suppose that our government had no reason for what they did, though the danger of compromising their informant might oblige them to silence. Strange, also, that a Dane so intelligent as Niebuhr, should never have asked himself why his own government had collected naval stores so vast; or could imagine it any part of our British duty to look on whilst a neutral state was aiding the purposes of Napoleon.

In 1806, Niebuhr left Copenhagen to assume an official station under the Prussian Government. His duties were fortunately not of a kind which prescribed a provincial residence: they drew him to Berlin, which perhaps, for books and for learned society, was the very abode most likely to have attracted his choice. The superstitious would have regarded his Prussian service as ill-omened; for the first news he had to write from Berlin was the tragical catastrophe at Jena, the half-exterminating defeat

(so mysterious to this hour) of the brilliant Prussian army, which stood removed but by one generation from its unique* creator; and the first act of duty he had to undertake was—to follow the court in its flight eastwards from the arrogant conqueror.

It was a time of woe for Europe—woe such as is nowhere described by history; for any picture of that desolation—that prostration, and moral despair—which darkened the face of Europe from the day of Jena to that day in September 1812, when the tide turned at Moscow, posterity must look to the Jewish prophets. Histories are below the mark. The defeat of Austria in 1805 had been far from definitive. The craziness of the Austrian war administration was viewed as the key to Austerlitz;—it was one of the dreadful consequences flowing from a divided command and a distracted responsibility, when opposed to the autocracy of a single will—the adamant will of a Napoleon—concentrating all functions of civil and military power. Here it was that the world had hitherto sought for the solution of the Austrian humiliation, which, besides, was not complete until 1809. That calamity argued nothing for the future. North Germany was still entire; and to that quarter, strengthened by Russian and English alliance, all hopes turned. But now—when these were in one day overthrown, and the course of war went eastwards like a deluge, pursuing and hanging on the steps of fugitive monarchies, searching every angle of retreat, and overflowing with the mere impetus of its rush the famous fortresses of the north—all hearts died within them. “She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,” as Wordsworth had described Germany, now beheld her form shattered on both the waters which symbolized her rank in Europe. Her shame was complete. Many collections of letters must come to light, as the eminent men of that period die off, before we shall be able to measure the depth of woe which then possessed all German hearts—that is, for the six years following. But one thing is even more

appalling to the thoughtful reader of such letters than their open intelligible expressions: it is their significant suppression of feeling—their whispering breathings of thoughts, which the overburdened heart would not suffer them utterly to disguise, nor prudence openly to avow. Niebuhr himself, a man overflowing with high spirit and disdain of tyranny, yet oftentimes confesses that he dares not make particular communications; were it only a literary communication, as a proposed English supplement to his father’s travels, he sees danger in sending it to England—though the motive for such a transmission was to profit by Lord Donoughmore’s (then Lord Hutchison) services in obtaining an English price from some great English publisher; and every where throughout this dreadful period he mutters and hints like a man who knew himself watched; nay, so far is this from any vanity or self-importance, that he speaks plainly of spies and listeners as every where dispersed, and of letters as universally liable to post-office supervision.

One principal mission, which occupies Niebuhr during the first half of this sexennial period, speaks for itself as exposing the condition of Europe; and perhaps, more than any other separate anecdote, gauges men’s opinion of the present as it stood related to the future. After the battle of Jena had disposed of Western Prussia, the war rolled off into Eastern Prussia—that part of which so much is essentially Polish to this hour. Hither came the Russian allies, and in the winter of 1806-7 there was some truly hard fighting, Napoleon had no intention that his scenical tricks should be laid bare, nor did his army at all relish a sort of war where only hard blows were to be looked for, very little plunder, and still less of “glory.” Hence, the wish for peace becoming reciprocal, naturally an arrangement was soon effected as respected Russia; but as to Prussia, where no arrangement was worth much unless it accompanied an evacuation of her territory, the terms were more difficult to manage. Na-

* “Unique.”—The Germans, at least the Prussians, often expressed their admiration of “Fritz,” the royal hero of the 18th century, by calling him Frederick der *Einzig*; i.e. Frederick the unique.

poleon was willing to evacuate; but not *gratis*. He must be paid, and paid freely, for his grace. Yet how? Exhausted by the last year's efforts, how were the poor Prussians to raise these vast *extra* sums? Of course, it occurred to the Prussian Cabinet that the only mode of effecting this anticipation upon the national funds was by a loan. And this loan—where was it to be sought? Holland had been notoriously for generations the country in which loans could be raised on the easiest terms, partly in consequence of the low rate to which the profits of commerce had there sunk. To Amsterdam, therefore, was sent Niebuhr. But the Dutch saw the case in this light:—Napoleon would execute the treaty of evacuation, this they doubted not, on receiving the last instalments of the requisition. Possibly, also, he might then suffer Prussia to enjoy a year or two of unmolested repose. But such were the views now opened upon Europe of his general policy, that no man who had his discernment sharpened by personal risk, but calculated on the final absorption of Prussia into the German dependencies of France. Then, under that contingency, who was to meet the obligations of the loan? The old fable was recalled when some feeble animal looks into the lion's mouth in order to extract a bone from his throat; and, upon humbly representing some title to a medical fee for this service, is answered by the lion—"Pee! you wretch; is it no fee, then, to have extracted your own head in safety from my jaws?" Upon which royal model, it was conceived—that if, upon Prussia becoming a regular debtor to the French Exchequer for the annual produce of her taxes, these Dutch loan-proprietors were dutifully to lay before Napoleon their own previous *lien* upon those revenues, the lion might reply—"How! is it possible that you are the persons to accuse yourselves of having aided with money those who were then ranged in hostility to me? Not content with treason, do you yourselves proclaim it?" And then, besides the confiscation of the loan, he might inflict a heavy fine upon the political delinquency.

Upon these views it may readily be conceived that Niebuhr's mission was a failure. Napoleon came to understand where lay the hitch; and, not

wishing to be himself the hindrance in the way of his own rapacity, he privately urged his brother Louis, the Dutch king, to do what he could towards removing the Dutch fears. Thus arose a new aspect of the negotiation, which naturally brought with it a heap of proposals for changes of all sorts in the Prussian modes of levying taxes. This new stage of the negotiation was of a nature to prolong itself through many months. And thus we are not surprised to find Niebuhr still working at this impracticable job in the year 1809—that is, two-and-a-half years after its commencement. And in this affair it was, we presume, that Niebuhr learned that sort of acquaintance which he had with political economy. Imperfect and erroneous his knowledge must have been in those days; and the more so from his own predisposition to vague or even mysterious hypotheses in this class of speculations, as well as from the accident that the two Mirabeaus, father and son, were, perhaps, his chief illuminators; men fitted to stir enquiry, but not at all to work out any satisfactory or safe conclusions; for principles, in a proper sense, they had none.

Having thus explained Niebuhr's position, in respect to public affairs, during the years from 1806 forwards, it will be easy for the reader to follow the extracts which we shall give during that period from his correspondence.

"— Amsterdam.

"Since my last page I have been sick, without intermission; and yet could not resolve, in this land of Dutchmen, to send for a physician. My constitution, and above all my temperament, are too little Dutch to make it probable that a physician, drawing his experience from this country, could deal rationally with me. In reality, as we see that civil ordinances do and must vary with different nations, why should not medical rules fluctuate with the races of men? For example, here at Amsterdam the medical practitioners do right in adapting themselves to callous bodies, full-blooded habits, and indigestion, with little or no reference to intellect or passion. Generally speaking, I do not love physicians. Next to the nobility, and once I should have said

the clergy, but *now* I say the political economists, they are the most arrogant of all classes. Of course, this dislike for the class does not extend itself to the individuals.

"Consequently I have been looking out for another mode of cure, which lies in very select reading. What I wanted was a book which should send a torrent of animation through my imagination and my passions; and such a book I found in Mirabeau's *Essai sur le Despotisme*. Do you recollect our reading it thirteen years ago? I still recollect your pencil notes in the margin, and the powerful impression which I received from the book in those days. This eloquent work will sustain a cooler examination. Mirabeau, it is easy to see, was perfectly clear of that madness, which has since spread epidemically, of seeking to fix or rivet civil freedom in a land by mere constitutional forms. He was innocent, also, as regards the dreadful idea of universal representation—an idea which has been the parent of infinite mischief; and which has arisen amongst the pretended metaphysicians or other shallow thinkers. For a shallow thinker was Neckar; and which was worse, a German shallow thinker—that is, wearing an appearance of practical solidity.

"What an inimitable expression is that of Mirabeau—*L'animal, que déchire le féroce leopard admire-t-il la beauté de sa peau ou la variété de ses ruses?*' Now, substitute for '*l'animal*' the equivalent word, '*l'Allemand*,' and the deep truth of the thought vanishes. For the brute follows the determination of natural feeling; his terror of the beautiful leopard, who is to rend him piecemeal, extinguishes his admiration; but our countryman is true to no feeling—not even to the feeling of pain and enjoyment. And precisely for that reason is it past my divination—what is to become of us Germans—the apes of apes! O Heaven! I supplicate thy gracious power to grant us some new revelation: from without must come our salvation. Our own efforts are confined to yearnings and aspirations.

"Mirabeau, you will say, was a great sinner: he was so: he was under a demoniac possession; but he

had a peculiar grandeur of nature; and over such a sinner there is more joy in heaven* than over a hundred righteous men. He, like Carnot, was too far above his nation. Together, they were the two great men of the Revolution. Mirabeau, when defending his violence of manner, says—'*Si j'ai dit la vérité, pourquoi ma véhémence en l'exprimant, diminuerait-elle de son prix?*'

"I read and muse upon all kinds of subjects in every degree of divergency. Thus, and in part through our circulating library in this place, which is the great resource of us foreigners, I have again fallen amongst the old French literature. It happened that one of these French books was Massillon's *Petit Carême*; you know its grandeur and elevation; or, if you do not, read it, and make others read it. Well, this book led me naturally to read the same writer's *Histoire de la Minorité de Louis XV.*; upon which book I will give you my deliberate judgment. Not only do I pronounce it the most admirable historical work in the French language, but I say firmly, that it ranks below no work of its class in any modern language whatsoever; and I contend that it will support a comparison with any of the ancient classics. The grace of the style is inexpressible; the proportions in the distribution of parts harmoniously arranged; the sentiments truly profound; and the prevailing judgment that of a great statesman. Statesman, did I say? I am sure that simply the opinions upon finance, which the bishop utters, should put to the blush almost every minister of state who plants his reputation on that peculiar knowledge. Add to this the high purity of feeling; the spirit of tenderness towards error which breathes here as throughout his sermons; the antique cast of his mind; his entire sincerity; his love of freedom, and his own freedom from the trammels of prejudice, whether prejudice of rank or of doctrine, strong as was his religious faith—combine all these arguments of praise, and you will have a picture still far behind the truth. Take this golden book into your hand; beg Dora also to read it; and, when placing it on your shelves, range it

* Strange that Niebuhr should leave out the conditional clause—if he repents.

not with the works of his compatriots, but alongside of Thucydides and Salust. If you have it not already, lose no time in procuring it. The discovery of such a very pearl has given me a festal day; and I wish to share it with my dearest friends."

"July 1800.

"The English cannonading at Cuxhaven was magnificent. I heard it from an inland station whilst making a pedestrian excursion to explore some ruins. Read the Austrian account of Aspern in the *Political Journal*. I fancy it is Schlegel's. Schlegel's *Essay upon India* has given me a great respect for him."

This account we well remember: it was by no means good; it did not succeed in distinguishing the battle from that confusion which hangs like the smoke of the musketry over all modern battle-fields; it did not clear up the plan of Austrian councils, which in fact were too obscure to themselves, because always desponding and always contingent on events. But—which was worst of all—in the close it took a station of moral authority for Austria, which she less than any great power in Europe had merited. The battle, said the writer, was mighty and effective for this end and for that; and finally, *si diis placeat*, "for the correction of public opinion." A pretty rebuke for Europe to receive from Austria. If there was a base, degrading, and too often ruinous *prestige* connected with French armies and French tactics in those unhappy days, from whom but Austria had it chiefly arisen? And now, scarcely was the ink dry of the lofty manifesto, (here praised by Niebuhr,) when, behold! the day of Wagram arrives; the Austrian heroes are forgotten; and the vile cabinet of Vienna, (as *then* it was,) in the very panic of defeat, actually on the field of battle, sells a daughter of the Austrian house* as the ransom for her poltrony, and partly, no doubt, as a fine for their very swagging report of Aspern.

The period of Niebuhr's life having most general interest is, perhaps, that from 1810 to the spring of 1813. For himself and for the world, it was a time of sorrow, of agitation, and finally

of great revolution. His letters at this time keep up a simultaneous glance at public affairs and literature.

"Berlin, 1st October 1810.

"Zelter reports of Goethe, that he is working at his biography, and then at the continuation of W. Meister. Zelter has ruminated on his queries in music; and assures me that from him, Goethe I mean, who has not so much as learned the elements of music, a theory of music may be expected—thoroughly new, profound, and to him satisfactory. Is not this an astonishing triumph of genius?

"I believe you are right, that it is better not to read books in which one makes the acquaintance of the devil. I have lately been reading criminal trials, and I have become aware that both judges and witnesses for the prosecution had gradually come to see in the worst offenders, if they happened to be bold or clever, objects of interest. The danger lies in the close confines of vices and virtues, and in the blending of both; so that rarely is any man so utterly reprobate but that, as you grow familiar with him, good features come forward in his character, and you have more toleration for him than you ought."

"Berlin, 24th Nov. 1810.

"I have collected a great body of data in support of a theory which I have long cherished, that western Europe had a peculiar and aboriginal civilization, and a separate system of science, before it was acted upon by the East." [N. held also that a great migration eastwards, from the west, had long preceded the migrations westwards from the east.]

"Savigny is my special favourite, and he seems to have a high value for me. Our studies cross and interweave, so that we have large funds of conversation and intellectual commerce. At first I was ashamed to see such a man at my lectures (on Roman history) in the character of a student; but his extraordinary interest in the lectures is the most flattering attestation of their value which I could receive, since, beyond all question, Savigny is the best qualified judge among all my contemporaries."

* See Wordsworth's sonnet—"Austria a daughter of her house hath sold," &c.

"Berlin, 6th Feb. 1811.

"I have been made a doctor, in company with several others. I, therefore, am the first doctor which the university of Berlin has created. Do not laugh at my having desired a learned title; nor at my having accepted it with pleasure when it was offered. Such a title, like any other, may be degraded by abuse, but still the original idea is beautiful—that of creating a privileged station, which should distinguish the real citizen in the commonwealth of letters from the amateur, and thus raising an order of academic nobility. It is an idea akin to that which Klopstock has developed in so masterly a way throughout his "Republic of the Learned." Did you ever read that *chef-d'œuvre*?"

"Berlin, 15th Feb. 1811.

"I read an essay lately upon the history of the Scythians and the Sarmatians: it met with some success.

"Have you ever heard of six old tragedies belonging to Shakspeare's age, not in the series of his pieces, but adjudged to him by some critics, and which, by all accounts, are not unworthy of him? These has Tieck translated; and the MS. of two he has sent to Reimer. I am delighted to hear this. Recently I tried to read Ben Jonson; but he is scarcely to be endured. Yet he conceits himself to be great in comparison of Shakspeare, and turns up his nose at the old-fashioned taste which can find pleasure in the juvenile performances of Shakspeare. *Tempests* forsooth! he could give the world a *Tempest*, and compel applause, were he to stoop so far. On the other hand, there are, amongst his writings, prosaic reflections full of truth."

[The late Mr Gifford had not, at this date, published his Ben Jonson; but the injustice to Jonson, as concerns Shakspeare, had been often exposed: in fact every sentence in the above passage contains an error.]

Mutterings, prelude to the great storm, now begin to be heard. A letter from Hamburg, in Sept. 1811, whispers that even a whisper is more than he dares to hazard on politics. In the next from Berlin, 5th Oct. 1811, it is said—"The grand question, the maintenance of peace be-

tween Russia and France, is still undetermined. Some maintain that Austria is negotiating very actively, and that the winter will pass off peacefully. But others—" and then comes a mysterious sentence, too Delphic to explain.

"Berlin, 1st Nov. 1811.

"Have you heard that it has been intimated to Madame de Stael she must dismiss Schlegel? A violent anger prevails against Schlegel at the court of France, as the man who has inoculated the lady with her admiration of German literature. From this feeling is dated the fury against our literature which is at the bottom of the new regulations in the book trade throughout the new department of the French empire. The German literature is regarded as hostile to the French—as an intellectual potentate haughtily refusing that homage which is due to the victorious party. The French translations of Schlegel's *Dramatic Lectures* is prohibited; and in that many people find a just punishment for Schlegel, who once expressed this sentiment—"that in poetry he would certainly not use the French language, but in prose precisely that language, hostile or native, which happened to be most generally used."

"28th Dec. 1811.

"It is late, and I must conclude. The year is travelling to its close; most unexpectedly, without disturbance. Prospects of calamity fluctuate indeed—but how near they always seem! Strange it is, that, as the time comes round which should accomplish them, always they retire, and take up their station at the same distance."

The next letter strikes a more solemn and gong-like note.

"Berlin, 14th Jan. 1812.

"Our external relations, so far as we know, are quite unsettled. Meantime, what does this mean? The accumulation of troops is endless, and increases in the very midst of us upon the Oder and the Weichsel. We are resolved to hope for the best, and we live quietly—but as they live who are dwellers round the foot of Vesuvius."

"Berlin, 21st April 1812.

"The dread destiny impending over us, is ushered in by a deep silence that is undeniably very appropriate. More from my own reflections, and laying this and that together, than from any positive testimony that I can allege, the upshot is—that the rumours, one and all, of the peace continuing, merit no sort of attention. The armies are gathering from all the winds. Since the crusades, and the periods in which nations moved collectively, there has been no such mustering of enormous masses. What may a little retard the opening of the campaign is this rear of winter. In East Prussia, all is yet skating weather; and, when this breaks up, the road hinders all rapid movements for a week or two."

In the following letter, which belongs to the autumn of 1814, Niebuhr shows the blindness of human foresight; that joint life, which he fancied so permanently anchored in Berlin for his wife and for himself, was already drawing rapidly towards its termination. In other respects Niebuhr's letters are veined with interesting allusions about this time to the great march of events.

"Berlin, 1st November 1814.

"Here we are again, in a place which apparently will be our haven of rest through the remainder of our lives. That journey is the happiest, supposing it to lie upon a road of little interest, and familiar even to weariness, concerning which there is nothing to relate; unless one sits down to invent, like children who are set to keep a journal. We were four days on our road from Hamburg to Berlin. And the best thing I have to report is, that Amelia [his wife] "has suffered no material shock in her health. The cough is certainly a little worse; but that, it is to be hoped, will soon relax again.

"We arrived about midnight, and the first thing I did in the morning after, was to call on Ancillon for the purpose of learning the plan with respect to the lessons I am to give the

crown-prince." [He had recently been requested by the government of Prussia to take charge of one department in the prince's education.] "Two hours a-week, I found, was all the time disposable for me; the rest being occupied with mathematics, military knowledge, &c. My summons is to teach Finance; I have, however, reserved the privilege of uniting with this other branches of knowledge.

"Berlin has quite a different aspect by comparison with the last winter. In all our *places* and public streets, the men form now by far the major section; every corner is swarming with military; and the multitude of stars and decorations presents a most peculiar spectacle. All who were partners in the labours of the war wear a medal; and many a man now walks about decorated with this warrior's medal, whose coat shows that he has returned to the painful duties of a day-labourer.

"That in our relations with France the unhappy consequences of our neglected opportunities during the last April," [when the Allies first entered Paris,] "are now showing themselves, appears no longer doubtful. In France every thing breathes war; and, this being so, I do not understand how it is that every man without exception, holding that war is inevitable, does not see that it may break out at any minute. The fact is, people conceit that France is disarmed; and in that they are far wrong."

"Berlin, 2d December 1814.

"This morning, on first awakening, it occurred to me, what kind of a festival this day really was under Napoleon's government." [He alludes here, we presume, to "*the sun of Austerlitz*"—which battle was fought on Dec. 2, 1805.] "Will he celebrate it, I wonder, in his island of Elba? and, if he does, are we to think him a mighty spirit superior to his fortune, or a mighty ass? Do you know what they say at Vienna? Why, in case of war breaking out," the talk

* "War breaking out."—The reader must understand that Niebuhr had no suspicion of the conspiracy really brewing to restore Napoleon; he means a war on the part of the Bourbons against Germany, in order to win the hearts of the alienated French army.

goes, that, by Jupiter ! they (the Austrians) will fetch the little man out of his little island, and will work his brains on German account. Oh crikey ! he is to win a battle of Austerlitz for Vienna. Do you hear that, my dear ? Now surely men will recollect, before doing such a thing as this, how ill it turned out for the Philistines when they liberated Samson from his jail in order to make sport before them. And they will hardly choose to imitate the gods of Olympus, who fetched up Briareus from Tartarus that he might stand on their side against the giants.

"War, meantime, a fresh war, looks gloomy for us ; and I hope the cup will pass from us. What we need is repose and restoration. However, it is certain that France has made far greater preparations than people imagine."

In this letter he describes his first lessons to the prince-royal of Prussia, (the present king.) But on that subject he speaks more fully in his next, dated—

"Berlin, 17th December 1814.

"Several times I have intended to sit down and describe to you the pleasure I derive from my lessons to the prince. I rejoice when my day of attendance comes round. He is attentive, inquisitive, full of interest—and all the princely gifts with which nature has so richly adorned him unfold themselves on these occasions. A more fascinating or ingenuous young man's nature have I not met with in my experience. One of his golden day-dreams is, to be lord of Greece, there to wander amongst ruins, to muse, and to dig. I am as much a child as he is, and these reveries of his bring back my own. 'When we are once seated in our places at Athens?' said I to him, 'you will make me your Professor of Greek History, Conservator of the Monuments, and Superintendent of the subterraneous researches.' 'No, not Conservator,' he replied, 'that shall not be your title ; as to digging and

subterraneous researches, I will be of the party myself ; but I will have you with me, and you shall be an associate digger. That shall be your office.'"

The great year, the year that will resound in history for ever and ever, had now begun. In February came the earthquake intelligence, racing along every post-road in Europe, that the captive of Elba had broken prison ; the tiger was abroad again. What trepidation, what mounting of horses, what rattling of arms, what gatherings of crowds in great cities, went on throughout the Christian world after that news was dispersed ! If in any planet the telescope has been so much further improved than amongst us, as that we and our motions have become objects of distinct vision, what perplexity must that period of the hundred days have occasioned to speculators ! To Niebuhr the year proved one of twofold excitement ; he shared profoundly in the public agitation, whilst in his own house a revolution was going on concurrently with the political revolution which broke up his present scheme of happiness for ever. In a letter written not many days after the evasion of Napoleon became known at Berlin, he refers to that event with a remarkable addition learned from his royal pupil.

"Berlin, March 1815.

"The sudden apparition of Napoleon on the scene has in this place produced a pleasurable impression : that may surprise you ; but you will be able to work your way into the heart of that mystery,* [*aber du wirst dich hinein denken können.*] This fact learn from me ; the King of Saxony and Maria Louise were aware of Napoleon's departure from Elba two days before the Sovereigns."

"Berlin, 1st April 1815.

[In this letter after some account of his wife's sinking health, for which no better relief was sought than in the quackeries of magnetism, he proceeds thus as to politics.]

* From previous letters of Niebuhr, it is very evident that the mystery was this ; in the territorial arrangements decreed by the congress at Vienna, Prussia found herself deeply wronged ; even her frontier was not secured against France. Hence, naturally, the prospect of a new war was for Prussia the opening to a new and happier arrangement for her interests.

"Had we supposed it possible that Bonaparte would meet with no resistance, most unquestionably no man amongst us would have rejoiced on hearing of his return. All who were not disaffected to Prussian interests, hoped that the moment would be used for the deliverance of East Friesland; the loss of which (and in my eyes especially) is painfully alarming." [This by the way justifies our explanation of the previous letter.] "But now this hope appears to be unfounded; and thus we have an absolute misfortune, with no end before us. In a few weeks we shall see hostilities proceeding every where in full current. According to all probability the plan will be—again to press forward upon Paris. Meantime, happen what may, the worst thing of all would be—to lose heart and spirit. It is indeed a sad thing to lose the major part of our young men, and to see the rest perhaps gradually demoralizing and decivilizing. In such a case a great decay of science seems inevitable; and a general change of a nation into semi-disciplined hangers-on of a military life, is any thing but favourable to the prospects of civil liberty. However, it is our necessity to take the times as we find them; and for results to obtain the best which the extraordinary nature of such times will allow."

"Berlin, 14th April 1815.

"Upon Amelia's condition I have kept a journal for you since my last letter. Her cough is again worse: of that there can be no question. Often she is cheerful—as was ever the tendency of her gentle nature; and she would still be so, more and oftener, were it that the universal agitation could favour a mood of tranquillity.

"Undoubtedly there is a great difference between the character of this agitation and the temper of hopefulness over Berlin now and as it existed two years ago. For myself I have an undefined oppression of spirit—a misgiving, a brooding anxiety. Two years ago we all acted under popular forms: and the glory of that festal era left an inextinguishable remembrance behind it. We were then, properly speaking, without a government. But the purposes of our leaders were the purposes of every creature amongst us. One soul possessed us all; and thus, when

the people was suffered to act for itself, these purposes were attained far more perfectly than ever could have been effected by any common official machinery receiving its impulse not from within but from official superiors; no matter though the machinery were conducted with the very utmost conceivable ability.

"When Bonaparte had nothing but a ruined army, ruined again and again as fast as it was recruited, we might expect much by timid blows. But now there is another kind of war before us. Bonaparte manifests a dreadful ability. England is passionately against him; and why? Because millions in Ireland were ready to throw themselves into his arms. Think not that I apprehend any determinate disaster, or at least any final disaster in the issue. But this is certain—we have to face an army of men from highest to lowest in a state of absolute desperation, because fighting for a single stake."

The passage about England we have given as it stands: but this and other passages in Niebuhr's correspondence, together with some about Scotland, (especially one upon the occasion of jury trial being extended in their country,) manifest an inconceivable delusion amongst continental minds as to British affairs. Niebuhr actually supposes Scotland to have been practically in a state of slavery; or at least in some state essentially different from that of England, before the change took place as to juries: whereas we presume the difference in that respect to have arisen merely from the far greater intercommunion between the municipal law of Scotland and the Roman, or civil law.

In 1815 the world was changed for Niebuhr as an individual, not less than as a citizen of Prussia. Waterloo was fought—a few weeks before his venerable father died, full of years and honours; unbroken in his faith that the empire of public right would rise again from the dust in power and grandeur. Again he heard of the great gathering amongst the nations, and heard the vanishing steps of army after army as they drew off to the west; the final day, when the exterminating sword was drawn, he did not live to witness. In his latter days he was perfectly blind; and he retired into

his oriental remembrances for the visions of his sunny youth. It is a remarkable fact, that, within a few days of his death, he saw before him the friezes of Persepolis, and described them to the bystanders with a truth and power that astonished them all. Not long after Waterloo, Niebuhr lost his wife; and his grief for many months in his desolate house was overwhelming.

In 1816, he accepted of a mission from the cabinet of Berlin to the Papal State. Previously to setting out, he married a near relation of his late wife. She proved not less amiable than her predecessor; and in this respect added more to the happiness of Niebuhr, than she brought him children. From 1816 to 1823, Niebuhr's residence was at Rome or in the adjacent country. His official labours were light; four years, indeed, passed away before he received his full instructions. And probably the real object of the Prussian Chancellor, Von Hardenberg, had, from the first, simply pointed to the facilitation of his researches for Roman history. His correspondence is not very animated during this period; and after his return to Germany in 1823, even less so.

On Italy how gladly would we have a wise man's opinion! The public ear is pre-occupied and poisoned by the effeminate confessions of Italian state prisoners, which confess nothing but the barrenness of their own minds. "These hermaphrodite creatures to have had charge of any wise or hopeful revolution!"—such is the instant thought which rises up. Yet, that Italy needs a thorough recasting of its whole society, no man can doubt. We have lately seen private letters from Italy, chiefly from Rome or Florence. These entirely agree (but unconsciously) with Niebuhr's picture; utter depravity, irreclaimable want of principle, they all say, possess every rank and order of Italians. Germans and English agree in this report. Niebuhr, though otherwise a hater of every thing French, surprises us by declaring, that notwithstanding his own constant maxim, "Can any good thing come out of France?" yet that Napoleon's tyranny was for Rome at least a great blessing; and that the worst day which ever arose upon Italian civilization, was that which wit-

nessed his downfall. Still, remembering the rashness of Niebuhr in deciding, we believe more entirely in the Italian evil than in the French remedy; especially when we read of cases such as this—the Italians believe that a criminal of the worst class, provided he confess, receive absolution, &c., is washed free of all earthly taint. Availing himself of this superstition, Napoleon ordered the worst of the banditti to be executed without the usual privilege of a priest in attendance. Now, inveterate as was the evil, nature revolts from such a terrific interference of police with the final hopes of a poor deluded human being. And generally the French remedies were the brief thoughtless remedies of tyranny. The king of Prussia, who, in 1735, proclaimed amongst his cavalry death as the penalty for the next case of suffering the hat to be blown off—an accident which would never have occurred but for his own *marinet* choice of costume—certainly cured the irregularity. But by what a dreadful violence offered to the moral sense!

Rome, 1st September 1818.

"To your letter of the summer, dear Savigny, I wrote an immediate answer; but so much had I been weakened by the continued heats, in connexion with an unceasing *sirocco*, that I felt my letter to be too gloomy, and would not send it.

"I have told you repeatedly, that all productive study is at an end with me in this place. At the great library, throughout the winter, I have been able to do nothing; and why? Because the only two *custodes*, who were at once obliging and familiar with the arrangements, happened to be occupied with re-arranging some classes of books which had been transferred to new mahogany bookcases, fitted up with magnificent plate glass, for the express regaling of the Pope's own eyes. Such is the use which, 1st, Niebuhr the historian—2dly, his holiness the Pope—3dly, the sub-librarians, make of the Vatican treasures. Besides, until March I had no carriage; and my house is two miles" (whether German or Roman miles, i. e. ten or two English, does not appear) "from the library.

"Are you aware of a *tabula bilinguis* discovered at Oppido in Lucania? On

one side stands a part of the *sanctio* of a very ancient Roman law, to which all magistrates were obliged to swear on taking office. This is in Latin. The other side is Oscan, but written in the Latin character. You must pronounce the two languages to be closely allied, and yet hardly to be different dialects of the same language. In the Oscan laws occur direct Latin phrases, as *actus privatus* for *actu privato*; and again, *perum dotum malum* for *per dotum malum*. As to the Etruscan, I have obtained proofs to demonstration of my theory, that it is out and out a foreign language, having no relation whatever to the proper Italian family of languages.

"The wives of Roman peasants, that class with which we have most acquaintance, are honest creatures, and they are capable of attachment; only one must be careful to satisfy their avarice, which, luckily, is not difficult. But for the higher classes, the clergy, the citizens, &c.—no, dearest Savigny, such a rabble of gipsy rogues you cannot imagine even by way of!"

In a letter of the same date to a relative, he says, that all his plans depend upon the motions of the Roman banditti; and, as illustrating the dreadful state of barbarism to which the non-efficiency of the government had a mind, he adds this anecdote:—"The robbers are not so numerous as they were, but far more savage. Their leader is become mad outright, since his whole family was murdered. He in turn murders all he meets. The government has set a price upon his head, and has promised impunity to any man who gives him up to justice. Every thing tends to the most terrific form of decivilization."

It is evident, indeed, that Italy, that Spain, in her late murderous struggle, and perhaps other countries that could be mentioned, really *would have* lapsed into barbarism—were it not for their position as members of civilized Europe. One house in a frail London street shoulders up another; and it is no answer to the true report of their condition—that, after all, they stand up against the highest gales of wind. They do so; but try them in an insulated state. All travellers agree that the Roman population of the lower orders is the most gloomily haughty of any in Europe; and the insolence of all Italy to every other

European nation, under the name *tramontane* barbarians, is notorious. Yet were it not for us, "the outside barbarians," long ago the edifice of society would have crumbled into ruins. The state of literature, whether as to intellectual value, or as to personal dignity amongst authors, seems to be in the most abject condition amongst the Italians. Italy breeds no more scholars in our day than it does artists. All the feeble gropers amongst their antiquities are generally in personal feud with each other. To such a rancorous excess is this jealousy carried, that even Niebuhr, a foreigner, and in a station which seemed to remove him from the sphere of personal competition as respected any object whatever, could not escape the most malicious and public calumnies. He had been fortunate enough to detect the source of a general error in a particular mis-arrangement of a palimpsest. This mis-arrangement had escaped the eye of the Ambrosian librarian; and that a Prussian or Danish "beast" should see clearly, where Milanese eyes had failed—that was unpardonable. Niebuhr found it necessary to defend himself in a pamphlet, which immediately threw back the whole mass of deception and indirect conduct upon the accusers.

There is one very ingenious letter to Savigny, in which Niebuhr succeeds in connecting the present land measures of Rome, the *rubbio* and the *pezze*, to the most ancient Roman terms (the *rubrum* and the *piscia*.)

This leads us to mention our surprise that Niebuhr should not have dug more profoundly into the works of the *Agrimensores*; for the whole terminology in these works, the names for the boundaries of land, &c., are evidently inherited from the very earliest times.

In returning through Switzerland, Niebuhr makes a remark full of truth as respects the Alpine forms. Narrow-minded travellers, who measure every thing by the gross scale of a surveyor, ridicule the humbler mountain ranges of other lands, by contrasting them with these towering peaks. Yet, says N., in reality the Alps of Switzerland are not fine or picturesque in their forms: the German mountains in various districts, and those of the Tyrol, are far more beautiful in outline. "We," he adds,

"want the magical atmosphere, the lights and shades of the Swiss Alps: otherwise, we have the advantage."

Another and more important series of remarks he makes upon the statistics and economy of Switzerland. We have all heard the Radicals of late vaunting the independent and erect attitude of the Swiss manufacturer: every man has an ample livelihood; children no incumbrance; Arcadian felicity; and why? One word, it seems, explains it all—no corn-law: free trade in that and every thing else. Oh! mockery of human wretchedness! Do you, upright reader, who seek for truth, read Niebuhr's account of the oppressive regulations for limiting marriage; the consequent increase of illegitimate children; and the bitter scorn which exists amongst the wealthier part of the community towards all those whose poverty is proclaimed by their inability to pay the two guineas of contribution to the poor-rates, which is the *sine quâ non* for the right to marry.

After Niebuhr's return to Prussia his health was sometimes shaken: and

the animation of his letters grew less pointed. His death occurred on the second day of 1831, and was probably hastened by his excessive political anxiety consequent on the French revolution of the previous summer. Nothing remarkable attended it, beyond the accidental realization, in a more solemn sense, of a prediction he had uttered in 1824—to the effect that he had never lived more than seven years in one place, and was sure that he should not live beyond that term in Bonn.

Of his great work, the *Roman History*, so far as it is completed, we shall only say this—that, before any sound criticism can be applied to it, we must see it well analysed. At present it is a pile of materials, not an edifice; and the most embarrassed in its plan of any work we know. We must also join Dr Arnold (Preface to *Thucydides*) in protesting against the arrogant tone of dogmatism now assumed by Niebuhr's disciples, and so very unbecoming to them of all men—as laying their foundations in Scepticism.

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

REMARKS ON A LETTER IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE OF THE 15TH

MARCH, 1841.

SIR,—Mr Haydon has written a letter at some length to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*; the principal object of which is to obtain public support for numerous "Schools of Design." It is written in consequence of the debate in the House of Commons upon Mr Gillon's motion for such assistance. As I conceive both that object and the general feelings of the letter, and many similar letters written upon like occasions, to be degrading to art in the greatest degree, I would wish the whole subject to be considered according to the dignity, not to say of "high art" or the "grand style of design," but of art in its common acceptance, distinguished from manufacture. There has been a very idle practice of considering them in connexion—as if to promote the one were necessarily to promote the other. Now, if it should turn out upon mature consideration, that, for the best purposes of each, they are injurious to each other, as I am persuaded they are if so blended as Mr Haydon proposes, it is

time to separate these unnaturally united Siamese twins, and let either thrive by its own proper and healthy growth. The House of Commons have indeed sanctioned this seeming union, as may be seen by that curious Report upon Arts and Manufactures, which it is impossible to read through without disgust, and not to feel that an insult has been passed upon art. The connexion, indeed, in that Report seems to have been principally made for the purpose of attacking the Royal Academy; but, in fact, art itself is the sufferer. Now, is there not such a distinction between the two, art and manufacture, as will imply not only a dissimilitude, but a disagreement? and it is precisely this unlikeness which constitutes the characteristic good of each. Manufactures are employed upon that sort of ornament which shall please the eye, by easy, and, if you please, graceful lines, and harmony of colours; nothing being to be represented, either in exact similitude of any thing in nature, or of such a char-

acter as to affect the mind through the passions or intellectual research. This wide prohibition to the one is the proper field of the other—the marked out province of art. It has, therefore, to do with exact drawing as necessary for the great purpose; not for its aim, but as a means to a higher end. So, as art without mind is a vacant folly, manufacture with mind, that is intellectual, moral purpose—or rather the attempt to effect such, for if it succeed it becomes art, though in a degraded position, which can hardly happen; manufacture, I assert, with this assumption is vulgar affectation. It is this very assumption that has created a disgust for many of our wares, and often the better the work the more striking the incongruity. Which of our eminent artists would wish to see his finest works transferred to tea-cups and wash-hand basins? The painter's works are to be seen and to be studied in moods of contemplation, and in places devoted to them, where nothing that is adverse to the feelings they are intended to convey is suffered to intrude—when and where the mind is freed from the shackling of the common and everyday business of the world, and is ready to communicate with genius. But objects of manufacture are quite the reverse; they are for common use; and at all times, we receive them in *all moods*, and are precisely gratified because they do not provoke *any*. This vulgar use is not vulgarity; but when it puts on a sentimentality, a would-be morality, a bravado, or a wisdom, it becomes the worst vulgarity. But who can imagine divine subjects upon tea-pots, upon carpets, upon silks and satins, or multiplied in calico print, without a sense of loathing of the audacious profanation? The disgust here is only in its highest degree; it is sure to be felt by persons of taste and judgment, when any thing is misplaced. All actual, all exact representation, which belongs to the province of art, *is* misplaced whenever to be found in articles of our manufactures. One dares not name such an abomination as the "Transfiguration" upon a pocket-handkerchief. Yet where are you to stop—who is to limit to the material when "high art" is to be set up in our Schools of Design, and the scholars, who ought rather to be studying the kaleidoscope, are gaping from morning to night at casts from

the Elgin marbles, and when night comes, drawing from illuminated "skeletons," and hearing peripatetic lectures upon "high art?" This is the way to make manufacture a botch.

"Amphora caput

Institui; currente rota, cur urceus exit?"

Oh, the beauty of old china! beautiful in the very unlikeness, in defiance of the antique, of the "skeleton," and of perspective! We can, indeed, there admire the attempt to represent the human figure, because we own the modesty with which there is a forbearance of accuracy; and we set these ornaments aside, *sui generis*, the Chinese ideal, we put them apart from more common use, and delight in them for the congruity of subject and texture. They are porcelain—for the boudoir—solely for more precious decoration. But it will be said over and over again, that Raffaele condescended to design for china—true, to please the taste of princes, not his own; and yet the designers of Pekin have the advantage over *him*. No: even in this branch of manufacture, perhaps our most nice and elegant, the Chinese have themselves set up the great wall of the empire of China, which it is not safe to pass. The Cartoons will be thrown back upon the argument—tapestry, and vile tapestry too—wonderful as they are, though they owe their origin to the bad taste that cut them in strips, and would have transferred them to worsted, the Gobelins work would not have reconciled the well disposed mind to the profanation. Oh, the beauty of Turkey carpets! the mighty maze of interlacing colours that runs throughout, where and *as it will: as he loves*, as they will, was the advice of Anacreon to the painter who would represent his mistress's hair—easy, flowing, undulating colours and patterns, that never fatigue you by calling upon you to tell what they mean. Now you would not be half so well pleased, were Mr Haydon to send his grand picture of the Reform Dinner to be patterned at some great carpet manufactory, though you trode upon the faces and the toes of every member of the House of Commons, and waded, as you walked, in imaginary tureens of turtle. Why are the old Turkey and the Persian so good? Because they have not reached "high art," and aim at nothing. But schools of design! Well, schools of

design—all must draw. I do not see the necessity of that, as was the ready reply to the rogue who said he must live. Why must all draw? Surely, if the majority of mankind can read and write, they need not go about with a slate and table, as if they were deaf and dumb, and could only converse and be conversed with in hieroglyphics. Why all must draw, I cannot conceive; and why it should not be left to those who have a talent and fancy for it, without our hot-bedding these manufacture sprouts, and petting them till they grow up, the greater part of them, rank things, all stalk and no head. A donkey will eat a good wholesome thistle, but such things are useless, either for digestion or taste. As an amateur of art, I should say to the manufacturer, as the Quaker did when he lustily directed his hand-spike against the enemy boarding the ship in which he had his merchandise—"Friend, I don't fight, but keep thee in thy own ship."

There is a great cry of want of patronage. How many thousand artists have we in this country working day and night for walls, of which, if the Academy be the temple of fame, the greater part may be said to reach the pinnacle at the very first, and unenvied! And yet we wish to inoculate thousands more with the ambition of becoming R.A.'s, or of rating the world that they are not so. Hence mediocrity—for genius is the gift not of one in a thousand—inundates art, till the whole field settles into a muddy slough. Why should painters set up to teach every man's business through their own? Masons, carpenters, bricklayers, weavers! flock all of you to the great school—the panacea of ignorance—art will make you perfect in every thing. If you want to know how to plane a board, study the *Torso*; build a wall according to the contortions of the *Laocoon*; bricklay another *Babylon* on the pattern of *Mr Martin's* pictures; weave anatomically; make buttons after the head of the *Apollo*, or some great lecturer on "grand art." The absurdity is worthy the philosopher of *Laputa*. This is the very age for it. Whatever you have to do, whatever you have to make, study "the skeleton." It might be as well said, if you want to know how to fatten or buy a pig, study the anatomy of a donkey. Do let art alone—ready enough to rise

indignant and shake off the dead weight of other crafts, and the imperinences that would chain her to them. Mr Haydon says, "the gasping eagerness for improvement all over the country in design, is extraordinary." Who ever sees these aspirants running all over the country with their tongues out of their mouths like mad dogs? I never saw one. Whoever likes to draw can draw, and will draw: there are tables, chairs, and three-legg'd stools: admirable practice! None need go from their own homes; and if they aspire higher, they will learn as much from sketching their patient grandmothers, as from the "combination of the *Ægina*, *Phygalæian*, *Elgin*, and *Græco-Roman* marbles together." What is the fact to us, to the arts, that "many thousand shawls and scarfs go every year to Edinburgh *that a border may be designed*, because there is *nobody* in Manchester who can design one?" So much the better for Edinburgh, and perhaps Manchester too—you wouldn't let all the world be designing borders to shawls—it is good for trade, that one thing should be done in Edinburgh, and another in Manchester. Let the Scots have it their own way *over the border*; they must do something to live as well as other people; and if they are a little more "*designing*" than the Manchester folk, doubtless; the Manchestrans have the advantage in some other respects.

But at Liverpool all goes well, excepting that a "lassitude of study" pervades the place. Casts have they in plenty, "the *Ægina*, *Phygalæian*, *Elgin*, and *Græco-Roman*," (very like the old dame's—Oh! those comfortable words, "*Mesopotamia*, *Pamphylia*, *Thrace*")—but there is something wanting; what can it be?—"There are no direct lectures on art annually, which there ought to be." Now, if there be any one thing calculated to create a "lassitude of study," it is a dose of "lectures on art." Lectures are the superficial flimsy skimming of books, which had better be themselves studied, and privately studied, and digested. No one ever came away from hearing one of these dry strainers of other people's wisdom, with more knowledge than he could flip away with his fingers before he could get out of doors. But it is a monstrous conclusion indeed, to suppose that these flim-flam lectures on

art, on schools of painting, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Correggio, &c., are to make people in Manchester and Liverpool design shawls which now go to Edinburgh—and it is a greater jump, too, from shawls to pictures—so that the writer of the letter has two things in his head confusedly, that don't mix; and so sometimes one comes up and subsides, and up bubbles the other—yet the writer treats them as one and the same thing, and thinks he has a very great thing in hand, and after all they are but two big bubbles, ready to burst from over-inflation, while multitudes, in “gasping eagerness for improvement,” cannot appropriate a sud.

“Pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses,” always made the good, plain Mr Burchell utter a monosyllable more expressive than polite. We must, however, for a moment throw off the shawls, and take to the pictures, and join in the compliment to Liverpool for its “spirit of sound patronage,” (not empty sound, but substantial patronage;) for it has given three orders for historical pictures, which London, it is asserted in the letter, has not done for 300 years for any public building. Is it a fact? How came the pictures at the Foundling Hospital and other places?—But perhaps Mr Haydon means pictures of a very particular class by the word historical—a word that includes every thing one wishes, and excludes every thing other people wish to see. We knew an old lady who persisted all her life in calling them hysterical pictures; and when remonstrated with, she defended herself, and said she thought they were so called from the contortions of the figures—and, indeed, there may be something in it. It may not always be a misnomer, and the “gasping” aspirants bid fair to perpetuate it. Now, whether he be blowing the shawl-pattern bubble or the picture bubble, it is hard to say; but Mr Haydon does say, “In the provinces I am perpetually asked, ‘What must we do as a foundation for a school?’ My reply invariably is, ‘Get a skeleton, and begin to draw it, and understand it.’ In many instances, this has been done, and at my next visit I have found a relish for art rapidly generating—in fact, every town in the empire may be told, if they can raise the funds to rent and light a room, to buy drawing-boards, and boxes, and a ske-

leton, they have laid the corner-stone of a school of design.” What a horrible project for every country town in the empire! Well does the Italian proverb say—“There is a skeleton in every house;”—but a “generating” skeleton is a novelty, and a very frightful one too. When next asked to look at any young lady's portfolio, and pass judgment, I shall decline, and merely reply—dismiss your drawing-master, get a skeleton, a generating one; let the young lady begin to draw it, and begin to understand it. A skeleton, drawing-board, and boxes, however, make a very odd “corner-stone” of a school of design. But perhaps there is a double purpose in this—the two bubbles may be yet in the air—art and manufacture. The conception is double-barrelled, and has a shot for both. The drawing-boards are for pictures—that's clear enough. The “skeleton” ought to be covered, so there must be “shawls” for that, and the boxes are to hold them. So with all this conjuring, some great hocus-pocus of historic art will perambulate the country towns in the empire, and generate a love of art at the shortest notice, and that annually. After that, if man, woman, and child do not open the “boxes” of artistical knowledge, it will not be for want of a *skeleton key*.

What are these “schools of design” to do? Government are called upon to “aid all the schools of art in the provinces with pecuniary aid and casts, on the condition that one simple code of instructions, issuing from the London Central School, be followed and adopted. Thus all the youth would be brought up on one principle; because, let a youth be inclined to what style he may be, mechanic or artist, the rudiments of design should be reduced to one basis applicable to all, and that, by agreement, should be taught in all schools as the basis.” This Government pecuniary aid is a great advance upon the skeleton, drawing-board, and boxes—perhaps the “boxes” should be “strong boxes”—but then the condition is the most unintelligible thing in the world; for how there can be a simple code of instructions, equally fitted for the designers of patterns and the designers of grand art, cannot be conceived nor drawn up by any set of code-makers. It would have puzzled the code-maker that intruded himself on Cuckoo-

cloudland. "Be it enacted, that the people of Cuckoo-cloudland do use the same measures, weights, and laws as the inhabitants of Olophyxus do." The code-makers would be much upon a par. A simple code! Is it not notorious that "doctors differ;" and in art is it not admitted, "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," not meaning there is but one principle, but many? Has not Mr Haydon been at variance all his life with the Academy about the principles of art? Certainly they may do any thing by "agreement." "When they do agree," said Mr Puff, "their unanimity is wonderful." But who is to get them to agree? Who will be bold enough to take John Bull by the horns, and make him agree to any thing? But they shall agree. Some great Mumbo-Jumbo in London shall draw up a simple code, and woe be to those who do not agree! "The rudiments of design shall be reduced to one basis," and that basis shall be taught "*as the basis*;" and "when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." Here we are at school, Mumbo-Jumbo over us—some in "gasping eagerness," and some in sulks; for, secretly,

"Some love the circle, and some love the square."

There are the casts, the boxes, the skeleton, and, somewhere or other, the Government aid. We all, seemingly at least, *draw together*, and have drawn the same lines, the same things. Now, then, be off. Some make Pots and some make *Pans*—the poetical and non-poetical, crockery or mythology—all come out of the same simple code, all turned out of the same knowledge pipkin. Off with you, Mr Mechanic! make shawl patterns. Fly, Mr Artist! on the wings of genius, gathering wind from the new "code," and design art in the grandest style. What! "*nolint discedere*?" Mumbo-Jumbo may blow out his cheeks as he please; the presumptuous inferiors will stand their ground, and hold up their specimens of "grand art;" while the more modest, the genius superior, not being an adept at finding out the box that holds, or did hold, or ought to hold, the Government "pecuniary aid," walks off to the manufactory, and perhaps, in despair, commits suicide on the threshold.

"The mechanics," we are told, "are not the only class that want

sound principles of art inculcated early; all classes want them, from the court to the cottage. However, day is breaking." So Hodge the ditcher, and Queen Victoria's court, require the same tastes, the same "sound principles of art,"—not a smattering. Dick the ploughboy must as acutely and as accurately see, at a glance, "the *correggiosity* of Correggio" as the Prince or Lord F. Egerton, who may be competitors for the said undisputed Correggio; but then, if the prince and the lord can neither ditch nor plough, Hodge and Dick are the more knowing, and have the advantage; and in some schools the most knowing are told to take the places of the unknowing. But it is utter nonsense. Hodge and Dick lose their day's labour to go miles after exhibitions, and come back, full of grand ideas of "high art," to half feed their hungry and deserted pig. But the mechanic—he is another guess sort of a person; he is knowing, the "*sutor bonus et sapiens*!!" This millennium of taste is for him—for them, for all classes of them. Then they are not for it, and will never live till it come.

And what are you doing in the meanwhile? You are confounding mechanics and artists; degrading the latter, not only in the association, and all ideas arising therefrom, but in *the eyes of the world*—in the eyes of the already prejudiced world—who, with a malicious and ignorant pride, will not yet make the distinction. And you encourage them in this injustice, and thrust the profession of the artist still lower, and put him upon a par with the maker of your fire-irons. Both may be equally honest men; but you have no right in this world, regulated as it is and must be by the *orders of society*, to put the man whose profession is mind in the grade with the man whose business is handicraft. Philosophize as you will upon it, by such an attempt the artist will be excluded from that society amongst whom he is to find patrons: he will be excluded from all the advantages such society offers, of manners, of politeness, high tone of feeling, the result of an education which cannot elsewhere be enjoyed—all which are requisite to the artist, that he may raise and respect himself, and bestow upon art the advantages which he receives.

Let not the liberal arts be treated illiberally, under the notion of raising

the mechanic—that is, the lower mechanic; of course, I mean not the higher mechanics, whose inventive faculties are the result of superior mind, genius, and education. “But the great, the crying evil of all is this:—There is no professor of art at Oxford or Cambridge! Here is the basis of *this condition*: here is the cause why art has so seldom been named in either House. It was said, ‘What do they care about art at Oxford?’ and yet where were lectures on art ever received with more interest, eagerness, and enthusiasm than at this distinguished university? Nowhere in Britain—not even in Edinburgh!” Though it is not very clear what the “basis of the condition” is, or rather what the condition is to which Mr Haydon alludes—whether it relates to art or manufacture—that it is an evil condition that there should not be a professorship of the arts at the universities, no one who has thought upon the subject can deny. This has been over and over again urged upon the public, and by those persons of influence likely to bring it about, in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is the great thing to be done for art; but it is too important to be passed off hastily and in a byway, amidst matter of such heterogeneous character as may be contained in these remarks. But this I am not afraid to say, that, if I should more strenuously subscribe to the proposition so to establish professorships in those seats of true education where they ought to exist, it would be for the very cause that they would tend directly to distinguish the artist from the mechanic, and to give him, by giving reverence to art, the higher grade. Mr Haydon tells a curious and amusing anecdote: “It happened that a friend of mine was an exquisite designer on china. He designed an exquisite vase; but, being the production of an Englishman, it could not be sold! It was sent to Paris, and sold as a French production to an Englishman of fortune, also a friend of mine. It happened that my friend the designer was visiting my rich friend, to see his beautiful collection, when a vase was brought

forth as a production no Englishman could possibly execute, which happened to be the identical vase executed by my friend.” Yet English manufacture, in connexion with lower art, has been greatly esteemed in France. I remember hearing of poor Bird, the R.A., whose career of fame was, alas! too short, say, that when he went to France to have a sitting from Louis XVIII., being with a party of friends at some country place, one of them admiring the tray, poor Bird recognised it as one of his own early performances. Mr Haydon congratulates us that this prejudice against English art is over; and concludes his letter by showing the marked difference in art among ourselves and the continental nations, and, as he thinks, greatly to the praise of England: the distinction being that the continentals have sought graces not from nature; that we adhere to “daily life and natural imitation.” I hope we deserve the praise: more of foreign art must be seen before comparisons can be justly made. Certainly one of the most *natural* pictures in the last year's Academy exhibition was the production of a French artist—an awful subject; but great in its moral purpose—the picture of the “Slave Trade.” Mr Haydon is an enthusiast—a man of undoubted talents; I give him credit that he has no evil “design” in all that he says of these schools of design; but, as there are designing people in the world, he may have had his eye upon a friend of his, and coadjutor in his public attacks upon the Academy, and once remarkable for some pretty successful designs upon the poor Greeks. He seems to look to some speculations of the kind upon a larger scale. It may, however, only be a random shot; but it hits. “They have only to add what *may be acquired* to what they possess, and the *real grand style of design* will issue again from England, based on life, and yet above it,” (that is, I presume, in an unprecedented degree, though like in kind to what has been done,) “in a way which it has never done since the Greeks.”

THE SKETCHER.

THE TREASURE-CONVOY ; A PASSAGE IN THE EARLY CAREER OF THE
IMPECINADO.

Amongst the various incidents which console the private soldier on active service for frequent bad quarters and short commons, one of the most agreeable perhaps in his eyes is, the occasional chance of a little fair plunder, when it can be obtained without too great a contravention of the rules of discipline. Thus the sack of a town may be reckoned as a set-off against a month or two of half rations and rainy bivouacs ; a score of gold pieces found in the girdle of a fallen enemy, would help to efface the disagreeable recollection of a prolonged absence of the wine-flask, and consequent ingurgitation of spring water—a beverage, by the way, to which soldiers of most nations are singularly averse ; whilst a few days' free quarters in the house of some snug priest, possessed of a well-stored cellar, and a couple of good-looking handmaidens, might be considered no inadequate compensation for the weariness of forced marches, and frequently-recurring picket duty.

Perhaps few armies ever availed themselves more unsparingly of the invader's privilege of plunder and pillage, than those that Napoleon sent into Spain during the peninsular war. Not unfrequently, however, the soldiers who had enriched themselves in this manner were either slain or taken by the enemy, or else compelled to abandon their too bulky spoils, in order to lighten themselves for a rapid march, or hasty retreat. In the latter circumstances, many of the French buried their treasure at the foot of some tree, or near some huge stone, or other landmark, which might enable them to recover their prize at a future period. This was especially the case before the battle of Vittoria, so disastrous to the French arms ; and many rich deposits were on that occasion confided to the fertile plains of Alava. The scampering retreat of the French towards Pampeluna and their own frontier, of course prevented the recovery of these valuables ; but when the overthrow of Napoleon had restored peace to Europe, more than one sunburnt veteran recrossed the Pyrenees in the novel character of

a treasure-seeker. In many instances, however, the search was fruitless : the landmarks had been removed ; the plough or the mountain torrent had laid bare the golden store, which had become the prize of the passer-by. But this was not always the case ; and the Basque peasants witnessed with surprise and envy the disinterment of treasures, comprizing every variety of ornament and denomination of coin—from the weighty gold candlestick snatched from the altar, to the jewelled ear-rings and brooches of the Castilian ladies ; from the massive *onza* to the diminutive *durito*, those charming little miniatures of Spanish kings which replace so agreeably the cumbersome silver dollar.

Whilst the French rifed indiscriminately the church and the palace, the sacristy and the boudoir, the Spaniards did not allow any opportunity of retaliation to escape. They kept a sharp look-out for the convoys of money and stores which were constantly arriving from France for the use of the armies under Napoleon's lieutenants ; and woe betide the luckless escort which was encountered by a body of guerillas sufficiently numerous to attack it ! Animated by the double hope of plunder and revenge, the Spaniards fought like devils, and when once all resistance was overcome, and the coveted treasure in their power, the knife or the cord speedily relieved them from the encumbrance of prisoners. At the commencement of the war, these surprises were of frequent occurrence ; the overweening conceit of the French generals, and their misplaced contempt for the irregular warfare of the Spanish guerilla leaders, inducing them to send very feeble escorts, even when the treasure to be conveyed was of immense amount. Some severe lessons, however, and the formidable increase of the bands of various daring partizans, in time compelled them to exercise greater prudence ; and towards the end of the war, a brigade, or even a division, was frequently sent where, three or four years previously, a squadron or battalion would have been deemed more than sufficient. The

baggage waggons and stores were protected; but for the troops the duty became most harassing and severe.

On a sunny afternoon towards the commencement of the peninsular war, a man was seated on a rock which overlooks the high-road, at a short distance from the village of Bahabon in Old Castile. The dress of this person was that of the greater part of the peasants of the northern moiety of Spain at the period referred to. A broad-leaved felt hat overshadowed a set of features, which, although large and somewhat coarse, were not wanting in regularity, and the expression of which was one of vast energy and audacity. A thick black mustache covered the mouth, and joined a pair of bushy whiskers, and a well-grown beard of the same jetty hue. The sheepskin jacket which hung loosely on its wearer, exaggerated his herculean proportions and tremendous breadth of shoulder, which were worthy of a giant, although the stature of this man did not exceed the middle height. His hands were large and bony, tanned by the sun, and covered with a skin which, for hardness, might have rivalled the toughest horn. On the ground by his side lay a long single-barrelled gun; whilst the leathern belt round his waist was well lined with cartridges, and moreover supported one of those large sharp-pointed knives, which are furnished with a spring to prevent their closing when used as a poniard.

The elevated crag on which this personage had established himself, commanded a view for a considerable distance along the high-road to Burgos, and itself formed part of a double range of rocks and precipices hemming in the road, which, for half a mile or more, assumed the character of a narrow defile. For upwards of three hours, the vidette had been straining his eyes in the direction of the ancient capital of Castile. From his perch, he was able to see all that passed as far as an abrupt turning of the road at nearly a league off in the direction of Burgos; but it would have required a very close observation to have discovered him, screened as he was by rugged masses of rock, whose dark tints assimilated in hue with the sombre colours of his habiliments. No one worthy of particular notice had passed during the period of his watch. Oc-

asionally a peasant goaded along his two lazy oxen, dragging after them one of those primitive-looking carts which to this day are in general use in Spain, and whose solid wheels—circular pieces of wood, with an axle inserted in the centre—proclaimed by their loud creakings the owner's economy of grease, which he had probably preferred putting into his soup to wasting on his waggon. From time to time jogged past some village priest, his feet concealed in the huge wooden stirraps, or rather boxes, which dangled on either side of his ambling black pony. These and other uninteresting parties of peasant women and muleteers passed unnoticed by the sentry, who, as the day declined, and the sun approached the horizon, manifested various symptoms of impatience, and muttered sundry energetic imprecations, addressed apparently to the person or persons whose delay in arriving was the cause of his vexation. Suddenly, however, he started to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed steadfastly at the turning of the road. A small party of horsemen appeared advancing at a walk, and were followed by a train of covered waggons, such as were used by the French for the transport of money and valuable stores. These vehicles were nearly thirty in number, and their rear was brought up by another cavalry picket, forming with the advanced guard about sixty troopers. When the whole had turned the angle of the road which, as before stated, was nearly a league from the defile, the Spaniard caught up his gun, and bounding from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois, soon reached a deep ravine at half musket-shot distance from his former post.

Stretched amidst the harebells and other wild-flowers, which bordered a small rivulet, were between thirty and forty men, most of whom had the appearance of peasants, although some few had a half military costume, and five or six wore clothes which betokened them to belong to a rather superior class than the majority of their companions. They were all armed, either with muskets, rifles, or *escopetas*, the long fowlingpieces common in Spain, and which, from the solidity of its construction, is perfectly well adapted to carry ball. Some of the members of this motley assem-

blage were indulging in the siesta, others puffing the eternal cigarito, and a third portion were grouped round two men who were gambling for *pesetas* with a dingy-looking pack of cards; but on the appearance of the new-comer, sleepers, smokers, and card players crowded around him.

"*A las armas! muchachos!*" cried he, "the prize is at hand. In half an hour the *gavaches** will enter the defile; and it is time to post ourselves for the attack."

"*Viva Martin Diez! Viva el Impecinado!*" was the reply, and seizing their arms, the party hastily followed the daring adventurer, who, then in the commencement of his career, was destined ere long to assume a high rank amongst the most intrepid defenders of his natal soil.†

Meantime, the convoy advanced towards the defile at a steady pace. Their halting-place for the night was Aranda, from which town they were not more than three or four leagues off. There they would find three thousand cavalry, and other troops, under the command of Murat, and there a part of the waggons were to remain, whilst the others would be forwarded to different *corps d'armée*, further in the interior of the country. The mules which dragged the carts were mounted by some soldiers of the waggon train, and the escort, commanded by a lieutenant, was composed of a detachment of that fine body of dragoons known by the name of *gendarmérie de l'armée*. There were also several commissaries in charge of the stores, the chief of whom rode in front with the officer commanding, whilst the others were distributed along the line, in order to watch over the safety of the valuables for which they were responsible.

The head of the column had passed more than halfway through the defile, and the officer of *gendarmes* was calling his companion's attention to the strength of the pass, and explaining to him how admirably it might be de-

fended by a handful of resolute men against an army.

"Neither would it be a bad place for a surprise," added he; "and I promise you I should not sit quite so easily in my saddle if I thought there were any of those canaille of guerillas in this part of the country; but, thank Heaven! the province is swept clean of them for the present, and"—

He was prevented from finishing his sentence by a ponderous fragment of rock, which, moved by some invisible power, lumbered down the acclivity that flanked the road, and falling on the unfortunate Frenchman, crushed him and his horse to the ground. At the same instant, a volley of musketry was heard, and a dozen dragoons rolled in the dust; whilst the others, confused by the suddenness of the attack, stared about them, endeavouring, but in vain, to discover the enemy by which they were so unexpectedly assailed. On all sides arose steep and rugged crags, but not a human creature was to be seen. Now and then, it is true, through some narrow opening in the rocks, or from behind the bushes of wild rosemary, which grew here and there in the fissures of the precipices, a glimpse might be caught of bronzed fierce-looking countenances, whose apparition, however, was so momentary, that they might almost have passed for phantoms conjured up by the imagination, had it not been for the deadly execution done by the muskets of these ambushed foes. Before the smoke of the first volley had cleared away, another succeeded, and was followed by a scattering fire, and by a shower of heavy stones. Scarce a shot but took effect, either on the dragoons or on their horses; for the Spaniards, although for the most part young and irregular soldiers, were veteran hunters and *contrabandistas*, and, as such, admirable marksmen.

Owing to the windings of the defile, the rearguard, which was separated from the van by the line of waggons

* *Gavaches*. A term of contempt, by which the Spaniards are accustomed to designate their French neighbours.

† Juan Martin Diez was a vine-dresser in a petty village of Old Castile, which being situated in a marshy hollow, and encircled by hills, was not unfrequently flooded, and the houses surrounded with water and deep mud. Owing to this circumstance, the inhabitants obtained in the adjacent country the nickname of the *Impecinados*, from the Spanish word *pecina*, signifying a pool or fish-pond. When Diez left his home, and distinguished himself as chief of a guerilla corps, his sobriquet adhered to him, and by it he is probably better known than by his family name.

and their mules, was not immediately aware of what was going on in front; and when a sergeant rode forward to ascertain the meaning of the firing, he found the last of the dragoons, the commissaries, and the drivers, falling fast under the murderous fire of the guerillas, to which it was impossible to make any effectual return. The road was so narrow, that it would have been impracticable for the waggons to turn, even had there been any advantage in attempting a retreat; but being halfway through the defile, they would, either in advancing or retreating, have had equally far to go, before the cavalry could arrive at ground on which it might have been possible for them to act. Under these circumstances, the subaltera who commanded the rearguard, left a fourth of his men in charge of the horses, and dismounting the remainder, led them hastily forward, carbine in hand, with the hope of being able to get at the enemy, by making his dragoons act as light infantry. But he was only hastening his doom, and that of his gallant little band, which had not proceeded fifty yards towards the head of the column, when, from a sort of mountain gorge on the right of the road, a close and destructive volley was poured in amongst them, and a score of Spaniards, headed by the Impecinado, rushed furiously on the survivors. The struggle was short, for the dragoons, entangled amongst the carts and amongst the bodies of their dead and dying companions, and moreover, being encumbered by their heavy accoutrements and long sabres, were no match for the active and lightly equipped mountaineers, whose bayonets and knives soon terminated the unequal strife.

The evening was closing in when the Impecinado and his little band began to make arrangements for withdrawing with their booty from the scene of the skirmish we have described. Nearly a hundred French soldiers had fallen by the hands of thirty-five peasants, whose inferiority of numbers, arms, and discipline, had, however, been more than compensated by the advantage of their position, and the peculiar nature of the ground. The victors, after ascertaining that they had left no living enemy on the field of battle, fastened the riderless horses behind the carts; and urging on

the mules with whip and voice, the convoy soon emerged from the defile, preceded by the Impecinado and half-a-dozen of his companions, mounted on the pick of the captured troopers. They kept along the *camino real* for about a mile, until they arrived at a cross road, into which they struck, and, after an hour's march, found themselves on the borders of a large and dreary moor, intersected by the continuation of the track they had been following, but which they now deserted, and, proceeding a short distance to the left, soon arrived in front of a small cluster of houses. These habitations, although spacious, and, like most of the peasant's dwellings in the mountainous districts of Spain, constructed of solid blocks of stone, had an appearance of extreme poverty, which harmonized well with the wretched and half-famished looks of some women and children who were sitting and lying about the doors, and who rose in consternation at the approach of the cavalcade. Their alarm, however, was converted into rejoicings, when they saw their own countrymen instead of the dreaded and detested *Franceses*.

The party halted in front of the houses, and the Impecinado, alighting from his horse, opened one of the baggage-carts, and lifted out the first thing which came under his hand. It was a wooden box, which, although not large, was so weighty that it required a considerable exertion of strength to raise it, and with an oath he dashed it on the rocky soil. The fastenings of the chest broke with the violence of the fall, and a vast quantity of gold coin rolled in all directions. The ground was strewed with single and double louis-d'ors and napoleons, and the fortunate possessors of all this wealth lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment at the sight of riches greater than their wildest dreams could ever have pictured to them. A general investigation ensued, and the carts were found to be in great part laden with specie intended for the use of the French armies, but which was now likely to receive a very different destination. There were also numerous trunks and packages addressed to officers of rank, and containing uniforms, epaulettes, and other articles of equipment. These were passed in review by the guerillas, who

appeared to experience at the sight of all this military finery the sort of half contemptuous admiration natural to men to whom luxury was unknown, and who had been accustomed to satisfy their wants by the simplest and most primitive means. An observer would have been diverted at seeing these hardy mountaineers putting on embroidered pouch-belts over their coarse brown jackets, and momentarily replacing their greasy sombreros and coloured woollen caps by the cocked hats and plumes which had been forwarded from Paris for the use of the French generals and their aides-de-camp.

Whilst his men were thus occupied, the Impecinado consulted with two or three of those in whose judgment he had the most confidence, as to the course to be adopted to secure the booty: for the French, at the period we are speaking of, overran Castile in every direction; and as soon as the daring exploit of the guerillas became known, strong detachments would inevitably be sent in their pursuit, and measures taken to hem them in on all sides, and prevent their ultimate escape, or their junction with any large body of Spanish troops. The most feasible plan appeared to be to strike across the moor, and by means of by-roads well known to the Impecinado, to gain one of the sierras, or mountain ridges, which abound in Old Castile. There they would find caves and hiding-places in which the treasure could be placed, until an increase of force might enable their chief to brave the French more openly than he could pretend to do with the handful of men he now commanded, and which was merely intended to serve as a nucleus for the organization of a large and effective guerilla corps.

The horses and mules, however, had been marching since morning, and appeared too much fatigued for it to be prudent to commence the projected march immediately. After traversing the moor, the roads were bad, especially for the carts, and it would have been highly imprudent to risk an accident in those narrow and difficult mountain passes, where the falling of a mule, or the overturning of one of the waggons, might compromise the safety of the whole party by the delay it would occasion. Besides this, there appeared no necessity for such immediate hurry. The near-

est garrison was at three leagues distance from the scene of the skirmish, and it was highly improbable that the news of the surprise of the convoy would reach it before the next morning; so that it would be mid-day before the French troops could discover the track of the guerillas. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to remain where they were a part of the night, and to resume their march at two or three in the morning. Orders were given to unharness, and the mules and horses were placed in the stables and outhouses of the hamlet, and amply provided with straw and barley. The Impecinado superintended these arrangements, caused the broken money-chest to be fastened up again, and placed in the cart, and had a guard mounted over the waggons to protect them from pillage. He deemed it unnecessary to post advanced sentries, considering it impossible that any pursuit should be directed against him before the following day.

He would, perhaps, have felt less confident of his safety, had he been aware of a circumstance which had escaped his notice, and that of every individual of his band.

At the commencement of the attack on the convoy, the horse mounted by the French commissary had been startled by the fall of the mass of rock which crushed the officer of gendarmes, and being a somewhat spirited animal, commenced a series of capers productive of excessive discomfort to his rider, a little fat man, possessed of a most rotund and commissary-like paunch, and of a pair of short bulbous-looking legs, which experienced no small difficulty in adhering to the sides of the restive bucephalus. The curvets and prancing of the horse probably saved the life of the horseman, by causing him to present an unsteady mark to the well aimed bullets of the guerillas. At length, divided between the fear of being shot and that of being thrown, the unfortunate little gentleman gave up the contest with his steed, who took the bit between his teeth and set off at full speed, which he did not slacken until he had accomplished nearly half the distance from the *defile* to Aranda. The remainder of the journey his rider prevailed on him to perform at a more deliberate pace; and, on his arrival, hastened to report

to the general commanding, the attack of the convoy, and the perils to which he had been exposed. His fears and his imagination, however, caused him to convert the little band of guerillas, whom he had not even seen, into a formidable and numerous body of Spanish troops; and the French general, although he had no previous intimation of the possible vicinity of such an army, deemed it only prudent to proceed himself with a large force to reconnoitre the enemy, and, if possible, to recapture the large sum of which there could be no doubt that the latter had obtained possession. He set out, therefore, with half-a-dozen squadrons of light cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow, and taking with him, as a guide, the unfortunate commissary, in spite of the extraordinary repugnance manifested by that gentleman for the pleasures of a night march.

The Impecinado, having completed all his arrangements, entered one of the houses, and threw himself on a bed, in an upper room, in order to take a little repose before starting on his early march. He was soon buried in a deep sleep, from which he was awakened an hour or two later by the report of fire-arms outside the house. Springing from the coarse mattress, stuffed with dried maize leaves, which forms the bed of most Spanish peasants, he rushed to the window, and looking out, beheld a sight calculated to unnerve and reduce to despair any man of less courage than Juan Martin Diez. Two squadrons of French hussars were hastily surrounding the houses, whilst, from the direction of the lane which led from the moor to the high-road, and which the Impecinado and his band had followed after the capture of the convoy, a long line of cavalry were advancing at a hand-gallop, and as they arrived were drawn up by their officers at about a hundred yards in front of the hamlet. The waggons were already in possession of the French, who had cut down the men appointed to guard them. Not anticipating any greater danger than some petty attempt at pilfering by the inhabitants of the houses, they had kept too negligent a watch, and had barely had time to fire the shots which warned the Impecinado of his danger, before they were sabred by the hostile cavalry.

In front of the compact column of

troops which was rapidly forming, and mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, appeared the French general surrounded by his staff. He was a young man, whose dark countenance, if not regularly handsome, had a frank and pleasing expression, and whose well-turned limbs and soldierly bearing, showed off to advantage a splendid hussar's uniform covered with lace and embroidery. A profusion of long curling hair escaped from under his shako; a curved Damascus scimitar, with a jewelled hilt, hung by his side; and in his hand he carried a small gold-mounted riding-whip, with which he impatiently tapped his morocco boot, whilst giving some directions to one of his aides-de-camp. In this elegant *militaire*, the Impecinado, who had once before had an opportunity of seeing him, immediately recognized Murat, the hussar *par excellence*, the greatest dandy and most dashing cavalry-officer of Bonaparte's armies.

It required but a single glance of the guerilla's quick eye to take in all these details. The moon, which was nearly at the full, threw a strong light over the moor, and over the military array just described. By the order of Murat, a party of cavalry dismounted, and commenced the search of the houses. Already the Impecinado heard their footsteps on the staircase leading to his room. It was no time for hesitation or wavering; he opened the window, and stepped out upon the lately constructed balcony, which was thrown into deep shade by the wall of the house and the projecting roof above. Underneath the window, several hussars were walking their horses up and down to prevent the escape of the enemy, whom their comrades had gone in quest of. The balcony was about twenty feet from the ground. The Impecinado suspended himself for an instant by his hands to the wooden balustrade, and then letting go his hold, dropped on his feet on the near side of one of the sentries. Before the astonished soldier had time to turn his head, he was thrown under his horse's belly, and the Impecinado, bounding lightly into the saddle, dashed past the French general and his staff, and galloped at full speed across the moor, in the direction of the road leading to the mountains.

The action had been so sudden, that the Spaniard got a tolerable start be-

fore any one thought of following him. Soon, however, a score of dragoons spurred their horses in pursuit; and then commenced that most animating and exciting of all chases, a man hunt. In the broad light of the moon, every movement of the fugitive and of his pursuers was visible to the French troops. In front rode the Impecinado, bareheaded, his long black elflocks floating in the breeze, urging on his horse by an unsparing application of the thong fastened to the end of his dragoon bridle. At various distances behind him came his pursuers, two only of whom seemed to have a good chance of overtaking him. Arrived about midway across the plain, one of the latter found himself within ten yards of the guerilla, and drawing a pistol from his holster, he took aim and fired. He would have done better to have saved his cartridge, for the ball whistled harmlessly over the head of the Impecinado, merely serving to remind him that he also would probably find a pistol in the holsters of the horse he bestrode. He was right in his conjecture. Rising in his stirrups, he turned his body half round in the saddle. His enemy was only a couple of horses' length from him. A report was heard, and the hussar fell from his charger; the well trained animal immediately halting by the side of his wounded master.

The Impecinado now redoubled his efforts to escape. As good-luck would have it, the horse of which he had possessed himself in so daring a manner, was one of the fleetest of the squadron to which it belonged. The guerilla was thus enabled to keep far ahead of his pursuers, with the exception of one, a non-commissioned officer, who had taken advantage of the momentary slackening of speed when the Impecinado fired his pistol, to diminish the distance between himself and the fugitive. The moor, however, was now crossed, and Martin Diaz entered a narrow road, his horse's shoes striking fire as he rattled over the loose flints which paved the ground. The path was overhung by the twisted limbs of wild apple and plum trees, and he had to bow his head on his charger's neck to avoid receiving severe blows from the projecting

branches. He had hoped that when he left the open ground the pursuit would cease, but in this he was mistaken. He still heard behind him the clatter of hoofs, and the hard breathing of a horse, which every moment brought nearer and nearer. He now saw that it would be impossible to escape without a struggle with his relentless pursuer, and he immediately devised a plan for neutralizing the superiority which the weapons of the dragoon would give him over an unarmed antagonist. Arrived at a sharp turn in the road, he had no sooner passed it than he faced his horse about, and the Frenchman coming up at the same instant, fell as it were into his adversary's arms, without being able to make use of the sabre which he brandished in his hand. The dragoon was a powerful man, full six feet high, one of those red-mustached, fair-haired Alsatians who abound in the ranks of the French army, and make such excellent soldiers, uniting the phlegm and steady coolness of the German with the headlong courage of their more vivacious countrymen. He grappled resolutely with his foe; but his strength, had it been twice as great, was useless, when opposed to the iron muscles and vice-like grasp of the Spaniard. They both rolled from their horses to the ground, and, in falling, the Impecinado caught his opponent's cheek in his teeth, and pinned him with the gripe of a bulldog. Then, when his foe was writhing with the acuteness of the pain, and vainly endeavouring to extricate himself, and to pick up the sword which had escaped from his hand in the struggle, he suddenly let go his hold, and raising his foot, gave one stamp on the prostrate body of the unhappy Frenchman. The horn of a Murcian bull would hardly have caused a more ghastly and fatal wound. The bowels of the poor wretch burst from his side, his eyes rolled till their whites only were visible, and, as with a convulsive movement he turned round upon his face, a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and mingled with the waters of a streamlet which rippled by the spot where this frightful contest had taken place.*

Three minutes later, a party of

* The Impecinado was remarkable for his extraordinary muscular strength, which has, perhaps, never been equalled, at least amongst the "men of our degenerate days."

hussars pulled up their panting animals by the side of their expiring comrade. The death-rattle was in his throat, and in the distance might be heard the sounds of a horse's feet cantering towards the mountains.

The French troops returned to Aranda, whilst the Impecinado, no-

ways daunted by the disastrous issue of his first enterprize, soon reappeared in the field at the head of a more numerous band, and by many a successful foray and gallant deed revenged the deaths of his first adherents slain by the French, in retaliation for the massacre of the escort.

In a personal contest, four or five men were nothing like a match for him; he would throw them in every direction, just as an ordinary person would disperse a swarm of troublesome boys. An admirable swordsman, he would not hesitate to attack single-handed, and with no other arms than his sabre, a whole troop of enemies, and ran little risk in so doing, provided fire-arms were not used against him. When taken prisoner at Roa, in Castile, and led out to be executed by the peasants, who had been excited and urged on by the priests, stanch adherents of Ferdinand, and enemies of the cause of the Constitution, he burst the cords which bound him, and made a rush at his sabre, which was in the hands of an officer of *Realistas* standing by. It was the famous sabre which had been sent him by George the Third, and was so heavy that any arm less nervous than that of the Impecinado could not use it for five minutes, although its owner wielded it as if it had been a child's toy. He seized it by the cutting part of the blade, which nearly severed the fingers from his hand; but it was afterwards said, that but for this accident, and the failure of his effort to regain his weapon, he would have effected his escape in spite of the crowds that surrounded him. As it was, unarmed and defenceless, he kept his cowardly executioners at bay for some moments; but at length several men, coming behind him, threw a large cloak over his head, and entangling him in its folds, passed a rope round his neck and hung him up to a tree.

As an instance of the intrepidity and confidence of the Impecinado, and of the happy results of the headlong courage with which he braved the greatest perils, the following anecdote may not be found uninteresting:—In the year 1823, he was in Arragon pursuing and harassing a *corps d'armée*, commanded by General Bessières. He (the Impecinado) had a habit of riding on at some distance in front of his troops. Being one day considerably in advance, and attended only by an aide-de-camp and a single orderly, he perceived a farm-house some distance from the road, and by certain signs, visible only to his experienced eye, he conjectured that a party of the enemy were there. He rode up to the door and knocked. A woman opened. *Hay factiosos arriba?* said the Impecinado, for in 1823, as in the late Carlist war, the Constitutionals designated those of their countrymen who were opposed to them by the name of factious.

"*Si Señor*," was the reply of the woman, terrified by the fierce looks of her interrogator.

"How many?"

"*Treinta y pico*. There are upwards of thirty dancing in the room above stairs.

"Where are their arms?"

"They have left them in the kitchen."

He commanded silence to the woman, and, ascending the staircase, opened the door of the room and appeared before the astonished royalists, to many of whom he was probably known by sight. Whether or no this were the case, he did not allow them to remain long in ignorance of his name.

"*Buenas noches, chicos*," cried he. "Let no man stir from his place. *Soy el Impecinado*. For this night we are all friends; take your muskets and follow me!"

The soldiers stared at one another for a moment, but at length submitting to the moral ascendancy of the famous *guerrillero* whose name they had just heard, and struck with admiration at the unhesitating courage with which he had come amongst them, they obeyed the order they had received. Out of different farms and cottages of the neighbourhood, nearly three hundred royalists were collected. They accompanied the Impecinado to the place where his troops had halted for the night. There he had a supper prepared, and before daybreak dismissed his unusual guests, with every man an ounce of gold in his pocket. Three hours after, six hundred Spaniards, forming the rearguard of Bessières' column, deserted to the liberals with loud cries of "*Viva el Impecinado!*"

THE TRAVELS OF EBN BATUTA.

THE early part of the fourteenth century, immediately succeeding the final expulsion of the Franks from Palestine, is a period marked by the almost total interruption of the intercourse between Europe and Asia, which during the long crusading wars of two hundred years, had in some measure familiarized the rude nations of the West with the language, manners, and history of their Oriental antagonists. A stray pilgrim, indeed, was still sometimes led by the spirit of enthusiasm to dare the perils which beset the path to the Holy Sepulchre:—but the favour which the Mogul conquerors of Persia, while they still adhered to Paganism, had extended to the Christians, had been replaced by persecution on the conversion of that fierce race to the faith of Islam; the Venetians had not yet opened that correspondence with Egypt, which subsequently gave them the monopoly of the European commerce with India and eastern Africa: and the Greek empire, which its position brought more directly in contact with the Asiatics, was once again separated, both by religious schism and political apprehensions, from the Frank races with which the crusades had led it into a temporary connexion. Thus, while one half of the world remained undiscovered, two thirds of the other half were virtually unknown to the nations of Christendom; and in the long interval between the travels of Marco Polo (1271—94), and the awakening of the spirit of discovery in Portugal in the 15th century, nearly all our knowledge on the state of manners and civilization among the population of Further Asia is derived from the accounts of Moslem geographers and travellers; and at the head of the latter class, if pre-eminence be

regulated by the extent of ground passed over, we may safely place the personage whom we have selected as the subject of the present article. Ebn Batuta is unquestionably, as he is termed by Burckhardt, (who first made his name known in Europe,) “the greatest land traveller who ever wrote his travels:”* we may add, that he was also the most persevering. Issuing from his native city at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, he continued for thirty years with unwearied diligence to pass to and fro on the earth’s surface, “living as a true dervish, sometimes in great affluence, and sometimes in poverty:” nor did he lay down his pilgrim’s staff, till he had completed the circuit of every nation in which a Moslem community was to be found, from the shores of the Yellow Sea to the banks of the Niger. On his return to his Moorish home, he recited the tale of his diversified wanderings, like a second Sindbad, at the court of the Sultan of Fez, who was so struck by the narration, that he commanded him to dictate the whole to a scribe named Ebn-Jazzi, who acted both as amanuensis and editor, and digested the materials thus furnished into the form of a continuous work. It is from an epitome of the labours of Ebn-Jazzi that Professor Lee’s translation has been made;† though, as the most approved plan of oriental epitomization is not to attempt a condensation of the sense of the author, but to copy one sentence *verbatim* and omit the next altogether, it is probable that much valuable matter may have been omitted in the course of this summary curtailment.

The name, style, and titles of this most indefatigable of travellers, as stated at length by the author of the

* A summary of his journeys is given in Burckhardt’s *Nubian Travels*—(Appendix, No. iii. p. 584;)—but Burckhardt makes strange work with the names of places when he gets beyond the range of the Arabic language, writing *Hindwaksh* for *Hindoo-Koosh*, *Mulean* for *Moultan*, &c.

† Since the above was written, we have seen the following announcement of the existence in Europe of a copy of the great work, which was unknown, except by report, to Burckhardt and Lee. “I have procured from Fez an ancient and beautifully written copy of the original travels, which I have almost entirely translated, and think of committing to the press.”—*Gayangos’ History of the Mahomedan Dynasties in Spain*, i. 348. Note.

abridgement, were "the Sheikh Abu-Abdallah Mohammed Ebn Abdallah Al-Lawati Al-Tandji, surnamed Ebn Batuta;"—a Moor by birth, probably descended from the Berber *Cabayl*, or tribe of Lawata; and a doctor of the Moslem law and traditions by profession. He set out from his native town of Tandjah or Tangiers, with the purpose of accomplishing the pilgrimage to Mekka, in the 725th year of the Hejra (A.D. 1324), and proceeded by land towards Egypt; but his progress through the northern regions of Africa, which he perhaps considered too familiarly known to his readers to stand in need of description, is dismissed with a simple enumeration of the different stages. At Alexandria, however, an incident befell him which wrought a total change in his ulterior arrangements, and which he relates, apparently, with perfect good faith. On visiting the Imam Borhan-ed-deen, a celebrated *wali* or saint of that city, he was informed by the holy man that his destiny would lead him to extend his travels into far distant countries;—"I have (he continued) a brother in India, another in Scinde, and a third in China; you will visit them all, and convey my remembrances to them." Batuta was astonished at the words of the Sheikh; and though, as he professes, he had no previous thought of exploring the countries thus indicated, he forthwith determined on so doing; and in the course of his subsequent wanderings he actually encountered the three brothers of Borhan-ed-deen in the regions which had been named as their residences, and delivered to them the greetings with which he had been charged by their saintly relative at Alexandria. A dream, in which he saw himself borne away on the wings of a mighty bird, and which was interpreted in accordance with the previous prediction by a second sheikh of high reputation, confirmed him in his resolution; and thus, according to his own statements, was the impulse communicated which led his wandering steps over the greatest part of the then known world.

From the predominant influence which we find the divines of the Moslem faith exercising thus early over the movements of our pilgrim, the undue share which is occupied through-

out the narrative by worthies of this class, will scarcely appear surprising. While the natural objects and political interests of the various countries which the Sheikh of Tangiers traversed, are in too many instances dismissed in a brief summary, the devotees and chiefs of the law who flourished there, are uniformly particularized with wearisome minuteness, under their various titles of Imam, Sheikh, Fakir, &c.; and their marvellous adventures and miracles chronicled with unhesitating credulity. This is particularly the case in his account of the Mamluke empire in Egypt and Syria, which he visited through its whole extent, from the south of Egypt to the frontiers of Anatolia, at the juncture when the decline of the Mogul power in Persia had at length relieved the Baharite sultans from their apprehensions in that quarter, and when the vigorous rule of Nasser-Mohammed was affording (in the words of Gibbon) "a happy exception to the rapine and bloodshed" which mark the ordinary course of the Mamluke annals. The history of the early career of this celebrated prince has rather the air of a romance than of a veritable relation; raised to the throne, in consequence of the murder of his brother, at the age of nine years, he was twice driven from it into exile by the seditions of his turbulent emirs; twice, also, routed in the field by his hereditary foes, the Moguls, he saw his dominions on the point of falling into the hands of these barbarian invaders: but his indomitable energy at length carried him triumphant through all the vicissitudes of fortune; and the undisturbed rule of thirty years which followed his second recovery of the throne in 1311, presents an uniform course of splendour and prosperity. No mention is made, however, either of the political revolutions which the country had lately undergone, or of the tranquillity which it was at that time enjoying:—and, excepting the beautiful tale of the misfortunes and generosity of Ebn Kha-sib, which has been lately made familiar to English readers through the medium of Lord Lindsay's Letters, (i. 106,) all the information relative to this interesting period which we derive from this journal of an eye-witness, is a list of the saints then living, and an account of

the founders of the various orders of calendars or derwishes!*. His original intention in penetrating into Upper Egypt had been to cross the Red Sea to Djidda, on his way to Mekka; but finding the road near the coast impassable, from the feuds of the native tribes, he returned with all haste to Cairo, and thence proceeded, after a halt of only a single day, to Syria, in order to join the Hadj caravan from the north. Before the day appointed, however, for the general rendezvous of the pilgrims at Damascus, he found time to pay a flying visit to almost every city or place of note from the Egyptian frontier to Aleppo: the shrines of Jerusalem, Hebron, and Askelon, and the bazars and palaces of Akka† (Acre,) Tripoli, Hamah, (of which the historian, Abu'l-Feda, was the then reigning prince,) Aleppo, and Antioch, were all rapidly inspected and briefly described, while numerous other localities, famous in the past struggles of the crusades, and the more recent Mogul wars, are passed over with a mere recapitulation of their names. He even ventured to explore the mountain fastnesses of the Ismailis, the remnant of the once powerful Assassins of Lebanon, who now purchased toleration from the Sultan of Egypt by the hateful service of ridding him, by secret murder, of such of his enemies as were otherwise beyond the reach of his vengeance:—"No one (says Batuta) can safely pass among these people except one of their own body;"—but our traveller probably owed his impunity to his derwish's garb. All this circuit seems to have been accomplished, if the dates are correctly given, in little more than a month! when returning to Damascus, and finding the *cafila* ready to start, he journeyed in its company to Mekka.

After the due performance of the ceremonies prescribed to the votaries, the new-made *Hadji* appears to have quitted his Syrian friends, and attaching himself to a strong party of pilgrims from Irak, proceeded with them to the tomb of the Prophet at Medinah. When his new associates set out on their homeward route, he still followed their path, and traversing the Nejd, entered the Persian Irak at Cadesia, the scene of the decisive victory by which the sceptre of Persia was transferred, in the early times of Islam, from the last of the Sassanian dynasty to the successors of Mohammed. "At that time (says he) Cadesia was a great city; it is now only a small village;" and subsequent revolutions have completed its obliteration. At Meshhed-Ali, the reputed‡ burial-place of the fourth caliph, a numerous Sheah population had collected round the shrine of their first and greatest Imam, whither numerous maimed and deformed persons annually resorted, in the hope of participating in the miraculous cures wrought through the merits of the martyr on the 17th night of the month Rejeb, thence termed *Leilat-al-Mohhiya*, or the *Night of Revival*: "I heard of these cases (says the sheikh, with laudable caution,) from several credible persons, but was not present at one of the nights." From Meshhed-Ali he passed on to Waset, where he was an eye-witness to the feats performed by the Rifayi derwishes, who pretend to be miraculously endowed with the power of eating fire, rolling amid flames, &c.; and, from the wonder which he expresses at the sight, we may conclude that these practices had not yet been introduced in Egypt, which is now the head-quarters of the sect.—(See Lane's "Modern Egyptians.") His intention had

* We are informed, however, by Don Pascual de Gayangos, that this fault is chargeable on the epitomator, the account of Egypt being much more copious in the original.

† The Egyptian historian Jemal-ed-deen, when narrating the capture of Acre from the Christians in 1291, mentions among its wonders "the noted Fountain of the Ox, which is held equally in veneration by Moslems, Christians, and Jews, inasmuch as from its waters came forth the ox with which Adam first ploughed the earth!" We do not remember to have found this curious legend elsewhere alluded to.

‡ The sepulchre of Ali was concealed at the time of his death by his family, from fear of the Ommyyades, and several places subsequently laid claim to the honour of possessing his remains. Is not the 17th of Rejeb given as the *Night of Revival* by mistake, for the 17th of Ramazan, on which Ali received the stroke of martyrdom?

been to proceed from Waset to Bagdad: but changing his route at the recommendation of a friend, he made his way by Basra and the Persian Gulf to the hill country of Lour or Laristan, then an independent sovereignty under the sway of an atabek, or petty prince, named Afrasiab. This ruler sent him a sum of money to defray his expenses while in his territory, a compliment which appears in those days to have been commonly paid to a traveller of any pretensions to learning or sanctity, and which frequently occurs in the case of Batuta himself. After quitting the dominions of this hospitable prince, he advanced into the interior of Persia; but, on reaching Ispahan, he was so wrought upon by the reports relative to a saint then resident in Shiraz, that he determined on retracing his steps to that city, where he arrived in twenty days from Ispahan.

Shiraz, "the Abode of Empire and of Excellence," (as Sheikh Ali Hazin designates it,) has been enlogized by Persian writers in all ages, as a perfect paradise of all earthly delights, from the coolness of its numerous streams, the shade and fragrance of its groves and gardens, and the unrivalled beauty of its women: but our traveller, though admitting its just claims to all these merits, pronounces it inferior in every respect to Damascus. Its profane attractions may, however, have perhaps fallen unheeded on his eye, as he admits that the sole object of his visit was to see the "paragon of saints," the sheikh Majd-ed-deen above referred to, by whose influence and miracles the Mogul sultan, Mohammed Khoda-Bandah, had been converted from the Sheah or heretical doctrines, which he adopted on his first profession of Islam, to the Soonni or orthodox tenets:—and marvellous are the tales related of this sacred personage, who was approached by the nobles of the land, on account of the service he had rendered to religion, with all the respect due

to a king. Besides this living saint, Shiraz abounded with the tombs of departed worthies; and one of them, Abdallah Ebn Khafif, the first Moslem who reached Ceylon,* appears to have furnished, by a wondrous escape related to have befallen him among the elephants in that country, the origin of one of those tales of which our friend Sindbad the Sailor is more familiarly known as the hero. On leaving Shiraz, Batuta resumed the design of visiting Bagdad, which he reached by the route of Kufa; and after a short stay, having obtained the favour and protection of Sultan Abu-Said, son of Khoda-Bandah (the last of the race of Hulagu who exercised undivided power in Persia), he set out on a tour through the cities of Mesopotamia and Azerbaijan, extending his researches as far north as Tabreez; but his remarks in this part of the narrative possess little novelty or interest. Returning at length by Diarbekr and Moasul to Bagdad, he a second time joined the Hadj caravan, and arriving safely in Mekka, took up his abode there for more than two years, probably subsisting (as he indeed seems to hint) on the benefactions annually forwarded by the devout liberality of the Moslem sovereigns for the support of the religious characters resident in that holy city.†

The third year, however, saw the Sheikh once more "a son of the way" (as the orientals term a traveller); and turning his steps in the direction of Yemen, he visited, in the course of the three succeeding years, almost every part of the Arabian peninsula, besides the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the eastern coast of Africa as far down as Mombaza and Zanguebar. His route in the first instance lay by Sanaa and Aden, and from the port of the latter, (which he mentions as even then enjoying a considerable trade with India,) he made a voyage of four days to Zaila in Africa, whence he sailed in a coasting vessel to the country of the Zenj (Zanguebar), who were

* The sepulchre of this famous sheikh is placed in Ceylon, in a subsequent part of the narrative.

† A curious historical fact, here mentioned incidentally, is, that the name of the Mogul sultan Abu-Said was then inserted in the *khotbah*, or prayer at Mekka, before that of Nasser-Mohammed of Egypt, who had probably, notwithstanding his victories, deemed it expedient to avert the hostility of the Moguls by this empty concession, which all the Egyptian historians have passed unnoticed.

then partly Moslems and partly idolaters. Returning by sea to the coast of Yemen, he passed through the districts of Hadramaut and Amman, or Omaun, and embarking thence on the Persian Gulf, arrived at the celebrated island-city of Hormuz, or Ormus. From this point he made a second excursion to Laristan and the adjacent provinces of Persia, and returning through the heart of Arabia, by Lahssa and Yemama, reached Mekka once more in 1332, at the time when the Sultan of Egypt was personally performing the Hadj. His observations on all these regions are extremely valuable for the accurate geographical details which they afford; but they contain few incidents or traits of personal adventure, &c.; and we shall quote only his description of the pearl fisheries of Bahrein, which were then under the control of the Sultan of Hormuz. The pearl-banks, he says, are situated "in a quiet gulf of the sea, not unlike a large valley;" and he describes the divers as wearing a sort of tortoise-shell mask to protect their faces: in other respects his account minutely agrees with that lately given by Lieut. Wellsted, (Arabia, i. 263, &c.,) except that, like many later writers, he greatly overrates the length of time during which the divers are capable of remaining submerged;—"some will remain an hour, others two, others less." The more accurate statement of Wellsted informs us that "one minute is the average; and I never knew them, but on one occasion, to exceed a minute and a half."

We must return, however, to Batuta. After accomplishing his third pilgrimage, he again quitted Mekka with the design of reaching India by way of Yemen and Aden; but this project, for some reason not stated, was soon abandoned; and crossing the Red Sea into the country of the Beja, or Bishareyn Arabs, he once more descended the Nile to Cairo. We are not informed what circumstances led to the total change of destination which now took place: but the views of the Sheikh pointed to the north; and passing from Egypt into Syria, he travelled along the coast to Latakia, where he embarked, and in due time landed in Caramania, the south-eastern division of Room or Asia Minor. Here he found himself, for the first time during his wanderings, among a Turkish po-

pulation, the descendants of the tribes which 250 years before had followed the fortunes of the Seljookian prince, Soliman, the son of Cutlumish, and emigrated from Persia to win themselves a new country by their swords from the unbelievers of the west. (See *Gibbon*, ch. 57.) The kingdom established by Soliman, on which fell the first fury of the crusades, had closed its chequered history about fifty years before the visit of Batuta, being crushed by the Mogul hordes which had previously overrun Persia: but each of its fragments had assumed a separate vitality, and Anatolia was now divided into not less than ten Turkish principalities, some of which were wholly independent, while others still paid a nominal allegiance to the declining power of the Perso-Moguls. Each of these little sovereignties was visited in succession by Batuta, who was hospitably entertained wherever he went by the members of a society called the *Brotherhood of Youths*, whose lodges, or fraternities, in every town devoted themselves especially to the duty of providing for the reception of all strangers who visited their country, and who are consequently mentioned with high commendation by their grateful guest. At length, after passing through the eastern and southern districts, he reached the city of Broussa, the capital of the infant monarchy, destined ere long to absorb all the neighbouring states, where Orkhan, the son and successor of Othman, the first of the race, then ruled:—and the short notice given of the military resources and personal habits of this prince, whose valour and sagacity laid the broad foundation of the Ottoman greatness, is characteristic and interesting:—"It is said, that he never remains a month in any one place, as he is constantly inspecting his different fortresses and districts: and in riches, power, and warlike strength, he is the greatest of all the Turkoman kings."

After completing the circuit of Anatolia by a visit to the prince of Kastamouni, the Sheikh embarked at Sinope for the opposite shores of the Black Sea. The Eunxine maintained on this occasion the character which has earned for it from its Turkish neighbours the epithet of *Fana*, or evil: but after "a voyage of unutterable misery, in which he was very near being drowned,"

our adventurous pilgrim at length landed in safety in the dominions of Mohammed Uzbek Khan, a descendant of Jenghiz in the seventh degree, who then ruled with absolute sway from the frontiers of Poland to the banks of the Irtysh and the Ob, and held the princes of Russia in abject and slavish vassalage.* This vast realm (collectively termed Kipchak by oriental writers) had been conquered a century previous, by Batu, the grandson of Jenghiz: but the Tartars were now no longer the bloodthirsty and cruel pagans described by Rubruquis and Plancarpin; the lapse of years, and their conversion to Islam, had humanized their manners, and given them a taste for magnificence and the arts of civilization. Yet they still prided themselves on preserving unimpaired the simple and martial habits of their pastoral ancestors; horseflesh and mares' milk continued to be the national fare of the multitude: and the splendid court of the Khan was more frequently held in the *Golden Horde* (as the vast camp which attended his movements was called), than in the marble palaces of Serai or Astrakhan. After traversing in an *aruba* or cart the steppes between the Don and the Volga, Batuta encountered this "moving city, with its streets, mosques, and kitchens, the smoke of which ascended while the houses were in motion;" and was introduced to the presence of the monarch, who sat in state, after the Friday prayers, under a golden alcove or canopy, while on each side the throne were seats for the *four* queens-consort, who appeared unveiled before all the emirs, and were led to their places on their entrance, with ceremonious politeness, by the hand of their royal husband. In accordance with the ancient Tartar usage, which the introduction of Mohammedanism had been unable to overthrow, the

women of all ranks mixed freely in society, with their faces uncovered: and it was intimated to Batuta that etiquette required that he should pay his respects in person to the wives of the Khan—a circumstance which he narrates with special wonder, from the contrast which it afforded to the rigid seclusion enforced on the ladies of his own country; he fails not, however, to commemorate in high terms of eulogy the charity, piety, and discreet deportment of these unveiled fair ones of Kipchak.

During his stay in European Tartary, he visited the city of Bulgar, (placed by Abu'l-Feda in his Geography twenty days' march N. of Serai,) where, according to his statement, the night was, at that season of the year, so short as scarcely to afford time for the due performance of the prescribed prayers: and he describes, with tolerable accuracy, from hearsay accounts received from this place,—the mode of travelling in sledges drawn by dogs over the frozen surface of the earth to the frontiers of the fur country, or "land of darkness:" but the distance and peril of the country deterred him from attempting to penetrate into these polar regions, and he returned to the camp of the Khan, whom he accompanied to Hadjitarakhan (Astrakhan.) But shortly after their arrival at this capital, one of the queens, who was daughter to the Greek Emperor,† quitted the court in order to visit her parents; and Batuta, at his earnest entreaty, was allowed to travel in her suite to the city of the Cæsars. It would appear, however, that the Sheikh had not escaped altogether scatheless from the unwonted display of female attractions which assailed him at the Tartar court, for he relates with amusing naïveté that Usbek Khan at first refused him permission to accompany the lady, "on account of some suspi-

* During the reign of Uzbek, two successive grand-dukes of Russia, Michael Yaroslavits and his son Demetrius, had been summoned to the Golden Horde, and condemned and executed as criminals, on the accusation of members of their own family! Whenever a Tartar legate appeared at Moscow, the prince was compelled to rub down the horse of the Khan's representative, and to feed him with oats from his cap of state.

† The reigning Emperor of this time must have been Andronicus the younger, but Batuta calls him the *Tekfur*, a strange title bearing apparently some relation to that of *Tekkur*, noticed by Cantemir. Both are probably corruptions of *Nekfur*, (Necrophorus;) the variation of a point would make all the difference in the Arabic orthography. Marco Polo applies the appellation of *Fanfur* or *Faghfur* to the Emperor of China, who was dethroned by the Moguls.

cions which he entertained of me: but I persuaded him, telling him that I should never appear before her but as his servant and guest." At length the Greek princess set forward with a splendid cortège, and traversed the territory of the Russians, who are mentioned only in this single passage, and described as "Christians with red hair and blue eyes; an ugly and perfidious people!"—but the remainder of the route is dispatched in a few words, and even the wonders of Constantinople receive but a slight notice. The disinclination of the Sheikh to dwell on this interesting part of his travels, appears to be explained by the scandalous apostasy of the queen, who no sooner found herself safe in her native land, than she abjured the Moslem faith, which she had before professed,—began to eat pork and drink wine, and peremptorily refused to return to Kipchak:—"thus were her tastes changed by entering the territories of infidelity!" Batuta and the suite were thus necessitated to retrace their steps without the royal lady; but Uzbek Khan, whom they found at Serai,* appears to have borne the loss of his faithless bride with philosophic equanimity, and when the Sheikh shortly afterwards took leave, presented him liberal sums to defray the expense of his journey.

From Serai was a journey of forty days round the north eastern angle of the Caspian to the city of Khwarezm (Khiva), which was then included in the territories of Uzbek Khan. The Sheikh found the route (as the Russian invaders have recently done) sadly destitute of water and forage; but he crossed the desert in a vehicle drawn by camels, and, after passing a large river called the Ulu-Sou, apparently the Ural or Yaik, at length reached Khwarezm. He describes this city as the largest and most important in the possession of the Uzbek or Kipchak Turks, and highly com-

mends the courtesy and piety of the inhabitants. The Jihon, or Oxus, which washes its walls, is (he says) one of the four rivers which flow down from Paradise; and he fails not to particularize the delicious melons for which Mawara'nahr is still famous throughout the East. Notwithstanding these manifold attractions, his stay at Khwarezm was short, and he pushed on through another desert to Bokhara, which, since its desolation by the Moguls in 1219, retained scarcely a vestige of its ancient opulence; its numerous academies and colleges had utterly disappeared, and "I found no one," says the Sheikh, mournfully, "who knew any thing of science." He had now entered the territories of Terma-shireen, khan of Zagatai, the representative of another mighty branch of the sons of Jenghiz, who had recently become, with all his subjects, a convert to Islam; and by this prince, whom he visited in his camp near Nekhsheb, he was hospitably entertained, and dismissed with a gratuity of 700 gold *dinars* to pursue his journey by Samarkand and Balkh (or rather the ruins of the latter city) to Herat. This was all which Batuta saw of the realm of Zagatai or its sovereign, who was the most powerful monarch in his time of Central Asia, and had, in 1327, invaded Hindostan with such a mighty force, that the reigning sultan, unable to meet him in the field, purchased his forbearance by paying him (in the language of Ferihta) "almost the price of the kingdom." Terma-shireen was, however, shortly after deposed by his subjects, whose prejudices he had outraged by substituting the law of the Koran for the Yasa,† or code of Jenghiz-khan; and his dominions became a scene of anarchy till the establishment of the supremacy of Timour, who was born five years after the visit of Batuta to Mawara'nahr.

* Serai is merely named by Batuta: but in the history of Timour, by Arabahah, (ch. 45, &c.,) we find copious details of the splendour, extent, and population of this once famous metropolis of Kipchak: It was founded by Berkah Khan about 1258, on the banks of the Selinga, (a branch of the Athil or Volga,) and was finally ruined by Timour, in 1391. It is worthy of notice that Arabahah speaks of many Tartar tribes as being still pagans in his time.

† Various etymologies have been given for this word by Makrizi and other Arabic writers; but it appears to be obviously identical with the Turkish *yazi*, 'a writing or scripture;' whence *yazidji*, 'a secretary.'

The ancient city of Heri or Herat (Asia) had been, little more than a century previous to the visit of our traveller, pre-eminent among all the cities of Khorassan and Persia for extent, splendour, and opulence; but the obstinate resistance which it opposed, in 1228, to the arms of Jenghiz, drew down upon it such a measure of vengeance, as makes its fate conspicuous even in the annals of that ruthless conqueror, the progress of whose armies is described by a Persian historian in language of terrific brevity: "They came, they undermined, they bound, they slaughtered, they burnt to ashes!" Of a population exceeding a million, (if we credit the numbers given by native writers,) sixteen persons alone are said to have escaped the swords of the infuriated barbarians; and for some years Herat existed only in name; but when the race of the *Molouk-Kurt* (a petty dynasty claiming descent from the Moslem subjugators of India, the mighty Ghaurian sultans,) had established their power in Khorassan, their royal residence was fixed in the fallen capital, which their care had restored, in the lapse of years, to some appearance of its former grandeur. The throne was at this time filled by Sultan Hussein, the most powerful prince of the family, to whom Batuta paid his respects; but he gives no account of the existing condition of Herat, simply stating that, of the four great cities which once adorned Khorassan, two, Balkh and Mero, were utterly ruined; and of the two which were still inhabited, Nisabur, or Nishapoor, and Herat, the latter was the largest and most important.* The remaining towns of Khorassan—Toos, famous for the tomb of the Caliph Haroon-al-Rasheed, Serrukhs (erroneously spelled Sarakhas in the English version,) and Nisabur—are noticed only in reference to the shrines which they contained, and the holy men who inhabited them; and we at length find the

Sheikh arriving, by a somewhat devious route, in the territory of Koon-dooz, where he halted to refresh his beasts for the passage of the snowy range of the Hindoo-Koosh.

The interest with which recent political events have invested this region, makes it a subject of regret that we derive no details upon it from this early narrative; but the only object in the Kohistan which appears to have arrested the attention of Batuta, was the cell of a holy man called Ata Evliya, or the *Father of Saints*, the marvels related of whom appear to have staggered the faith even of our Moorish sheikh, who was informed by this venerable personage that he was 350 years old, had a new growth of hair and teeth every century, and was a resuscitation of an Indian rajah buried in Moulton! "But," says Batuta, with a touch of sly scepticism in which he rarely indulges, "I much doubted, and still doubt, what he really was." After taking leave of this patriarch, he arrived at the pass of Barwan or Purwan, the scene of the final victory of the British troops over Dost Mohammed, (Nov. 2, 1840); and there crossing the Hindoo-Koosh, proceeded by Ghizni and Cabul to the Indus. The predatory attacks of the Affghan mountaineers, whose habits of life seem to have been much the same in all ages, harassed and impeded his progress; but the assiduous use of their bows delivered the casila from these marauders, and they arrived in safety, at the beginning of the Moslem year 734, (Sept. 1333), on the frontier of Scinde, where they halted till a firman arrived from Delhi, authorizing their advance into the realms of the Sultan of India. During this delay Batuta mentions his meeting, according to prediction, with Sheikh Boha-ed-deen, one of the brothers of the Alexandrian *weli*. The important rescript at length made its appearance; and the travellers, reaching the banks of the Indus at Lahari,†

* Eighty years later, the ancient glories of Herat were revived by Shah-Rukh, the accomplished son of Timour, during whose long reign it was the seat of the most splendid and polished court which had been seen in Asia since the extinction of the caliphate; but, after the fall of the race of Timour, it was reduced by the continual attacks of the Usbeks to its present rank of a respectable provincial capital.

† Since the publication of this version of Batuta in 1829, the geography of the regions adjacent to the Indus has been made better known by the writings of Burnes, and the progress of British arms in that quarter. Lahory, or Lahari, is noticed by Burnes (ch. i.) as a town on the left bank of the Pittee, one of the mouths of the

a place of considerable traffic near the mouth of the river, slowly ascended this mighty stream, passing the cities of Bahar and Uja, to Moultan, the capital of the viceroyalty, where they again awaited orders from the court of Delhi, which appears at this period, probably from the late invasion of the Moguls, to have exercised a rigid surveillance on the entrance of foreigners. Permission, however, was finally obtained; and they proceeded across the desert, escorted by an officer of the imperial household, till, after a toilsome journey of forty days, they saw before them the magnificent capital of Hindostan.

The adventures which befell our sheikh during his long sojourn in India, form one of the most curious and eventful chapters of his peregrinations; and this part of his narrative derives additional interest from the details which he introduces, not only of the natural productions and agriculture of the country, but of the manners, institutions, and history of Hindostan, under the Afghan dynasties, which preceded for nearly 300 years the establishment of the Mogul power. He commemorates the speed and certainty of the horse and foot* posts which had been organized throughout the empire, and which transmitted a despatch with such celerity, as to accomplish in five days a distance which ordinarily required fifty; and, in describing the inhuman practice of *suttee*, he correctly observes, that the immolation of the wife is not compulsory, nor considered absolutely necessary, though the disgrace and social degradation attached to the non-performance of the sacrifice makes it almost inevitable. A historical retrospect is also given, extending from the first conquest of Delhi by the Moslems under Kootbed-deen Ai-bek, in 1188, to the accession of the reigning sovereign, Sultan Mohammed, the son of Togh-

lik, in 1325; and is especially valuable from the additional facts which it supplies, and the light thrown on many of the transactions recorded by Ferishta. This preliminary sketch is continued by the personal narrative of Batuta himself, whose fortune led him to India at the crisis when the unity of the Patan power (at all times rather an aristocracy of Mamluke chiefs, or military leaders, than a consolidated monarchy,) was on the point of dissolution, from the mad tyranny of Sultan Mohammed, which drove all the governors of provinces into open revolt, and led to the erection of independent kingdoms in Bengal, the Dekkan, &c. The character of this prince is one of the most extraordinary and anomalous which the page of history presents; a naturally gallant and generous temperament, combined with the possession of remarkable talents and accomplishments, was perverted and alloyed, apparently, by a vein of hidden insanity, which increased with advancing years; for on no other supposition can be explained the acts of frantic despotism and useless cruelty into the commission of which he from time to time plunged, and which would otherwise rank their perpetrator with the greatest monsters who have disgraced human nature. He had not been originally designed by his father Toghlik to succeed him on the throne; but Toghlik and his favourite son having perished together by the fall of a new kiosk, or pleasure-house, which Mohammed was generally believed to have constructed with beams adjusted for this purpose, he ascended the throne (1325), and was acknowledged by the emirs. The suspicious fate of his father, however, excited considerable disaffection; and when Hindostan was attacked in the third year of his reign by Terma-shireen, khan of Tagatai, he found it more expedient (as has been already noticed) to buy off the invader by the

Indus; Bakar, the site of which appears to have puzzled Professor Lee to determine, is evidently Bukkur, which is divided, as the Sheikh describes it, by an arm of the river from the opposite town of Roree; Uja is Ooch. It is strange that Batuta makes no mention of Hydrabad; and though he notices Sivastan, which is synonymous with Sehwun, (see *Ferishta* in Firooz-Toghlik,) he makes no allusion to the famous shrine of the saint Lall Shah Baz, described by Burnes.

* The foot-posts are called *davah*, a term which Professor Lee suggests may be an erroneous reading for the Persian *davan*, 'a runner;' but is it not rather a corruption of the common Hindoostani phrase *dak*?

payment of an enormous subsidy, than to risk the dubious fidelity of his chiefs by meeting him in arms; though the sum required was so vast, that he was compelled to issue a copper currency at a nominal value, to supply the deficiency arising from the drain of gold and silver; he also cancelled all debts due from the state to individuals; "thus," says Ferishta, "causing the utter ruin of thousands."

Such was the prince to whose court Batuta now repaired; but the worthy Sheikh appears, from circumstances which he (or perhaps rather the epitomator) has left unexplained, to have made a considerable advance in worldly prosperity during his wanderings in Kipchak and Central Asia, as his retinue now consisted of forty persons; and the distinguished reception which he met with from the vizir, who was acting as vicegerent in the absence of the Emperor, proves that he was now regarded as a personage of considerable note. A furnished residence was assigned to him; his meals were sent to him from the table of the queen-mother; and on the death of one of his daughters, (for it appears that he had also provided himself with a harem and a family,) the funeral obsequies were celebrated with all the forms usual at the decease of a person of the first rank. On the arrival of the emperor, additional honours and gifts were showered upon him; and he was at length appointed to the office of cadhi or judge in Delhi, with a dress of honour and an annual salary of 12,000 dinars; though, as he frankly admits, he was ignorant of the language of the country, and belonged to a sect (the Maleki) which differed in several legal points from that (the Hanafi) which prevailed at Delhi. Whatever may have been the causes of this apparently sudden elevation, we find that he contrived to retain the precarious favour of Mohammed-Toghlik for many years, during which the tyrant was daily shedding the blood of his subjects like water, and perpetrating freaks of despotism which the brain of an insane autocrat alone could have devised. At one time he conceived

the design of subduing Persia and Turkestan, and assembled a vast army for this purpose; but the reports which he had heard of the treasures of China, (then distracted by the civil wars preceding the expulsion of the race of Jenghiz and Kublai,) decided him on invading that country in preference; but nearly the whole of the force which he sent on this service perished miserably (1337) in attempting, by his order, to pass the snowy gorges of the Himalaya in the depth of winter! The next year, enraged at an affront offered him by the populace of Delhi, he transferred the seat of government to Dowlatabad, and commanded all the inhabitants of the degraded capital to remove to the new city under pain of death; but the mandate having been disobeyed by two individuals, one of whom was blind and the other bedridden, he ordered the former to be projected from a *manjezik*, or catapult, and the other to be dragged at the foot of an elephant to Dowlatabad, where only a mangled fragment of his body arrived! The peasantry of the districts where he encamped were often hunted down like wild beasts for his diversion, and their heads hung on the walls of the cities;* and while insurrections broke out in every province, and all his valour and address were scarcely adequate to preserve him on the throne, he became suddenly possessed by the idea that all his misfortunes arose from his having neglected to procure a confirmation of his title from the titular Abbasside Caliph resident in Egypt; and forthwith sending a splendid mission to Cairo, he suspended the exercise of all the outward functions of sovereignty, till his scruples were relieved by the return of his ambassadors with a diploma of investiture from this fountain of legitimate authority! The fits of generosity, into which his mood at times deviated, were equally extreme;—at one time he pardoned and promoted a general who had been taken in arms against him, saying that he knew him to be loyal in heart, and that he had been made the tool of others;—and hearing one of his principal emirs blamed for avarice, he

* After his death, in 1351, his cousin and successor Firooz made redress, as far as possible, to all whom his predecessor had injured; causing each of them to deposit in the tomb of the deceased monarch a formally signed and sealed document of forgiveness!—*Ferishta*.

caused him to be weighed against a pile of gold till the latter preponderated in the scale, when he gave him the money and dismissed him, saying, "Take this and give alms for your sins, and neglect your salvation no longer!"

These details, drawn partly from Ferishta and partly from Batuta's own narrative, sufficiently show by how slender a tenure the subjects and ministers of the ruler of Delhi held their lives and fortunes; and we must give our Sheikh credit for no ordinary share of address in so long maintaining himself unscathed amidst the fearful turmoil and destruction which surrounded him. At length, however, the storm overtook him. An eminent sheikh resident near the capital, who had incurred the emperor's displeasure, was suddenly seized and executed; and all who were known to have frequented his society were summoned to attend at the palace gate, "where few indeed were those who escaped death!" Batuta, who had been intimate with the disgraced sheikh, was among the number of the arraigned; but his life was spared, after four days' terrible suspense—an escape which he piously attributes to his having, during that interval, repeated 33,000 times a favourite text of the Koran! His office was, however, taken from him; and "bidding farewell to the world," he wore for six months the garb of a fakir; when he was again sent for and taken into favour. But the remembrance of his recent perils could not be effaced from his mind: on the arrival of an embassy from the Emperor of China, he gladly accepted an appointment as one of the envoys destined to convey the gifts sent in return by Sultan Mohammed; and receiving his outfit and credentials, quitted without delay the dangerous walls of Delhi early in the year of the Hejra 743, (A.D. 1342).*

His evil star, however, was still in the ascendant; and he had not advanced many days' journey towards the coast, when his escort was overpower-

ed in a conflict with the Hindoos, his colleague in the embassy killed, and he himself, escaping with difficulty from his captors, made his way back, alone and on foot, to the presence of the emperor. After renewing his equipments, he again set forward, and this time reached without molestation the distant port of Calicut, where the Chinese junks awaited the embassy. In this long and toilsome journey through Central India and the Dekkan, he describes, among other places through which he passed, the cities of Dowlutabad, Goa, and Hinaur or Onore: and notes with special wonder the juggling performances of the Hindoo Yogis,† some of whom would seem by his account to have anticipated the *Air Brahmin* of our own days, in the power of maintaining themselves apparently self-suspended in mid air. His account of the country and natural productions of Malabar, its pepper, ginger, and spices; the numerous sovereignties into which it was subdivided, and the singular custom of succession by the female line in preference to the male—is remarkably perspicuous and accurate; and he confirms the statements of Marco Polo as to the maritime and piratical habits of the people, alleging, however, that they captured only those vessels which attempted to pass their ports without the payment of toll. The embassy remained three months in Calicut, till the monsoon enabled them to sail for China; but every stage in this mission was doomed to misfortune. While the envoys and the suite, with the costly gifts of which they were the bearers, were in course of embarkation in the port, a violent tempest arose, by which part of the Chinese squadron was driven on shore and wrecked; while the remaining vessels, on board one of which Batuta's property and harem had already been embarked, were driven so far out to sea, that the captains, instead of returning to Calicut, made the best of their way to China. Batuta himself had accident-

* The subsequent tenor of the narrative shows this date to be correct; yet he had previously spoken of himself as being in the train of the Sultan when he marched to crush the rebellion of the Ain-al-Mulk, which we find from Ferishta was A.H. 747:—it is not easy to explain this discrepancy.

† Batuta's account falls far short, however, of the sleight-of-hand miracles which the Mogul Emperor Jehanghir, in his autobiography, declares to have been performed in his own presence on an occasion of high festivity.

ally delayed going on board; but his two colleagues perished in one of the stranded ships, and he was left with only his "prayer-carpet and ten dinars, which I kept as a blessing, as they had been given me by some holy men."

After spending some time in anxious expectation and enquiry at the different ports of Malabar, for the return of the junk which had carried off his property, he betook himself to the court of Jemal-ed-deen,* prince of Hinaur, "for I was afraid to return to the emperor, knowing what sort of a man he was in cases of this kind." With Jemal-ed-deen he abode for some time, and accompanied him on a naval expedition against the infidel Hindoos; but receiving at length intelligence that all his property had been confiscated on the arrival of the junk in China, he determined to resume his wanderings; and setting sail from Hinaur, arrived in ten days at the Zabiyah-Al-Mohli, or Maldivé Islands.

"These islands constitute one of the wonders of the world; for their number is about 2000, nearly 100 of which are so close together as to form a kind of ring;" (this estimate of the number of the group is far more moderate than that of the Dutch pilot Linschoten, who reckons them at 11,000 or upwards;) "the people are religious, chaste, and peaceable: they eat what is lawful, and their prayers are answered. Their bodies are weak, they make no war, and their weapons are prayers." Their chief subsistence was on fish, rice, and the fruit of the cocoa-tree; the coir-rope, formed from the fibres of which, was their principal article of commerce; and a sea-shell called *wada* (probably some species of *Cypræa* or cowry,) was current in lieu of coined money. Their conversion to Islam had been effected some time previous by a Moghrabin or Moorish traveller, by the efficacy of whose recitation from the Koran they had been delivered from the monthly tribute of one of their fairest virgins, paid to a *jinn* or fiery demon who rose from the sea: a legend of which we cannot reasonably doubt the authenti-

city, since we are gravely assured by our Sheikh that he was himself an eyewitness of the apparition of the fiend, who still made periodical attempts to land, though invariably repelled by the divine virtue of the Koran! This primitive community was ruled at the time by a queen, whose husband acted as her vizir—a singular instance of the crown-matrimonial in a Moslem state! and on repairing to the residence of these royal partners in the principal island, Batuta was not only received with distinction, but invested with the office of judge, apparently with reference to the post he had lately held at the court of Delhi. He now married three wives, and contemplated fixing his permanent abode in the islands: but his prosperity was not of long duration; and he found himself in danger from the jealous apprehensions of the vizir-consort, who took alarm at the influence which he had attained, and suspected him of a design to bring over an army from Ghiath-ed-deen, one of the Malabar princes, (with whom the Sheikh had become connected by marriage in India,) for the conquest of the islands. He therefore determined on quitting the country; and having divorced his wives,† with the exception of one who had borne him a son, he went on board a ship bound for Malabar; but the winds and waves were again adverse, and they were compelled to take refuge in one of the harbours of Ceylon. The Rais, or captain of the port, at first refused them admission; but the announcement of Batuta's relationship to the King of Malabar removed all obstacles, and he was permitted to proceed to Battala, the residence of Ayari-Shakarti, whom he calls King of Ceylon, though he appears to have been subordinate to the supreme sovereign or emperor, whose capital was a city in the interior called Kankar, (Candy?) and who prided himself, like the Burmese monarch in our own days, on the possession of a white elephant, "the only one," says our Sheikh, "I had ever seen."

The arrival of Batuta in Ceylon had

* Neither this prince, nor the kings Ghiath-ed-deen and Nasser-ed-deen, afterwards mentioned as reigning in Malabar, are alluded to by Ferishta.

† The Moslem process of divorce consists merely in a briefform of words, and does not necessarily imply misconduct in either party. It will hereafter appear that even the third wife, with her child, were left behind on the Maldives.

been the effect of accident ; but once landed on the island, he determined not to quit it without visiting the mighty mountain of Serendib, (Adam's Peak,) which they had seen from the sea, "like a pillar of smoke," at the distance of nine days' sail ; and on the summit of which was the famous foot-step attributed by tradition to "our forefather Adam, whom these people call Baba, while they style Eve Mamma." For this venerated place of pilgrimage he accordingly set forward in a palanquin, attended by four Yogis, whom the king Ayari provided as guides. The account of his route is interspersed, as usual, with notices of the mineral and vegetable riches, the rubies and carbuncles, the cinnamon and aloes, of the districts through which he passed : and he again repeats the tale of the impunity conceded by the elephants to the pilgrims since the time of the Sheikh Ebn Khaffif, whose sepulchre he here places in the island, though he had previously stated that he saw it at Shiraz. In his description of the monkeys, which abounded in the hills, it is not difficult to recognize the large species called the Wanderow, (*Macacus silenus*):—"they are black and long-tailed, and the beard of the males is like that of a man." Like Knox and other writers, he attributes to these animals a regular monarchical form of government, and gives (on hearsay) some amusing details of the etiquette of the monkey court, and the administration of justice by the king, his four rod-bearing ministers, (*επιστάται βασιλικοι*!) and his senate! The ascent of the mountain was long and arduous. "Before we reached the summit, we saw the clouds between us and the base ;" and the last part of the peak could only be scaled by the aid of iron chains fixed in the precipitous rock—a circumstance which both Knox and

Marco Polo also notice. The holy footmark was eleven spans in length ; but the print of the great toe, with the stone about it, had been cut out by the Chinese, who carried it to their own country, and enshrined it as an object of worship in a temple at the city of Zaitun, where Batuta afterwards saw it.

On returning from the mountain to Battala, our traveller resumed his voyage without further delay ; and arriving safely in India, wandered for some months from place to place, apparently without any very definite plan or purpose. Among other adventures at this period, he was captured, while on a voyage to Hinaur, by Hindoo pirates, who stripped him of all his property, and of the jewels given him in Ceylon, and set him on shore nearly naked. The liberality of the Moslem merchants of Calicut, however, in some measure replaced his losses, and for a moment he thought of returning to Delhi : but the fear of being called to account by the terrible Mohammed Shah again deterred him, and he embarked a second time for the Maldives, "on account of the little boy I had left there. But when I had seen him, I left him, out of kindness to his mother," and took ship for Bengal—a country which is highly eulogized for the plenty and cheapness of provisions. He did not, however, repair to the court of the reigning king, whom he calls Fakhr-ed-deen,* as this prince was in actual revolt against his suzerain Mohammed Shah ; but travelled a month's journey into the interior, "to the mountains near those of Tibet, where the musk gazelles are found," to visit an illustrious sheikh and miracle-worker, by name Jelal-ed-deen Al-Tabreezi, whose age was so great, that he remembered the caliphate at Bagdad, and had even been well acquaint-

* Professor Lee, after quoting for the *Tarikh Badayuni* an account of Fakhr-ed-deen being taken and put to death by Mohammed Shah, A.H. 741, (A.D. 1340,) several years before our traveller visited Bengal, remarks, that "there must be a trifling error in one or both of the dates : the error is, however, not in the date, but the name. Fakhr-ed-deen, under whom Bengal first (in A.H. 739) was made independent of the crown of Delhi, was certainly put to death in 741, not however by Mohammed Shah, but by Ala-ed-deen, one of his own officers, who thereupon declared himself king ; but was in turn dethroned and slain, after a few months, by Shams-ed-deen, who founded the dynasty known as the *Poorby-Shahy*, and must have been on the throne at the time of Batuta's visit. The Sheikh, writing from many years after, might easily mistake the name.

ed with the last caliph Mostasem, slain by the Tartars A. D. 1256. This venerable recluse, (who is said to have shortly afterwards died at the age of 150,) received Batuta with great courtesy, and his condescension seems to have made a suitable impression on the mind of our Sheikh, who recounts with reverential belief various predictions and instances of prescience manifested by this gifted personage. Among other evidences of supernatural endowments, he annually disappeared during the two great days of the pilgrimage, and was generally believed to be miraculously transported to Mekka for the performance of the Hadj! The renown of this holy man seems, indeed, to have been the principal attraction in this inland excursion; as, after quitting him, Batuta returned straight to the coast, and obtained a passage in a junk to the great islands of Java and Mul-Java, (Sumatra and Java Proper,*) where he arrived after a tedious voyage, having touched by the way at the country of a savage race called the Barabnakar, by whom the inhabitants of the Nicobar group are most probably intended.

His stay in the islands of the Indian Archipelago was not of long duration; and his notices of them relate principally to the spices, which then, as now, constituted their chief wealth: the camphor, the clove, the nutmeg, &c., with the plants which produce them, are described with minuteness and with tolerable accuracy: but though he records the abundance and common use of elephants, he makes no allusion to the rhinoceros, which was probably confined to the inland districts remote from cultivation. A Mohammedan king, named Malek-al-Dhaher, was reigning in Sumatra, but the prince and people of Mul-Java (the modern Java) were still pagans: this difference of faith did not, however, prevent them from extending a hospitable reception to Batuta, who was courteously entertained for several days by their king. During this time he witnessed an extraordinary scene. One of the king's servants, in token of his devotion to his master, voluntarily committed suicide in the presence of the whole court; and he was informed that this action, which en-

sured high honours to the family of the deceased, was not of unusual occurrence. The course of his navigation on leaving Mul-Java is not very easily traced; the names assigned to the countries at which he touched not being always recognizable in modern geographical nomenclature:—the land of "Towallisi," where he found a warlike princess, with a body-guard of Amazons, acting as viceroy for her father on the sea-coast, is conjectured by the translator to be Celebes; but this will scarcely agree with the distance from China, which is stated at only seven days' sail:—and to China, on leaving Towallisi, he proceeded direct. The motives which impelled our Sheikh to visit the Celestial Empire as a humble pilgrim, after the luckless issue of his ambassadorial expedition, are not very clearly developed in his narrative:—the stimulus of curiosity was probably his main inducement, and he might, perhaps, still cherish a hope of recovering part of his wealth which had been carried off from Calicut. However this may have been, the information which we thus gain is especially valuable, as his visit occurred at the crisis when the power of the Mogul dynasty of Yuen, (which Marco Polo had described while at its zenith of grandeur under Cublai,) after having been sorely weakened by the vices and imbecility of several successive emperors, was rapidly verging, amid the civil wars of the Moguls themselves, and the revolts of the native Chinese, to the utter ruin which overtook it twenty years later, when the degenerate descendants of Jenghiz, flying before the *Ming*, hid their heads in the trackless deserts of Mongolia, whence their ancestors had emerged a century and a half earlier for the conquest of Asia.

The port of *Zaitun*, where Batuta landed, is mentioned by Marco Polo as the great emporium of the pepper trade with India and its islands, and is considered by his editor Marsden identical with either Tsuen-tchen, or Hia-muen, (Amoy,) in the province of Fo-kien: its commerce was still flourishing when visited by our traveller, and it was celebrated, moreover, for the manufacture of satins. Soon after his arrival, he accidentally

* Marco Polo also distinguishes these two islands, as Greater and Lesser Java.

fell in with one of the ambassadors who had travelled in his company from Delhi to Calicut; and this fortunate rencontre ensured his favourable reception from the authorities of the town; while the resident Moslem merchants, who were very numerous, and presided over by a sheikh of their own faith, waited upon him in a body, loaded him with gifts, and entertained him during his stay. A report of his arrival* was forwarded to the Khan, or emperor, by the governor of Zaitan; and while awaiting the answer, he digresses into a general description of the empire, which he characterizes as "a most extensive country, abounding in good things of all sorts, fruits, agricultural produce, gold, and silver: in these it is without a parallel." The Hong-Ho, or Yellow River, is noticed under the name of *Sibar*, and compared to the Nile of Egypt, which it is said far to exceed in the population and fertility of the districts through which it flows; but the Sheikh remarked with disgust, that, notwithstanding the plenty and cheapness of all kinds of provisions, the flesh of swine, dogs, and other unclean animals, was commonly used for food, and publicly sold in the markets. The manufacture of porcelain was confined to a few districts; but silk was every where produced in such abundance, as to form the common dress of the meanest inhabitants, and was far less valued in commerce than cotton. The precious metals were used only in the form of plate or bullion; all money transactions being carried on exclusively through the medium of the paper currency, the regulations of which are described exactly as given by Marco Polo: the notes are called *shat*, evidently from the Chinese *tsiao*. The internal police regulations, and the precautions taken for the security of

travellers, elicit the admiration of the Sheikh from their completeness and efficacy; the magistrate of every town was held responsible for the lives and goods of all who passed through his jurisdiction, till he received a certificate of their safe arrival in the next district—a salutary principle, from the extension of which probably arose the absurd law, frequently mentioned by modern writers, making the last persons seen near a dead body liable to punishment for murder, in default of their producing the real culprit. In all towns where Moslems were numerous, they inhabited a distinct quarter, and were allowed, by the toleration of the government, to have justice administered to them by their own cadhi. In all these respects the narrative of Batuta tallies pretty closely with that of Marco Polo, with which it also agrees in one remarkable point—the omission of any notice respecting the Great Wall, unless, indeed, we apply to it a vague and unexplained reference to the "barrier of Gog and Magog,"† which is stated to be situate among a race of cannibals, at the distance of sixty days' journey from the furthest Chinese town, and of the existence of which Batuta seems to have entertained doubts, saying that he had met no one who had seen it, or even who had seen any one who had seen it.

Orders were at length received from the supreme government for treating Batuta with all possible distinction, and defraying his journey to the capital at the public charge—a mark of royal favour which he probably owed to the representations of his friend the ambassador, on the rank he had held in India. He accordingly set forward by water, and in ten days arrived at a city which he calls *Fanjanfur*, and describes as a large and handsome

* It is not evident whether this was an invariable form at the entrance of a foreigner into the empire, as before in Hindostan, or a special announcement of the Sheikh, in consequence of the diplomatic character in which he had been formerly accredited.

† In the early Arabian romances, &c., frequent allusions occur to this "barrier of Gog and Magog," which was believed to have been erected in the regions beyond the Caspian, for the coercion of the barbarous tribes of the north, by Iskender Zulkarnain or Alexander the Great, (whence the Persians call it *Saddi-Iskender*.) One of the calliphs, according to Edrial, sent an expedition in search of it, which returned with the report that they had discovered it beyond a fearful desert, extending two months' journey beyond the Caspian; that its ramparts were formed of vast masses of iron, reaching to the clouds, and riveted with brass! with other particulars equally circumstantial and veracious.

place, surrounded by a quadruple circuit of fortifications, and situated in a rich plain like that of Damascus. During his halt here he was invited by the Moslem community to a feast, among the guests at which he was astonished by recognizing, in the garb of a fakir, a countryman of his own, whom he had formerly known at Ceuta. "When I said, 'I, too, am from Tangiers,'—" he renewed his salutation and wept: and I wept also!" Great, indeed, must have been the mutual astonishment of these two wanderers, thus unexpectedly encountering each other at the furthest extremity of the known world from their common home; and the sheik Cavamed-deen, which was the title of the Ceutan, testified his joy by loading his new-found friend with marks of good-will. "I afterwards," says Batuta, "met with the brother of this man in Soudan: what a distance intervened between these brothers!"

From Fanjanfur he continued his course, still by water, to Khansa, evidently the *Kin-sai* of Marco Polo, the modern name of which is Han-tcheu, in the province of Kiang-nan. This magnificent city, which, under the *Song*, (the dynasty expelled by the Moguls,) had been the capital of the empire of Manji, or Southern China, is said by the Venetian traveller to have been in his time 100 miles in circumference: and Batuta estimates its extent at three days' journey, qualifying this statement, however, by the explanation that most of the houses stood in the midst of large gardens. It was divided into six subordinate towns, each with its own fortifications, forming altogether "the largest city I had seen on the face of the earth." Its dimensions, however, were probably inferior to those of Khan-Baligh, or Pekin, the seat of the Mogul sovereignty; but this mightiest of cities our Sheikh was not destined to reach; for, during his stay at Khansa, news arrived that a formidable revolt had broken out against the khan among the Moguls of his own nation, who were incited against him by the mem-

bers of the royal family, on account of his alleged violations of the Yasa, or sacred code of Jenghiz before alluded to. The khan, taken by surprise, was quickly overpowered and slain; and the account of his obsequies forms one of the most curious passages in the Sheikh's narrative, from its minute agreement, in almost every point of the ceremonial, and especially in the human sacrifices offered at the tomb, with the description offered by Herodotus, (*Melpomene*, c. 71, &c.) of the burial of the ancient kings of Scythia! On the fall of the khan, his cousin, (whom Batuta calls *Fven*), ascended the throne;* but many of the nobles, who had taken no share in the revolution, refused to acknowledge the new government; and a general civil war breaking out, the Sheikh was advised by his Moslem friends to return to Zaitun, while the roads were yet secure. This advice he lost no time in following; and reaching the coast in safety, sailed immediately in a junk bound for Sumatra.

The only adventure which marked the Sheikh's voyage to Sumatra was the sight of a huge distant object in the air, which the sailors declared to be a *rokh*, the giant-bird which fills such a conspicuous place in the relations of Sinbad; but an authentic description of which is unfortunately still an ornithological desideratum. But the apprehensions of the mariners, who expected nothing less than instant destruction, were relieved by a change of wind, which carried them away from the monster, so that they "gained no knowledge of his shape;" and they reached their port without mishap. The marriage of the heir to the Sumatran crown, at which the Sheikh was present by invitation, detained him for two months; but his thoughts at last began to turn towards his western home; and the narrative hastily recapitulates his retrograde progress by land and sea, in which, retracing his previous route, he sailed by way of Calicut and the Persian Gulf to Moscat, and thence travelled by the road of Shiraz, Bagdad, and Damascus, into

* This relation is extremely curious in a historical point of view, as it seems to indicate that the long reign of thirty-six years (1332-1368) assigned to Tohoan-Timur or Chun-ti, (who is commonly considered the last prince of the Yuen,) should be divided between two sovereigns; since, if Batuta be correct, it must have been Chun-ti who was now slain.

Egypt; the throne of which was then filled by Hassan-al-Nasser, the *seventh* of the sons of Nasser-Mohammed, who had successively held supreme authority for short periods since the death of their father in 1341. From Egypt he once more crossed into Arabia, and performed (A. H. 749) his fourth and last pilgrimage to Mekka; and repairing thence to Alexandria, sailed at once for his native land, which he reached A.D. 1349, (A.H. 750,) after an absence of more than twenty-five years. He forthwith presented himself at the court of Abu-Anan, the reigning king of Fez, and in an eulogistic sentence on this monarch, from whom his renown as a traveller and a Hadji procured him a distinguished reception, he thus sums up the perfections of the numerous sovereigns of whom he had been the guest:—"The dignity of Abu-Anan obliterated from my mind that of the King of Irak;—his magnificence, that of the Emperor of India;—his politeness, that of the King of Yemen;—his bravery, that of the King of the Turks," (Uzbek Khan);—"his mildness, that of the Cæsar of Constantinople;—his piety, that of the Emperor of Turkestan," (Tarma-Shireen);—"and his wisdom, that of the King of Sumatra—for he so overwhelmed me with favours, that I was unequal to express my gratitude!"

It will now be naturally imagined that the sheikh, thus honoured by his royal patron, and already past the prime of life, spent the remainder of his days in ease and tranquil meditation on the toils and perils through which his bark had been buffeted for a quarter of a century; but his ardent temperament was still far from being satisfied with adventure. Scarcely had he visited the tomb of his father, who had died during his wanderings, when "it occurred to him that he should have pleasure in the warfare for the faith;" and setting sail from Ceuta for Spain, he speedily landed at the "Hill of Victory," (Gibraltar.) This important fortress had lately been invested by the forces of Castile, under Alphonso XI; but as Batuta makes no mention of his own warlike achievements, we may presume that he did not reach the scene of action till the siege had been abandoned on the death of the king, who expired in his camp of a fever. He took the

opportunity, however, of making a tour through the kingdom of Granada, the only part of Spain still retained by the Faithful; but as his remarks present nothing novel, we shall pass to his return to the coast of Fez, whence he once again started, Feb. 1352, (A.H. 753,) on the last, and perhaps most adventurous, of his journeys, to explore the negro states of Soudan.

Setting out in company with a caravan of slave-merchants from Sedjelmassa, (where he had lodged with the brother of the sheikh whom he met at Khansa in China,) he reached in twenty-five days a place called Taghari, "in which there was nothing good, for the houses and mosque were built of stones of salt from the salt mines, and roofed with camel-hides." This desolate town seems to have been the last station before the caravan entered on the perilous passage of the Great Desert "where there is neither water, bird, nor tree; but only sand and sand hills, which are so blown about by the wind as to leave no vestige of a track." After a long and toilsome march they arrived at Abulatin, the first town in Soudan; but the rude manners of the blacks, and the contempt with which they affected to treat white men, produced so unfavourable an impression on the sheikh that he at first meditated an immediate return to Fez, though on further reflection he resolved to endure these annoyances for the sake of acquiring knowledge. The succession to property, he says, was on the same principle as in Malabar, the sister's son taking precedence of the son; and notwithstanding his previous experience in Kipchak, his prejudices were so severely shocked by the freedom with which the women mingled unveiled in the society of men, that he withdrew his friendship from the cadhi of Abulatin, for continuing, notwithstanding his admonition, to countenance this indecorous practice. On quitting Abulatin, (which appears to be the Wallet of Park,) he proceeded with a guide to Mali or Malli, through forests of such mighty trees that a caravan might shelter itself under a single one, and he saw a weaver at work in one of the hollow trunks:—till at length, near the town of Karsanju, he "came to the great river, *which is the Nile*,"—in other words, the Joliba or Niger.

The statements given by Batuta, from information obtained on the spot, relative to the course of this famed river, are extremely curious, and, (till the point was definitively settled by the late discoveries of Lander,) were frequently cited in support of their hypothesis by the party which maintained the Niger, or Nile of Soudan, was united to, and identical with, the Nile of Egypt. According to this account, the "Nile" passes Zaga, (Sogo,) Timbuctoo, Kawkaw, (Kouka,) and Malli, and then traversing the heart of Africa, and flowing through Nubia and Dongola, finally enters Egypt at the cataracts:—and such seems to have been the current and unanimous report among the Moslems of all parts of Central Africa nearly up to the present day:—a remarkable instance of continued error in a case where the discovery of the truth, by the caravans continually passing through the country, would have appeared to be inevitable. At Malli, whither the sheikh now repaired, he was detained two months by sickness, during which time he was lodged in the quarter appropriated to the whites; but his continued residence in Soudan does not appear to have raised the people or their rulers in his estimation, and he institutes a comparison between the liberality which he had formerly experienced from the sovereigns of Asia, and the parsimony of Mansi-Seliman, the Sultan of Malli, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter;—he admits, however, that in their attention to the duties of Islam, and in the rigid administration of justice which every where prevailed, these sable Moslems were at least as unexceptionable as their more polished brethren of Barbary and Asia. From Malli he passed on to Timbuctoo, of which he gives only a notice in a few words; and thence descending the river in a canoe formed of a single hollow tree, arrived in due time at Kawkaw or Kouka, and thence to Bardama; but his dislike of the people of Soudan would seem to have determined him to leave them as far as possible in oblivion, and he gives few particulars of his route except a notice of the monstrous hippopotami frequenting the banks of the river, which

he seems to have regarded with great surprise. His return home, from the farthest point of his advances into the interior, is dismissed in a single sentence; and the narrative is abruptly concluded with an account of his reception at the court of Fez, "when," says he, "I finished my travels, and took up my residence in this country. May God be praised!"

Thus ends the chronicle of this most assiduous of wayfarers; our abstract of which has extended to a length which leaves us but little space for comment. Unrivalled in variety of scene and geographical extent, the travels of Batuta derive additional value and interest from the insight into the domestic habits and prejudices of the various nations visited, which he was enabled to obtain by his character as a derwish, and the consequent familiar intercourse into which he was thrown with all ranks of the people. A true cosmopolite, the student of Tangiers made himself equally at home in the tent of Usbok Khan, the palace of the Emperor of Delhi, and the mud huts on the banks of the Niger; and if we may judge from the tenor of his narrative, his natural qualities and acquired endowments appear to have been such as to ensure him a favourable reception wherever his destiny might guide him. At the juncture when he travelled, more especially, the bond of fraternity in Islam combined with the oriental duty of hospitality to facilitate the progress of a religious traveller and pilgrim: the religious feuds of the Spaniards and Sherahs were not at this period characterized by the acrimony which they assumed when their respective tenets became the watchwords of the two powerful and hostile nations of Persia and Turkey, and true believers in every country vied with each other in extending to a brother in the faith the welcome due to a friend or a countryman.

The political aspect of the eastern world, when visited by Batuta, was in a state of transition from the form which it had assumed in consequence of the Mogul conquests of the preceding century, to the general disorganization which paved the way for the establishment of a new empire by Ti-

mour. From the Euphrates eastward to the shores of the Northern Pacific, the whole surface of Asia, if we exclude the two peninsulas of Hither and Further India, was ruled by sovereign houses descended from Jenghiz; but of the four principal empires into which this enormous tract was subdivided, the semi-European Khanate of Kipchak was the only one in which the symptoms of division and decay had not yet become apparent; the monarchies of Persia and Turkestan were virtually dissolved at the deaths of the respective monarchs, Abu-Said and Terma-Shiroen, who were reigning when Batuta travelled; and he was himself an eyewitness in China of the commencement of the struggle in which the Mogul domination was overthrown. The Mahommedan empire in India, almost the only Asiatic power which had wholly escaped the Mogul tempest, was actually in the course of dismemberment, during his residence at Delhi, from the mad misgovernment of Mohammed-Toghlik; and fell an easy prey, fifty years later, to the arms of Timour. In Western Asia, the Arab empire in Egypt and

Syria, ruled by the military republic of the Mamlukes, held the first rank among the Moslem kingdoms; to which it was entitled, not only from actual extent and power, but from the residence at Cairo of the Abbasside pontiff, who still claimed to be considered the spiritual head of Islam—while, sheltered by its remote position in the furthest recess of Anatolia from contact with the great monarchies which might have crushed or hemmed in its expansion, the infant dynasty of Othman was silently laying the foundations of that strength which enabled it, at no distant period, to encounter and overthrow not only the venerable decrepitude of the Greek empire, but the fiery chivalry of Hungary, and the warlike squadrons of the Circassian Mamlukes. In a hundred years from the time when Batuta travelled, a new and different order of things had commenced throughout the East, of which we have numerous descriptions from the pens of both historians and travellers: but as a painter of the state of Asia in the days of the Mogul ascendancy, the Sheikh of Tangiers stands alone.

WHEN I WAS IN THE LEGION.

PART II.

DIVISION THE FIRST BUT TWO.

How refreshing is a draught from the aboriginal pewter! I declare to you, upon the honour of an officer and a gentleman, I was so dry when I came to tackle General Saarsfield in the division before this, that I felt my brains stick to the very roof of my skull!

To be sure I am no advocate for drinking—unless when a man is dry; but the case is altered when a man has a constitutional toothach, hereditary by the mother's side in the family, which is my unfortunate case. If you had the heart of a gun-flint, you would pity me; to see a fellow-creature, with an old stocking wrapped round his chops, a short pipe stuck in his jaw, and a bottle of whiskey, together with a can of beer, upon the table. Surely never was poor devil so completely predestinated to in-

sobriety. The toothach makes me smoke; the smoke makes me swill at the beer; and as beer never agreed with me, I am forced, in spite of Father Mathew, to qualify the stout with the stiff; in short, to mix a tumbler. As I was always of an active disposition, and can't bear to be idle, I keep smoking while I am mixing the materials. By this light! the more I drink the drier I am; and the drier I am, the more I drink. And do you know, such a scurvy world we live in, for imputing bad motives where there is no occasion, that I hear reports are abroad that I am a sad drunken fellow, as if any man can help a constitutional toothach, hereditary by the mother's side!

Well, sir, as I told you, or intended to tell you, Finnegan dogged like fury, particularly when any thing went

wrong with his distillation. If a gauger hove in sight, or the worm ran leaky, or the still got burned in the bottom, or the barm was too hard, or the water too soft, the boys' antipodes (saving your presence) smarted for it; and as I was the cleverest and idlest boy in the school, of course I came in for the first flogging, as regularly as if I had had a patent of precedence.

This was no joke; for whom the master flogged *first* he flogged *worst*; his physical force and moral indignation always subsiding together; and this was so well known among the boys, that the dodge always was just the contrary of that practised in the House of Commons, viz., *not* to catch the Speaker's (master's) eye until the first runnings of his rage had subsided, when a box on the ear, or a kick on the breech, was a receipt in full from Finnegan of all past delinquencies. I tell you what: I never rightly smoked original sin till I began to reflect on the unprovoked brutality of Master Finnegan; *then* I *did* discover something intrinsically rotten in man; one man may, I confess, be constitutionally a better-tempered, another a worse-tempered man; this may carry things with a high hand, and that may take things easy and quiet for the same purpose; but the dirty desire to have a fling at the weak, the unprotected, and the unresisting, and to exhibit the wish, at least, of tyrannizing, belongs in my mind to the whole human family; and, I'll be candid with you, the very first time I went on detachment, and had men under my command, I found I was just as bad as my betters. It was a conversation I had with Malachi Donellan upon this subject that turned the poor fellow against the world, and sent him to Maynooth: to be sure it was no wonder, for the poor boy couldn't sit down for a fortnight, after a flogging from Finnegan, and he very naturally felt sore upon the subject.

However, what killed Malachi Donellan, or, what is all the same thing, sent him into the Church, never bothered me a bit: I grew an intrinsically bad boy by dint of thrashing: the master circulated the one black drop that was in me through every vein in my skin by help of the birch; and I became an idle dog for the purpose of showing Finnegan that I would

not be whipped into good behaviour. Of course I don't venture to express any opinion on the subject of school discipline generally: I only wish to convey to you what my own experience has taught me of the efficacy of corporal punishment in schools; of flogging in the army I shall have an opportunity of saying something more to the purpose, when I come to that.

What killed me at the flogging-matches was not the spitefulness of Finnegan, but the enjoyment of the General. When a boy was horsed, never trust me if Saarsfield did'n't mount his perch, like a field-officer at a punishment parade, and kept crowing and clapping his wings, as if the whole affair had been got up for his generalship's private and personal entertainment. In short, the brute did every thing but laugh: he exulted over the poor boys as, one by one, they set up a doleful howl on being called up for punishment, and never ceased chanticleering at the top of his voice until the row was ended, when this Philistine in feathers and spurs got down, shook himself, and ran off, highly delighted with the morning's amusement. It was on one occasion, when I had suffered more than usual, in consequence of a seizure of some of Murty's double-distilled at the end of the town of Clonmel, where it was attempting to penetrate, duty free, in the *incognito* of buttermilk, that I vowed, with curses not loud but deep, the destruction of the General, and for this purpose meditated all the varieties of poultrycide, but without being able to satisfy myself of their respective excellences. Besides, I knew that the death of the General by my hands would do me no great credit, and might get me into a serious hobble, the General representing, in our part of the country, the green, or Ribbon party, and being considered by *all our* side as orthodox a cock as old Father O'Leary himself; and without doubt the life of that man would not be worth four-and-twenty hours' purchase, who would lay a finger upon the General. In addition to this, too, I owed Finnegan so bitter a grudge that I determined to take my revenge, hot with sugar and a squeeze of a lemon—for I have always thought that a man's revenge should be taken like a tumbler of brandy-and-water—in a word, made as sweet as possible.

As the devil, who puts bad thoughts into men's hearts, is always in the neighbourhood to enable them to put their designs into practice, who should I fall in with, just as I had determined that Saarsfield was to be put out of the way, but Phelim, or as we called him, Phil Flannerty, a gentleman who should properly have belonged to a press-gang; his employment being that of kidnapping game-cocks in one part of the country, and setting them to knock one another's brains out in a different place: to say the truth, Phil (Lord be merciful to his soul!) was a fowl-stealer and cock-fighter by profession. When I happened to fall in with him, Flannerty had a bagfull of game on his back, for there was a grand match, the gentlemen of Clare against all Ireland, just upon coming off, and Phil had been all through the county Wicklow stealing cocks, or, as he more elegantly expressed his avocation, "recrutin'." Among the recruits, he showed me one in particular, that commanded my intensest admiration, and was, in my opinion, worthy to try a fall with the General, which was saying a great deal.

Flannerty assured me that this identical cock had been the pride of Wicklow; that he belonged to a "*purple-man*," near Rathvilly, who had him over the whole country, discomfiting Catholic cocks; so that this King William, as the purpleman called him, became, in length of time, the great champion of Protestant ascendancy in that part of the country, and was dreaded in equal proportion by the men and cocks of the opposite party.

To an English gentleman, this may appear too ridiculous; but, upon the honour of a soldier, it is as true as the moon: in my early days we had Protestant cocks and Catholic cocks; Protestant badgers and Catholic badgers; Protestant bull-dogs and Catholic bull-dogs. Why, it was only when our regiment was marched down to Cork from Dublin, now about five years ago, that I was nearly run over by a Protestant coach, racing with a Catholic coach.* Maybe I didn't stare to see stage-coaches turning religious! and, in troth, both one and

t'other (I mean the coachmen) cursed like high priests, and drove as if the devil kicked them: but may I be shot the next minute but I believe if two fleas were to get into each other's necks in a blanket in my country, one will be found, on examination, to be a Catholic, and the other a Protestant flea, and both will get plenty of backers!!!

This is the great advantage of living in Ireland: you cannot be there two minutes without finding out the religion of every body and everything, from a midge or a magpie to a stage-coach or an elephant: the way you will know the one is by his cursing the other; and indeed, if it was not for this outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, you would not be very well able to tell whether or not any of them had any religion at all.

How to account for it, I leave to theological chaps. I only say what I think, that in honest fellows disposed to bear and forbear, and to look at the charitable side of the question, this eternal cursing, first upon the one side of the face, and then upon the other, creates a disposition to look on both sides with equal indifference, and maybe with contempt.

However that may be, Flannerty swore it was a duty he owed to his religion to steal the Protestant cock; and, on my enquiring why he didn't pit him against the General, Phil swore a book oath, that if he did, he might take his coffin with him if the General didn't win: and to lose, he couldn't afford it, for he was engaged feeder to all Ireland against the gentlemen of Clare; "and if the brute would fight for his country," continued Flannerty, "don't you think, Master Hely, it 'ud be a burning sin not to let him do a good turn, and win the odd battle maybe, not to mention the ten goolden guineas I'm to get from all Ireland, if Clare loses the main?"

"Barrah, Phil, man, what are ye talking about? Sure you know the bird has a black drop in him, and would no more rise a spur against a purpleman than he'd face a mastiff. Let me

* Fact: Inglis, in his Journey through Ireland, saw these Sectarian stagers, and travelled, we believe, by the Papist, which beat the Heretic by a mile—a circumstance still considered in that part of the country little less than a miracle!!

pull out both his windpipes for the honour of ould Ireland."

"Don't, Master Hely, don't; sure a bird isn't all as one—(God bless us)—as a Christian; and maybe that same Orange cock would win the main."

"Maybe he might, Phil: pigs might fly, but they're very unlikely birds."

"Oh! by Gor," says Phil, "if I had a notion the beast would be after showin' his *rare* colours, I'd twist his neck about as if he was only a *Kreogh-our beg*. But d'ye think now, Master Hely, King William—bad luck to him—would know the differ between one of his own black sort and one of the right kidney—colour, I mane, you know?"

"Is it not know the differ? Phil, Phil, what a *gormaugh* there was born about your time into your family! Why, man, if you had ever the blessin' of bein' educated in trigonometry or fluxions, wouldn't you know that a Fermanagh heifer wouldn't eat the sweetest of hay off the priest's meadow, and that a Kerry crow never was known to light on a Protestant's steeple?"

"More glory to the Kerry crows for that same, and them black-hearted Orange heifers. Master Hely, what a bigoted taste they must have for victuals!"

"Wouldn't you know," continued I, for the thought that moment struck me that King William might be of signal service in my attempt upon Finnegan and the General, "wouldn't you know, Phil, that Euclid, in his *Elements*, lays it down, that the cock's the most acutest of all birds, and the most widest awake? isn't the two sides of a triangle equal to the other two?"

"Two an' two makes four," says Phil, "for certain."

"Well, Phil Flannerty, I tell you, Solomon in his *Art of Poetry*, says the same thing."

"Does he though, Master Hely? that's wonderful."

"You may say that, Phil; it isn't every boy in the five counties can hit off a notion like yourself, Phil—but so sure as two and two makes a triangle, so sure that bird 'll leave you, Phil, in the height of your battle, and make a holy show of you from Ennis to Limerick."

"D'ye raly think so, Master Hely?"

"By this pipel that's what I think,

Phil; an' if I stood in your leathers, I'd ne more trust my luck to that cock than I'd eat flesh of a Friday: sure, man, if you had the learning, you wouldn't stick out against what Tacitus' *Commentaries* tells you, that the Orange cock makes bitter broth in the pot: it's as true what I tell you, Phil, as if I spoke in a parable."

"What'll I do with the ugly beast?" enquired Phil, regarding King William, with a look of rapidly increasing aversion.

"Give him to me, Phil, my boy—I've a sick greyhound; you know poor Spot; and I'll boil the brute into a jelly, may be it'll revive the poor dog; and the hackles 'll serve to tie an Orange palmer or two for the Easter floods that'll be just after comin' on—an' there two tuppennies for you, Phil, to drink my health and all Ireland."

"Long life to you, Master Hely! put the brute under your arm, for I hate the sight of him: an' now I'll be after wishing you well and hearty, and bid you a good morning, for I have to see Tipperary town before the clouds of the night."

Away went Flannerty to Tipperary; and away went myself to Kilmanashanaghan, with King William under my arm, and reflecting: not a little on my dexterity in making myself master of the bird, by attacking Phil Flannerty upon his ignorance of natural history, and considering how grateful the gentlemen of Clare should be for their deliverance from such a bird of grace as the Orange hero I then had under my arm.

"Well, say as you will," said I at the top of my voice, not thinking any body was listening, "the learning's a fine thing."

"If you make a good use of it," said a gentleman in black, who had trotted up quite close to me without my perceiving his presence.

"God save you kindly, sir."

"Thank you, my young friend—pray can you tell me which is the way to the school-house of Kilmanashanaghan?"

"Maybe it would be the chapel you want to see, sir, where Murty Finnegan carries on the education of the boys?"

"Oh! he teaches school in the chapel, does he?"

"By all means, sir, in the old chapel there, down by the river side.

You see that hill, sir, where the three thorns is on the top?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's down in that hollow below there, sir. But you can't see the master to-day."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, he isn't in it."

"In what?"

"In the chapel, I mean the school, sir—there's no school to-day, sir."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because, sir, the master told the boys yesterday, that the school needn't come to day, for it was a holiday of the strictest obligation."

And so in fact it was, as far as Finnegan was concerned: for his mastership was at that moment running off his doublings; and the General was at that very instant roosting comfortably in the thorn tree overhanging the cave where the distillation was going on.

"Do you know Murty Finnegan?" enquired the strange gentleman.

"I do, sir, properly well—he's my master."

"Oh! you go to school to him, then, in the chapel."

"Just exactly, sir."

"Do you like the master?"

This was a puzzler. If I had told the honest truth, I should have answered in the negative; but I had been so well instructed by my governor in the art of not committing any one person with any other person, that I always put the most favourable construction upon the character of every body; for as my father used to say, "water wears the stone, and the tongue breaks the head." Much, therefore, as I disliked Finnegan, I was determined that our quarrel should be between ourselves; and therefore, I answered, after some little hesitation, that the master was a good master enough, but that some thought him over hard with the boys.

"Is he a sober man?" enquired the gentleman.

"Very, sir," I replied, gulping down the lie.

"A good scholar?"

"Beats the priest of the parish himself for the learning," said I.

"Good husband?"

"Oh! for that, replied I, the master's a pattern entirely;" and truly, if due correction of his spouse, as enjoined by canonical law, was the test of a

good husband, Murty was incomparable.

"And pray, what does he teach?"

"What does he teach! Why, sir, if you asked me what he doesn't teach, I could hardly tell you, for he teaches mostly every thing under the canopy."

"A very wonderful person indeed! And, pray, my lad, what time does the master open his school of a morning?"

"Nine o'clock, sir, to a tick-tack."

"Thank you, my boy. But tell me," continued the gentleman, feeling in his pockets, as I thought, for something—"you are not, I hope, taking that game-cock any where for the barbarous amusement of fighting it? You don't look like a bad lad: your appearance is too respectable for a cock-fighter. I hope you are not so depraved as to indulge in that inhuman amusement?"

"Cock-fighting, sir! such a thing never comes into my head, unless of a Shrove Tuesday; and then, sir, my father never lets me shew from under the roof, I assure you. I think it's a shocking thing, sir, to set two poor birds to murder one another for sport, sir."

"Shocking, indeed, and I am glad to hear you are so good a boy; there's a tenpenny for you. Perhaps, added the gentleman, if you are a good boy, I may give you something better before I leave this part of the country: in the mean time, good morning to you," and with this, my dears, the strange gentleman put spurs to his horse, and cantered away leisurely.

"Learning is the fine thing," repeated myself as I saw the gentleman ride off, "if you make a good use of it;" though, by the powers, now that I think of it, I've earned this tenpenny bit rather more by my lies than my learning.

With this moral reflection—which, upon more experience of the ways of this wicked world, I have seen no great reason to change, I turned up the barren to Kilmashanaghan, singing as I went—

"Oh! learning is a fine thing,

And also so is knowledge;

And a man is as great as a king,

If he has but the airs of a college."

The next morning, I was up and stirring; and having put my books in a strap, and king William into my

satchel, I set off to school, and arrived there long before there was the least appearance of stir about the place, Finnegan and his myrmidons being sound asleep in the cave after the fatigues of the night, and the General, as usual, stuck up in the thorn bush keeping sentry.

"Mind your hits, General, says I to myself; for as sure as fate, I'll get you a flogging this blessed day, that'll do every body's heart good to see it. Going into the school, which I had all to myself, I put King William under the flap of the master's desk, where he usually kept a few sample bottles of his own manufacture; and, to say the truth, if Murty didn't know the quality of his spirits, it wasn't for want of continual tasting.

The boys came in, one by one, each with his books, and half a dozen turfs or so, under his arm; some bringing their fees in the shape of a bit of bacon, or a spare rib; others, a whang of wheaten bread, or a pound or two of butter; one brought half-a-dozen new-laid eggs, an article in much favour with the master, as he generally beat up a few in whisky for his breakfast; one or two of the better class of boys brought a few half-pence; but the circulating medium was in no great abundance in our academical institution. Murty and the general appeared at last; the former as red in the eyes as a ferret, and looking, if the truth must be told, as if he had been very hard at his devotions; the latter as fresh as a daisy, and little dreaming of the enemy being at such close quarters. When the master came in, the boys went up to his desk, each with their respective offerings or apologies, as the case might be, and then, having made their *salaams*, which they did by pulling at a tuft of hair that grew just between their eyebrows for that purpose, and whisked one heel in an indescribable fashion from the ground, took their seats on sods of turf piled up round the wall, and commenced the business of the day. I need hardly tell you, that what they call *forms* at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster, Winchester, and all those other seminaries of fashionable education, were, with us, both literally and metaphorically unknown. We had no ridiculous division of our boys into classes as in some schools, where they

don't understand that the world of letters is a republic, wherein Jack's as good as his master. Every boy, in short, at Finnegan's, learned just how he liked, what he liked, and in the way he liked best; the only stipulation being that he should make as much noise as possible in getting off his lesson "by heart," as they very properly call it; for sure I am the head had very little to do with our system of the diffusion of useful knowledge.

The very little boys were principally occupied with dogmatic theology, their tender brains being supposed capable of penetrating and thoroughly comprehending the mysteries of that most mysterious of sciences. Words, also, in five syllables, without any meanings, were committed to memory by these urchins with a facility little less than miraculous. English literature was represented at Finnegan's by the *Prophecies of Pastorini*, the *History of Reynard the Fox*, of the *Irish Rogues and Rapparees*, and of *Captain Freney the Robber*. Then for classics, we boasted a copy each of *Eutropius*, *Cæsar*, *Selectæ Sententiæ*, three or four Greek *Testaments*, an Irish grammar, ditto *Bible*, half a *Horace*, and about three-fourths of a *Virgil*, in *usum Delphini*. In science we had *Gough*, *Voster*, and a treatise on Algebra; the best part of *Euclid*, a treatise on land-surveying, and one or two others. The rule of the school was, every boy to get off as much as his memory would carry, and to go up, two or three at a time, to the master, and pour their respective memories into his ear, Greek, Latin, Irish, or arithmetic, all of a heap together, and then, making their obeisance, be off to their seats again. Those who chose to learn writing and arithmetic did so at their own will and pleasure; the master had no great objection to this, but the Greek and Latin was the only way to his favour; and in this Finnegan only followed the example of schools of greater pretension.

It is quite certain, that there a boy might, if he liked, learn every thing but that which, at any future period of his life, would be of any use to him; and that, if his ambition was that of becoming a poor scholar, and wandering from cabin to cabin, begging a few potatoes on the strength of the "learning," every facility was af-

forded at our school for the attainment of that laudable object of ambition.

On this eventful morning the master was more sleepy, and the boys more silent than usual; there prevailed throughout the school only a low murmur of getting of lessons, the scratching of pens over paper placed on the writer's knees, and a shrieking of slate-pencils, engaged in dotting down sums in fractions, but far oftener suspended in mid-air during the process of mental calculation, while the face of the urchin sufficiently expounded the value of that axiom in arithmetic, that

" Multiplication is vexation,
Division 's quite as bad;
The rule of three it puzzles me,
But fractions sets me mad."

Suddenly, and while all was stiller than usual, the boy with the bone—the bone is the shin-bone of an ox, and is the symbol of permission to go out of the school—rushed in, and running up to the master, whispered something in his ear. Murty then shook himself, thumped the desk, and thundered out at the top of his voice—

" Rehearse, ye blaggards, rehearse! there's quality coming."

The noise of the school then grew, like the mirth of the witches in *Allo-way Kirk*, " fast and furious;" the place exhibited the confusion of Babel worse confounded; all the boys shouted out—arithmeticians, catechicians, geographers, grammarians, Grecians, Latinists, five-syllable men, monosyllabic men, historians—their lessons altogether; the noise made by each boy being considered the measure of his diligent search after knowledge.

The confusion of Babel was a fool to the confusion of Kilmanashanaghan school-room; a college of short-hand writers could not have made head or tail of the recitation. " When C-a-p-Captain Freney was under the gallows—*exegi*, I have built; *monumentum*, a tomb-stone; *ere*, airy—c-r-o-c, croc; o-o; d-i-l-e, dile, a crocodile—he was as bold as brass, and walked up the ladder with a firm—c, a, l; cal, a, a; b, a, s, h, bash, a calabash—*dura-dura-bilior*, more endurable, *saxo*, than a sack—twenty pence is two and ninepence, thirty pence is—the square root of—all evil; so

keep good company, attend to your duty, and take a morning, w, a, r, war, warning by—*Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, in, in, *Galkiam*, Galloway, *transcurrit*, ran through; *summa*, on the top; *diligentia*, of a diligence—add up the tottle; cut off the top line—in the flower of your bloom, and your poor parents—*Infandum*, hold your tongue; *Regina*, O Queen; *jubes*: can't find it; *renovare*, to renovate; *dolorem*, a pain—c, o, c, k, cock; y, y; cocky—put *x*, for the weight of the greater, and *y* for the less—l, e, e, k, y; leeky; cocky-leeky—then $x + 5 = 3y$, inversely by the first equation—when he was turned off—the residual quantity—54 chains, 7 poles—c, o, r, cor; m, o, mo, cormo; r, a, ra, cormora; n, t, nt, cormorant, a cormorant—*lascivapuellæ*, a bad girl; *et*, and; *fugit*, she: not in the dictionary, sir—b, a, g, bag—c, a, t, cat—*ad*, to; *salices*, Sally's—forty shillings is one pound; fifty shillings is one—d, o, g, dog—f, i, g, fig—p, i, g, pig.—Barney Fagan's spittin, saving your presence, master, on my slate: *et se cupit ante*, and she tumbled down on the flure:—so take warning, all young men, by the fate of Captain—*videri*, which remains to be seen: 19 yards, 5 quarters, and forty-two nails, is the quotient: *nec*, nor,—*animosus*, animosity—*auster*: torn out, sir—can't find it: divide by four, then subtract the greater from the less, and what's left will be the—world is to come to an end in the year 1957, after which there will happen a cruel storm of thunder and big hailstones—c, o, n, con; n, e, c, nec—t, i, c, tic; c, u, t, cut, Connecticut—subjunctive mood, present tense—*yeigh*, *yec*, *eery* *yeough-o*" (from the General).—In the midst of this unrivalled hullabulloo, a gentleman walked in, immediately recognized as the person who had patronized me on the day preceding, and to whose misplaced benevolence I was indebted for so much good advice and the tenpenny bit. As he bore some bundles of papers under his arm, and evidently seemed a person in some authority, the master got up from his stool, and welcomed him with unusual affability in his own truly original fashion.

" Glad to see your honour well, Sir; *gaudio te valere*—the top of the morning to you—*matutina vernalis*—fine springing weather, Sir; brings every-

thing vegetabilious out of the ground—*de profundis*, as a body may say. Here, Denny Ryan, put a clean sod, shamrocks up, for his honour's seat; and put on a few turfs, "*large super focos ligna*"—*far ligna*, read turfs; as turfs in Horace's time, Sir."

"You have rather a numerous school, here, Mr Finnegan," observed the stranger.

"Pretty extensive, Sir—*multis locupletus discipulis*; but you see me at great disadvantage to-day."

"How so, Sir?"

"Why, you must know, sir, the pick of my school is not in it to day, sir: my two best Euclidian's is digging in the pitaytees; an' my geographers—I mane my three *optimisiamini*—are gone to the town with some buttermilk: my best catechist—a great boy entirely for the theology's in trouble about a handful of musty apples, that somebody or other missed off a tree—where else 'ud he miss them? *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—nobody can always have their hands in their pockets, you know, sir: how's ever, if you wish to catechise such as I've got of the boys, I'm sure you're altogether entirely welcome."

"Pray, sir," enquired the stranger with a smile, are you in the habit of allowing fighting-cocks the liberty of your school-house?"

"Who's the villian that brings in such vagrants into the school?" exclaimed Finnegan, with a look of virtuous indignation: just such a look as you may imagine a Melbourne Whig, (if the animal is not already extinct,) appealing to his principles or his character; "drive out the nasty bird, you there boys, and never let me see such as the like of him—*iste Gallus ignobilis, vilissimus*—in my academy."

One or two of the boys, in pursuance of the master's orders, made sundry attempts to "*ubiah*" the General out of the premises; but Saarsfield was too much of the old soldier to be done in that kind of way: knowing, from long experience, the vulnerable point of his enemies, he set up his hackles, and running full butt at the half-torn trowsers and naked legs of the assaulters, gave them striking proofs of his prowess as a carnivorous animal. Having beaten the boys off gallantly, he clapped his wings and crowed lustily; the stranger, in the mean time,

lifting up the flap of the master's desk, out flew King William, with an answering crow to the challenge of the General, and in a twinkling, the rival chanticleers attacked each other with the proverbial animosity of the Killenny cats. The boys, who were altogether used to this sort of thing—*for*, in dirty weather, when it was not convenient for either feathered or unfeathered biped to go to fight on the rath, the floor of Finnegan's school was the frequent scene of the *duellum*—flung away their books, and made a ring, as it were by the force of instinct, while the master altogether forgot the stranger and himself in the habitual glee with which he enjoyed the sport, and handed the General with the air of a connoisseur in cock-fighting.

"Blood alive, sir!" exclaimed the master, forgetting in a jiffy his polite literature, "stand a one side, man, out o' the way, an' don't be after spoilin' the fight: at him, General—hand the orange lard, Hely, my boy, for fair play's a jewel: go it agin, General, you are the boy that 'd make him change his colour: there you are agin, right in his eye, General, *for* that's the weak side of your sort, my jewel: there's a heeler: eh! murder, murder, where's the spring-tailed spurs I bought for you at last Waterford fair: there, take him back a hit, just to breathe 'em, while Larry Hoolagan runs home to the mistress for a couple of pair of spurs."

"This is altogether disgraceful," said the strange gentleman.

"Bathrasia, sir!" interrupted the master, "you don't understand the sport, or ye wouldn't be after disparagin' it; isn't it a classical sport the fightin' of the cocks? didn't Socrates an' Plato fight Europe against all England, an' wasn't Friar Bacon one of the feeders? wasn't Esculapius turned into a cock, on account of being up all night, attending upon the ladies? and isn't cock broth the sovereignest thing in life to keep brother's childer out of an estate? Now, Hely, my lad, hold him at it, for he's rare game. Well done, General; you made him see stars that time, mixed with flashes of lightning."

At this critical juncture, when the fortune of war,

"Like a clipped guinea, trembled in the scale,"

one of the master's associates in the distillery rushed into the ring, exclaiming—

"Murty—Murty, save your life, for the gaugers is upon the still, an' the sodgers is coming to take you into custody: fly for your life, man, an' don't be standin' there makin' your own handcuffs."

"By —, Pat, do you tell me this? boys, save yourselves, for I'm a lost schoolmaster;" and with this Finnegan whips up General Searnsfield under his arm, and makes a bolt right through the window, followed by his myrmidon, and leaving us all in a blessed state of tribulation, some running one way, some another, and King William crowing exultingly, as if aware of the near approach of a loyal reinforcement. The detachment which accompanied the gaugers, however, seeing Murty take to his heels, gave chase, and pressed him so hard, that he was forced, in his emergency, to drop the General, who, being picked up by the pursuers, was treated like any other rebel taken in arms—that is to say, put to the sword without further ceremony. The master escaped for the present, however: the strange gentleman, who turned out afterwards to be one of the officers of a society lately established for promoting the education of the poor, disappeared without

thinking further enquiries into the merits of the master at all necessary; and, as the suspicion of bringing the Orange chanticleer into the master's den somehow or other fastened upon me, I found it necessary, for my own safety, to set out for a short period, on the improvement of my natural advantages by foreign travel, into the county of Limerick, where I arrived just in time to witness the coming off of the great match—the gentlemen of Clare against all Ireland—which, by the assistance of King William, and greatly to Phil Flannerty's satisfaction, was decided by one battle in favour of the latter.

There was no great harm done, after all, by the discomfiture of poor Murty. He was a favourable sample of a class that are now, fortunately for the interests of the rising generation, fast ceasing to exist. The landlord, finding that a good master would be appointed, gave ground for a school-house, while the master came to live with my father, who, pitying his misfortunes, gave him an asylum, where he continued drinking tumbler for tumbler with the old gentleman, and paying for his entertainment by listening, without a murmur, to the old story, repeated for the ten thousandth time, of Lord Cahir and the Cockney.

DIVISION THE NEXT AFTER THAT.

The love of liberty is the parent of all vagabondism! Into what worse than Egyptian bondage will not the man, or boy either, jump of his own accord, to be that tyrant over his own hopes and fortunes called one's own master? Ay, and even girls too, poor helpless creatures that they are, will feel many a devil tugging at their breasts, to lead them the "devil's walk," because father is sulky, or mother a scold, or sweethearts fickle—and all for what? Why, for the pleasure of being their own mistresses, as if any body in this world can be their own masters or mistresses either; or, as if there is, or can be a worse servitude than your own misguided, uncorrected, undisciplined, mastery over yourself. And, many a day since I broke away from my home after Finnegan's misfortune, I have been reflecting on the nature of men and boys

in despising and detesting a servitude that they know, and flying, in the heat of passion, into some greater servitude that they don't know; and I often couldn't help thinking that the way I was brought up, and the way that hundreds of thousands of boys are brought up, is just a sort of training for a vagabond life, or for the development of that self-willedness that fills so many hearts with bitternesses of their own creating.

"Larning—larning—larning," is the cry of father an' mother—if my boy had the "larning," what a janius he'd be. In coorse, ye old fools, your *bouchal* would be a swan among the goslings; but it isn't "larning" half the world wants: instead of "larning," by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men's brains, if they would get some discipline. Discipline—discipline—discipline, that's

the only education I ever saw that ever brought a boy to any good. What's the use of battering a man's brains full of Greek and Latin pot-hooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket, to put on his first long-tailed blue, if ye dont teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience, hard living, early rising, and them sort of classics? Where's the use of instructin' him in hexameters and pentameters, if you leave him ignorant of the value of a penny-piece? what height of bletherin' stupidity it is to be fillin' a boy's brains with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turn him out like an *omadhaun* to pick up his victuals among the moderns!

A plague of your old pagan pedagogues: give me an active drill-sergeant, a regiment of boys, a cart-load of ratans, and I'll engage to return you a regiment of young gentlemen, who, if they have small Latin, and less Greek, will have learned under my tutelage the true education of finding servitude no slavery, and of having their tender skins hardened, by the help of the bamboo, into the insensibility of the pelt of a sucking rhinoceros!

The fact is, at our schools, the memory is the only faculty that gets strong; the intellect gets weak, for they load it, as they do a two-year old colt, long before it has strength to bear its work: there is a time, I confess, when book-learning becomes a pleasure and a recreation, but it isn't *before* we begin to think, but *after*: there is neither use nor satisfaction in filling your skull with words without ideas, as you do at school: try to fill a riddle with split peas, and see how long you'll be at it. Schoolmasters find you hard words in plenty; but the few ideas a man picks up as he goes along owe devilish little to the schoolmaster.

There's another thing, too, that often struck me in the schoolmasterin' business as a great oversight; maybe I may see the defect the more, because I felt the misfortune of it myself; and though it may look very foolish in a military man to talk of education, yet there are plenty of learned gentlemen looking over the page at this present writing, who will be willing enough to snap me up if I go wrong. ¹⁴ The defect I allude to is, that of an insufficient drilling in what a philosopher would call the moral habits.

The moral *duties* are abundantly inculcated in all our schools: every child has them all hammered into him; and as they get bigger, they come in time, at least some of them, to understand them: their religious belief, too, is always uppermost in the thoughts of the schoolmaster, so there is no cause of complaint there: but what I want to see is the discipline of *habits*, call them moral, physical, or what you will, grafted upon the tree of knowledge; the discipline, in fact, of the army, with the discipline of the Christian.

For with habits of obedience, patience, silence, labour, and the rest that make the boy give promise of the man, the more I have observed them, the more I see that they are not to be altogether learned in chapel; far from it; *there* boys learn what they *ought* to be, but it isn't preaching that will ever make them practise it: nothing but military discipline, and that very strict, will bring boys to a habit of doing what they know to be right. For example, when I was engaged in a repository for young gentlemen at Peckham Rye, for a drill-sergeant, I was instructed to make the boys in every respect as polite as commissioned-officers, and, will you believe it, the first time I tapped one of the most rumbunctious with a cane, for calling me a ramrod-eating prig, or some such gentlemanly epithet, I was cashiered without any ceremony, with the information that no person in my capacity could be retained there who would not submit to the *jokes* of the young "gentlemen."

But enough of this. Never man got a worse education than I did, and probably I see things standing in my own light. However, God be praised for all his mercies! what a relief it is to a man's mind to be able to lay all the faults of his life on the shoulders of his schoolmaster. A firm faith in the influence of the planets is also very useful in easing your conscience. Nobody cares to curse his own folly, vice, or misconduct in life, when he has only to curse the stars, and believe that he was born the most unlucky devil that ever stood upon ten toes. And that the stars must have great influence on men's fortunes there can be no manner of doubt, since I never heard that they took any pains to clear their characters from the imputations that the unfor-

tunate, like myself, are so ready to cast upon them.

I ran away from home, with King William under my arm, taking the road to Tipperary town, and thought myself the happiest of boys alive, because I was free of all restraint; and, of course, in common with that great majority of the human race who are called fools, I thought not to be controlled was to be blest. I thought the sky was more blue, the sun more bright, the meadows more green, the rivers more clear, the birds in better tune, the roses more rosy, the lilies more lily white, and, in short, all the universe, washed and cleaned, like a barrack-room of a Saturday, smelling fresh and airy for my particular private entertainment. I was now on my way to do that which I had often heard and read of others doing with such signal success, *pushing their fortune*, as it is called; by which sensible people will comprehend any mad prank, wild scheme, or ridiculous notion, by which that very necessary element may be raised—I mean, of course, the *wind*. As I walked along cheerily, every mile brought with it a new speculation for my future life: I would be a poor scholar, and wander from town to town, and from village to village, with a knapsack on my back, studying men and manners, and seeking after adventures by which my fortune might be made. I would turn player, and rise to the very top of the profession. I would set up a school, and teach Greek in Tipperary; the vision evaporated when I reflected, that for all practical purposes in that neighbourhood, the pigs of the town could grunt as good Greek as any that I could pretend to: one while I would be a soldier, another a sailor, and thought—of all things I should like to be cast away on a desolate island: I thought, for ten minutes or so, that a lime-burner must be a nice, light, agreeable occupation, seeing that I found those gentlemen seated round a kiln, roasting potatoes, of which I made an excellent dinner. After leaving them, I joined an angler on the banks of a river that ran by the road, and determined that nothing could be more agreeable to a classical mind than that apostolical mode of getting a living: finding, however, that after three quarters of an hour's thrashing, the poor fellow never had a rise, I came to

the conclusion that angling was a fiddle-faddle, wishy-washy amusement, unworthy the serious consideration of an adventurous young fellow, bent on manfully pushing his fortune.

Thus I wandered along, sometimes fancying myself making my fortune one way, and sometimes another; but always by some hop-step-and-jump, out-o'-the-way sort of fashion, such a way as no mortal ever went about making his fortune before; but it never entered my head in them days that fortunes are made far oftener by creeping than by driving; that the grand difficulty in life is not so much to get money, as to keep it when you have got it; that neither heaven nor earth is to be taken by storm; and that the high road to perdition lies in being in a hell of a hurry! Lord bless you, sir, I see men now in my native part of the country, that, with no more brains, push, or enterprize than a limpet, have, by mere dint of *sticking*, swelled themselves up into little turtles, while I have been going skip-jack from one thing to another thing, and from one place to another place, and find myself as bare in pocket as the palm of my hand, although my talents are unaccountable, and I can cut capers three stories' high! Sir, believe me, to get on in this world you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling down the wind, and you see no more of them: if you haven't the art of *sticking* by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office-stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your own counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn-door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what will do best of all, marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business!

Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprize, and such stuff; when they come advisin' you for your good, stick up to them for the loan

of a sovereign, and if ever you see them on your side of the street again, skiver me, and welcome; but to do any good, I tell you ever and over again, you *must* be a *sticker*. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.

All this I didn't find out till latterly, for my young notions were all of making my fortune *extempore*; an exploit achieved about as often as a thirty thousand pound prize in a Hamburg lottery.

It was fair day in Clogheen that very same day, and I got into the heart of the town just as the amusement of buying and selling was over, and the business of dancing, fighting, and drinking was going to begin. The streets were crowded with boys and girls, and the sounds of fiddlin', piping, and weltin' the flure, issued from every porter and punch house in the place; that is to say, from every third house, at least, in the elegant and fashionable metropolis of Clogheen. All this struck my vagabond fancy as the tip-top of pleasure; and when I saw the splendid figure a few dashing dragoons, of whom there was at that time half a troop quartered in the town, out among the girls, by virtue of the scarlet and orange-worsted lace, I felt all of a sudden imbued with that enthusiasm for the military profession that determined the current of my future life.

While I stared on the stalwart fellows with astonishment, never having seen, to my thinking, real gentlemen before, and observed that, wherever they came, the girls (bless their little hearts!) turned to them with such winning looks and giggling, I heard a sound of drums and fifes playing up "Paddy Carey" in high tune, and presently marched down the street a procession unlike any I had ever seen before; and although I have been reviewed in the Fifteen Acres with five thousand men, I never was so struck with any display of military grandeur as with the recruiting party parading the straggling village of Clogheen. First and foremost, with noses down and tails up, came all the pigs of the town, like

pioneers clearing the way, and upsetting all those rash enough to keep in their path; next the town fool, in an old red jacket, and a cocked hat of straw, with a peacock's feather stuck in the top of it; around him all the blackguard boys, that is to say, *all* boys whatsoever, of or belonging to the place, tormenting and plaguing the poor wretch in the true Christian fashion; then a red-faced, chuffy-cheeked old sergeant-major, in a laced jacket; after him, three sergeants of a row, with swords stuck up at right angles to the horizon, their legs thrown out before them as if there was no such thing as a knee belonging to one of them, and the whole lot looking straight down their noses. Then followed three fifers, and after them three drummers, illustrating the three degrees of comparison; and the rear was brought up by corporals, two and two; a dozen couples in all, exhibiting every variety of uniform in the service; heavy and light dragoons, artillery, and light and heavy infantry, all streaming with many-coloured ribbons, wearing only their side-arms, and carrying switches in their hands. The crowd gathered like a snowball, at every return of the party through the village receiving a greater accession, until three-fourths or the lounging young chaps of the place, and all the young women, were mixed up, higglety-pigglety, with the military. I did not, however, observe in the procession one recruit, which, I own, surprised me not a little, nor could I well conceive what was the reason of the apparent want of success of the recruiting party.

At length, when a sufficient auditory was collected, the fuzzy-faced sergeant-major commanded a halt opposite the "Paddy Carey" porter and punch house, where, having been assisted on the end of a barrel, set up as a rostrum, and having collected, his little army around him in a solid square, this high functionary addressed the assembled Clogheenites in a speech so original, as a specimen of military gammon, that I cannot think of placing it elsewhere than in the post of honour of my next division.

THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

1.

DE VÈRE has loos'd from Ascalon—Judea's holy gale,
 Fresh with the spikenard's evening scent, is rustling in his sail;
 A victor he to Normandy ploughs homeward through the brine,
 Herald and harp shall laud him long for deeds in Palestine.

2.

How gallantly, as night comes down, upon the Syrian seas,
 The Bel-Marie all canvass crowds to catch the springing breeze!
 A prosperous course be hers!—the spears above her poop that gleam
 Have flash'd ere now, like stars I throw, on Siloa's solemn stream.

3.

Precious the freight that proud bark bears—the ransom and the spoil
 Reap'd from Mahound's blaspheming crew on many a field of toil;
 Large lustrous cups—Kathay's bright robes—the diamond's living rays—
 Carpets from Tyre, whose costly fire for kings alone should blaze:

4.

And worth them all, that Fairest One, whose tresses' sunny twine,
 Far down unroll'd, outshames the gold of tawny India's mine;
 When storm'd the Cross round Gaza's fosse, all bright but faithless, she
 Flew from her Emir-spouse, de Vere's light paramour to be.

5.

And now, when sultry day is done, her languid brow to cool,
 Soft couch'd upon the curtain'd deck reclines the Beautiful;
 Voluptuous in repose, as She who, 'mid the *Ægean* lakes,
 Rose radiant from the frowning deep she dazzled into smiles.

6.

Fast by that lady's pillow sits the passionate De Vere,
 Now dimming with his doating kiss the glory of her hair;
 Or watching till their sleepy lids her eyes' blue languish veil—
 Or murmuring on her lips of rose fond love's untiring tale.

7.

Yet restless all is her repose, no solace can she find;
 The press of canvass overhead hoarse-groaning in the wind—
 The cordage-strain—the whistling shrouds—De Vere's devoted words—
 All things, or soft or sullen, now disturb her spirit's chords.

8.

"In vain thy love would lull my ear, thou flattering knight, for whom
 I faithless fled my lord and land!—methinks that, through the gloom,
 Some fearsome Genie's mighty wings are shadowing my soul,
 Black as the clouds and waters now that round about us roll."

9.

"Ah, cheer thee, sweet—'tis but the rude and restless billows' heaving,
 That frets thy frame of tenderest mould with weariness and grieving;
 'Twill vanish soon: when mounts the moon at midnight from the sea,
 Sweet Cyprus, with its rosy rocks high shining on our lee,

10.

"Shall see us anchor'd—if the truth our Moorish pilot tell,
 Who, since we weigh'd, has steer'd for us so steadily and well.
 E'en now I go to track below our bearings by the chart;—
 With freight like thee can I be free from wistfulness of heart?"

11.

De Vere is gone. His silent crew, from all the decks above,
Descend, lest even a murmur mar the slumbers of his Love ;
Yon aged Moor, who, spectre-like, still at the rudder stands,
Yon stripling, station'd at the prow, are all the watching hands.

12.

Pavilion-screen'd, from her soft couch how oft that lady bright
Raised like an evening star her head, and look'd upon the night,
Praying the tardy moon to rise—and through the shadows dim,
Encountering but that spectral form beside the rudder grim.

13.

The moon at last!—blood-red and round, she wheeleth up the wave,
Soaring and whitening like a soul ascending from the grave ;
Then riseth too the Beauty-brow'd, and quits with gentlest motion
Her tent's festoons,—two rival Moons at once upon the ocean.

14.

O Queen of Quiet—thou who winn'st our adoration still,
As when a wondering world bow'd down on thine Ephesian hill!—
Stainless thyself, impart thy calm and purifying grace,
To her, the stain'd one, watching thee with her resplendent face !

15.

The breeze has dropp'd—the soundless sails are flagging one by one ;
While in his cabin still De Vere the parchment pores upon ;
Sudden a shriek—a broken groan, his ear have smitten—hark !
That laughing yell!—sure fiends from hell are hailing to the Bark !

16.

He gains the deck—the spot where last idolatrous he stood,
Is cross'd by some dark horrid thing—a narrow creeping flood ;
Great Heaven forbid!—but where's the heart from whence it gush'd?—for
now
The decks contain no form but that stone-stiff beside the prow.

17.

Stone-stiff—half life, half death—it stands with hideous terror dumb,
And bristling hair, and striving still for words that will not come :
Speak thou—speak thou, who from the prow kept watch along the water,
And kill thy lord with one dread word of Gaza's glorious daughter !

18.

He told at last, that as he turn'd, what time the breeze had died,
To rouse his mates—far at the stern, the lady he espied,
Sky-musing there : and by the helm, with eyes coal blazing—HIM,
THE EVIL ONE, in semblance of their Moorish pilot grim,

19.

Who stole to her, before that boy could cross himself for grace,
His turban doff'd, then touch'd her arm, and stared her in the face—
That furnace-stare!—her scorch'd head droop'd—a flash—at once she fell
Prone at his feet, who instantly sprang with her down to hell !

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20.

Where olive-groves their shadows fling from Cyprus' musky shore,
The Bel-Marie high stranded lies, to plough the waves no more ;
And day by day, far, far away, in Rouen's aisles I ween,
Down-broken, like that stately bark, a mournful monk is seen.

TO AN EMIGRANT LADY, 1828.

BY THE SAME.

Why dost thou gaze on me so oft?
 I cannot follow now!
 It would be crime—a double death
 To follow thy forbidden path.

DELTA.

I.

ADIEU! adieu! In secret now
 My spirit sore must chide
 The grief that fain would sear my
 brow,

Despite of all my pride.
 But none shall tell, for none shall know
 The wasting agony of woe
 This heart must learn to hide,
 Though still remembering that we met,
 To love—to sever—and forget.

II.

Forget thee—ay—let Lethé out
 Upon my senses roll—
 Or be the Hebrew Ruler's doubt
 Proved groundless to my soul;*
 To whence it came let it depart,
 And its existence newly start
 Once more from Being's goal;
 Then in *that* second sinful race
 Of *this* and thee shall live no trace.

III.

But until soul and sense be sunk
 In mute forgetfulness,
 The madd'ning draught of love I've
 drunk

To passion's wild excess,
 —More sweet 'mid sorrowing and
 shame

Than if the world around us came
 To brighten and to bless—
 Shall leave a fever in this brain
 The touch of Time would cool in vain.

IV.

Adieu, adieu!—the scathed bough
 When riven from its tree,
 Parts not more hopelessly than now
 I sever wide from thee—
 Nor differs more May's morning light
 From Winter's wild December night
 Than our fates disagree!
 Blighted or blest may be thy lot,
 All one to me,—I share it not.

V.

Thou nameless, guileless, guiltless
 One,

Whose smile to me was woe!
 How my heart heaves to think upon
 Thy fortune here below!
 Shall this our distant northern clime
 Behold the wasting hand of Time,
 O'er thy young beauty go,

Or shall our green isle's verdure wave
 O'er—love's sole rest—thine early
 grave?

VI.

No—even the cherish'd recompense
 Of weeping o'er the clay
 That shrouds thy love's omnipotence,
 Fate to me will not pay—
 Far, far where wide Ohio's floods
 Sweep through Kentucky's twilight
 woods,
 Thy life shall wane away—
 Till like some lute's last parting tone,
 It sinks in sweetness all its own.

VII.

And should I learn in after years
 Thy destiny was blest,
 That thou went'st through this vale
 of tears
 Caressing and caress'd;
 Or, different far, that thy young life,
 With the chill world's unfeeling strife,
 Was to the last oppress—
 Warm tears shall be my sole reply,
 That gush from heart and not from
 eye.

VIII.

Yes, tears—soul-starting and heart-
 wrung—
 Should happiness be thine,
 To think thy destiny was flung
 So wide away from mine;
 And tears, should the rude shock of
 fate
 Leave thy lone heart, all desolate,
 O'er vanish'd days to pine—
 To feel how Hope once lit our eyes
 With dreams she dared not realize.

IX.

Adieu, adieu!—no breeze shall spring
 Hereafter from the sea,
 But I will fancy on its wing
 It wafts a sigh to me
 From that dear lip, whose last pure
 prayer
 To Heaven shall be, to meet me
 where,
 Through bright Eternity,
 Are link'd those hearts and souls,
 above,
 Who loved on earth while life could
 love!

* St John, iii. 4.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

No. II.

In his elaborate critique on the *Seasons* of Thomson, Dr Johnson satisfactorily disposes of the objection to the want of arrangement urged against that exquisite work. "Of many appearances subsisting at the same moment," says the doctor, "no precise arrangement was, or could be practicable;" and thus it is with the world of London, which, at one and the same moment, presents to the bewildered eye ten thousand varying shades and phases, that flit by turns over the passing season of human life. The roll of the chariot that rattles proudly over the stones, carrying high-born beauty to the *petite soirée*, or the exclusive ball, strikes, at the same instant, upon the ear of dying poverty, and shakes the fragile walls of the wretched habitation, where famine, disease, and filth, herd in congenial neighbourhood together. While, in one place, the glittering gin-palace vomits forth its crowd of squalid customers, easily to be recognized by the clayey, corpse-like, unearthly expression of their sunken countenances; at another, pours forth from some humble chapel the sweetly softened accents of praise and thanksgiving, offered up by the children of peace, to the glory of His name, who mercifully sustains them and their little ones in their struggles with the armies of sin and death that surround them on every side, even while, here assembled together, they hymn their thankful notes of praise.

While with stealthy, cat-like pace, and voluptuous excursive eye, the hoary libertine, at the corner of the streets, and in the broad glare of day, unheeding alike and unheeded of his fellow men, pursues his prey; you may see borne past him on a shutter, or rudely wheeled along upon a truck, the lifeless body of a child of toil, whose weary life knew not one gleam of pleasure, save that of being enabled by his brawny arm to put bread into the mouths of those motherless babes that follow with streaming eyes the disfigured form of their provider, who this moment has stepped from the ladder or the scaffold into the grave. At yonder church door, the wedding and the funeral procession struggle for precedence; side by side are the

melancholy coaches, crape-covered and dusky, of the mourners, and the dashing equipages and favour-bedizened footmen of the exulting bridegroom; and within, you may discern faintly the forms of the bereaved mourners, leaning back as if ashamed of being seen shedding those affectionate tears that must now be shed, alas! in vain.

The day is fine and sunny—it is a cheerful summer's day—we will devote it to our gratification—we will make of it a day of pleasure. Perhaps it is a day of courtly pageantry, of royal progress, or of military pomp; the world of wealth, and rank, and fashion, is abroad sporting like butterflies in the midsummer ray; we will mingle with the thickly gathering crowd, and regale our eyes with the brave company of the drawing-room, the procession, or the review.

Alas! even here—regarding not alone the scene, but the spectators; not alone the actors, but the auditory; not alone the play, but the moral to be drawn from it—how many themes of saddened reflection fill the eye of the mind to very overflowing! The transitory tendencies of all things human, are more strikingly exemplified in the world of fashion than elsewhere; and as we regard the leaders of *ton*, the ladies patronesses of Almack's, the exclusives of exclusives, we cannot help thinking, with a mental smile, how many dynasties of these monarchs of fashion and taste we have seen auctioned off, and lumbered up in a corner, with as little ceremony as one of their own antiquated japan screens, or *ormolu* cabinets.

Well! we are tired of the endless succession of carriages—the blaze even of beauty palls upon our satiated eye, and scarlet coats, stars, plumes, with the respective deputy-lieutenants; captains on half-pay unattached, and officers of yeomanry cavalry, to whom they lend the glittering distinction of a day, are drugs in the market. Let us pass through St James's palace, and take a turn round the Park.

Here is one of the lobes of those mighty organs of respiration, so pleasantly anatomized some time ago by venerable Maga, under the apt and

appropriate title of the "Lungs of London." Nature once again resumes her sway; the Fauns and Hamadryads peep coyly at the great world of London. Here the birds sing, sheep browse, children play, and all is cheerfulness and innocent mirth.

But another moment, we have crossed the park—and what an atmosphere of vice and misery surrounds us! Here, a wretched woman, whose stock in trade and means of living consist of a little sieve of oranges or pippins, is dragged off to the station-house for having ventured to offer her wares for sale at the corner of the street. There, a party of drunken guardsmen and their unfortunate female companions are "running amuck," as the phrase is, through the mazes of Orchard Street or Duck Lane. Inside the railings of the churchyard, you see the summary interment of the workhouse dead—four or six coffins placed side by side, and the funeral service read over the "lot" with the rapidity of lightning, to save time and appearances. Outside, a hungry dog has seized a scrap of meat from a butcher's stall, and the whole of the neighbourhood joins in rapid pursuit of the unlucky animal; while the aspect of the population, their shops, their habitations, their neglected children, with eyes bleared and elf-shot locks, would defy pen or pencil to depict their sfilthiness and squalor, unless a second Hogarth were to give to the world a modern portrait-ure of this Gin Lane end of the metropolis.

And yet here, even here, the clangour of drums and trumpets, and the roar of artillery, announcing the departure of royalty from the courtly scene over the way at St James's, strike distinctly upon the ear; recalling the gilded and jewelled gorgeousness of the world we have quitted, for a world whose inhabitants it is difficult to believe are moulded of the same materials as that courtly clay.

While these doings occupy the west end, the east is not idle; there is a launch toward, and great are the feasting, the fiddling, and the dancing among shipmasters, merchant-owners, and civic dignitaries. In his miserable garret, at the same moment, the famished weaver of Spitalfields piles his exhausted and profitless trade. The madman raves, and the idiot mopes in Bedlam and St Luke's.

The thousand beds of the great hospitals, that lie hid in the dusky courts and retired passages of London, have their thousand miserable occupants. The "rookeries," as the squalid abodes of the very lowest classes of society are termed, swarm at this moment with their hordes of wretches, encamped, like gipsies and outcasts as they are, upon the skirts of civilized society. The prisons of poverty, where great and fortunate rogues immure the luckless children of misfortune, and the more hospitable bastiles of crime rear their massive heads in congenial proximity; full to overflowing with hopes and fears, and sorrows and regrets, and all the mental tortures that await on involuntary confinement. While we wander from street to street, and from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, human creatures like ourselves are drawing their last breath, and others are born into this turbulent world, to "strut and fret their hour upon the stage; and then be seen no more." The poor creep forth to satisfy, if possible, the cravings of their hunger, the rich to satisfy the no less urgent cravings of their pride. The beggar in rags takes God his witness to a hundred lies for a halfpenny; and the beggar in broad cloth pawns his vote, his country, and his soul to whipper-in Stanley, or some other under-pawnbroker of the Treasury. A thousand messengers distribute fate and fortune, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, with their missives of many-coloured import, at every door; indolence and labour, poverty and wealth, ambitions of good and ill, pursuits of high and low degree, jostle in the busy streets, while summer smiles, and the unchanging sun shines equally on all!

We think it unnecessary, therefore, to apologize to our readers at greater length for the excursive irregularity with which ideas rising naturally in the mind of the contemplative student of human nature are jotted down before them. The vast field of enquiry open to us, disdains regular and mathematical division. A subject so various, diffuse, and universally interesting, admits not of a natural order. The forms of many-coloured life are best presented in the order in which they offer themselves to our regards of the moment. Studies from nature, although wanting the nice finish of the master hand, are ever sure to please; and whatever might be gain-

ed by an attempt to group harmoniously objects various, changeful, and incompatible, would be lost in the absence of that freshness and novelty, which impressions seized and embodied at the time, and on the spot, are likely to possess.

We took occasion, in our poem, or introduction, to allude to one or two of the more "common and vulgar errors," as Dr Thomas Browne would have termed them, prevalent among provincials respecting the great world of London; but there are others still untouched, not less worthy our observation: and first, of the notion that the metropolis is a gregarious, social, or amalgamative region, where men are easily fusible and compatible one with another. You will find an adventurous greenhorn, ambitious of the social delights of town, go among his country acquaintances for weeks and weeks together, to solicit and obtain sundry letters of introduction, as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,

"This will be presented to you by my friend Johnny Newcome Greenhorn, Esq., a young gentleman of great promise in these parts. He is anxious to become acquainted with people of rank and fortune in London, being naturally ambitious of shining in good society, which is very laudable. If you will spend a few days in showing him whatever is worthy of seeing in London—such as the washing of the lions at the Tower, the Queen, the Polytechnic, Prince Albert, the Zoological Gardens, Jack Sheppard, Lord John Russell, and the puppet-show, and afford him any other trifling service in your power—you will greatly oblige,

Dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

HEZEKIAH CLODHOPPER.

"P. S.—Mr Greenhorn is musical, and uncommon fine in 'Jolly Nose,' which he hears in vogue at the Opera. I hope you will be able to get tickets.

"MEM.—Mrs C. sends you, per first fast waggon, half a brace of snipe, and begs to say, that a cod-fish and barrel of oysters, or a turbot with a bunch of lobsters (spawning,) would be acceptable."

With a bundle of these modest productions, our friend Greenhorn presents himself in town, and forthwith

proceeds to the house of one of the most promising of his intended victims, to deliver his credentials. He finds the *victim* up to his ears in business, and at his wit's end, probably, to make the two ends meet.

To his enquiry of Johnny Newcome, "What can I do for you, sir?" Johnny, who has not forgotten his sky-blue coat with brass buttons, and a pair of killing tights, would fain reply, "A good dinner, lots of wine, and quadrilles in the course of the evening;" but not having as yet reached the fall pitch of "London assurance," he walks off, very much put out, cursing the inhospitality of the Londoners, and spends the evening very much to his satisfaction, in listening to "Jolly Nose" at the Adelphi shades, or the cider cellar. Nothing is so common among our country cousins as the supposition that we, in town, have nothing else to do but to be their *chaperons* to places of public amusement, and the entertainers of their leisure hours—that is to say, all their time; although, in truth, we have not, long as we have been in London, time to afford to the few and far between glimpses of fireside domesticity that we are rarely enabled to spend in quiet and seclusion. It is not that we grudge our glass of old Madeira, or bit of fresh fish; but the fact and truth is, our soul is, of hard necessity, so absorbed, and our moments so fully occupied by the requirements of our business, that letters of introduction are with us a tax upon our time, amounting to a prohibition of social intercourse. In the country, on the contrary, a stranger with a letter of introduction is a god-send; he varies, for the time, the tedious monotony of rural life; he earns his salt by giving our salt a savour; we can interchange with him our long repressed thoughts, sentiments, and sympathies; we can talk with him of town, and even *that* is a luxury.

But with every class in London, insociality, not the indisposition to society, but the prohibition of it, is produced and perpetuated by employment, distance, and the necessity of attending to the more serious and absorbing toils of life. In the country, the exercise of hospitality is a duty; in town it is generally a fault.

How frequently do we not hear of great lawyers, men much before the public, and greatly envied for their

good fortune, being almost strangers, through press of business, to their own wives, and unable to solace themselves, one hour out of the twenty-four, with the prattle of their little ones! Distance operates in the same way in producing this isolation and apparent inhospitality, whereof strangers so bitterly complain; and among the poorer orders, the iron grasp of poverty effectually stifles any other claims than those of the imminent wants and requirements of the day. Some of our readers may possibly remember a report in one of the newspapers of a horrible case, detailing the circumstances under which a hapless female actually perished of starvation, not a morsel of sustenance being afforded her by any of the persons who occupied the same room, and almost the same bed, one of them being the wretched man with whom this unhappy creature shared the pains, and finally paid the penalties, of vice. On being interrogated by the police magistrate why *he*, above all others, had refused to stretch forth a saving hand to the companion of his misery, this libel on humanity declared, that he only lived with the woman, that she was not his wife, and that he considered she had no *legal* claim upon him. It may be observed, however, in some degree to account for this worse than savage indifference to the fate of a fellow being, that the hearts of the miserable creatures who were thus associated, were rendered hard as the nether millstone by their individual struggles to avert the same fate; and all their faculties and energies must be concentrated in self, to enable them to pick up what they expressively and truly denominate—a “ragged living.”

Those shocking instances of indifference to the fate of wretches like themselves are of every-day occurrence in this vast world of London; but they are to be accounted for when we are made aware of the fact, that in most, if not all of these instances, there exists but a shade of difference between the person dying of hunger, and the person at the same moment suffering starvation. The conscious bitterness of poverty is of tenfold bitterness in a place like London, where men do not only starve, but starve in the midst of plenty: there is but an eighth of an inch between the perishing wretch and abundance. Who has not observed the greedy eyes with which

a poor, half-naked creature, pinched about the stomach like an ill-fed greyhound, devours the heaps of gold and silver coin, and the thousand pound-notes ostentatiously paraded in the wire-latticed windows of the silver-smiths, as if in mere mockery of his misery? Who has not seen the fingers work convulsively in the pocket of the tattered jean trowsers, as if clutching in imagination the golden store, one piece whereof would be to him a little fortune? Who, that walks up Holborn Hill, has not observed crowds of famine-stricken creatures gathered before the window of a celebrated soup shop opposite St Andrew's Church, peering with ravenous eyes at the shins of horse-beef, dabs of dough called pudding, steaming soup, and other equivocal viands dispensed within, or passing slowly to and fro before the door, inhaling with dilated nostrils the grateful vapour of the food they want, but must not, dare not touch? This is no romance—no mystery. You have only to pass that way when you have looked over this article, and you will yourself bear witness to the truth of our description; and recollect, if you do go there to satisfy your curiosity, do not have the curse upon your soul of satisfying your curiosity with the sight of unsatisfied hunger. For a groat a-piece you may make a dozen human creatures forget the pangs of famine, and you lay out, oftener than you will confess, fifty times the sum on your follies or your vices. Don't button your pocket and walk off, because you see among the crowd a face you don't like. Don't fancy that the poor creatures are all impostors, nor regard them with the eye of a ruffian overseer: they are hungry, and hunger will break through stone walls. Let us bless God, while we relieve the hunger of another, that we know not the devilish temptations into which it leads too many of our fellow creatures.

We shall not now pursue further this painful portion of our subject, but merely observe that the isolation of individual man in London is the necessary result of the several causes above enumerated; viz. the impediments of time, distance, business, and pleasure, among the rich, and of hard necessity among the poor. Among the latter class, indeed, the laxity of the domestic ties and affections is strangely shocking to an unaccustomed ear; the indifferent carelessness with which you

will hear the probable fate of little sister Anne, who ran away because father beat her, and of little brother Dick, who went out selling matches and never came back, commented upon by their own relatives and friends, is melancholy; nor shall we soon forget the astonishment with which we heard an old char-woman, who does the heavy business for our landlady, exclaim, in a fit of unusual communicativeness—"Vell, I vonders if my old man, as lives at Paddin'ton, 's livin' or dead!" On enquiry, we discovered that, not being able to make out the cause together, this affectionate couple had "divided the town," as the old lady called it, he going to Paddington to sell matches, and buy bones and bottles, she remaining in the city "a-charring;" and that they had held no communication whatever for six or seven years, nor were likely to have any for as many more. Nothing is more common in the world of London than for one or two members of a family to be in affluent circumstances and good society, while others struggle hard against misfortune, and one or two, more unlucky than the rest, pine away their lives in abject poverty. Even the workhouses have their aristocracy; and poor old creatures, clad in the sober uniform of pauperism, whose connexions are wealthy, and, as it is called, respectable, and in some cases not unknown in the upper world of fashion, are not unfrequently presented to the eye of the curious visitor.

The isolation of the individuals composing a family of this kind, must, we need hardly be at the trouble to affirm, be complete; in fact, they are greater strangers to one another than persons who have never met, inasmuch as pride, both on the side of the fortunate and the unlucky member, prevents any fraternal approximation.

In business matters, this isolation of individual man is still more remarkable, because coming more prominently before the public.

"No connexion with any other person of the same name," is advertised by Johnson or Smith; by which announcement, he cuts off their sympathies with all other Johnsons and Smiths existing: "No connexion with the shop over the way," or "with the shop next door," is a neighbourly intimation of the very friendly terms upon which these rival shopkeepers are with one another: while some who are deter-

mined to show how far this human isolation can go, advertise "no connexion with any other house or person whatsoever!"

We happened to know two shopkeepers, the one a Jew, the other a Christian, neighbours, in the same line of business, who played into one another's hands, kept up prices, gave bad weight, and worse measure, plundered the poor, humbugged the rich, became, as usual, men of substance and respectability, and were such sworn brothers that all the neighbourhood declared the Jew quite as much of a Nazarene as the Christian.

One fine morning, the house of the Christian was burned down, and the owner with his family retired to a vacant shop close by to carry on his business as before, receiving from the Hebrew the most solemn assurances that he would direct every customer as once to his Christian rival's new habitation.

Feeling rather distrustful, however, of his friend Moses, the burnt-out tradesman got a friend to call on the Jew, as if to enquire his new residence: Moses, with unblushing effrontery, told the apparent stranger, "Dat, by Gosh, he vashn't shure fwere dat dam rascal vash gone, but, by Gosh, he 'oped as how he vash burned in de flames, for be vash a dam great rogue, what would cheat a preesh; but," continued the Israelite, "if you wants any lectel ting in Ais line, I can dare shay dat I will give you dam deal betterer shatish-facshun dan dat dam tief—fwat d'ye buy?"

The social isolation of individual drops in this great ocean of human life, is no less remarkable than the domestic or the commercial.

It cannot be less than twenty years since we gave up thinking it necessary to give our name, when taking a lodging or making our little purchases.

We are known to the landlady merely as the "second floor;" as, for example, the second floor came home late last night; the second floor is laid up with the "fluency," (influenza;) the second floor wants somebody to darn his stockings, and sew on his loose buttons; or the second floor gave our Johnny a penny to buy gingerbread.

Our weekly account is duly transmitted to us as follows:—

Second Floor, Dr.

To MARTHA TUPPER,

To one week's lodging—

To one week's coals—

To ditto extra coals—

To ditto other extras—

With the aforesaid Martha Tupper have we been domiciled now better than six years, nor have we been ever able to ascertain whether the said Martha is a spinster or matron, nor has that very decorous and proper person ever manifested the slightest curiosity to know whether her second floor rejoices in a state of single or of double blessedness.

Martha knows by experience that our rent and extras are paid punctually to the day, and with this, she is content to assure her neighbours that her second floor is quite respectable!

Of course, many are the changes that, since we became second floor, have taken place in other parts of the premises; two or three attics ran away without recollecting that they owed sundry arrears of rent; the back kitchen decamped once or twice in the same mysterious manner; the third floor was obliged to quit, in consequence of reports very injurious to a tenement of his elevated station in society, and several front parlours have left the key under the door.

On Christmas day last we had dined very socially (by ourselves) on the leg of a goose from a neighbouring cook-shop, and had sent out little Johnny for two-pennyworth of plum-duff (to represent the indispensable Christmas-pudding), when, hearing what we took to be sounds of mirth and laughter below, we naturally conceived that the first floor was making merry, at that festive season, with his family, and in the gaiety of our hearts, taking up our violin, we scraped away our merriest ditties.

On making enquiry the other day of our landlady, we found, to our astonishment and regret, that the first floor died on Christmas day of an apoplexy, and that the agonized screams of the bereaved widow and fatherless children were the sounds we mistook for indications of festive hilarity, while, with our violin, we contributed, as we thought, our mite to the harmony of the evening.

A solitude of society is the character of London loneliness.

It is a solitude without desolation; an isolated aggregation: a solitude wherein we are perpetually cheating ourselves with the belief that we are sociable.

Nothing can be further from the truth; the attraction of London life is an attraction of repulsion: the power of plunging and being lost in an ocean of human beings is ever at hand, and the possession of that power generates an indifference to the use of it; this indifference becomes at length a habit, so much so, that it is not uncommon to hear men who belong to every club at the west end, wander, with doleful faces, complaining of their loneliness to every one they know.

The only society, properly so called, of London life, is that existing round the domestic hearth: here alone does that sweet interchange of courtesy sublimed by affection, that friendship which is akin to love, delight to dwell; and here alone may the old bachelor, maiden aunt, or *quondam* brother-officer, feel that they are truly in society, and forget, for that evening, their desolate condition in that which is to them, not a world but a wilderness.

There is no society whatever in the gatherings of London life: at the state-dinners, with hot wine, cold soup, stupid speeches, and *Non nobis Domine*: at the pit of the opera, where crushing, pushing, "bonneting," hustling of helpless women, and many other indications of civilized barbarity prevail: at the ten-and-sixpenny dress-balls, where the odds are three to one in favour of your partner turning out a milliner, or worse: at the dozy meetings of prosy philosophers, where every man who sees a hole in a nine-inch ladder, chronicles the fact in a volume of transactions, and calls it *his* discovery: at the Exchange, where little fish are swallowed up wholesale by leviathan capitalists: or at the senate, where every man revolves in his own little atmosphere of passions, prejudices, personal and public jobs, and whose only idea of extended action is that of "going the whole hog" with his faction.

No question is more commonly put by provincial people, than—"Do you know a great many persons in London?"

It is imagined that, from the vastness of the place, the circle of your acquaintance must be proportionably extended; but the fact is exactly otherwise. Putting out of view the exclusive class with whom visiting is an occupation, and who make it a rule to know every body of their own set, it is

surprising how few persons we are intimate with in London. The vast choice of society lying open to us would seem to have the effect of circumscribing our friendships within the narrowest limits, as those are with difficulty pleased who are perplexed with infinite variety.

In London, the number of acquaintances varies, but that of intimates is never very great; the labourer and artisan have each their comrade; the clerk and shopman rejoices in his one particular friend, with whom he goes to the White Conduit House, or the Eagle Tavern, of an odd evening; the tradesman will tell you he knows nobody about him but Pinchbeck, the watchmaker, over the way; the literary man generally may be seen arm-in-arm with one or two trusty *literarii sodales*, and, save his bookseller, knows nobody else; the servant-girl has her sweetheart, the nursery governess her beau, the spruce milliner her "nice young man," and so of the rest, neither time nor means permitting them to extend their circle further, except they belong to that favoured class with whom business is pleasure, and pleasure business.

Still, although the unsociality and anti-gregarious propensities of London life are notorious, and cannot be denied, yet it is strange the absence of the sensation of that desolate solitude that is understood to affect dwellers in country places. We have been for weeks together without interchanging a syllable with any one save our landlady, little Johnny, or the cat, and then only on matters of business; but though silent as a monk of La Trappe, we never found ourselves solitary.

There is in London, society without intercourse, contact without communion, which, if it hath its pains, is also not without its pleasures; the living, moving panorama of the streets is society; the book-stalls and the print-shops are our intimate friends; we are on very good terms with Grove's fish and venison shop, in Charing-Cross, and often stand for half an hour before the window, eating a luxurious *imaginary* dinner; we then adjourn to Griquon's, Morel's, or one of the *gourmand* shops, and imagine a second course; then, we take a few turns in the Burlington Arcade, which affords us at least as much entertainment as an evening party; after listening to the opera airs of the last season but six,

on a Savoyard's hurdy-gurdy, which must serve us for a concert, we discuss a cup of coffee, read with great complacency our own article in *Maga*, declare that it is an excellent Number, inhale a cigar, and pop our head under the bed-clothes. Truly we pity the man who can walk from Mile-end to Piccadilly, and say it is all barren!

How different is the solitude of the country! Master William Howitt, one of the people called Quakers, who hath indited a book, intitled the *Rural Life of England*, wherein he giveth us a particular account of the various horrors incident to that lamentable condition of rusticity, hath not failed to set forth in glowing colours the sensation of desolation experienced by the eccentric dwellers in such outlandish districts as, aggregated together, make up what is called—the country.

"The citizen," saith our sober friend William, "who lives in a compact house, in the centre of a great city, whose doors and windows are secured at night by bars, bolts, shutters, locks, and hinges, of the most approved and patented construction; who, if he looks out of doors, looks upon splendid rows of lamps, upon human habitations all about him; whose house can only be assailed behind by climbing over the tops of other houses, or before, by eluding troops of passengers and watchmen, whom the smallest alarm would hurry to the spot; I say, if such a man could be suddenly set down in one of our many thousand country-houses, what a feeling of unprotected solitude would fall upon him! To sit by the fire of many a farm-house, or cottage, and hear the unopposed wind come sighing and howling about it; to hear the trees swaying and rustling in the gale, infusing a most forlorn sense of the absence of all neighbouring abodes; to look on the simple casements, and the old-fashioned locks and bolts, and to think what would their resistance be to the determined attack of bold thieves; I imagine it would give many such worthy citizens a new and not very enviable feeling. But if he were to step out before the door of such a house, at nine or ten o'clock of a winter or autumnal night, what a state of naked jeopardy it would seem to stand in! Perhaps all solitary darkness; nothing to be heard but the sound of neighbouring woods, or the roar of distant waters, or the baying of the ban-dogs at the scattered and far-

off farm-houses; the wind coming puffing upon him with a wild freshness, as from the face of vast and solitary moors; or perhaps some gleam of moonlight, or the wild lurid light which hovers in the horizon of a winter night sky, revealing to him desolate wastes, or gloomy surrounding woods. In truth, there is many a sweet spot that, in summer weather, and by fair daylight, do seem very paradises, of which we exclaim, in passing—"Ay, there I could live and die, and never desire to leave it." There are thousands of such sweet places, which, when night drops down, assume strange horrors, and make us wish for towers and towns, watchmen, walkers of streets, and gas light. One seems to have no security in any thing. A single house, five or six miles from a neighbour—Mercy! Why, it is the very place for a murder! What would it avail there to cry help! murder! Murder might be perpetrated there a dozen times before help could come!"

I fackins, friend William, we are not to be caught crossing Hyde Park after dark, with the foregoing terrors of thine fresh in our memories, nor will we meditate an excursion into Camden town or Kensington until the approximation of the longest day!

But, our rural-life readers will say, we envy you not, while we have our primitive manners, our cheerful light-heartedness, and our heart-in-hand hospitality to boast of! Say you so? good my swain of Arcadia—if friend Howitt be not to blame, you are not a whit behind us "men about town" in isolation, with that additional disadvantage, that in the country you labour under the disease without having at hand the remedy. Hear Howitt:—

"In large towns every man finds a sufficient circle after his own taste; there the petty influences of locality are broken up by the multitude of objects and the ample choice in association. But in small towns, and in country neighbourhoods, where wealthy or educated families are thinly scattered, nothing can be more lamentable; and, were it not lamentable, nothing can be more ludicrous, than the state of rivalry, heart-burning jealousy, personal mortification or personal pride, from mere accidents of condition or favour. The titled have a fixed rank, and are comparatively at their ease; but in the great mass of those who have wealth,

more or less, without title, what mighty and eating sore is the struggle for distinction! In the little town, or thinly scattered neighbourhood, every one is measuring out his imaginary dignity, to see if it does not exceed, at least by some inches, that of one or other of his neighbours. The lower you descend in the scale, the more exacting becomes the spirit of exclusiveness. The professions look down upon the trades; the trades upon one another. Every where the same uneasy spirit shows itself. Nothing can be more ludicrous or amusing to the philosophic spectator, than to observe how leadership is assumed in every country neighbourhood by certain wealthy families; how carefully that leadership is avoided and opposed by other families. How the majority of families aspire to move in one or the other circle; what wretched and anomalous animals those feel themselves that are not recognized by either. How the man who drives his close carriage looks down upon him who only drives his barouche or phaeton; how both condemn the poor occupier of a gig. I have heard of a gentleman of large fortune who, for some years after his residence in a particular neighbourhood, did not set up his close carriage; but afterwards, feeling it more agreeable to do so, was astonished to find himself called upon by a host of carriage-keeping people, who did not seem previously aware of his existence; and rightly deeming the calls to be made upon his carriage, rather than himself, sent round his empty carriage to deliver cards in return. It was a biting satire on a melancholy condition of society, the full force of which can only be perceived by such as have heard the continual exultation of those who have dined with such a great person on such a day, and the equally eager complaints of others of the pride and exclusiveness they meet with; who have listened to the long catalogue of slights, dead cuts, and offences, and witnessed the perpetual heart-burnings incident to such a state of things. These are the follies that press the charm of existence out of the hearts of thousands, and make the country often a purgatory where it might be a paradise."

If this be a picture of the rural life of England—

"Oh! give us the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall."

WARREN HASTINGS.

No. II.

BUT other topics of a deeper nature soon engrossed the whole attention of the Governor-General. We advert with pain to the Rohilla war, in after times a formidable head in his impeachment. About half a century before, the Rohillas, an Afghan tribe, had made an incursion, in their usual predatory style, into the country bordering on the kingdom of Oude; and finally conquering the province, settled in it, and gave it their name. The Indian territory has been always a field of battle; and the Rohillas had no other occupation than war. They fought the Mogul, and they fought his nabobs; and generally gained territory, and always gained plunder. But at length, whether through fear of the host of enemies which they had provoked, or from the desire of preting by their connexion with Oude, they proposed an alliance with its vizier.

Their proposal was for an offensive alliance. The vizier hesitated. But when the Mahrattas began to move towards him, his reluctance gave way. The treaty was concluded, on the terms, that the vizier should assist them in case of a Mahratta invasion; while they stipulated to assist him in rescuing the Doab from the invaders, and to pay forty lacs of rupees towards the expenses of the war. Indian treaties in those days were generally little more than the formalities of knavery on both sides—agreements to cheat each other wherever it could be done. The Rohillas soon complained that the vizier had not fulfilled a single article of the treaty. On the other hand, they refused to pay a rupee of the forty lacs; and prepared to seize the Doab on their own account. The vizier now looked to a bolder plan of operations, and formed the design of falling on the Rohillas themselves, and driving them out of their territory; an effect which must have been the work of a bloody war, if they were not wholly exterminated before he could call Rohileund his own; and for aid in this treacherous and atrocious project he applied to Hastings.

Mr Gleig does not wholly defend this proceeding. But we regret to

find, that "he cannot discover upon what grounds of either moral or political justice the proposition deserves to be stigmatized as *infamous*." We shall tell him—all conduct is infamous which implies a breach of faith, and especially infamous in matters where that faith is pledged with the solemnity of treaties; where the interests of nations are defrauded, and where the breach of faith necessarily involves a vast expenditure of human blood. Conduct is infamous in which the folly or even the crime of one party is made the pretext for the crime of another. Conduct is always infamous which requires treachery for its concoction, and violence for its success. The vizier was the sworn ally of the Rohillas; and nothing but their turning their arms on him could have justified his attacking them. The case, however, is thus put by Mr Gleig. "The Rohillas had exhibited the reverse of good faith towards the vizier. They were a constant thorn in his side, and *tottering to their fall*; the question for him to decide was, whether he would submit to the occupation of their country by the Mahrattas, or himself take possession, and convert what had hitherto been a source of weakness into a source of strength to himself and the English."

Nothing is easier than to reason in this manner, yet nothing more hazardous. It takes for granted all possible contingencies, substitutes its own wishes for necessities, and proceeds to the indulgence of its own avarice or ambition, as an agent of the general good of nations. The question is still to be asked, whether the Rohillas had broken their alliance: whether they had turned their arms against the vizier's territory: or whether they had any actual criminality in his eyes, beyond their being in possession of a territory which he thought that he might turn to the advantage of his own.

But we are not concerned in either the honesty or the villany of Indians; the share of the Governor-General in this transaction is more important to Englishmen. The vizier applied to

Hastings for the assistance of British troops in this iniquitous war. On this subject we regret to find such sentiments as the following delivered as prefatory; though we admit that they are perfectly suited to the cause which they purport to defend. Thus speaks the biographer:—

“The game of politics between nation and nation is, I am afraid, but a *gambling transaction at the best*. Diplomats may hide the real nature of their designs under whatever form of words they may choose to select; but they are poor masters of their craft if they fail to keep the obvious truth in view, that their *first duty* in all transactions with foreign states is—to secure some solid advantages to their own.”

This maxim we altogether deny. The first duty of the diplomatist is to be honest, to do justice to others, and to be fully aware that no dishonest advantage can ever be ultimately beneficial to himself or his country. We admit that talents, skill, and knowledge should find their full scope; but the homely proverb, that “honesty is the best policy,” is nowhere more true than in diplomacy.

Hastings, after some consultation with his own conscience—a consultation which ought to have taught him better things—unhappily joined the vizier; but not for the “*partition*” of the territory of the unlucky Rohillas. No: *that* would have been inadmissible; but for a *sum of money* to be paid “for the assistance.” Thus the ulcer was skinned over. It is true that no part of this money was for himself, and that the emoluments of the Company were his sole object; but it is equally true that the whole transaction was corrupt and criminal in principle—a melancholy proof of the danger of mistaking dexterity for fair dealing; and a direct involvement of the Company in the *infamy* of their most infamous ally.

As this transaction required what is called peculiar *delicacy*, Hastings went to Benares. Nothing can be more evident than that the whole intrigue sat uneasily on him; that his eagerness to attract the applause of the Company could not altogether blind him to the opinion which must be formed by the world in general; and that, if he could have accomplished the same end (the addition to the local

treasury) by any other means, it would have taken a weight off his mind. He thus tells his own story in a letter to Sir George Colebrooke, who, though not at that moment one of the directors, was evidently regarded by him as of great influence in Indian affairs.

“I have already advised you, in my letter of the 2d of April, of the state of our affairs at that period. I shall now confine myself to a *single object*.”

“The loose manner in which our concerns with the vizier were conducted, and the great expense which attended every movement of our army for his service, first suggested the expediency of an interview for the purpose of adjusting those and other points. A new subject presented itself. The Rohilla chiefs, when attacked by the Mahrattas, made an offer of forty lacs of rupees to the vizier (of which he promised to give half to the Company) for his assistance, and engaged themselves to pay it by a solemn treaty. We have delivered them from the Mahrattas, and the Rohillas have paid nothing. The vizier, *judging this a fair occasion to go to war with them* (!) applied to us for our assistance, engaging to pay fifty lacs of rupees, besides the extra charges of the army, whenever their *country should be reduced*. The correspondence upon this subject introduced the proposal of a meeting between us. The Board approved of it, and Benares was the place appointed.”

We have here the unanswerable proof that the vizier converted the delay of the rupees into a pretext, not for enforcing his right to their payment, but for their utter ruin. It is, we believe, the first time that the delay, or even the refusal, of a paltry sum of this order, or of any mere sum of money, has been held to give a right beyond the mere recovery of the debt, and perhaps the expenses incurred in that recovery. It is painful to observe the character of an English establishment involved in such duplicity; and it is further to be remarked that the Rohillas, without denying the treaty, denied that the vizier had earned the lacs, alleging that he had not been of any service to them in the war. Then we have, in few but expressive words, the true motives of both the vizier and his associate.

"Before I proceed, I must describe the situation of the Rohilla country, which the vizier proposed to reduce. It lies open on the south. It is bounded on the west by the Ganges; and on the north and east by the mountains of Tartary. It is to the province of Oude, in respect to both its political and geographical relation, exactly what Scotland was to England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The reduction of this territory would have completed the defensive line of the vizier's dominions, and of course left us less to defend, as he subsists on our strength entirely. It would have added much to his income, *in which we should have had our share*. I agreed to assist him in this project, on condition of his paying the Company an acknowledgment of forty lacs of rupees, and the whole expense of our troops employed by him, computed at 210,000 rupees for a brigade."

Thus the vizier would not be a rupee the richer, for he was to pay over the Rohilla debt to the Company. His real object was the territory.

The fatal agreement was now made of which Hastings had such bitter reason to repent in after days; and of whose prudence, or probity, he palpably so much doubted at the time, that he was rejoiced to find the expedition put off, and was even short-sighted enough to hope that the vizier, having the English once in his grasp, would suffer them to escape altogether.

"I was glad," says Hastings, in this letter, "to be freed from the British expedition, because *I was doubtful of the judgment* which would have been passed on it at home, when I see how much stress is laid on general maxims, and too little attention given to the circumstances which require an exception to be made from them." What is this language but an indirect justification of every outrage on the weak, which may be profitable to the strong? General maxims of justice are the only protection of the feeble; and when those are once violated, there is no agent between man and man but the sword. Whatever may be the plausibility of circumstances, nothing can ever justify an offence to human right. A desperate necessity may compel its infraction; but in those cases society is virtually broken up—right exists no longer; we are, for the time, in the savage state

again. But this can afford no precedent for the exercise of savage craft, or brute violence, in civilized states. And where are we to look for this desperate and ultimate necessity—this terrible tyranny of self-preservation, in the cool and dexterous deliberations of two functionaries calmly speculating, the one on the ruin of his ally, and the other on squeezing a portion of the plunder from a confederate? Hastings continues, with still more open avowal:—"On the other hand, the absence of the Mahrattas, and the *weak state of the Rohillas*, promised an easy conquest of them. And I own, that such was my idea of the Company's distress at home, added to my knowledge of their wants abroad, that I should have been glad of any occasion to employ their forces, which saves so much of their pay and expenses."

So, to save the Company the pay of their troops, the Governor-General would have been glad of a war, and that war, too, with a neighbouring country, still at peace, meditating no war, having no subject of quarrel existing with the English, and merely engaged in a financial dispute with their ally. For conduct of this order we can conceive no defence whatever, and yet we find this kind of defence offered. "Such," says the biographer, "were the results of Mr Hastings's journey to Benares, and of the personal intercourse which he held there during the space of three months with the vizier. That they were in the highest degree beneficial to the Company's interests, has never, as far as I know, been disputed. There might have been, fifty years ago—there may still be differences of opinion, touching the moral fitness of several of the arrangements into which the contracting parties entered. But, as far as Mr Hastings is concerned, one motive of action, and one only, is perceptible, namely, an ardent desire to execute the trust which the East India Company had reposed in him, by reducing their affairs from the state of absolute dilapidation into which they had fallen." But we are weary of all this attempt to colour the work of faithlessness and cupidity into public virtue. We may exonerate Hastings of all desire to fill his own purse by those negotiations; he may have wrought exclusively for his employers; but nothing can be

plainer than that he himself felt the hollowness of his foundation, that he was fully aware of the sophistry of his reasonings, and that he looked to nothing but the sudden success of his operations to blind the common sense of the honest portion of his countrymen.

But what was the result? The letter which we have quoted was written in October 1773, and written under the "glad" impression that the Rohilla expedition was put off for a long period, if not for ever. But so early as the spring of the next year, the vizier gave him a formal notification that his troops were about to take the field, accompanied with a demand for the promised British brigade to join them in the invasion of the Rohilla country. We are then told, "That here was no shrinking from this decision, because the *faith* of the Government stood pledged to it. Mr Hastings, therefore, brought the question before the Council, and after a long discussion, it was agreed that the brigade should co-operate with the nabob's forces; the nabob becoming bound for their pay and subsistence during the war, as well as for a gratuity to the Company of forty lacs."

The combined forces now entered the Rohilla territory. The Rohillas were proverbially brave, but the British bayonet prevailed, as usual, and the country was conquered in a campaign. The vizier's troops, then, with the known barbarism of Eastern conquest, spread themselves over the land, exercising cruelties which produced the strongest remonstrances of Colonel Champion, the officer in command of the brigade. To these atrocities we have but passing allusions in the correspondence of Hastings, and we shall give but one paragraph, evidently in reply to some appeal of the Colonel for power to stop the cruelties of the vizier.

"Fort-William, May 27, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—I am extremely sorry that the line which was drawn to separate your authority from the Vizier's, has been productive of such *grievous* consequences as you mention. It never could have been suspected by the Board that their orders to you would have tied up your hands from protecting the miserable, stopped your ears to the cries of the widow and the fatherless, or shut your eyes against a

wanton display of oppression and cruelty."

All this admits the barbarities. But what is the continuation? The officer had complained of being so restricted as to be unable to put a stop to those horrors. Hastings coolly tells him, "I am totally at a loss wherein those orders have laid you under greater restraint than your predecessors. No authority which the Board could have given could be capable of preventing the effects you mention; since they could give you no control over the actions of the Vizier, further than the weight and influence of your counsel and advice." What is this but to say, you have been employed on a service in which, by your help, a tyrant and an usurper has been enabled to exercise his vengeance on a conquered people? You complain of being compelled to witness those abominations without the power to interfere. What right have you to complain? You are not more restricted than your predecessors. You can do nothing, and they could do nothing. What can be more equal?

Such is the consolation given to a brave officer, who sees the fruits of his victory only in letting loose the passions of an exterminating savage, while he is forced to look on with his hands tied. His predecessors' hands were tied too, and therefore he must not object to the tightness of the ligature. Such defences brought Hastings within sight of the scaffold.

Yet a forlorn attempt is made to fight out this question. The biographer actually ventures to say, that "for the details of the military operations," (meaning, of course, the whole effect, public and private, of the invasion,) "Colonel Champion and the nabob are alone responsible; that the absurdity of endeavouring to couple them, either for good or evil, with the name of the Governor of Bengal is so palpable, that it seems difficult to conceive how the spirit of party itself could have led men, by any reasoning, to be guilty of it. At the same time I must, as Mr Hastings's biographer, protest against the notion, &c., that he gave the smallest countenance to proceedings that savoured of cruelty."

We perfectly admit, that neither Hastings, nor any other Englishman, could be supposed to sanction the hor-

rors perpetrated on the unhappy peasantry of Rohilcund; that the torture for the discovery of buried treasure, the cutting off of noses, ears, and limbs, to obtain their gold and silver ornaments; that all the indescribable rapine, licentiousness, extortion, and misery familiar to Eastern warfare, must have been matters of disgust and regret to Hastings. But the true question is, who brought the conquerors there? Who sent the British troops to fight the battle which gave this atrocious privilege of tyranny to the nabob? Whose was the hand that in fact drew the nabob's scymitar from its sheath and wielded it for him? We have a letter from Hastings, eagerly congratulating the British officer upon his first successes.

"16th May 1774.

"DEAR SIR—I received a letter this morning from the vizier, informing me of a complete victory gained by the troops under your command over Hafiz Ramit. *I cannot wait* for your confirmation of the news to express to you my satisfaction with so fortunate a beginning, which I hope will decide the issue of the campaign."

The letter closes with an allusion to "the sensible and humane counsel" given by the Colonel to the vizier, "on the orders issued by him for *laying waste* the Rohilla country, a measure which would have reflected equal dishonour on our arms and reproach on our authority had it been continued. You wisely judged that, to effect the conquest of the country, it was almost as necessary to conciliate the minds of the people as to defeat the actual rulers."

All this is well said, and doubtless, if it depended on the wish of the Governor-General, in this stage of the business, the private atrocities would not have been committed. But what is this more than saying that he was not an oriental savage, but an European subject; not a royal wild beast, but a man. Is it to be forgotten that he formed the alliance which covered this unhappy country with ruin; that he privately negotiated the compact by which the power of the British was leagued in conspiracy against a people evidently unsuspecting of the plan for their extirpation: and that every act of the sanguinary vizier had found its origin, because it had found its

power, in the act of the government? If there be any force in the maxim, "*qui facit per alium*," the havoc of the Rohilla country was the work of the treaty of Benares; for every man acquainted with the ferocious habits of oriental conquest, must have known its course from the moment when the first shot was fired. It was the letting out of a torrent, and that torrent of gore. The giving a command to the sword and dagger to go forth and slay; the summoning of furies and passions to plunder and vengeance, which, once let loose, were as much beyond restraint as the whirlwind and the flame.

We can have no wish whatever to charge so respectable a writer as Mr Gleig with any desire to obscure the common principles of morals. We regard him simply as led away by the supposed duty of a biographer; perhaps so much dazzled by the splendour of Hastings's talents as to lose the inclination to look calmly into his conduct. But we must think differently. With the highest acknowledgments of the abilities of the celebrated Governor-General; with the fullest sense of his superiority to all the more degrading objects of power; and even with the readiest admission that, if he could have been just, generous, and patient, without forfeiting the fame of being the great sustainer of the Company's fortunes and the consummate architect of their Indian empire; he would have willingly been just, generous, and patient. Yet our astonishment, on the general review of his history, is not, how he was arraigned, but how his arraignment closed in acquittal. We commenced these volumes with a prejudice in favour of their subject. We had been taught to regard him as a calumniated servant of the Company, sacrificed by an intrigue of the state: a man of honour and virtue placed in circumstances qualified to render the appearance of tyranny probable, though without offending against the realities of justice. Yet we cannot rise from the perusal of his own letters without a painful, though a perfect conviction, that, on the principles which he adopted for his government, every tyranny might be justified; and that he had accustomed himself to suffer the present interest to predominate over the future, the immediate gain or power uniformly

to outweigh character, truth, and even policy, if that policy were but distant. We even think that the prosecution of Hastings, though mingled with party views, and degraded by the admixture of human passions, was essential to England, as a disclaimer of the maxims of his government; was required as a public separation between the principles of the country and the offences of one of the greatest of that country's servants; and was a noble and necessary abjuration, before God and man, of doctrines which must else have speedily vitiated her Indian empire, and brought down heavy judgments on her at home.

Hastings was now Governor-general, but his power was to receive a sudden shock: the Company's empire had evidently grown too great for its machinery. Nothing could be more anomalous, than the junction of mercantile interests with imperial power; a corporation of dealers in muslins and shawls, were seen making treaties, commanding armies, and exercising all the functions of government, over territories as large as European kingdoms. One of the consequences must follow, either that the commerce must be merged in the sovereignty, or that the sovereignty would be overpowered by the natives; or that, after conquering the natives, it would become independent of the mother country. To escape all these consequences together, the British minister brought in the act, (13th George III.) for the government of India, called the "Regulating Act." By this act, though the court of proprietors and directors were continued in their previous power, the qualification to vote as a proprietor was raised from £500 to £1000 stock, while each director, instead of being liable to a yearly election, retained office for four years, and was capable of being re-elected, after an interval of one. A still more important ordinance was, that the directors should forward to one of the Secretaries of State all despatches received from India, within fourteen days of their arrival. Another important change was also determined on in the forms of the Indian government. The three Presidencies had been hitherto independent of each other. They were now in some degree combined; the act appointing the Governor-general of Bengal with his council of four, to have

the sole power of forming or dissolving alliances, or engaging in transactions of peace and war for the three Presidencies.

The act, so far, was serviceable; but it had practical imperfections. The Governor-General appointed by it was stripped of effectual power. All questions were to be decided by a plurality of voices. The result of this arrangement was, to reduce the Governor-General to a cipher, unless he could find individuals attached to himself in his council; but it so happened, that in the very first appointment, three of the councillors, Lieutenant General Clavering, the Hon. Colonel Monson, and Philip Francis were directly hostile to Hastings, and that Mr Barwell was the only one of them who was inclined to adopt his views. The appointments of the Governor and the council were understood to be valid for five years; those appointments to be in the hands of the directors: subject, however, to the royal approbation. Another measure of importance was the appointment of a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice, and three puisne judges in Calcutta. Hastings, though chagrined at those appointments, yet determined to treat their possessors with courtesy, and sent congratulatory letters to Madras, where they were expected to touch. To Impey, the new chief-justice, he sent one of a less formal nature, for he was an old friend. We give a fragment of it:—

"Fort William, 26th Aug. 1774.

"MY DEAR IMPEY,—Advice from England seldom afford either pleasure or pain unmixed; but the news of your late appointment to preside over the High Court of Justice, constituted by Parliament, affords me every cause of satisfaction, without a circumstance of regret to alloy it. In truth, my friend, nothing else could have reconciled me to that part of the act, which, if any latitude is left to you in its first establishment, may, and I am sure will, be made a source of the most valuable benefits to this country. I need not say how much I rejoice in the prospect of seeing so old a friend, independently of the public advantages which that friendship, cemented (if it required it) by the same connexions, cannot fail to produce in the conduct of such affairs as are likely to fall to our respective or common lot."

"With respect to my own situation, I shall say nothing till we meet, but that I shall expect from your friendship such assistance as the peculiar circumstances of my new office and connexions will enable you effectually to afford me, for the prevention and removal of the embarrassments which I fear I am unavoidably to meet with."

The commencement of the new commission was but a cloudy promise of tranquillity. In 1774, the members of council, bringing with them the judges of the supreme court, disembarked in Calcutta. They were received by Hastings with all customary honours; but they came, evidently, in a spirit of suspicion; and, among their first acts, was to transmit a despatch full of complaints to the Court of Directors. Their sensitiveness may be conceived, from the fact, that one of their complaints was, that they had been saluted only with seventeen guns, when they expected twenty.

Hastings, with his habitual sagacity, soon formed his opinion of them all. In a letter to his friend Palk, he says:—

"I find Sir Elijah (Impey) the man you describe him, and such as I have always known him, moderate, sensible, and to myself friendly. General Clavering, is, I verily believe, a man of strict honour; but he brought strong prejudices with him, and he receives all his intelligence from men whose aim or interest it is to increase those prejudices; and he has acted a foolish part, for which I could punish him, if I chose, by leaving him in the chair, which he has taken much pains to strip of all its consequence, and to which, neither his abilities nor his experience, enable him to give a consequence of any other kind. Colonel Monson is a sensible man, but received his first impressions from Major Grant, and acts in all things from them. As to Francis, *I shall say nothing of him*. I shall stay out the issue of the troubles which their ill-humour, or whatever secret motive they may have, has introduced.

"I had formed great designs, to be executed by the vast powers concentrated by the Act of Parliament in the new council; and had even set on foot some preparatory measures to forward them: but I find, that we must hazard the fate of a '*res consilii* experts,' instead of aiming at flights of ambition."

It is so difficult to comprehend how men of the rank of the new members of Council, naturally selected for their conduct and capacity, and acting under the express recommendation of the Directors to unanimity, should have begun at so early a period to quarrel with the Governor-General, that we are compelled to look for the cause in an original dislike to the individual, from his office, or from his conduct, or probably both. It is to be remembered, that they were appointed by the Government, unquestionably in a great degree as a check on the Company; and probably, with the ministerial prospect of finally superseding the power of the Directors, as has been since done. In the next place, they were individuals of a rank in life not much disposed to admit the superiority of Hastings or his masters: One a general officer, another a colonel, and the third a man moving in the first circles of London life, a scholar and a gentleman, and one who, though eccentric to the last, and not peculiarly fortunate, so far as official or senatorial success implies fortune, was always destined, and felt himself destined to figure among the political leaders of his time. Sir Philip Francis was certainly, even then, a more considerable person than either of his assessors; and we may easily conceive, that to any one of the three, Hastings, who a few years before had been but a clerk superintending muslin weavers, and taking account of invoices, must have seemed a totally unsuitable associate; to say nothing of a superior. We doubt whether even his obvious ability might not have added additional keenness to the predisposition to be offended; Three men of public distinction, and holding their office from the king, found themselves obnoxiously placed in immediate subordination to a clever official appointed only by the East India Directors. It is also to be remembered, that those Directors, in the last century, by no means held the personal rank which they now hold; and, instead of frequently having among them, as at present, some of the ablest of the Indian functionaries returned to Europe, were chiefly chosen out of the merchants and stockholders of the Company, whose experience was wholly limited to home and trade. But, to supply fuel to this flame, the

conduct of Hastings in the Benares treaty and the Rohilla war, unfortunately lay before them. To the Council they furnished immediate and ample criminality. One of the early Minutes of Council attacked Hastings on those transactions.

"We cannot but lament," was its language, "the difficult and distressing situation to which the measures of the late administration have reduced the present government, by placing us between the strict prohibition of the law and the earnest desires of the army, (with respect to a donation from the vizier of Oude.) The unhappy consequences of an offensive war, undertaken on such principles as that against the Rohillas, must operate in every direction. An innocent nation, without offence, are stripped of their property; one part of the conquering army engrosses the whole plunder, the other is disgusted; languor and despondency succeed; and when at last our troops return home, the difficulty of deciding between their claims and the prohibition of the law, is thrown upon the civil government."

The biographer thinks that this charge was an unrighteous one, and that the commissioners knew that the Rohillas were *not* "an innocent nation, but usurpers and plunderers." Certainly the Rohillas had been both, in their first settlement; but they were neither the one nor the other in the war by which they were ruined. They seem to have been altogether on the defensive. He further regards their frequent denunciations of the cruelties exercised by the sovereign of Oude in their territory, as unjustly fastened in any degree on Hastings. But, if they would never have been attacked, had Hastings refused to join the Nabob, and if they never would have been conquered without the presence of British troops in the field, nothing can be fairer than to charge the aider and abettor with the crimes which he ought to have foreseen, and thus have prevented. But we must go further. It is impossible to doubt that a *serious* remonstrance from the government, which had virtually given the Rohillas into the hand of the Vizier, would have stopped his cruelties; for it is a fact, that the British officer commanding complained bitterly of being compelled to witness those abominations, without

permission from Calcutta to interpose, and that he was always answered by some diplomatic and affected phraseology on the "delicacy" of interfering with independent sovereigns—a delicacy which did not prevent the Governor-General from sending the sword into the territory of those unfortunate people, from breaking down their strength in the field, and, after long scenes of misery and torture, of robbery and murder, calmly looking on, while the remnant of this wild but brave race, amounting to 25,000, were ultimately expelled from a soil which they had held for fifty years.

But a new, and even more extraordinary tumult of accusation, was now to swell against Hastings. The name of Nuncomar, fifty years ago, was familiar to the public of England, as figuring in the speeches of the Impeachment Committee. A few years before its English celebrity, it was in every mouth of the East. It would be idle now to dive into those mysterious transactions; but the result of a long series of the most complicated intrigues on all sides was, that Hastings was charged before the Council with corruption on the most colossal scale. Villany seems to have been second nature in the mind of every native agent, high or low, and Nuncomar was like the rest. But villain as he was, he certainly had a long, though perhaps not a very confidential, intercourse with Hastings. Suddenly, this Nuncomar, who was a man of rank and high family at the court of the Nabob of Bengal, brought a direct charge against the Governor-General, of having taken a bribe of ten lacs of rupees (L.100,000) to screen the escape of a great culprit, Mohammed Beza Cawn, a minister at the court of the Nabob's widow. Hastings was indignant, as might be conceived, at finding such a charge entertained by the council. But Nuncomar persevered more boldly still, and even demanded to be heard in person. Hastings was now doubly indignant, and went the length of dissolving the court, and retiring, followed by his friend Barwell. But the majority remained, voted General Clavering into the chair, and heard the accuser. He, after declaring that he had no other object than a sense of duty, produced another letter, containing an additional charge. It purported to be

from the Begum, the widow of the Nabob, to Nuncomar, in which, after adverting to the kindness of Hastings in placing her over the household of the young Nabob, she stated that she had made him a present of a lac of rupees, (£10,000,) adding, that Hastings, in his reply, had said—"That he had not acted from motives of private advantage, but for the satisfaction of his employers." "I pressed the point upon him," said the Begum, "on which he at last said, 'Very well; if you think proper to make a present, give two lacs, as Maharajah engaged; otherwise, do as you please; you are your own mistress.'" Nuncomar asserted that the two lacs were actually given.

The Council on this charge came to the resolution, "That a sum of 3 lacs and 40,000 rupees had been clandestinely and illegally received by the Governor-General; and that measures should be taken to compel, without delay, its repayment into the public treasury."

A new succession of similar charges rapidly followed from Indians of rank and public office, with the addition of three Englishmen, Grant, the accountant to the Council of Moorsheda-bad, and the Messrs Fawkes. The sums charged were enormous. A separate charge, still heavier from its circumstances, was next entertained by the Council. On this their minute was:—

"In the late proceedings of the Revenue Board, it will appear that there is *no species of peculation* from which the Hon. Governor-General has thought it reasonable to abstain. We believe the proofs of his having appropriated four parts in seven of the salary, with which the Company is charged by the Phousdar of Hoogly, are such as, whether sufficient or not to convict him in a Court of Justice, *will not leave the shadow of a doubt concerning his guilt* in the mind of any unprejudiced person."

Even this was not all. A minute drawn up by the same majority, dated April 11, 1775, speaking of the assistance which they derived from the testimony of Nuncomar, says:—

"Whatever might have been his motives, his discoveries have thrown a clear light upon the Hon. Governor-General's conduct; and the means he had taken of making the very large

fortune he is said to possess, of upwards of 40 lacs of rupees, which he must have amassed in two years and a-half."

The biographer derides this statement from the enormity of the sums, which would amount to about £400,000 sterling; farther saying, that Hastings was nearly bankrupt by the expenses of his trial, which cost but £100,000, though it occurred after thirteen years of office. Yet, whatever may have been the other objections, this seems an inadequate one. Those who grasp at money, are not always the most successful in keeping it. Great facility of gain is proverbially a temptation to great lavishness of expenditure; and unless we knew much more of the private expenses of Hastings' life, it would be difficult to bring the poverty of one period as a plea for the integrity of the other.

In the mean time, the Governor-General wrote frequently and voluminously to England. Even among his correspondents was the minister, Lord North, to whom he suggests the following showy idea, which, though visionary sixty years ago, and, beyond all question, not perfectly honest to his superiors, the Company, while they retained their charter, has since been so nearly realized.

"I am, and always have been, of opinion, that whatever form it may be necessary to give to the British dominion in India, nothing can so effectually contribute to perpetuate its duration, as to bind the powers and states with whom this government may be united, in ties of *direct dependence and communication with the Crown*. This system has been adopted with respect to the Nabob of Arcot, and I believe has met with national approbation. I thought it might be adopted with the same success in regard to the powers on this side of India. Their confidence would be strengthened by such a relation, which would free them from the dread of annual changes, and of the influence of individuals; and their submission, which is now the painful effort of a necessary policy, would be yielded with pride by men who glory in the external show of veneration to majesty, and even feel the respect which they profess, where they entertain an idea of the power to command it."

However, it is evident that he felt

himself to be treading on dangerous ground, and that he had a consciousness of the surprise with which a Minister, of any public integrity, must have received a proposal so hostile to the existing interests of the Company. After saying that his first object had been to bring into immediate vassalage, which he directly calls a direct communication with the Crown, so powerful a prince as the late vizier of Oude, he says—

"It was not consistent with my sense of the duty which I owed to the Company, to propose or encourage such a design while they were involved in distress in England, and while their rights and pretensions in this country were in litigation with those of the Crown before Parliament. To have in any degree withdrawn from their immediate dependence any of the powers who formerly looked up to them alone, as the representatives of the British nation, might have been construed into a surrender of their rights, and an injury to their cause. As soon as the Legislature had decided on this question, my line was clear. I conceive that the late Act of Parliament, by admitting the king into a participation in the management of all the Company's affairs, and almost the sole control of their political concerns, of course makes him the principal in them, and entitles him to those pledges of obedience and vassalage from the dependents of the British empire in India, which the ideas of the people and immemorial usage have consecrated to royalty."

There can be no possible doubt in any unprejudiced mind, that this was the last counsel which ought to have been offered by a man solemnly entrusted with the rights of a great public body. If the nature of this correspondence could have transpired at the period, Hastings would not have been suffered to remain at Calcutta an hour longer than the time necessary for transmitting the order for his dismissal. We shall not charge him with attempting to make an interest with the Minister by this extraordinary suggestion; but we can discover no more probable solution for a conduct which it is impossible to vindicate.

The disputes at the council board grew still more violent. Those things are too far gone by to be recapitulated; but their moral to ambition is still

valuable. Rank, opulence, and power, had only turned to gall in the instance of the Governor-General, while half the men of England, and all the officials of India, were envying this favourite of fortune! He thus discloses his own sense of his situation, in a letter to his agents in England, March, 1775.

"So much depends on this accidental current of public opinion, that I am doubtful of the effects which may be produced by the new mode of attack which my adversaries have taken up against me."

"I shall continue the practice which I have begun, of dissolving the meetings of the council; that is, of leaving them to themselves as often as they propose *new indignities to me*. Indeed, I expect to be able to do very little business with them; and how the public business is to be conducted, I cannot devise. The trumpet has been sounded; and the whole host of informers will soon crowd to Calcutta with their complaints and ready depositions."

"Colonel Monson, with a more guarded temper, and a more regular conduct, now appears to be the most determined of the three. The rudeness of General Clavering, and the petulance of Francis, are more provoking; but it is from the former alone that I apprehend any effectual injury. I therefore retract the exception which I before made with respect to him. I cannot temporize; and, *after two years of anguish*, I will either retain my seat in comfort, or I will not keep it."

An event which now occurred, fixed additional observation, whether unjust or not, on the Governor-General. In the midst of these violent charges brought against him by Nuncomar, the accuser himself was arrested on a charge of private forgery by an Indian merchant. Nuncomar was probably guilty of this offence, because forgery seems to have been a common practice every where in India; but his arrest, at the moment when he was actually engaged in prosecuting a charge of the most unusual importance against the highest official in the Company's service, was open to the strongest censure. The three Commissioners evidently looked on the arrest as an artifice, and their indignation was unmeasured. In

their despatch to the Court of Directors, they openly denounced the whole transaction "as a vile conspiracy, of which the objects were, first, to get rid of a troublesome witness to Hastings' delinquency; and next, to deter others through dread of a similar fate from coming forward." With respect to the Supreme Court, they made a formal protest against the right of the judges to commit, on such a charge, a native of Nuncomar's rank to a common prison; and required that, in consideration of his religious scruples, he should be set at liberty on bail. "Enough is done," says the biographer, "when I say, that the judges of the Supreme Court were not disposed to abate one jot of their dignity; and that Nuncomar, having *every indulgence* extended to him which the nature of his position would allow, remained in confinement till the period of the assizes came round."

Whatever those indulgences may have been, it is clear that Nuncomar was held fast, and that, during the period of his confinement, no charges could be presented against the Governor-General. Finally, the prisoner was brought to trial, convicted of the forgery, and *hanged!*—a death, by its ignominy in all lands, and by the notions of India, probably the most startling that could be inflicted. This act, of course, took its place in the general indictment of Hastings on his return, and was commented on by his accusers in language of the strongest indignation. Impey was arraigned before the Lords, in every form of contempt and disgust, but as he was able to prove that he had not transgressed the *letter* of the law, he was acquitted; the lawyers in parliament making it a professional matter to support him on such a plea. Both he and Hastings are now too long gone to their own account, to make their guilt or innocence a subject of present discussion. But, if they are to be defended from the imputations cast upon them at the time, it must be by other arguments than those which we find in these volumes. Thus we are told :—

"The sentence may or may not have been a *harsh one*; that is a question with which I am in nowise concerned; but that it was strictly *legal*, no one can for a moment doubt, who

has paid any attention to the proceedings in the House of Lords, during the impeachment, some years later, of Sir Elijah Impey."

We are further told, that "for the tragedy," as the death of the criminal has been called, neither Sir Elijah Impey nor the Governor-General was in *any manner accountable*; nor, indeed, *could they interfere to prevent it*. The Chief Justice had clearly no power to stay the execution even for a day! His part was played out as soon as the fatal word was spoken; while Mr Hastings' share of the blame amounts to this and no more, that he *does not seem* to have proposed in council, that the government should exercise a privilege which confessedly belonged to it."

English readers must undergo a new course of legal education, before they can comprehend this. How are we to comprehend that neither the judge nor the Governor-General could interfere? What is more common than for the judge in England to order the criminal, on conviction, to be brought up to receive sentence at a *future period*? What more uncommon than to see a criminal hurried to the gallows? What becomes, in that case, of the privilege of the crown, to interpose mercy? What more usual than a reprieve? Even in the severity of the laws of England against forgery at that period, we see the execution of criminals deferred from session to session. The execution of the unfortunate Dr Dodd, for instance, was deferred long enough to enable petitions from all parts of the kingdom to be sent up on his behalf. But in India, where forgery was scarcely more regarded as a capital crime than a common gambling transaction would be here, rapidity was the order of the day in the instance of Nuncomar. We are also to recollect the additional reason, which in India ought to have made those precipitate avengers of commercial integrity pause. The victim was a man of the highest rank of a subject; a minister of a native court. What case could be less fitted for summary execution, and what more fitted for reference to the king's government at home?

"But why did not the majority save him?" is asked. The natural answer is—How could they, after

their total repulse by the judge in the attempt to remonstrate against his committal, expect that their remonstrance against his execution would be more effectual? The biographer makes the supposition, that Hastings did not propose to save him, as "probably thinking, that in this, as in every other instance, a proposal emanating from him would, as a matter of course, be overruled." And, as if this supposition were not sufficiently in the teeth of all their efforts, to take him out of the hands of the tribunal, they are further even supposed to wish to see him in the hands of the executioner. "It might not suit the purpose of the majority to save the life of Nuncomar. It might suit their purpose, that they were able, however groundlessly, to assert that the Governor-General murdered him by the hands of Sir Elijah Impey." Two suppositions as extravagant, as utterly unsupported by the evidence, and as contradictory to the whole tenor of their conduct in this unhappy affair, as it is possible to imagine. These topics are now confessedly of distant date. But while India belongs to the British crown, they have a perpetual interest; while our Indian government is administered by men, and not by angels, the example of power and passion, of noble ambition meeting its reward, or of sullen and mischievous craft branded with its punishment, are of the first importance. Hastings thus furnishes a moral invaluable to the Indian functionary. His abilities are acknowledged on all hands; his zeal for the aggrandizement of the Company was conspicuous; he even seems in general to have been superior to the temptations of pleasure, and lucre, and lavishness, which betray the multitude of men in official life. He was a man every way qualified for power, and yet undone by the loss of one quality, of the most humble, yet the most essential order—a love of right. With him the passing moment absorbed all time; the pressure of the day superseded all sense of remoter but more important contingencies. Emergency was his reason for every thing, and necessity his universal vindication. During those personal divisions, the natural consequence followed: all the sinews of the Indian government were unbraced; the finances fell into confu-

sion; the allegiance of the native powers dropped off as their respect decayed; and if then there had been but a vigorous confederacy formed against the government, it must have been swept away like chaff before the wind.

But what can be darker than the sketch of Hastings' own pencil. He thus writes to Sullivan, (March 1776:)—"Whatever cause may have heretofore intervened to prevent the decision from being passed on me and my opponents, so many alarming circumstances have lately occurred to show the absolute necessity of putting a speedy end to the disorders of this government, that I think it impossible for them to suffer it longer to remain in a state of distraction. The remedy may be administered when the disease is past cure.

"The provinces of Bengal enjoy peace, but no measures are taken for insuring it; none for the prevention of its internal disorders; none of any kind whatever, but such as are calculated to intimidate those who have ever looked to me for protection; or to repel or render abortive those of my administration.

The Dewanny Courts of Justice faintly exist, but without any control; the Sudder Dewanny, or Court of Appeals, which served as a check and guard to the rest, having been long since formally abolished. The Foujdarry, or Criminal Courts, which formerly depended on myself, have scarcely dared to act since the arrival of the new members of the Council; and the whole province is at this time, even to the boundaries of Calcutta, a prey to decoits, (gangs of robbers)."

Another transaction was about to take place, still more unfortunately illustrative of the grand mistake of all the Governor-General's maxims of morality. The principle, that "the end justifies the means," the most dangerous of all ethics, could not have found a more formidable illustration. The biographer thus begins—"It would be absurd to deny, that, oppressed and harassed as he was, Mr Hastings had often looked with a wistful, and *therefore a covetous gaze*, towards the enormous wealth of the Begums, or princesses, of Oude." He remembered, that of those overgrown sows the princesses had originally possessed themselves by

dishonest means; that they had never produced a will, and even if they had, it must have been *good for nothing*. Thus the allegation that they had played the knave, (and it was no more than an allegation,) was to justify Hastings in playing any part he pleased. "Still," says the narrative, "there lay the guarantee, signed and sealed, by which the English pledged themselves to protect the princesses against all new demands on the part of their sovereign; which gave them an unquestioned enjoyment of some crores of rupees, which left them in possession of a very rich jaghire, with the powers of sovereignty attached to it; and which enabled them, out of their savings, to purchase other estates from the needy vizier; till, in the end, they stood forth rather as independent princes than subjects." It is added, that "there can be little doubt that the contemplation of such a state of things had given Mr Hastings many an anxious hour, and that he had repeatedly considered with himself, whether or not the mischiefs arising out of it were beyond the reach of cure. I cannot, indeed, find any written evidence to show that he ever seriously meditated an infraction of the agreement, absurd and iniquitous as it was." It must be confessed that signing and sealing are terribly in the way of that simple manner of settling things, which consists in sweeping away the property of the weaker. But those compunctions, if any existed, were soon laid asleep by the Vizier's recommendation of the robbery of those unlucky women—"enforced by urgent assurances, that from no other source than this, the ill-gotten and ill-used gains of his relatives, would it be possible for him to provide a fund for the liquidation of his arrears to the Company."

All this is utterly astonishing. An English treaty had secured those princesses in the possession of their property; what right had Hastings to go back and enquire into their title, and this for the direct purpose of breaking the compact between them and the government? But another individual says, "I owe you a sum of money which I am wholly unable to pay, unless you will allow me to take it by force from those to whom it belongs." Still Hastings could not prevail upon himself to move. There lay

the treaty before his eyes; wherever he moved, there it was before his steps. Nothing could be more perplexing. The vexation of having a sense of responsibility, was evidently of a most trying order. The delicate vibrations of such a conscience must be among the most curious studies of the human mind. But the suspense was soon brought to a close. It was "discovered" (!) that these two helpless women, who could not protect themselves for an hour, were in actual war against the British government; that they had furnished the Rajah of Benares with money; that they had sent him some of their vessels armed; in short, that they were conspirators and belligerents of the rankiest kind! "As soon as he was in possession of these facts" (!) Mr Hastings made up his mind to treat the Begums as they deserved. He announced to the Vizier, that the Company's guarantee in favour of the arrangement of 1775 was *withdrawn*." (!) It is known to the readers of British debates, that the conduct of this whole transaction formed one of the severest charges of the impeachment in Westminster Hall. We shall see, from the language of his defender, what validity there was in the stern and solemn language of his accusers.

The outline is thus given.—"It was in the month of September, 1781, that Mr Hastings and the Nabob mutually pledged themselves" to the new treaty. The preliminary arrangements were easily carried into effect. "But when the Nabob addressed himself to the Begums, he was met by a decided refusal." They, in the most unnatural spirit of rebellion, refused to give up their property on demand. The Nabob still hesitated to force compliance. Even Middleton, the Resident, who had been sent for the express purpose of going through with the measure, shrank from it; at all events, no majority was obtained.—"So that," we are told "Mr Hastings, disappointed in the supply which he expected to have found in Benares, returned to Calcutta as destitute as ever. *But this was a state of things which could not be permitted to last.* Mr Hastings wrote strongly to the Resident. The Resident remonstrated with the Nabob, and threatened, in case further delays were practised, that he would take the business absolutely into his own hands.

The result of this "strong writing" was, that the Nabob was forced to comply: and he accordingly sent a part of the subsidiary brigade to take possession of the palace of the Begums. This object was effected, and the two chief officers, or ministers of the palace, were seized and thrown into prison. They were then commanded to write an order for the delivery of the treasures of the princesses. But, as "neither threats nor promises" could obtain this order, "they were subjected," says the biographer, according to "Eastern usage, to torture; that is to say, food was refused to them, and they were loaded with irons." The act lies on the heads alone that conceived it; the people of England, by their representatives in parliament, amply and indignantly vindicated the national feeling. The act is almost too strong, even for the biographer. It certainly reaches to the very verge of his forbearance, and he is forced to dip his pen for a moment in something that almost wears the colour even of castigation. "It would be in vain to deny that such a proceeding was both harsh in itself and at variance with all our notions of *humanity and law*!"

But it was the "act of the Nabob." This we must wholly deny. Nothing can be plainer than that he was a mere instrument—that he had avoided acting as long as he could,—and that the "strong writing" of authority was his command. But our chief objection to these volumes is, that when a deed of violence is branded in the first announcement, the spirit of apology thenceforth comes into play. The seizure and suffering of those ministers is admitted to be a violation of both humanity and law. The lofty vituperation of Burke in after days, or the flaming scorn of Sheridan, substantially said no more. And yet, even for the *torture*! a sound abhorrent to British ears; and that torture the agonies of famine—a defence is attempted in this style:—

"Those ministers, like the majority of their countrymen, loved money more than they loved their own persons; and stoutly held out against imprisonment, and the privation of food, till the *uneasiness* (!) occasioned by the latter became insupportable!"

It is to be observed, however, that those sufferings were sustained, not to save their own money, but the

money of others, their sovereigns; and that it was inflicted for the refusal to write an order giving up the treasure intrusted to their fidelity. Yet this is the language in which such fidelity and its punishment are discussed. "I really must be pardoned, if I venture to characterize as something pre-eminently *ridiculous* and *wicked*, the sensibility which would strive to balance the *well-merited* sufferings of these usurpers, against the preservation of British India. The Ministers *deserved death* for having advised their mistresses in the line of crooked and unwise policy which they followed. They escaped with a *little personal suffering*, (starvation until it became *insupportable*,) which was applied only so long as they refused to surrender up a portion of that wealth, the whole of which their own and their mistresses' treason had forfeited." How much further would the torture have gone? The Inquisition itself never inflicted torture after it had extorted confession. If the starving system had been pursued a little further, it must have defeated its own object; for men dead of famine certainly are in no condition to write letters. But the biographer seems even to think that the practice is little short of an improvement on our own. He tells us that "the practice was then as common in India, as arrest for debt used to be among ourselves, and, in cases similar to that of the Begum ministers, it was to the full as rational. For if a man be unable to satisfy his creditors while at large, he is surely not in a better plight for doing so after he shall have been shut up in prison; whereas, the prospect of a lingering death by hunger, can hardly fail of subduing the firmness of the most obstinate, inasmuch as wealth becomes worthless even in the miser's eyes, if such be the sole condition on which he is permitted to retain it."

He here evidently falls into the strange fallacy, that the operation of a prison is expected to assist in the payment of a debt. The true state of the case being, that the fear of imprisonment is employed to make men cautious of contracting debts which will render them liable to a jail; to make them also active in providing resources beforehand for the discharge of their obligations; and, finally, in

case of their possessing the means without the will, to compel them, by the prospect of incarceration, at least to *act* honestly.

In the instance of the Begum's ministers, the torture was successful. It had all the *merit* of answering the purpose. "The necessary order for a payment was issued, and within a day or two of the application of this *discipline*, (fortunate word!) Mr Middleton was put in possession of treasure sufficient to cover the arrears that were due from the Vizier to the Company up to the close of the year 1780." Thus every body was made happy; the Vizier, that his debts were paid by the money of others; the Resident and his superior, that they had got the money; the Ministers, that they were only brought to the famine-point, without being absolutely starved to death; and the Begums, probably, that their ministers had been tortured instead of themselves.

We are wearied of those events, of the system, and of its sustainers; but it must still be told, that the plan of torture was found too useful not to be tried again. The Vizier, having still the arrears of 1781 to make up, kept the Ministers in confinement; and on the refusal of their mistresses to comply with a second demand, "*was soon driven!*" (melancholy necessity!) to make them pay his debts again, by a renewal of the system of torture." The prisoners now, sufficiently aware of this kind of argument, undertook to supply the sum out of their own funds in a month. The princesses were also imprisoned, "and were subjected to considerable privations while so dealt with."

Once more the money was extracted; and they seem even to be regarded as peculiarly lucky in having escaped being stripped of their last rupee. "For, by and by, it came out that a residue existed, which, in rough numbers, may be stated at twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling. Surely, two women," says the biographer, "had *nothing* to complain of, who, though compelled to surrender a *million* of that which, in point of equity, never ought to have been treated as their own, were yet left in the undisturbed possession of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling."

The sum was large, undoubtedly; but we are to remember that it was for the support, not of private indivi-

duals, but of princesses, exercising sovereignty, keeping a court, and having to support the dependants and officials of Eastern sovereignty.

But there was another event, contemporaneous with those, still more embarrassing. The biographer observes, "The truth is, that while Mr Hastings and the Nabob were together at Chunar, the latter, acting on the recognized policy of all Eastern chiefs, offered to the former a gift of ten lacs of rupees, (L.100,000.) Mr Hastings was then absolutely penniless. Neither in his own *escrutoire*, nor in the public treasury, was there an available rupee wherewith to meet the current expenses; while the troops were all in arrears, some, and those actually engaged in suppressing Cheyt Sing's rebellion, to the extent of six months. The offer of ten lacs, even though it came in bills, was not, by a man so circumstanced, to be rejected, and Mr Hastings did not scruple to avail himself of it.

From the narrative, we presume that he first applied, or intended to apply, the sum to the exigencies of the government; but still regarded it as given to himself. We are told, "He committed at this time the only act throughout his political career, of which it is impossible to deny that it was at least injudicious. He communicated to the Court of Directors the fact of the present having been made; and while he set forth his mode of applying it to the public service, he hazarded a request, that by the Court it might be given back to himself, as a token of their approval of his conduct! What can I say about this?" says the distressed biographer. "It was clearly not the act of a dishonest man—for such a one would have pocketed the money without so much as alluding to it in his communications with the India House. It was not the act of a mercenary man—for Mr Hastings' character was the reverse of mercenary. It could not be the result of weakness—for of weakness no one will accuse him. And, what is more extraordinary still, it was a proceeding of which, almost to his dying day, he used to speak as if there could be but one opinion respecting both the justice of his claim and the hardship of having it rejected. I am inclined to think, therefore, that he must have entertained on the subject views peculiar to himself, of which, never hav-

ing heard them discussed, I can give no account." We think this decision so judicious, that it ought to have been the principle of the volume. Where Hastings' conduct was fairly before the public, it was useless to volunteer defence. The national judgment must be formed on the facts, and all attempts to resist it must be superfluous.

But another and more important period had come. The appointment of Lord Macartney, in place of Sir Thomas Rumbold, at Madras, brought a man of some political connexion, and of a higher rank than was usually employed on those occasions, into direct contrast, which was soon direct collision, with Hastings. Macartney was a man of small ability, but of that bustling order of personages who are always hanging on the skirts of the minister. By marrying a daughter of Lord Bute, he had made his way into political life. He was then employed in successive offices; and having activity and ambition, he was probably well disposed to contest the palm of Indian supremacy with the governor-general. But a more formidable storm was gathering in England. Lord North was sinking under the weight of a disastrous government. With no talent beyond humour for influence in the House, and no ability beyond patience for the rule of the state, he had found an equivalent for both in the personal confidence of the king. But the ill fortune of the American War, of all wars the most useless, and conducted with the most memorable want of common sense, at length compelled even the king to abandon the minister. He cut him away like a millstone from about his neck; and rose buoyant as the encumbrance went down. On the 16th of March 1782, the most luckless of English Cabinets, though by no means the most unprincipled, was flung into the grave, and the ceremonial was followed with universal rejoicing. The force of Opposition was unexampled since the beginning of the century. Burke, Fox, and their immediate friends, were the leaders, not merely of parliamentary influence, but of British intellectual superiority. They had already given Roman dignity and Attic eloquence to debates, which they had found dull and commonplace; or, as they were characterized, "the debates of Dutch burgomasters on cheese-parings and candle-ends."

The North administration was succeeded by that of Lords Rockingham and Shelburne. The affairs of India now came more directly before this Cabinet than ever. Patronage, to a certain extent, is essential to the support of every government, and the loss of the American colonies had so formidably stripped the Treasury, that India assumed a larger shape in the ministerial eye. But it was in reality a magnificent object.

The events of the last thirty years had raised the British settlement from a factory to an empire, and all its adjuncts were dazzling. Obscure officials were seen suddenly rising into the highest ranks of society. Enormous fortunes were suddenly poured into England by men of whom nothing was known, but that they had been in the service of the East India Company. The very language of those men formed a striking and exciting contrast to the obscurity which must have been their lot in England; *parvenus* who had gone to India as merchant's clerks, now moved through society, talking of the overthrow or support of kingdoms, of negotiations which settled the fate of dynasties, of triumphant campaigns, of the command of armies, and all the other high concerns and glittering machinery of Oriental government. Exaggerated as this language must have been in the majority of instances, the one fact was before all eyes—of a young and nameless accountant in the Company's offices, at that moment governing an extent of territory larger than England and Wales, and with a prospect of extending over the whole vast peninsula. It is only justice to the British Cabinet to say, that its desire to have the supreme control over this great territory might fairly have been grounded on the opinion, that it could no longer be safely confided to a company of merchants. But patronage and power concurring, the desire was inevitable and irresistible.

The Marquis of Rockingham and Lord Shelburne were probably both in some degree friendly to Hastings; but Burke's political aversion to the Governor-General was too powerful to be resisted by feeble predilections. He is even said to have threatened to resign his office, the paymastership of the forces, unless the Cabinet was combined against Hastings. "What can we do?"

was said by both Shelburne and Ashburton to the advocates of Hastings. "We entertain the highest respect and personal regard for him; but the interests of the nation are at stake. To save an individual, however meritorious, we cannot ruin our party and break up the government."

On the 15th of April, Dundas, the Lord Advocate, made a speech of detail, in which the whole administration of the Governor-General was reviewed and condemned. Burke seconded the Lord Advocate, with more than his usual ardour, to the extent of proposing that an entire change should take place in the constitution of the Company. The bringing in of the bill for this purpose was postponed only by the extreme exertion of Hastings' friends, especially of Major Scott, his well-known parliamentary agent. Then followed a long series of battles in the India House; the subject reached the public, and Hastings became the universal topic. The parliamentary orators described him as the most dangerous and domineering of mankind; as alike frenzied with ambition and unhesitating in his means; as capable of conceiving the wildest objects and accomplishing the most criminal. Some of the bolder speakers intimated projects which they acknowledged themselves unable to define, and pointed to views of independence, and the erection of a sovereignty, of which the diadem was to be worn by the daring and fortunate servant of the Directors. Out of parliament the charge took another shape, more intelligible to the general ear. The great delinquent was charged with avarice still more boundless than his ambition; as with amassing immense sums of money, and using them as lavishly to corrupt the English parliament, as he had torn them cruelly from the hands of the Indian possessors; as being master at that moment of a million of pounds sterling, and being prepared to throw the half of that sum, or the whole, into the fund for undermining the last integrity of the British legislature.

Extravagant as this language was, it must be admitted that the presence of an avowed agent of the Governor-General in close contact with the parliament; the perpetual intercourse carried on by Major Scott with the leading members of the Cabinet; the extraordinary conversations which took

place from time to time among the declaimers on Indian affairs; and the sudden changes, from the most violent antipathy to the most unqualified panegyric at the Board of Directors, were well calculated to excite the natural public jealousy of pecuniary corruption.

The example of Clive, who had notoriously put members into the House for the purpose of defending himself, could not be forgotten; and the public indignation, as the details of the Rohilla war, the Benares intrigue, and the treatment of the unfortunate princesses of Oude arrived, grew stronger from hour to hour, until the name of the Governor-General was a subject of scarcely less than national execration.

And this feeling grew only more indignant by the sudden check which disappointed the general expectation of his recall. Burke had proposed a parliamentary commission to investigate on the spot the misdemeanours of the Indian government. Its members were to have been Francis, Lang, General Burgoyne, Lord Macartney, and William Burke, all of whom had been declaredly hostile to Hastings. But this the Cabinet refused, with obvious justice. Yet other indications soon showed that they were rapidly neutralizing: the session wore away, but nothing was done; Dundas let his bill sink into oblivion, and the public was forced to be satisfied with the vague promise of Fox, that the next session should be all activity.

One of Major Scott's letters to Hastings at this period, gives an amusing account of the way in which the great of this world sport with the expectations of the little. It is dated July, 1783:—

"Yesterday the parliament was prorogued. You will see by the King's speech, that his Majesty gives notice of their intention to resume the consideration of Indian affairs when the Houses meet again.

From the Commons I went to the Peers, and stood next to Lord North while the King was speaking. When his Majesty had done, Lord North turned round to me, and said, 'Well, sir, you see we are to begin upon you as soon as we meet again.' I answered, 'Yes, my Lord, and the sooner the better; but I wish we had been dismissed this year in a more gentleman-

like manner.' His Lordship stared, and said, 'What do you mean?' I replied, 'I do not mean, my Lord, to allude to his Majesty's speech, but to the manner in which Mr Burke prefaced his motion for the trial of 1775 to be laid before the House. If there is a man on earth free from speculation, it is Mr Hastings.' His Lordship replied, 'Major Scott, you should not be so violent. Consider, speculation is a very common word in the House, and very frequently used.' I answered, 'True, my Lord, and it has been applied by Mr Burke, in former times, to your Lordship, with as little justice, I believe, as he now applies it to Mr Hastings.' He laughed at this, and said, 'We shall see how you come off next year, and then went away.'

"We are omnipotent at the India House, and shall take care to profit by the present recess from parliamentary business." This hint is significant enough.

In another letter, this indefatigable agent speaks with great wrath of the Cabinet.—"One fact is beyond dispute, that the King will change his present Ministers, if possible; and they are despised and hated throughout the nation. The majority of them are gamblers, swindlers, and beggars."

After another year of anxiety, probably increased by the loneliness of his situation, for he had sent Mrs Hastings to England, he resolved to return home. His description of India, in 1784, is singularly gloomy, and leaves it difficult to account for the panegyrics which subsequent writers have lavished on the personal triumphs of his administration.

"I dread the loss of time. The Company exhausted of its wealth, and actually suffering the first effects of an impending famine; the Government weakened by a twelvemonth's distraction; the revenue dissipated; the Sikhs approaching with a numerous army, and threatening an invasion; our Council divided, and the majority of its members hostile to me; rumours, and worse than rumours, of an approaching change in the Government; my own knowledge of the strong grounds I have furnished for it by the Surprise, (a ship;) the possibility of its coming to pass before I have begun to act—those are the evils I have to encounter." He adds—"On the

other hand, I know that I can do more good if I have time allowed me, and it is my ambition to close my government with the redemption of a great government, family, and nation from ruin; and however I am defeated in the extent of my design, I am confident that I shall leave affairs at least not worse than I found them." This is certainly no very brilliant result of an administration of twelve years.

At length, in January 1785, he sent his letter of resignation to the Directors, gracefully admitting, that "after thirty-five years of service, and almost thirteen of that time passed in the charge of the first office of the government, he did not part from it with indifference;" and in February he quitted India for ever, landing at Plymouth in June, after a four months' favourable voyage.

But here the great struggle of his life awaited him. He was met by national outcry; the people evidently regarded him less as a retired functionary than as a returned criminal; and the universal voice was that he should be brought to trial without delay. The proudest and the purest mind of English statesmanship, Burke, had already pledged himself to bring Hastings to the bar of the Legislature; and even if he had been reluctant, the public feeling now forbade his retreat. The friends of Hastings, too, were so confident of his complete triumph, that they actually had the rashness to challenge the enquiry. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott haughtily reminded Burke of his notice before the preceding recess, and desired him to name the first possible day for substantiating it. This singular act, however, was probably the result of information, that, at a meeting of the party a day or two before, at the house of the Duke of Portland, it had been warmly advised that he should abandon the prosecution altogether. But Burke was inflexible. On the 17th of February, he moved for a "copy of the correspondence of Hastings with the Directors, between January 1785 and January 1786." On this occasion Dundas and Pitt were opposed to him. But the opposers were languid, and it was obvious that Hastings must depend upon the justice of his cause alone.

It is beyond the necessary limits of

this paper, to go through the details of this famous trial. But we cannot agree with the biographer in his estimate of the motives or the mind of Burke. Justly dismissing, as he does, all the common and now universally abandoned imputations of personal vindictiveness for Hastings' neglect of his nephew, &c., he charges his hostility chiefly to the overthrow of the Foxite party on the India bill of 1783, which again he attributes to Hastings. But this ground seems singularly fantastic. We are still to learn how Hastings could have effectively influenced the fall of the measure at a distance which took almost a twelve-month for the answer of a letter. The measure itself had grounds of objection strong enough to ensure its overthrow. It went to turn the legislature into a cipher, to strip the king of all but nominal power, and to govern the country by patronage, that patronage being irrevocably placed in the hands of the Whigs. Charles Fox was the man who should have been vindictive, if the feeling could exist, for it was his ruin; he it was who bore the parcentage, the obloquy, and the punishment. We are also told in this volume, that Burke's passion was in the habit of getting the better of his reason, that "his prejudice matured itself into a principle," &c. Again we must doubt; for our conception of Burke is wholly to the contrary: his judgment appears to us to have been of a remarkably deliberate, distinct, and clear-sighted order. It is certain that, in the great contingencies which so soon perplexed every other man of every party, Burke was the most conspicuous individual for soberness of view; that, from his remaining fragments of correspondence, it is undeniable that his judgment alone could have saved his party from the long succession of errors into which they fell from the period of the Coalition, through the times of the Regency and the French Revolution; and that the memorable soundness of his views in the approaching convulsions of Europe, in 1789, has placed him in the highest rank of political prediction. But no mistake is more frequent than the supposition that ardour of feeling precludes sagacity; that glowing genius is inconsistent with profound thought; or that the rich and plastic

mind, which might have made the most powerful of poets, or the most imaginative of painters, might not form the noblest of all means for those noblest of all duties—the guidance and government of nations. We are convinced that Burke's sole motive was a sense of public justice.

On the 3d of April, the House of Commons resolved on impeaching Hastings, and nominated the committee of nineteen, at the head of which was Burke, followed by Fox and Sheridan; the committee appointing Francis as their assessor. But we must hasten on. The trial lasted till the country grew weary of it, and began to charge its delays as in themselves a denial of justice. Those delays were, perhaps, unavoidable, from the formalities of the tribunal; but they were, and deservedly, unpopular. The charges themselves were so much involved in Indian technicalities, that it was scarcely possible for a mixed English auditory to comprehend them; and finally, after a seven years' trial, Hastings was acquitted. But his acquittal procured no compensating honours from the government. He sank into retirement, and on the 22d of August 1818, at the age of eighty-six, he tranquilly died.

Our opinion of Hastings may be collected from our passing views of his conduct. We had come to the subject with a strong prejudice in his favour as a man of great ability, misunderstood in consequence of the remoteness of his scene of operations, as the sole sustainer of our Indian empire, and as offering an immaculate contrast to the race of official corruption and cruelty whom he had to control. The perusal of this Memoir has considerably lowered our admiration. That he was a man of powerful talents is unquestionable; and that his ambition was essentially neither sordid nor cruel we willingly allow; but we think that there is full evidence that temptation could make both; that one principle swallowed up the rest; and that to stand well with the Directors was the paramount object, which to him could throw a semblance at least of virtue over every crime. We think that his trial ought to have ended in condemnation; and that the acquittal of Hastings leaves a stain on the justice of his country.

THE WARS OF THE SCOTS IN FRANCE.

"One of the last relics of the gallant band of Scottish lords and knights, who had so long and so truly served Charles VII. in those bloody wars, which decided the independence of the French crown, and the expulsion of the English. He had fought, when a boy, abreast with Douglas and Buchan, had ridden beneath the banner of the Maid of Arc, and was perhaps one of those last associates of Scottish chivalry, who had so willingly drawn their swords for the fleur-de-lys against their 'auld enemies of England.'"—*Quentin Durward*. Chap. vii.

AMONG the many important consequences of the consolidation of the two nations of Britain into a single community, we have been frequently struck with the absurd effect which it has produced upon the feelings with which Scotchmen in general are wont to regard many of the scenes of the middle ages, in which their southern neighbours, now their fellow-subjects, played a principal part. Accustomed, for a century at least, to consider their national honour and advantage as identic with those of England, they are apt to forget that it was ever otherwise, and to talk with pride of successes won by the English, unconnected with, or even in direct opposition to, the Scots. Of this, a remarkable instance is furnished by the campaigns in the 14th and 15th centuries, which had so nearly subjected France to the English monarchs of the house of Plantagenet, and which were distinguished by the decisive victories of Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers. To these, it is not unusual to hear Scotchmen allude, in terms of exultation, such as would be perfectly appropriate from English lips, but to which the Scots can lay no claim, as their nation was then in the strictest alliance with the French, under whose banners whole legions of their bravest warriors were then serving, and whose monarchy was saved from extinction, mainly by the efforts of these Scottish auxiliaries.

That considerable intercourse formerly existed between Scotland and France, must be familiar to every one who has ever heard a peasant woman talk of clothing her boy in a *Jeistiecor* or remembers how the citizens of Edinburgh, fifty years ago, used to fly from the appalling shout of *Garde-lou*. The subject, however, is of far too much importance, both to the history of Scotland in particular, which owes to this intercourse a great part of its civilization; and of Europe in general, the subsequent fortunes of which could not but have been mate-

rially affected by the success of the English in their attempts to subjugate France, to be left to such trivial reminiscences as these; and we conceive we shall not be held inexcusable if we devote a few moments to the task of recalling the stirring scenes of one of the most interesting chapters of our national history.

The origin of the league between France and Scotland, which continued unbroken down to the union of the British crowns, has been a favourite field for the fabling propensities in which some of our historians delighted to indulge. They relate, with great pomp, how the Emperor Charlemagne formed a league of perpetual amity with Achaius king of Scotland, and bestowed on him his daughter in marriage. How Achaius, in memory of this happy alliance, added a double treasure of fleur-de-lys to the Scottish arms, and sent an auxiliary force of 4000 men, under command of his brother, the Gilliemore, or Great Lad, which, it seems, was then the title of the Prince-Royal of Scotland, to assist the emperor in his wars with the Lombards in Italy. And, finally, how William Douglas, one of the chief captains of this auxiliary host, having fallen ill at Placenza on his return, resolved to settle there, and having married the daughter of a distinguished citizen, by name Antonio Spetino, left a family, which proving but moderately prolific, gave rise to only fourteen noble houses in Italy. The whole of this story, although sufficiently circumstantial, we do not call upon the public to believe, only remarking in passing, that although the idea, that the alliance between France and Scotland is as old as Charlemagne, has long been rejected by our best antiquarians, the story is nevertheless not a mere fiction, having grown out of a mistaken interpretation of a passage in Eginhard, where the secretary of Charlemagne mentions a friendly intercourse which had at one time subsisted between his master and the

monarchs of Ireland, whom he styles, according to the usage of his time, "*Reges Scotorum*." The remainder of the story had probably no further foundation than the mere existence, at Piacenza, of a family named Scotti, whose arms bore some resemblance to those of the Douglasses. The real origin of the alliance between France and Scotland is unquestionably much later than the time of Charlemagne, although it may not be easy to show, with certainty, the precise date of its commencement. The first treaty between the monarchs, of which distinct records now exist, is that which was concluded in the year 1295 between the unfortunate John Baliol of Scotland and Philip the Fair of France; but there are circumstances which lead us to suspect, to use no stronger expression, that something of the kind may have existed a little earlier. The treasure of *fleur-de-lys*, generally referred by our historians to the French alliance, certainly appears in the Scottish arms several reigns previous to that of Baliol; but the real cause of its introduction is quite unknown, and its resemblance to the French insignia may be merely accidental. In an agreement with Robert the Bruce, in 1326, Charles IV. of France mentions "the friendship and good-will which have long subsisted between our predecessors, kings of France, and our kingdom, on the one part, and the kings of Scotland, and the said kingdom of Scotland, on the other;" expressions which can hardly be understood as referring only to the engagement with Baliol, thirty years before. Be that as it may, however, from the year 1295 above alluded to, down to the accession of James VI. to the English throne, there existed an unbroken series of treaties of the strictest amity and alliance between the independent monarchies of Scotland and France, the terms of which may be seen in the archives of both countries.

John Baliol was placed on the throne of Scotland in the year 1292, by the award of Edward I. of England, who, originally chosen as a mere umpire, to whom the competitors for the Scottish crown might refer their conflicting claims, had succeeded in extorting from the states of Scotland an acknowledgment of his feudal superiority over that ancient and independent kingdom. But from the moment when the King of

England had thus got the country into his hands, and placed on its throne one whom he regarded as a creature of his own, he seemed bent upon driving its high-spirited people into insurrection, that he might have a pretext for pouring his troops into the land, and permanently subduing it. Whilst he was mild and indulgent towards his English subjects, he treated every appearance of independence on the part of the Scots with the greatest severity; summoning their king to appear before the English courts on the most trivial occasions, and encouraging them to appeal from his judgments to himself, as Lord Paramount of the kingdom of Scotland. By these and similar insults, he continued to exasperate the Scots until the year 1294, when, having quarrelled with his own feudal superior Philip of France, he renounced his allegiance, declared war against France, and sent to summon Baliol and the principal Scottish nobility to join him with their forces. The King of Scots, however, whose character seems to have met with but scrupulous justice from subsequent historians, provoked beyond endurance, at once showed himself inclined rather to imitate the acts than to obey the commands of his liege lord. The Scottish parliament assembled at Scone, dismissed all Englishmen from the Scottish court, confiscated the Scottish estates of the English nobility, forfeited the possessions of such of the Scots as took part with Edward, and banished them from the country; opened negotiations for an alliance with France, and made every preparation for war with England. But although Baliol had joined with his parliament in these resolutions, his own nobles seem to have entertained doubts of his constancy; for a year had not elapsed when they removed him entirely from the government of the country, and placed it in the hands of twelve of their own number. The proceedings of these guardians were bold and decisive. They sent to Edward, in the name of their king, a written renunciation of all allegiance to England, and despatched envoys to France, to conclude a treaty with its sovereign, Philip the Fair. The terms of this treaty bound the French monarch to give his niece, Joan, daughter to his brother Charles, Count of Valois, in marriage to Ed-

ward Balliol, Prince-Royal of Scotland, and to send to that country an auxiliary force, to be maintained at his own expense.

Such were the circumstances which accompanied the formation of the first distinctly recorded alliance between Scotland and France. The cause of Balliol was, indeed, ruined by the dissensions of his nobles, and the consequent defeat of his army at Dunbar; yet the patriotic party in Scotland, headed first by Wallace, then by Bruce, continued to look towards France as their natural ally against the overweening usurpations of England, until, in the year 1326, King Robert I. of Scotland, during a truce with England, which was followed next year by a permanent peace, renewed the relations of his crown with that of France, by a mutual treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, concluded at Corbeille in Champagne, by Randolph Earl of Moray on the part of Scotland, with Charles IV. of France, youngest son of Philip the Fair, in which the two nations covenanted to assist each other against England to the full extent of their power. This treaty was preserved inviolate down to the close of the separate history of Scotland, having been formally renewed no less than thirteen times during that period; and the crowns were further bound to each other by mutual intermarriages of the royal families. Thus, in 1436, Louis the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. of France, married Margaret, daughter of James I. of Scotland. In 1536, James V. of Scotland married Magdalen, daughter to Francis I. of France; and lastly, the marriage of Mary, Queen-heiress of Scotland, in 1558, to Francis the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. of France, might have united the kingdoms under the same sovereign, but for the death of Francis without issue, only two years after the marriage. As might have been expected from a connexion so intimate, the mutual assistance stipulated between Robert Bruce and Charles IV., was cheerfully rendered by the successors of both, on more occasions than one. The wars of the French in Scotland led to no satisfactory result, and have been amply treated of by our national historians; but the service of the Scots in France, infinitely more important and inter-

esting, both on account of the effect which it produced on the manners of the Scots, and from the magnitude of the events on the continent with which it was connected, has been merely alluded to by our best writers, as less intimately connected with the national history.

The contest which compelled the French to ask the aid of their northern allies, and the stake in which was no less than the separate existence of France and England, took its rise from the opposite laws which then, as since, ruled the succession to the crown in the two countries; the French following the Salique and the English the Feudal law. Between the years 1316 and 1328, the death of three successive kings of France without issue, had extinguished the direct male line of the third, or Capetian dynasty. The last king, Charles IV., however, had left a sister, Isabella, the widow of Edward II. of England, whose son, Edward III., was therefore nephew to the French king. But the States of France, following the Salique law, which was undoubtedly that of their country, placed on the throne Philip, Count of Valois, cousin-german and heir-male of their deceased monarch; and their doing so might have led to no bad consequences, but for a quarrel which shortly afterwards took place between Philip and his minister, Robert of Artois. The latter having been detected by his master, endeavouring to support his claim to a property by forged writings, was by him deprived of all his lands and dignities, and banished from France. The disgraced minister fled to England, where he arrived in the year 1337; and being well received by King Edward, he resolved to avenge himself on his former master, Philip VI., by inciting the King of England to raise a claim to the crown of France, in right of his mother Isabella, daughter to Philip the Fair. The two countries were immediately involved in a war, which lasted, with various interruptions and alternations of success, for more than a century. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that, even on the feudal principle, there existed a nearer heir both to the Capetian family in general, and to Charles IV. in particular, than the King of England. For Charles's elder brother, Louis X., had left a daughter, Johanna, whose

son, Charles of Navarre, as grandson of Louis X., was of course to be preferred to the son of Isabella, sister to the same Louis, both as heir of line to the royal family, and to Louis's brother, Charles IV. And if the claims of Johanna had been set aside by the States of France, in favour of her father's brother Philip V., Edward could derive no benefit from the circumstance, as his mother's pretensions had been equally set aside by the States in favour of Philip de Valois.*

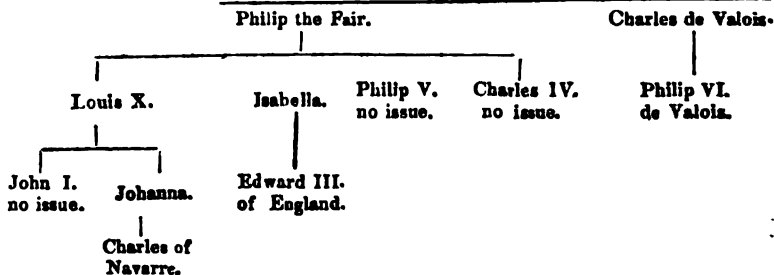
The first decisive reverse which the French sustained in this war, was in the celebrated battle of Cressy, fought in the year 1346, when King Philip in person was totally overthrown by a much inferior force of English, shortly after which a truce for three years was concluded by the mediation of the pope. During the subsistence of this armistice, in the year 1350, king Philip died, and was succeeded by his son John, who found at his accession his treasury exhausted by the expenses of a war which had already lasted more than ten years, and his territories threatened with a renewal of the ravages which had characterized most part of his father's reign. No sooner was the truce, which had been but ill observed on either side, expired, than France was simultaneously invaded, in the north by Edward III. in person, and in the south-west by his son Edward the Black Prince. The former indeed soon found that the force which accompanied him was utterly inadequate; and, unable to meet the French in the field, was obliged to retreat to his own country. But the Prince of Wales strengthened himself to such a degree at Bordeaux, and conducted his operations with so much skill, that the conquest of the country seemed

only to be avoided by the instant expulsion of the invaders. Under these circumstances, King John assembled the States of his kingdom at Paris, and laid his situation before them. An exhausted treasury, and a formidable enemy actually in the country, were evils which must be met instantly if at all; and the States immediately agreed to maintain an army of 80,000 men during the continuance of the war, and to furnish the king with money for the ordinary expenses of the government.

It appears to have been on this occasion, that the first distinct application for assistance was made by the French to their Scottish allies. Forty gentlemen of France, at the head of whom was Eugene Garranier, were despatched to Scotland with a sum of 4000 crowns, in order to engage an auxiliary force. They found that kingdom in all the confusion which followed the unsuccessful invasion of England by David II., and the capture of that monarch at the battle of Durham, on which they attached themselves to William Lord Douglas, afterwards Earl of Douglas, who had himself been bred to arms in France, and accompanied him in several of his expeditions. Peace being restored, they immediately set themselves to the object of their mission, and met with such success, that they soon returned to the continent, accompanied by the first detachment of Scottish auxiliaries who served in France, consisting of 3000 men, under command of Douglas himself. King John received this timely reinforcement with the greatest joy, and testified his gratitude towards their leader by conferring on him the honour of knighthood.

Meanwhile the Black Prince had

* The propinquity of the different parties to the French crown will be easily understood from the following diagram:—



marched from Bordeaux, at the head of a force not exceeding 12,000 men, in the hope of joining another English division under the Duke of Lancaster. He had advanced through Limousin into Berri, ravaging the country on all sides, when he was compelled to give up his original intention, in consequence of the strength of the country, and the annoyance which he experienced from the inhabitants, who broke down the bridges, and harassed his march by every means in their power. The intelligence, too, which now reached him, that King John was advancing against him with an overwhelming force, rendered it necessary for him to think of his own safety, and he turned aside to the westward, with the intention of retreating slowly towards Bordeaux: The rapid motions of King John, however, rendered it impossible for the Prince to accomplish this design, and the two armies at last came in sight of each other at Maupertuis, about two miles from Poitiers, where a decisive action took place, which is one of the most remarkable instances on record of superior generalship compensating inferiority of numbers. The Black Prince, whose force hardly exceeded an eighth part of those opposed to him, had taken up a very strong position, upon a gentle elevation surrounded by vineyards and rows of trees, which he strengthened yet farther by intrenchments and other defences; leaving it only accessible by a single narrow road between high hedges, leading directly towards the centre of his line. Notwithstanding the strength of his position, the situation of the Prince was sufficiently critical, and he was not therefore disinclined to listen to terms proposed to him by the Cardinal de Perigord. But the French insisting that the Prince and his chief nobles should remain in captivity, Edward loudly declared that he would never yield himself a prisoner, until he was taken sword in hand, and the negotiation was broken off. There remained now two lines of conduct at the option of King John, either to surround the English, and starve them into a surrender, or to fight them as they lay. The latter alternative he unfortunately resolved upon adopting, although Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whom he had sent to reconnoitre the English position,

had reported it as almost, if not quite impregnable, and the result was the total overthrow of his whole army. Preparatory to the attack, he caused his cavalry to dismount and act as infantry, with the exception of 300 select men-at-arms, who remained on horseback. The Black Prince, on his part, placed a body of men-at-arms in such a position as would enable them, by fetching a compass, to fall on the flank of the French, and, having lined with archers the hedges, between which was the only approach to his position, he awaited the attack. It was commenced by the 300 French cavalry who had remained on horseback; but they had no sooner entered the road to the English camp, which was so narrow as to admit only four men abreast, than they were assailed by such a storm of arrows from the hedges that they found it impossible to advance. A large body of foot who came up to support them shared the same fate, and were driven back in confusion upon the main body; whilst, at the same moment, the English reserve attacking the French in flank, shook the stability of their whole line. Prince Edward, seizing the proper moment, advanced with his whole force against the disordered ranks of the French, and put them utterly to flight. One division fled at once, carrying with them three of the sons of the King. The remainder, under command of John in person, stood their ground, until, most of their leaders being taken or slain, they too gave way. The King, who had fought with the greatest bravery, and exposed his person in the foremost ranks, seeing himself unsupported, was compelled to surrender himself and his son Philip to the English.

Meanwhile an obstinate combat had been maintained between a part of the English army and the Scottish auxiliary force, until the latter, seeing the battle irretrievably lost, and many of their best warriors having been slain or taken, resigned so unequal a contest. Their brave leader, Douglas, refused even then to give way, and was finally forced off the field by his own officers. Among the slain were four Scottish knights, Sir Andrew Stuart, Sir Robert Gordon, Sir Andrew Hali-burton, and Sir Andrew Vasse; whilst of the prisoners the most important was Douglas's cousin, Archibald Doug-

las, natural son to Bruce's faithful follower, the Good Lord James. He owed his speedy liberation to a ruse of his friend Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, who had also been taken, by which the whole of the English officers were deceived. Douglas was remarkable for the splendour of his accoutrements; and Ramsay, seeing him brought into the English camp on the afternoon of the day on which the battle had been fought, suddenly addressed him, "Accursed murderer, how dare you show yourself in the armour of your master? Come here, and pull off my boots." Douglas, entering into the trick, approached with well-affected terror, and kneeling down, pulled off one of the boots, which he had no sooner done, than Ramsay snatched it from his hands, and struck him with it several times. The English who stood by, thinking he had gone mad, rushed in and rescued Douglas from his hands, asking him why he so treated a man whose armour showed him to be a person of consequence. "He is a vagabond groom," answered Ramsay, "who has doubtless slain his master furtively. Be off, you scoundrel, to the field, and seek out the body of my cousin your master, and when you have found him, let me know, that he may have decent burial." Then, turning to the English officers he found no difficulty in ransoming the supposed groom for the insignificant sum of 100 shillings, which done, he cudged him out of the camp. It is to be regretted, that we have no record of the subsequent fortunes of Ramsay, whose ready wit, although somewhat of the roughest, had thus liberated his friend. Douglas himself became afterwards Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway, and was celebrated in Scotland under the title of Archibald the Grim.

This decisive and important battle, in which the Scottish auxiliaries first appeared as a distinct body, was fought on the 19th September 1356; and in the ensuing spring, the Black Prince, whose force had been too small to permit of his following up his victory, returned to London, bearing with him the captive King John, who there met his ally, David of Scotland, who had invaded England in his quarrel, and had been, like him, taken prisoner at the battle of Durham. For three years after the battle of Poitiers did the King of

France continue a prisoner in London, till, in the year 1360, a peace was concluded at Bretigny, by which England renounced all claim to the French crown, and to the provinces of Flanders, Normandy, Bretagne, Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, retaining or receiving Gascony, Guienne, Saintonge, Poitou, and some other possessions. The ransom of the captive monarch was fixed at 3,000,000 of gold florins, and he immediately returned to France. The subsequent history of King John, affords a rare and remarkable instance of royal faith. He had no sooner returned to his kingdom than he set himself to raise the ransom, on the faith of which he had been restored to liberty. He increased the taxes, sent all his plate to be coined into money, admitted Jews into France for a yearly tribute, and actually sold the hand of his youngest daughter to Galeazzo Visconti of Milan, for 600,000 dollars. All was, however, in vain; and the King, finding it impossible for him to fulfil his engagement, resolved upon returning to his English prison, which he accordingly did in 1363, and died in captivity the following year.

During the next half century, the countries were engaged in frequent quarrels; but the great question as to the succession to the French crown seems to have been regarded as settled by the treaty of Bretigny, till the English claim was revived by King Henry V. This prince, who had been invited into France during the civil war between the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, landed on the coast of Normandy in 1415, took Harfleur, and gave the French a total overthrow at Agincourt; after which he concluded a truce for two years, and returned home. But before this term had expired, the Burgundians, determined to crush their rivals of Orleans, at whatever price, formed a league with England, on the express understanding that the crown of France should be given to Henry, who again appeared in Normandy at the head of an English army. Thus reinforced, the Burgundians occupied Paris, and obtained possession of the person of the king, Charles VI., in whose name they governed the kingdom. One of their first acts was to conclude, in 1420, a formal treaty between France and England, by which the English king was to

marry Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., to be regent of France during the life of that monarch, and to succeed to the throne at his death, France and England remaining for ever united under one crown. The independent French monarchy seemed now irrecoverably fallen; but it was destined, within a very few years, to be revived, under circumstances which render the final expulsion of the English from France one of the most romantic chapters in the history of the middle ages.

On the occupation of Paris by the English, the Dauphin Charles, son to Charles VI., whom the treaty with Henry of England entirely excluded from his rightful heritage, escaped from the city, and, placing himself at the head of those who still resisted the English usurpation of their native crown, commenced a campaign, which is not only rendered more than usually interesting to the general reader by the extraordinary career of the Maid of Orleans, but possesses a special charm for us, owing to the fact, that the disinherited prince was supported by the largest body of Scottish troops which ever appeared in France.¹ If the respective resources of the contending parties be fairly considered, it will be found that Charles was by no means a match for the powers opposed to him. For whilst the English possessed the whole of the north of France, the capital, and the provinces of Guienne and Gascony in the south, their ally, the Duke of Burgundy, ruled over the east, thus confining the districts which still continued loyal to their native prince to the central parts of the country; in addition to which, the whole resources of England itself were arrayed against him. Fully sensible of this preponderance in the scale of his enemies, Charles used every exertion to strengthen his cause by foreign aid, and naturally looked, in the first place, to Scotland, the ancient ally of his house. In the year 1420, he dispatched the Count of Vendosme with letters to Robert Duke of Albany, then Governor of Scotland during the captivity of King James I., entreating assistance against the English, in virtue of the ancient treaty between the crowns. On receipt of this embassy, Albany immediately convoked the Estates of Scotland, under whose

sanction a force of 7000 men was raised for the French service. The command of this powerful auxiliary force was given to John Stuart Earl of Buchan, second son to the Duke of Albany, who was accompanied by Archibald Douglas Earl of Wigton, son and heir of the Earl of Douglas. Besides these leaders of the expedition, many of the best knights in Scotland joined it, as Robert Stuart, another son of Albany; Alexander Lindsay, brother to the Earl of Crawford; Sir John Swinton, and many others. On the arrival of Buchan and his troops in France, Charles received them in the most courteous manner, assigning them the town and territory of Chatillon, in Touraine, as their headquarters, he himself holding his court at Bourges, in Berri, a circumstance which led to the English giving him the contemptuous title of "King of Bourges." But the favour which he naturally showed to so important an auxiliary, appears from the very first to have excited the ill-will of some of the French lords; for we read of complaints being made to Charles of the amount of wine and other provisions necessary for the support of the Scottish force. The prince, however, evaded the subject until the success of his allies had effectually silenced their enemies.

Fortunately for the French cause, Henry V. was, about this time, obliged to return to London, leaving the conduct of the war in France to his brother Thomas Duke of Clarence, who was by no means his equal in military talent. This prince, being anxious to win a name for himself during the king's absence, put himself at the head of 10,000 men, and having plundered the neighbourhood of Angers, advanced towards the small town of Baugé, in Anjou, which he prepared to besiege. The Earl of Buchan, hearing this, and equally anxious to signalize himself, in order to overcome the envious feelings which his arrival in France had excited, left a garrison of 1000 men at Chatillon, and marched with the remainder, and a small number of French, to meet the English. The Scots arrived within four miles of Baugé two days before Easter, in the year 1421, and, supposing their opponents would respect the truce generally observed at that holy season, they encamped carelessly to await

its termination. The Duke of Clarence, however, having been made aware of their position by a Lombard named Andrew Fregosa, who had been a prisoner to the Scots, but had escaped, determined to attempt to surprise them in their camp. Wherefore, rising suddenly from the dinner-table, at which he was engaged when the news reached him, and taking with him the knights and mounted men-at-arms, he advanced towards the Scots, leaving orders for his natural son, Sir Thomas Beauford, to follow him with the infantry. It happened, however, fortunately, that the Earl of Buchan had sent his kinsman, John Stuart of Darnley, with Des Fontaines, a French noble, and 400 chosen men, to reconnoitre the English army, by whom the march of Clarence was immediately discovered. Farther time for preparation was also given by the bravery of a small body of French, quartered at a village called Little Baugé, who, being surprised by the English, retreated into the church steeple, and defended themselves so vigorously as materially to retard the advance of the enemy. At the first alarm, Buchan had sent Robert Stuart of Railston, with thirty archers, to defend the bridge over a torrent which covered his position, and this handful of men soon found themselves engaged with Clarence and his cavalry. They stood their ground, however, manfully, and, being soon reinforced by Hugh Kennedy with 100 men, held the bridge so long, that the attack upon the Scots lost entirely the character of a surprise, to which Clarence had mainly trusted for its success. Overpowered by numbers, they were at length compelled to give way, and the advanced guard of the English crossed the river. Here, however, their success terminated, for they were met by Buchan himself, who, although at the head of no more than about 200 Scottish men-at-arms, engaged them so fiercely as entirely to put a stop to their farther advance. At the very first onset, Clarence himself was wounded in the face by the lance of Sir William Swinton, and, on his rushing forward to avenge the blow, he was struck down by Buchan himself with an iron mace, and slain by a knight of the Lennox, Alexander Maclellane, who took the rich coronet which he wore over his helmet, and

afterwards sold it to Stuart of Darnley for 1000 angels. Meanwhile the remainder of both armies were hurrying to the field, and the battle soon became general; but the fall of their leader had so disheartened the English, that they were totally routed with immense slaughter, many taken, and the rest pursued in all directions, until night compelled the victors to desist. The loss of the English on this occasion amounted to about 2000 slain, including Clarence himself, Lord Rosse, Lord Gray, and many other noblemen; whilst amongst the prisoners were the Earl of Somerset, taken by a Scottish esquire named Laurence Vernor, and his brother Thomas, by John Carmichael, who had shivered his lance against Clarence himself, and the Earl of Huntingdon, by John Sibbald. The loss of the victors amounted to nearly half that of the vanquished; but it had fallen chiefly on the French, who lost several knights—Charles le Bouteiller, Sir John Ivorin, Garin des Fontaines, Sir John de Passavant, Sir John de Bulle, Sir John Totavant—whilst the Scots lost no man of note. The fame of this decisive victory spread in all directions, reaching even to Rome, where the Pope Martin was heard to remark, that the Scots would prove an antidote to the English. Charles VII. himself no sooner received the agreeable intelligence, than, turning to those who had been loudest in their complaints, he exclaimed, "What think you now of your gluttonous and wine-bibbing Scots?" and, the more strongly to bind these valuable auxiliaries to his cause, he created Buchan Constable of France, and Wigton Marshal, mortgaging to the latter the dukedom of Touraine, the revenue of which was then estimated at 10,000 crowns.

King Henry of England, finding that the accession of the Scots to the party of the Dauphin might be dangerous to him, and enraged by the death of his brother and the defeat of his troops, immediately returned to France with a large force, carrying with him the captive, James I. of Scotland, by means of whom he hoped to remove those troublesome auxiliaries from his rival's cause. In this, however, he entirely failed; for although he succeeded in inducing his captive to command the Scots in

France to lay down their arms, yet Buchan merely answered, that so long as his sovereign was under the dominion of others, he did not consider himself bound to obey him. Notwithstanding the failure of this plan, Henry was not without hope, that the presence of the young King of Scots in his camp might be advantageous to him, by inspiring the Dauphin with suspicions of the fidelity of his auxiliaries, when thus employed against their native sovereign. This hope also proved fallacious, and the English king wrecked his vengeance on twenty Scots, who fell into his hands by the capture of Melun on the Seine, and whom he caused to be hanged as rebels to their rightful sovereign, James I. there present. King Henry, however, was doomed, according to the historians of the times, to experience the enmity of the Scots, spiritual as well as carnal; for shortly after the taking of Meaux in Champagne, having contracted the disease of which he died, and asking the physicians the cause of his illness, he was told that the English foraging parties, having, by his orders, plundered the lands of Saint Fiacre the Scot, the offended Saint had miraculously stricken him with the disease. "Wherever I go," exclaimed the King in a fury, "I find these Scots, living or dead, cast in my teeth." It appears, from the veracious martyrologies, that the blessed Saint Fiacre was the son of Eugene IV. King of Scots, who, having resolved to exchange the temptations of a court for a life of seclusion, left Scotland in the seventh century, and betook himself to France, where Pharaoh, bishop of Meaux, bestowed upon him a field, which he continued ever after to protect, by inflicting sickness on the violators of its immunity. How he came to take the cabmen of Paris under his especial patronage, that useful fraternity, who have flourished under his protection, can best explain; and we have no doubt, whoever puts the question will receive at least a satisfactory answer. To the King of England, the wrath of the Scottish saint was as fatal as the mace of the Scottish Constable had been to his brother Clarence; for he died on the 31st of August 1422, of the disease caught at Meaux, leaving his crown to his infant son, Henry VI. His death was shortly afterwards followed by that of

the insane King of France; so that his son, the Dauphin Charles, became now the actual representative of the rights of his family.

Meanwhile, the Scots had not been idle, for we find them, shortly after the battle of Baugé, taking by storm a castle, situated two leagues from Chartres, after they had besieged it for a fortnight. Here they so far imitated the conduct of the King of England at Melun, that while they admitted to ransom the English part of the garrison, they put the Burgundians to the sword as rebel subjects of the King of France. The Constable Buchan and his troops were also engaged in a fruitless expedition, undertaken shortly after the death of Charles VI. The Duke of Bedford, who styled himself Regent of France for the young King of England, had besieged the small town of Meulan with so large a force, that its fall seemed inevitable. To prevent this, the Constable, with several French nobles, and about 6000 men, marched to raise the siege. They advanced to within six leagues of Meulan, when, a dispute having arisen on the subject of the arrears of pay due to the troops, they separated, and retreated in disorder, the detached parties losing many men by the attacks of the English garrisons of Chartres and other places. The French in Meulan were so enraged at this cowardly desertion of them, as they considered it, that they tore down and trampled upon the banner of Charles, and capitulated, entering into the English service. The failure of this expedition, however, did not in any degree damp the zeal or activity of the Scots; for, immediately afterwards, the Constable passed into Normandy, where he took the town of Avranches. In the month of July next year, 1423, a much more important action took place, when the Constable, at the head of a mixed force of about 10,000 men, of whom 3000 were Scots, laid siege to the town of Crevant on the Youne. Hearing of this, the English governor, Bedford, dispatched the Earl of Salisbury, with several other nobles, and a body of about 4000 men, to the relief of the garrison. The Scoto-French posted themselves on a hill, having the town on the one side, and on the other the river Youne, beyond which were the English. From some unaccountable

cause, the Constable suffered the greatly inferior force of the English to occupy the bridge over the Yonne, the possession of which might have enabled him to carry on the siege without regarding Salisbury's army, which would thus have been prevented from molesting him. As it was, however, the English passed the river, and attacked the Constable, who had quitted his strong position and descended into the plain to meet them; and the assault of the English in front being seconded by a brisk sally of the garrison in the rear, the French army was at last totally defeated, after a severe conflict, with the loss of 4000 or 5000 slain or taken prisoners, amongst whom were nearly the whole of the Scottish division, upon whom, as usual, the brunt of the battle had fallen. The Constable Buchan lost an eye on this occasion, and was obliged to surrender himself prisoner to Claude de Châtellux, Governor of Crevant, who had headed the sortie, but who immediately admitted him to ransom at the price of 30,000 crowns, so that he did not remain any time in captivity. Among the slain were a nephew of the Earl of Buchan, and three Scottish knights, Sir Thomas Swinton, or Secron, as the French call him, Sir William Hamilton, and his son. The French chronicles mention also a Scottish captain, who was natural son to the king, as having fallen on this occasion, but who he was is uncertain.

These various actions, and particularly the last bloody defeat, had by this time reduced the numbers of the Scots considerably; so that the Constable found it necessary, immediately after the battle of Crevant, to pass over to Scotland with several of his officers, in order to raise additional forces. Erelong, however, Charles, finding that the absence of so important a leader was more detrimental to him than the loss of his troops, despatched his Chancellor, René de Chartres, and the Bishop of Rheims, into Scotland, to recall the Constable. Buchan immediately embarked, accompanied by the Earl of Wigton's father, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, whose daughter he had married, and whom he had induced to engage in the French war, and a new auxiliary force amounting to about 10,000 men. This powerful reinforcement landed at

Rochelle, to the great joy of Charles, who created Douglas Duke of Touraine, and immediately prepared to resume active operations against the English. The Duke of Bedford was, at this time, advancing to besiege the town of Ivry, wherefore Charles despatched Douglas and Buchan, along with several French lords, and about 18,000 men, of whom one-half were Scots, to relieve the garrison. The Scots-French found Bedford's army under the walls of Ivry, in a position so strong as to give them no prospect of success in attacking it; on which account, finding that Ivry must fall, they resolved to endeavour to compensate the loss their master must thus sustain, by a stratagem which was completely successful. Turning suddenly off from Ivry, they marched to Verneuil, the garrison of which, being deceived into the belief that they had defeated the English before advancing against them, at once surrendered. Shortly afterwards, the Duke of Bedford, having taken possession of Ivry, also appeared at Verneuil, which he found already garrisoned by the Scots-French. An engagement now took place, which, like many others, seems to have been lost mainly through the headlong impetuosity of the Scots. For the Duke of Bedford, having sent Douglas an insulting message that he would come and dine with him, the latter replied that he should be welcome, as all was prepared for him, and proceeded to charge the English in so disorderly a manner, as gave them a great advantage. The main body of both armies was on foot, and Bedford had, in addition to the men-at-arms, a powerful force of archers, always the favourite troops of the English. These men he posted in front, and on the flanks of his line, each of them having a sharp-pointed stake erected in the ground before him. Douglas, well aware of the murderous effect of the English long bow, had directed a detachment of cavalry, chiefly Lombards and French, to fall upon the archers after the combat had commenced, and rid him of these troublesome assailants, as had been done with so much success at Bannockburn. On the present occasion, however, the result was less fortunate; for, although the archers at first gave way before the long spears of the Scottish infan-

try, yet the Lombards having failed in forcing the defences of their position, they were enabled to recover their ranks, and to pour in upon their opponents so close and deadly a cloud of missiles as eventually decided the fate of the battle. The Lombards, whose failure was in fact the cause of the defeat of their party, fled the field at once, and never rejoined their commander. It was not, however, until after a desperate resistance, and one of the hardest fought battles in the whole campaign, that the main body of the French army were forced to give way, leaving an equal number of themselves and of their enemies dead upon the field, the total loss on both sides amounting to upwards of 6000 men. The Scots had suffered most severely, having lost all their principal leaders, including the Earl of Douglas, and his son, James Douglas, the Constable Buchan, the Earl of Moray, Sir Walter Lindsay, Sir John Swinton, and many others. The Duke of Bedford passed the night after this action under the walls of Verneuil; but he had himself suffered so much, and his enemies were still in such force, as to keep him in constant apprehension of a renewal of the conflict during the darkness. The bodies of the two Douglasses, and of the Earl of Buchan, were conveyed with all possible solemnity to Tours, where they were buried side by side in the chapel of the monastery of Saint Gratian. The leading of the Scottish auxiliaries now devolved upon John Stuart of Darnley, under the title of Constable of the Scots in France; and, the more to attach him to his service, Charles bestowed upon him the lordship of Aubigné, which continued to be possessed by his descendants, the Dukes of Lennox, down to the extinction of the family. In addition to this gift to himself and his heirs, the king also gave him, for his life, the county of Dreux, and appointed him Marshal of France.

The battle of Verneuil was fought in August 1424; but various circumstances prevented it from having so decisive an effect upon the fate of the war as might have been expected. Its immediate consequences were the surrender of the whole province of Maine, and the destruction of Anjou, which the English plundered unopposed. But they were prevented from follow-

ing up their success, both by their great leader, the Duke of Bedford, being then under the necessity of returning for a time to England, and by a war, in which their ally the Duke of Burgundy became involved in Flanders, which deprived them of his assistance. These circumstances, for a time, so completely paralyzed the energies of the English, that nearly four years elapsed without their making any great efforts to carry on the war. Fortunately for them, their opponents were prevented from taking advantage of their difficulties, chiefly by dissensions among their leaders, which operated so strongly as to cause the disbanding of a force of twenty thousand men, with which the Constable De Richemont attempted to conquer Normandy. Owing to these circumstances, little was done on either side for nearly four years after the battle of Verneuil. At length, however, in the year 1428, the Duke of Bedford, having returned from England, assembled an army of English and Burgundians, and, after overrunning all that part of the provinces of Touraine and Orleans which lies north of the Loire, finally laid siege to Orleans itself, the second city in importance which held for Charles VII.

This famous siege formed the turning point of the whole war; and so well was its importance seen at its commencement, that nearly all the best leaders, and one-half of the French army, threw themselves into the city for its defence, where they were ably seconded by the citizens, who were more than usually irritated by the captivity of their duke in England. Notwithstanding this, the success was for some time all on the side of the English, who surrounded the devoted city with fortified positions, or bastilles, as they were then called, making their principal lodgement in the suburb of the Tournelles, situated directly opposite to the city, on the south side of the Loire. At the commencement of the siege, in October 1428, the headquarters of the Scottish auxiliary force appear to have been at Blois, from whence their Constable, Darnley, sent a force, under command of his brother William Stuart, in the ensuing February, to reinforce the garrison of Orleans. Shortly after this, however, information having reached Blois, that a party of English

and Burgundians were conducting three hundred waggons of stores to the camp before Orleans, Darnley recalled his brother, with a part of his force, from the city, and joined the Count of Clermont, who marched at the head of three or four thousand men, to intercept the English convoy. A detachment from Orleans, consisting partly of French, partly of Scots, under a leader named Kennedy, probably the same who had done such good service at Baugé, came first in sight of the English, who were marching carelessly along, and might have been attacked with advantage but for the positive orders of Clermont, that the advanced guard should make no attack until joined by the main body. Darnley, with four hundred men, next reached the field; but he, too, was restrained by the orders of Clermont. Seeing, however, that the English were rapidly fortifying themselves in a strong position, his patience at length gave way; and, dismounting the troops that were already on the ground, he led them to the attack, naturally expecting to be supported by Clermont's troops. That leader, however, perceiving, on his arrival, that his orders had been disregarded, halted his men, without making any attempt to assist his allies. Seeing this, the English sallied forth upon the much inferior force of the Scottish Constable, and, after a severe struggle, totally routed them with immense slaughter, Darnley and his brother being both among the slain. On this occasion the Scots had suffered much more than their allies, as their loss included not only many officers, but also their Constable Darnley himself; a man whose military talents are vouched by his having held so important a command. He had left a monument of his piety, in a monastery founded by him at Orleans, under circumstances singularly characteristic of the manners and feelings of the age. A large stone having been pointed out to him in the street of the city, which he was informed no architect could, from some supernatural cause, use in the construction of any building, "Nay then," said he, "it shall become an image of Our Lady, and be erected in honour of her." This having been done, he proceeded to build and endow a monastery in honour of the Virgin, in which the image was preserved. The

dignity of Constable of the Seats in France was conferred, at his death, upon Patrick Ogilvie, who is celebrated by contemporary writers as a perfect knight of chivalry. He celebrated his appointment at Senlis, by knighting eight of his officers; viz. Alexander Barclay, Laurence Vernor, Walter Lesley, John Turnbull, William Rossy, Thomas Lovet, Gilbert Hay, and Nicholas King; but shortly afterwards, having been, for some reason, recalled to Scotland by the king, he was drowned on the way, at Pezmark, on the coast of Bretagne. From this time, the Scots in France appear to have formed a less united body than they had hitherto done, as we do not find that they remained under a single leader, but were held less distinct from the French troops with whom they served; although, as we shall see, they were still in such numbers as to form a considerable proportion of the forces engaged on the side of France during the remainder of the war.

The skirmish in which Darnley fell, and which the writers of the period call, for some unknown reason, the Battle of Herrings, was fought at a village called Rouvray St Denys, on the 10th February, 1429, and is remarkable, both as being the last of that series of reverses which had rendered the cause of Charles VII. all but desperate, and from the influence which her apparently supernatural knowledge of it exerted on the rising fortunes of the extraordinary personage by whom the impending fate of the French monarchy was averted, Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans. It is fortunate that the amplest and most trustworthy documents are still in existence for the life of that most interesting character, owing to the care of Charles VII., in revising, in 1455, the process by which she had been, in 1431, condemned as a heretic. On this occasion, all those persons who had been most intimately acquainted with her, were collected together and examined, and their depositions, amounting in all to 144, are still extant, forming a body of evidence as to the events of her life, such as cannot be equalled in the case of any of her contemporaries. From these undoubted authorities, it appears that she was the daughter of a small landholder, what we should call in Scotland

a bonnet-laird, at Domremy, in Lorraine; not, as has been often asserted, a servant at an inn. As early as the age of thirteen, she began to believe herself divinely commissioned to restore the French monarchy, which the disastrous battles of Crevant and Verneuil seemed then to have brought to the brink of destruction. Yet so unwilling was she at first to communicate her belief to her parents, and so averse were they to her views when she had announced them, that four years had elapsed before she could induce her uncle, Durant Laxart, to accompany her to the neighbouring town of Vaucouleur, and present her to its governor, Robert de Baudricour. Baudricour for some time refused to listen to her wish to go to Charles VII. at Chinon, at one time imagining her insane, and at another concluding her possessed of the devil, and procuring a priest to exorcise the fiend. The ultimate cause of his change of conduct is related in the deposition of a blacksmith's wife, with whom Jeanne d'Arc lodged whilst at Vaucouleur, and repeated by several historians of the time. It is said that, on the very day on which the Battle of Herrings was fought at Rouvray Saint Denys, near 150 miles from Vaucouleur, Jeanne presented herself before Baudricour, and used these remarkable expressions, "In the name of God, you delay too long about sending me, for this very day the Dauphin has sustained a great loss not very far from Orleans, and he will sustain yet greater if you send me not speedily to him."

Three days after the defeat at Rouvray, Jeanne quitted Vaucouleur, accompanied by her youngest brother and six other men, to go to Chinon, where Charles then was. The journey, being through what was then an enemy's country, was attended with no ordinary hazard. Jeanne, however, assured her escort, from the beginning, that they should arrive in safety; which proving the case, she began to be generally regarded as a prophetess, and under divine protection. To Charles himself she announced that her mission was twofold; first, to raise the siege of Orleans; and, secondly, to have him consecrated at Rheims. Charles did not, however, at once give credit to her, but caused her to be interrogated at length by

chosen ecclesiastics, before he would repose any confidence in her. The see of Orleans was, at this time, occupied by a Scotchman named John Carmichael, said to have been a brother of Carmichael of that Ilk, from whom Jeanne received the most determined support. Shortly after the defeat at Rouvray, this distinguished ecclesiastic had retired from Orleans to Blois, in order that the siege of his cathedral city might not prevent his attendance at court when necessary; so that he was at hand when the Maid arrived at Chinon. Convinced at length, by the report of the ecclesiastics, that he might safely trust in the mission of Jeanne, the king prepared the troops to be guided by her in their future movements.

The inhabitants of Orleans were at this time reduced to the greatest extremities by the closeness of the siege; and the first thing to be done, therefore, was to furnish supplies to the famishing garrison. A quantity of stores were collected at Blois, together with a body of men for their protection, and Jeanne, placing herself at their head, clad in armour, and bearing a consecrated banner, led them in safety to Orleans, which she entered, notwithstanding all attempts of the English to prevent her. From the moment when this interesting and extraordinary girl appeared at the head of the French armies, the whole face of affairs underwent a complete revolution, and the cause of England went down even more rapidly than it had risen. The garrison of Orleans, at the time she joined them, consisted of a body of French under command of Count Dunois, another of Scots under Kennedy, whose name has been already mentioned at the battles of Baugé and Rouvray, and detached bands of the inhabitants, who seconded bravely the efforts of the men-at-arms for their protection. The day after her arrival among them, La Pucelle, as she generally called herself, rode round all the defences of the city, in order to make herself acquainted with the disposition of the besieging force; nor was it long before she had an opportunity of exhibiting the extent of her influence over the garrison. On the very next morning, a band of men-at-arms had sallied forth, without her knowledge, and attacked one of the English bastiles.

They were, however, defeated, and were in full flight towards the city, when Jeanne became aware of their situation. Hastily arming herself, she seized her banner, and, leaping on horseback, galloped towards the scene of action, in such haste, that she had traversed the whole city and reached the gate before her two pages could overtake her. Attended only by them, she rallied the retreating French, and led them again to the attack with such energy, that she not only drove back the English, but carried the bastille itself by assault, putting to death such of its defenders as refused to surrender. This sample of the prowess of La Pucelle produced effects upon both armies, which in fact decided the fate of the campaign. The French, convinced that they were under divine protection, conceived themselves invincible; whilst the English, ascribing the success of Jeanne to magic, believed the powers of hell to be arrayed against them, and lost all confidence.

Two days after her first exploit, Jeanne led another sally from the city, and another of the English posts was in like manner taken and destroyed. On the subsequent morning, she prepared all for a grand effort—the assault of the Tournelles, the head-quarters of the besiegers. Under her guidance the French crossed the Loire, and, storming several outposts, advanced to the attack of the Tournelles. This was commanded by an English captain, Glasdale, who seems to have despised the superstitious fears of his countrymen, and the defence was proportionally obstinate. After several hours' hard fighting, the French had made no impression, and Jeanne was in the act of planting, with her own hands, a ladder against the walls, when she was struck by an arrow, which passed entirely through her shoulder. Her friends forced her from the wall, and even Dunois was anxious to give up the assault for that day; but Jeanne, extracting the arrow with her own hands, and putting herself again at the head of the assailants, led them to the attack with such impetuosity, that the fort was taken, and most of its defenders slain, some by the sword, others, with their leader Glasdale, by the fall of a bridge, by which they were endeavouring to escape. Jeanne d'Arc, although severe-

ly wounded, appeared again at the head of the whole garrison next morning, and offered battle to the English; but the loss of their principal stronghold had so completely disheartened them, that they declined the contest, abandoned all the posts they had held round the city, and retreated.

Thus had La Pucelle, in the short space of eight days from her arrival in Orleans, accomplished the first part of her mission, by compelling the English to raise the siege; and she now hastened to the king, and entreated him to permit her to accomplish the remainder, by leading him to his coronation at Rheims. To this, however, there was one serious obstacle; for that city, and the country between it and Gien, where he then was, were almost entirely in the hands of the English. After much deliberation, the king at length agreed to set out, as soon as the enemy should be entirely driven from the banks of the Loire. To accomplish this condition, Jeanne d'Arc again took the field at the head of 5000 men, whose leader, the Duke d'Alençon, was directed to obey her orders in every thing. She first advanced against the fortress of Jargeau, and took it by storm, heading the assailants in person, notwithstanding intelligence had already reached her that the English were advancing to relieve the place. Baugency formed the next object of attack; but its governor capitulated without attempting any defence. Scarcely was the town in the hands of the French, when news arrived that the English army were advancing, in number about 4000 men. Finding that Baugency had surrendered, they turned aside, and were pursued by La Pucelle, with a much inferior force, until they were compelled to halt at a village called Patay, where they attempted to fortify themselves. So speedy was the pursuit, that the French vanguard would probably have fallen into the middle of the enemy before they were aware of their proximity, had they not accidentally started a stag, which ran in among the English, who set up a shout, and thus revealed their position to the French. The remainder of the army then coming up, charged the English, and put them utterly to the route, nearly half their force being left dead upon the field. Meanwhile Charles had

assembled a large force at Bourges, and being joined by the victors of Patay, advanced, escorted by La Pucelle and about 12,000 men, towards Rheims. Every thing gave way before the fame of the Maid of Orleans, as she had been called from the scene of her first exploits. The cities of Troyes, Chalons, and Rheims, surrendered; and the formal coronation and consecration of Charles VII. took place on the 17th July 1429, not five months after his first interview with La Pucelle at Chinon. Jeanne stood by him during the ceremony, with the banner which she had borne through so many conflicts in her hand; but as soon as the consecration was complete, she knelt before him, and exclaimed: "Fair king, thus is executed the pleasure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to this city of Rheims to receive your consecration, showing that you are the true king, and he to whom the kingdom of France ought to belong."

The two great objects of her mission having been thus accomplished, La Pucelle was anxious to return to the quiet life which she had led in her father's house, and often entreated the king to permit her to do so. Charles and his councillors, however, unwilling to lose the advantage of the powerful enthusiasm excited by her presence, urged her to remain with the army until the final expulsion of the English from France; and she reluctantly consented. From this period, however, a change becomes apparent in her conduct, which affords unanswerable evidence of the sincerity of her own belief in her Divine mission. Previous to its accomplishment at Rheims, she assumed, as her right, the entire direction of the campaign, issuing her orders without the slightest appearance of indecision; but after that event, although she displayed the same undaunted bravery and contempt of danger, the same devotion to the cause of Charles VII.—yet she seemed to consider herself as no more than one of the leaders of the army, subject to the orders of the king as much as Dunois or Alençon. But her subsequent career was not destined to be long; for, after having been present at an unsuccessful assault upon Paris, at the capture of St Pierre le Montier, and the assault of

Charité on the Loire—after commanding a body of 400 French, who defeated and took a Burgundian leader named Franquet d'Arras, she finally fell into the hands of the English while heading a sally from the town of Compeigne, which they were besieging. This event, the close of the military career of La Pucelle, took place on the 24th May 1430, little more than a year from her first appearance in arms at Blois, on the road to Orleans. Yet in that short space of time the whole face of the war had been changed; for the English, utterly disheartened by the defeat of their best troops at Patay and Orleans, and having lost all the most important of the French towns, Paris excepted, continued to lose ground until they were finally expelled the country. In 1435, Duke Philip of Burgundy deserted them, and soon after actually joined the French against them; and although a truce was agreed to between the countries in 1444, yet the renewal of the war, in 1449, only completed the overthrow of the English power in France. Normandy and Guienne, their ancient possessions, were speedily conquered; and in 1453, their famous leader, Talbot, who has been called the English Achilles, was slain, and his army almost annihilated, in the great battle of Castillon. This was the last attempt of the English to recover their lost ascendancy. The war was terminated by no formal treaty, but by a mere mutual abstinence from farther hostilities; the English retaining no more of the French territories than the single town of Calais and the Channel Islands.

The extent of the part taken by the Scots in the latter period of this war, is not so distinctly visible as is their share in the earlier events, owing to their not remaining so distinct from the French as they had previously been. The amount of their service, however, was frequently and readily acknowledged by the French monarchs. Charles VII. himself was so well aware of the important and faithful services of his Scottish auxiliaries, that, on the restoration of peace, he selected 200 of them, under the command of Stuart of Aubigné, for the protection of his person, forming them into the famous Archer-guard of France; and King Louis XII., about half a century later, in letters-patent of na-

turalization, which he granted to the whole Scottish nation, relates their service and its reward, in these terms: — "During the life of our late most dear lord and cousin, King Charles VII., whom God absolve, several princes of the said kingdom of Scotland, with a great number of the said nation, came over to help to cast forth and expel from the kingdom the English, who held and occupied great part thereof — which friends exposed their persons so valorously against the English, that they were driven out, and the said kingdom reduced unto his obedience; since which reduction, and for the service they did him upon that occasion, the great loyalty and virtue he found in them, he selected two hundred of them for the guard of his person, of whom he made an hundred men-at-arms, and an hundred life-guardsmen; and the said hundred men-at-arms are the hundred lances of our ancient ordinances, and the life-guardsmen are those of our guard, who still are near and about our person."

The fidelity of the guard of Scottish archers, the existence and position of which has been, of late, rendered familiar to every one by the beautiful romance of *Quentin Durward*, is also attested by Claude Seyssel, in his history of his master, Louis XII. He says, that "for so long a time as they have served in France, never hath there been one of them found, that hath committed or done any fault against the kings or their state." The duties of the Scottish archers were of the most honourable description. They had the keeping of the keys of the king's palace at night, and attended next his person

on all public occasions. To their captain were given the keys of the city in which he resided; and to him belonged the coronation robes after the ceremony was completed. This honourable body consisted at first entirely of Scots; but several French having crept into its ranks, and the Scots complaining of it, Henry II. granted, on the 28th June 1558, a breviate, by which he promises that no one should be enrolled in the Archer-guard who was not of the Scottish nation, and of good family. This did not, however, prevent vacancies in the ranks from being filled with Frenchmen; so that, although at the close of the 16th century three-fourths of the archers were still Scots, yet shortly afterwards nothing remained of the original nationality of the corps save its name, and the answer of its members at the roll-call—"I am here." This disappearance of the national character of the Archer-guard, may be considered as the final termination of the service of the Scots in France, about three centuries after the appearance of the first band of Scottish auxiliaries in the army of John II. at the battle of Poitiers. The influence of these continental campaigns of the Scots upon the history of France, and of Europe in general, may be estimated by the importance of the contest, the termination of which is ascribed by Louis XII. mainly to them. Their effects in Scotland were deep and lasting. During the whole of this period, France was the principal resort of the young Scottish nobles; and it was not until long after the union with England, that the Gallic stamp, thus communicated to our national institutions and usages, began to be eradicated.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XVIII.

"FORTUNA SEVO lœta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere peritæ,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo mentem : si celeres quatit
 Pennas, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIUM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."

Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

"FLY! FLY!—For God's-sake fly!
 "Lose not one moment of the precious
 "respite which, by incredible efforts, I
 "have contrived to secure you—a re-
 "spite of but a few hours—and wrung
 "from heartlessness and rapacity. In
 "justice, much injured man! to your-
 "self—to all you hold dear upon earth
 "—to the precious interests entrusted
 "to your keeping, and involved in your
 "destiny—again I say *Fly!* Quit the
 "country, if it be but for never so short
 "a time, till you or your friends shall
 "have succeeded in arranging your dis-
 "ordered affairs. Regard this hasty
 "and perhaps incoherent note, in what
 "light you please—but I tell you it
 "comes, *in sacred confidence*, from a
 "firm and inalienable friend, whose
 "present desperate exertions in your
 "behalf you will one day perhaps be
 "able to appreciate. Once more, I
 "conjure you to fly!—*I see the rack*
 "*preparing for you!*—Will you stay
 "to be tortured?—and, in the presence
 "of the incomparable beings?—my
 "feelings overpower me! Indeed, Mr
 "Aubrey, if you disregard this note,
 "through weak fears as to its writer's
 "sincerity, or a far weaker and a wild
 "notion of Quixotic honour and he-
 "roism—remember, in the moment of
 "being overwhelmed, *this note*—and
 "then, do justice to its writer.—Your
 "faithful, unhappy, *distrusted* friend,
 "O. G."

"P.S.—For God's-sake, burn, or
 "otherwise destroy this note, as soon
 "as you shall have read it."

Such was the letter which found its way into Mr Aubrey's hands, just as the time which had been fixed by Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, for payment of their bill, was expiring, and which occasioned him, as may be easily imagined, dreadful disquietude. It had found him in a state of the

deepest depression—but yet vigorously striving to preserve, in the presence of his wife and sister, a semblance of composure and cheerfulness. More to pacify them than to satisfy himself, he had walked about town during the two preceding days till ready to drop with exhaustion, in fruitless quest of those who might be disposed to advance him a thousand pounds on his own personal security, and on terms he scarce cared how exorbitant, to free him, at all events for a while, from his present exigency. All had been, however, in vain—indeed, he had no hopes from the first. And what was then to be done? His soul seemed dying away within him. At times he almost lost all consciousness of his situation, and of what was passing around him. It appeared to be the will of Heaven that his misfortunes should press him down, as it were, by inches into the dust, and crush him. Those there were, he well knew, who needed but to be apprized of his circumstances, to step forward and generously relieve him from his difficulties. But where was all that to end? What real good could it serve? Awfully involved as he was already—one, alone, of his friends being at that moment under a liability which must be discharged within three months, of nearly *eleven thousand pounds*—was he to place others in a similar situation? What earthly prospect had he of ever repaying them? Lamentable as was his position, his soul recoiled from the bare thought. But then came before his anguished eye, his wife—his sister—his children; and he flung himself, in an ecstasy, on his knees, remaining long prostrate—and, for a while, *the heaven that was over his head seemed to be brass, and the*

earth that was under him, iron. His heart might be wrung, however, and his spirit heavy and darkened; but no extent or depth of misery could cause him to forget those principles of honour and integrity by which all his life had been regulated. He resolved, therefore, to submit to the impending stroke with calmness, as to inevitable ruin, and would not hear of any further applications to his friends, which, indeed, he felt would be only encouragement to those who held him in thralldom to renew their exactions, when they found each succeeding pressure successful. Poor Kate had told him, as soon as her letter had been put into the post, of her application to Lady Stratton, and told him with trembling apprehension as to the consequences; but did she think her fond broken-hearted brother could chide her? He looked at her for a moment, with quivering lip and eyes blinded with tears—and then wrung her hand, simply expressing a hope, that, since the step had been taken, it might be, in some measure at least, successful.

Mr Gammon's letter, as I have already intimated, filled Mr Aubrey with inexpressible alarm. Again and again he read it over with increasing agitation, and at the same time uncertain as to its true character and import—as to the real motive and object of its writer. Was he guilty of the duplicity which Mrs Aubrey and Kate so vehemently imputed to him? Was he actuated by revenge? Or was he, as represented by Mr Quirk's letter, overpowered by his partners, and still sincere in his wishes to shield Mr Aubrey from their rapacity? Or was Mr Gammon suggesting *flight* only as a snare? Was he to be seduced into an act warranting them in proceeding to instant extremities against him? What could be the other matters so darkly alluded to in the letter? Were they the two promissory notes of five thousand pounds each, which he had deposited with Mr Gammon, who at length was peremptorily required by Mr Titmouse to surrender them up, and permit them to be put in suit? They were payable *on demand*—he shuddered! Might it be, that Titmouse was desperately in want of money, and had therefore overpowered the scruples of Gammon, and disregarded the sacred pledge with which he assured

Titmouse the notes had been given? Mr Aubrey rejoiced that Mr Gammon's letter had been placed in his hands by the servant when alone in his study, whither he had gone to write a note to Mr Rannington; and resolved not to apprise Mrs Aubrey and Kate of its arrival. The *fourth* day after the receipt of Messrs Quirk and Snap's letter had now elapsed. Mr Aubrey did not venture to quit the house, all of them being, as may be well imagined, in a state of pitiable distress, and agitation, and suspense. Thus also passed the *fifth* day—still the blow descended not; was the arm extended to inflict it held back still by Mr Gammon continuing thus the "*incredible efforts*" spoken of in his note? The *sixth* morning dawned on the wretched family. They all rose at a somewhat earlier hour than usual. They could scarce touch the spare and simple breakfast spread before them, nor enjoy—nay they could hardly bear—the prattle and gambols of the lively little ones, Charles and Agnes, whom at length they dispatched back again to the nursery; for they were, in the highest possible state of excitement and anxiety, awaiting the arrival of the postman—this being the first morning on which they could, in the ordinary course, receive a letter from Lady Stratton in answer to that of Kate. 'Twas now a little past ten. The breakfast things had been removed, and on hearing the agitating though long expected *rat-tat* of the postman a few doors down the street, Mrs Aubrey and Kate started to the window. Their hearts beat violently when their eye caught sight of him, with his arm full of letters, knocking at the door opposite. How long they were in answering his summons, and in paying the postage! Then he stood for nearly a minute laughing with a servant in the adjoining area—intolerable was all this to the agitated beings who were thus panting for his arrival—then he glanced at his letters, and crossed the street, making for their door.

"Heaven! He has a letter!" cried Miss Aubrey, gleefully—"I sha'n't wait for Fanny!" and, flying to the front door, plucked it open the instant after the postman had knocked. He touched his hat on seeing the beautiful but agitated lady, who stretched forth her hand, exclaiming, "Fanny

will pay you"—but in an instant her cheek was blanched, and she nearly fell to the floor, at sight of the black border, and the black seal, and the strange handwriting. For a moment or two she seemed to have lost the power of speech or motion; but presently bent her trembling steps into the parlour. "Oh! Charles—Agnes—I feel as if I were going to die—look"—she faltered, sinking into the nearest chair, while Mr Aubrey, with much agitation, took the ominous-looking letter which she extended towards him. 'Twas from Mr Parkinson; and told the news of Lady Stratton's death, and the lamentable circumstances attending it; that she had died intestate—and that Mr Titmorse had, as next of kin, become entitled to all she had left behind her. All this disastrous intelligence was conveyed in a very few hurried lines. "My God!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, on having glanced over them. His colour fled, and he pressed his hand against his forehead. "She is dead!" said he in a low tone, at the same time giving Kate the letter, and hastening to Mrs Aubrey, who seemed nearly fainting. Each had uttered a faint scream on hearing his words. Mrs Aubrey swooned in his arms—and Kate sat like a statue, without even glancing at the fatal letter which she held in her hand, but gazing in a sort of stupor at her brother. She was unable to rise to Mrs Aubrey's assistance—of whose state, indeed, she appeared, from her vacant eye, to be hardly aware. At length a slight sigh announced the returning consciousness of Mrs Aubrey; and at the same time Miss Aubrey, with a manifestly desperate effort, regained her consciousness, and with a cheek white as the letter she was looking at, read it over.

"This is very—very—dreadful—Heaven is forsaking us!" at length she murmured, gazing woefully at her brother and sister.

"Say not so—but rather God's will be done," faltered Mr Aubrey, his voice and his countenance evincing the depth of his affliction. "God help us!" he added in a tone, which at length, thrilling through the overcharged heart of his sister, caused her to weep bitterly; and if ever there was a mournful scene, it was that which ensued, ere this doomed family, slowly recovering from the first stunning effects of the

shock which they had just received, had become aware of the full extent of their misery. They had ever felt towards Lady Stratton, who, as has been already said, had been poor Kate's godmother—as towards a parent; and their affection had been doubled after the death of Mrs Aubrey. Now she was gone; she who would have stood for at least a little while between them and ruin, was gone! And by an inscrutable and awful Providence, that which she had secretly destined to them—and which would have effectually shielded them from the cruelty and rapacity of their enemies—had been diverted from them, into the coffers of the most selfish and worthless of mankind—who seemed, indeed, as if he had been called into existence only to effect their ruin; even, as it were, *the messenger of Satan to buffet them!* At length, however, the first natural transports of their grief having subsided, their stricken hearts returned to their allegiance towards Heaven; and Mr Aubrey, whose noble constancy at once strengthened and encouraged his partners in affliction with many just and pious reflections, reminded them that they were in the hands of God, who intended all earthly suffering—however harsh and apparently undeserved its infliction—to contribute infallibly to the ultimate benefit of his children. And he reminded them, on that melancholy occasion, of the example afforded by one whose sufferings had transcended theirs—the patriarch Job; on whom were suddenly—and to him apparently without any reason or motive, except the infliction of suffering—accumulated almost every species of evil that can befall humanity. The sudden and total loss of his substance, and of all his servants, he appears to have borne with fortitude. At length, however, was announced to him the loss of all his sons and daughters.

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped,

And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

Out of respect to the memory of their dear, venerable departed friend,

they drew down all the blinds of their little house, thereby spreading around them a gloom similar to that within. A sad, a mournful little group they looked! This last sorrow seemed for a while to divert their thoughts from the peril which momentarily menaced them. They talked with frequent emotion, and with many tears, of their late friend—recalling fondly innumerable little traits of her gentle and benignant character. Towards the close of the day, their souls were subdued into resignation to the will of the all-wise Disposer of events: they had, in some measure, realized the consolations of an enlightened and scriptural piety.

They met the next morning, at breakfast, with a melancholy composure. The blinds being drawn down, prevented the bright sunshine out of doors from entering into the little room where their frugal breakfast was spread, and where prevailed a gloom more in unison with their saddened feelings. To all who sat round the table, except little Charles, the repast was slight indeed: he had shortly before begun to breakfast down stairs, instead of in the nursery; and, merry little being!—all unconscious of the destitution to which, in all human probability, he was destined—and of the misery which oppressed and was crushing his parents—he was rattling away cheerfully, as if nothing could disturb or interrupt the light-heartedness of childhood. They all started on hearing the unexpected knock of the general postman. He had brought them a letter from Dr Tatham; who, it seemed, was aware of the letter which had been the day before dispatched to them by Mr Parkinson. The little doctor's letter was exceedingly touching and beautiful; and it was a good while before they could complete its perusal, owing to the emotion which it occasioned them. 'Twas indeed full of tender sympathy—of instructive incentives to resignation to the will of God.

"Is not that indeed the language of a devout and venerable minister of God?" said Mr Aubrey—"whose figure is daily brightening with the glory reflected from the heaven which he is so rapidly approaching? In the order of nature, a few short years must see him, also, removed from us."

"Then we shall indeed be deso-

late!" said Miss Aubrey, shedding tears.

"Heaven is speaking to us through one of its ministers in this letter! Let us listen in reverent humility!" They remained silent for some moments, Mr Aubrey re-perusing the long and double written letter of which he had been speaking. Presently he heard a knock at the street door—an ordinary single knock—such as was by no means unusual at that period of the morning; yet he scarce knew why—it disconcerted him. He kept, however, his eye upon the letter, while he heard Fanny opening the door—then a word or two whispered—after which the parlour door was hastily opened, and Fanny stood there, pale as death, and unable, evidently from fright, to speak—a heavy step was heard in the passage—and then there stood behind the terror-stricken girl a tall stout man in a drab great-coat, with a slouched hat, and a thick walking-stick in his hand—looking over her shoulder into the parlour, whose dismayed occupants soon shared the panic of poor Fanny.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said he, civilly advancing into the room, and removing his hat—"is your name Charles Aubrey?"

"It is, sir," said Mr Aubrey, rising from his chair—by which time a second man was standing at the door.

"You're my prisoner, sir," said the man, stepping close up to the wretched Aubrey, and touching him on the shoulder, at the same time holding out a thin slip of paper—the warrant by virtue of which he was then acting. The moment that he advanced towards Mr Aubrey a dreadful shriek burst from Mrs Aubrey and Kate, who sprung forward, and threw their arms wildly round him. He implored them to restrain their feelings—though evidently greatly agitated himself.

"Will you let me look at your warrant?" said he, mildly, to the man who had arrested him, and remained standing close beside him. Mr Aubrey, glancing over the warrant, saw that he was arrested for fourteen hundred pounds and upwards, at the suit of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

"You see, sir, it's only my duty to do this here," said the officer respectfully, evidently touched by the agony of the two beautiful women who still

clung wildly round one about to be torn ruthlessly from their arms;—"don't take on so, ladies—there's no great harm done yet."

"For mercy's sake, Agnes! Kate! as you love me!—Be calm! You afflict me beyond measure," said Mr Aubrey, who, though he had grown very pale, yet preserved under the circumstances a remarkable degree of self-possession. 'Twas, however, a scene which he had been endeavouring to realize to himself, and prepare for daily, if not hourly, for the last week.

"Oh mercy! mercy!—for God's sake have mercy on him! On us!"—exclaimed Mrs Aubrey and Kate.

"Oh, good men! kind men!—have mercy!" cried Kate, desperately—"What are you going to do with him?"

"No harm, miss, you may depend on't—only he *must* go with us, seeing we're *obligated* to take him."

"For Heaven's sake, don't—don't, for mercy's sake!"—cried Kate, turning her agonized face towards the man—her hair partially dishevelled, and her arms still clasping her brother with frantic energy. Mrs Aubrey had swooned, and lay insensible in her husband's arms, supported by his knee; while Fanny, herself half distracted, was striving to restore her by rubbing her cold hands.

"Lord, ladies! Don't—don't take on in this way—you're only a-hurting of yourselves, and you don't do the gentleman any good, you know—'cause, in course, he's all the sorrier for going," said the second man, who had by this time entered the room, and stood looking on concernedly. But Miss Aubrey repeated her enquiries with wild and frantic impetuosity, for some time not aware that Mrs Aubrey lay insensible beside her.

"Jemmy—run and fetch the lady a glass of water from the kitchen—she's gone clean dead—run, my man!" said the officer to his follower, who immediately obeyed him, and presently returned with a glass of water; by which time, both Kate, and her brother, and Fanny, were endeavouring, with great agitation, to restore Mrs Aubrey, whose prolonged swoon alarmed them, and in whose sufferings the sense of their own seemed for a while absorbed. The two men stood by, grasping their huge walking-

sticks, and their hats, in silence. At length Mrs Aubrey showed symptoms of recovery—uttering a long deep sigh.

"I say—Master," at length whispered the follower, "this here seems a bad business, don't it?"

"Jemmy, Jemmy! You a'n't got half the pluck of a *bum*!—There's nothing in all this when one's used to it, as I am."

"P'raps the gemman don't rightly owe the money, after all?"

"Don't he? eh? And *they've* sworn he *does*?—No chaffing. The sooner (I'm thinking) we have him off from all this here blubbering, the better."

"Bless'd if ever I see'd two such beautiful women afore. I don't half like it; I wish we'd nabbed him in the street—and"—he lowered his whisper—"if there's *much* o' this here sort o' work to be done, I've had enough of being a bum already, an' 'll go back to my business again, bad as it is."

"My good men!" said Kate, approaching them, and speaking with forced calmness—pushing aside her disordered hair from her pale cheeks, "Can't you leave him here—only a day longer?"

"Can't, miss—it's quite impossible; it's not to be done for no money short of debt and costs," said the officer respectfully, but rather doggedly—as if he were getting tired of the scene—"one would think we were a-goin' to murder the gemman! Once for all, if so be as he will only go as a gemman should, to my little place in Chancery-Lane—(my name's Grab-miss, at your service, and there a'n't a better conducted lock-up nor mine in London, I assure you, nor where debtors is more comfortably looked arter)—he's no need to be there above a day or two—it may be less—and of course his friends will come and bail him out; so *don't* be a-going on so when it's no manner o' use!"

"Charles! My love!" murmured Mrs Aubrey, faintly—"they surely will not separate us? Oh! let us go together; I don't care where we go to, so long as I am with you."

"Do not ask it, my darling! my heart's love!" replied Mr Aubrey, tenderly, as he supported her in his arm, and against his knee—and a tear fell from his eye upon her cheek—"I shall be exposed to but little inconvenience,

I am certain; there can be no violence or insult offered me so long as I am submissive, and I shall soon, please God, be back!"

"Oh, Charles! I shall die—I shall never survive seeing you carried away!" she was becoming increasingly vehement.

"Agnes, Agnes!" said her husband, reprovingly, "the mother must not desert her children; my heart will ache every moment that I am absent, if I think that my dear little ones have not a mother's protection."

"Kate will take care of them, love!" said Mrs Aubrey, faintly; and her husband tenderly kissed her forehead. While this hurried colloquy between the wretched couple was proceeding, Kate was talking in low but impassioned tones to the two officers, who listened to her respectfully, but shook their heads.

"No, miss—it can't be; it can't indeed."

"But you shall have *every thing*—I have still a good many handsome dresses; jewels, all—all; surely they will fetch *something*; and then there's plate, and books, and furniture—you can't think Mr Aubrey is going basely to run away."

"If, as how, miss, (you see,) it was only ourselves that you had to do with—(but, Lord love you, miss! we're only officers, and has our duty to do, and must do it!)—why, we'd go a little out of our way for to oblige a lady; but the people you must go to is the gemmen whose names is here," pointing to the warrant; "they're the people as the money's owing to—Quirk, Gamm"—

"Don't name them! They are fiends! They are villains! They are robbing, then ruining, my wretched brother!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with dreadful vehemence.

"Kate, Kate!" cried Mr Aubrey, kindly but peremptorily—"in mercy to me, be silent! Restrain your feelings, or really I must hasten my departure."

"Oh, Charles!" faltered Miss Aubrey, sinking down on a chair exhausted, and burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Now, sir—if you please," commenced Grab, turning to Mr Aubrey, "we must be thinking of going, seeing I expect I've another job on hand to-day; would you prefer coaching

or walking it? Excuse me, sir—I've seen many such things as this; and I know it's only a haggawating of your feelings to be stopping here—the longer the worse! What must be, had better be done at once, and got over with. I've been a-telling this here young lady a many times, that it's no use fretting—and that in course you'll be seen back again, when you've done what's needful; so hadn't my man here better go and get a coach?"

"It is so, indeed!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, with a profound sigh—and endeavoured for some time, by all the means in his power, to soothe and pacify his wretched companions.

"Can I speak a word with you alone, before I go?" he presently enquired of the officer.

"In course, sir," replied Grab; and, promising to return within a minute or two's time, Mr Aubrey quitted the room with Grab close at his heels; and presently they were both standing in his little study.

"Betwixt ourselves, sir," quoth Grab, in a confidential tone, "you've *rather* keen hands to deal with;" here he laid his finger along his nose, and winked his eye—"and you'll lose no time in turning yourself about. You understand, sir?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr Aubrey, with a sigh. "Who gave you your instructions in this matter?"

"Mr Snap—the junior partner—it was him that brought this here warrant to me"—

"Are you sure? Was it not Mr Gammon?"

"No, sir—Snap—Snap; that little cockatoo of a chap. Mr Gammon called at my office half an hour afterwards, to be sure"—

"I thought so," interrupted Mr Aubrey quickly, his face flushing, and feeling relieved from a vast pressure.

"Ay," continued Grab, phlegmatically, "he'll see you don't come to much harm in this matter"—

"What do you mean?" enquired Mr Aubrey, surprisedly.

"Lord! I could tell by his way. He called to say that, since they had resolved to go agin you, he hoped we'd show you every attention, and deal easy by you"—

"Indeed!"

"Ay—indeed! And I think he said it was a cruel business—nay, I'm *sure* he did; and that, as for him, he

washed his hands on't!" Mr Aubrey seemed confounded.

"I don't somehow think him and his partners are on the best of terms together—but that's no business o' mine, you know, sir! And now, sir, excuse me, but we must be jogging."

"But, my friend, is there really no way," enquired Mr Aubrey with manifest perturbation, "by which I can delay accompanying you for a few hours?"

"Oh can't, sir—impossible!"

"You can remain in possession here—I will be in your custody—I have a little plate, books, and furniture, which would surely stand sufficient security"——

"It's no use, sir; go you must—and that without much longer shilly-shallying. It's no use!"

Aubrey seemed for a moment overpowered by his emotions.

"I fear, myself, that there is no alternative," said he; "but it will almost break the hearts of those ladies—one of whom is my wife"—— His voice faltered.

"You take my advice, sir! Let my man start off for a coach—you have a shirt or two put up, and an amusing book—or a bit of a cribbage-board, or a pack of cards, if they're at hand—and give 'em the slip: I assure you it's much the best way; and when you're once out o' the house, they'll come to, and make up their minds to it—never fear 'em."

"Send, then, for a coach—delay, I see, is worse than useless," said he, hastily, hearing steps approaching the study door, which was thrust open, and Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey entered, unable any longer to endure his absence—and as if fearful lest, in mercy to them, he should be contriving to leave them secretly. Grab, having dispatched his follower for a coach, at Mr Aubrey's earnest request to be left alone for a few minutes, withdrew—but first cast a keen scrutinizing eye at the window—the chimney—and then, having closed the door, stood outside, in a position which commanded both door and window.

"Now, my own Agnes! my sweet Kate!" commenced Aubrey, in a low earnest tone, having bolted the door to secure themselves from interruption during the few precious moments which remained to them before the arrival of the coach—"I must, within a very few minutes, leave you! Re-

member—remember, loves!—I am unfortunate, but I am not disgraced!—I look on this as a dispensation of Providence—a wise and good Providence;—let us all learn submission—resignation! Whether or not we are really the victims of treachery and hypocrisy, I am unable at present to tell; but let us learn to bear this last crowning indignity with the fortitude of Christians!—relying on it, that God will overrule the most trying and disastrous events for our good!—Kneel down! Let us bow before the throne of Heaven, and supplicate its blessing and support, in this our greatest extremity!" He said this calmly, but his face was deadly pale, and his voice faltered—while they clung round him and heaved convulsive sobs, as they half unconsciously sunk on their knees with him. Then they rose—and certainly a gracious Providence had not listened in vain to the earnest, heartfelt cries that were uttered by those persecuted and heart-broken beings: for they felt a sense of composure stealing over their troubled bosoms—as if they had seen for a moment a bright light glancing through the gloom of their sorrows. Yet poor nature was wrung—wrung indeed! Mr Aubrey proceeded to make some little preparations for his departure—putting a five-pound note into his pocket—and leaving but little more behind him; and the servant being summoned into the room, was dispatched to put up a change of linen for him. He then implored and conjured them, as they loved him, to struggle against their feelings;—and to rely upon his pledge to send them, within ten hours at the farthest, intelligence of his movements—assuring them of his confident belief, that in less than twenty-four hours he should have returned to them. While he was speaking in this strain, Mrs Aubrey suddenly quitted the room, and after a moment's absence returned, her pallid, agitated countenance overspread with a wild smile of delight, as she exclaimed breathlessly—"There, love! Dearest Charles! He says there is no harm in the world in going with you in the coach—and, indeed, we may have rooms to ourselves!"

"My sweet Agnes."——

"I will—I will go with you, Charles! Nothing shall prevent me—even if I leave you at the door of the place you

are going to!" It was in vain for Mr Aubrey to protest—as he did, both earnestly and vehemently;—her impassioned importunities were irresistible, and she rushed breathlessly up stairs to prepare her dress to accompany him on his brief but melancholy journey. Within a very few minutes she returned, just as the sound of the coach wheels approaching the door was heard. Mr Aubrey and Kate perceived the dangerous excitement under which she was labouring, and dreaded its effects: yet what could be done? He could not prolong his stay—and it would be infinitely more dangerous to leave her behind, now that she had set her heart upon accompanying him, than to permit her to go with them. She carried down little Agnes in her arms—and had been almost suffocating her and little Charles, who walked after her, with kisses and convulsive embraces. Both the children were crying bitterly; and as soon as Mrs Aubrey had reached the parlour door, and heard the coach-steps letting down, she fell into violent hysterics.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said Grab, as he stood close beside Mr Aubrey, who was supporting Mrs Aubrey—"it wouldn't be amiss if I was to say you should come along with me at once, while this poor lady's insensible—and then"—

"Oh! for God's sake—for God's sake! Remember your promise!" cried Aubrey, and in a voice which nearly reached the officer's heart: as it was, he simply shrugged his shoulders, and awaited the issue with no little impatience, but in silence. 'Twas in the midst of this heart-rending scene, which ensued during the next half-hour, that Kate displayed the strength of character which so remarkably distinguished her; and completely mastering her own agitated feelings, she essentially contributed towards Mrs Aubrey's restoration to a state which would admit of her at length setting off. The children had been removed—Mr Aubrey having bid them an agonizing adieu; for he knew not what accident or contrivance might occur to prevent his return to them—and after embracing his weeping sister, he supported Mrs Aubrey, Grab closely following them, into the coach. All three having got in, "Jem," as he was called, shut up the door, and jumping up on to the coach-box, they drove away. Poor Mrs Aubrey, on

taking her seat, drew from before her agitated yet beautiful countenance the long dark veil which she had drawn down while passing from the house into the coach, and gazed at Mr Aubrey with such an expression of mingled tenderness and agony, as was almost sufficient to have broken even the stony heart of Grab. She also held her husband's hand convulsively grasped within her own—as though fearful of their being even yet violently separated from each other. As they went along, in answer to Aubrey's anxious enquiries concerning the nature of the scenes which awaited him, Mr Grab told him that his—Grab's—lock-up was in Chancery-Lane, and would be found as comfortable a place as need be. He informed his prisoner, further, that he might have his choice,—whether to occupy a private room, with a bed-room opening into it—or go into the public room, where would be also some dozen other debtors,—and in which case, of course, Mrs Aubrey must return home alone. Mr Aubrey enquired what would be the expense of the private room, and was horrified on hearing—two guineas and a half a-day, paid in advance!—exclusive of board and attendance, which doubtless would be charged for on a commensurate scale. The prisoner and his wife gazed at each other in silence, and felt sick at heart.

"The smallest room—at the very top of the house—would suffice for both a sitting-room and bed-room," said Aubrey—"and we do not care a straw for furniture"—

"The room I told you of, or the public room, is all I've to offer you," replied Grab, somewhat doggedly—"and you needn't cry out before you're hurt; for it may be your friends will bail you out before the night—before much harm's done!" Sick at heart, his wretched companions continued silent for the remainder of the journey, till the coach drew up opposite the door of the house of which they had been speaking. It was about halfway up Chancery-Lane, on the right hand side as you entered from the Strand. 'Twas a small, narrow, dingy-looking house, at the corner of a miserable court. The solitary window, level with the door, was strongly secured within by thick perpendicular iron bars. The outer door, at the top of a flight of about a dozen well-worn steps, stood open, leaving

exposed to view an inner door, at about a couple of yards' distance from the outer one; and on this inner door was a brass plate bearing the terrifying name—

GRAB.

The upper part of the door was of glass, and secured from within, like the window, by strong iron bars. Aubrey's soul sunk within him as his eye took in these various points of the dismal building he was thus compelled to enter. The follower, immediately on the coach drawing up, jumped down, and running up the steps of the house, knocked at the inner door, and hurrying back, opened the coach-door and let down the steps.

"Now, Jarvey—what's the damage?" enquired Grab, before any of them got out.

"Six shillings, your honour."

"You must tip, sir," quoth Grab to Mr Aubrey—who thereupon counted out all the silver he had, except one solitary sixpence, and they descended, followed up the steps of the house closely by Grab. Their hearts failed them, as they heard the sound of heavy jingling keys from within opening the door; and the next moment they stood within a short, narrow, and dark passage—the sallow ill-looking man who had opened the door, instantly closing, barring, and locking it upon them.

"This here's the public room," quoth Grab, with the confident air of a man who feels in his own house; and, half opening a door on his left, they caught a glimpse of a number of men—some smoking; others sitting with their feet on the table, reading the newspapers; others playing at cards; and almost all of them drinking, and either laughing, talking, or singing.

"Now, sir—does this *here* suit your fancy?" enquired Grab, rather sharply. Mr Aubrey felt his wife leaning heavily on his arm. "Mercy! I shall faint! I feel choked!"—she whispered.

"Show us instantly up stairs, to your private room—cost what it may," said Mr Aubrey hastily.

"It's only fair to tell you, sir, you pay in advance—and for the whole day, though you should be out again in a quarter of an hour's time—it's the rule of the house."

"Show us up stairs, sir, without delay," said Mr Aubrey peremptorily,

"Jemmy—show 'em up!" exclaimed Grab, briskly—on which Jem went forward, followed by Mr Aubrey, almost entirely supporting Mrs Aubrey—who appeared very faint—up the narrow and angular staircase. This led them into a tolerably well-furnished room; and Mrs Aubrey, on entering it, sunk exhausted on the sofa. Here, again, the two windows were strongly secured with iron bars, which gave a peculiarly miserable appearance to the room. The unhappy couple gazed around them for a moment, in silence.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Grab, entering the room—"but must trouble you for *two, twelve, six*; always pay in advance, as I told you a-coming."

Aubrey, involuntarily shuddering, took out his pocket-book—Mrs Aubrey bursting into tears—and handed to Grab the only money he had—his five-pound note, requesting change.

"The lady would, perhaps, like a glass of negus?" enquired Grab.

"Certainly—bring up immediately a glass of cold sherry and water," replied Mr Aubrey.

"That will be just *two, five, six* to bring back—shall have it directly, sir—change and all. Here's your bedroom, sir," he added—opening a small door opposite the window—and then withdrew by that through which they had entered. When he had withdrawn, leaving them alone, Aubrey folded his arms tenderly around his wife, and kissed her cold pale cheek, and then helped her to remove her bonnet, which, with its heavy black veil, evidently oppressed her. Her rich dark hair fell disordered over her tippet; and with her flushed cheek, and restless eye, would have given the beholder a vivid picture of beauty and virtue in distress.

"Do promise me, Charles!" said she, looking fondly at him, "that I may go with you, wherever they will allow you to take me."

"I trust, Agnes, that I shall be at large again before long. This is really a comfortable room," he added, evading her question.

"If only Kate and the children were here," she replied, tremulously. "Poor things! I wonder what they are doing just now!—Kate will break

her heart, poor girl, if we don't return soon!"

"Never fear, Agnes! But let us look what kind of a bed-room they have given us. I hope we shall have no occasion, however, to occupy it. Come, let us see!"

'Twas very small and close, to be sure, and had but one narrow window, secured, like all the others, by strong iron bars. It overlooked a little flagged yard, about fourteen feet square, surrounded on all sides by high walls, portions of adjoining houses. It was here that the prisoners "*took the air*," and their escape was effectually prevented by close and strong bars of iron passing from side to side, at about ten feet distance from the ground. They looked down, and beheld two or three men sitting and standing beneath, who looked more like animals caged in a menagerie than mere human beings. 'Twas to Aubrey a sickening sight, and he turned from the window, and they both re-entered the front room as Grab returned with the sherry and water, and the change, which he told down on the table. He then asked what they would like to have for dinner—cutlets, steaks, or chops—as he wished to know before Mrs Grab went out "to order the house dinner." They seemed, however, to loathe the idea of eating, not a little to the annoyance of their truly hospitable host. Aubrey, earnestly begging him to send off a message instantly, with his card, to Mr Runnington.

"A couple of shillings for the man, sir," said Grab; and, having received it, withdrew, leaving Mr and Mrs Aubrey to themselves for nearly an hour and a half; at the end of which period, their hearts leaped for joy to see Mr Runnington enter the room, with a countenance full of concern and sympathy.

"Well, but you shall not be much longer in this hateful hole, at any rate," said he, after some half-hour's anxious conversation with them; and ringing the bell, directed the man to send Grab up stairs, and to fetch pen, ink, and paper. In a few minutes Grab appeared. "You've no objection, I suppose, Grab, to discharge Mr Aubrey on my undertaking?"

"In course not, sir," replied Grab, readily; but he was a good deal disappointed at so abrupt a close to his exertions. Mr Runnington sat down and began to write. "You had better send off to the office, and see if there's anything else there," he added, (meaning that Grab should search, as he was bound to do, for any other writs against Mr Aubrey which might be lodged with the sheriff, before discharging his prisoner out of custody).

"You don't apprehend any thing there, do you?" enquired Mr Runnington, rather seriously, without taking his eye from the paper on which he was writing.

"Heaven only knows! But I think not," replied Aubrey.

The following was the undertaking given by Mr Runnington, and which operated as an instant release of his oppressed and truly persecuted client:—

"Aubrey *etc.* Quirk and others.

"We hereby undertake to procure the execution of a good and sufficient bail-bond herein, for the above-named defendant, in due time.

"RUNNINGTON & Co.

"Defendant's Attorneys.

"To Mr Grab,

"Officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex."

With this document lying before them, and awaiting the messenger's return from the sheriff's office, Mr Runnington and Mr Aubrey conversed together anxiously on the subject of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Soap's bill. Mr Aubrey was sufficiently acquainted with the general course of practice to be aware, that beyond requiring him to put in bail to the action, (special bail, as it is called,) no effective step could be taken against him for several months to come; i.e. till Michaelmas term in the ensuing November,* however eager and active the plaintiffs might be: so that he had an interval of at least four months, in which, as the phrase is, "to turn himself about," and endeavour to discover some mode of extricating himself from his present serious dilemma. After reminding Mr Aubrey that neither a peer of the realm, nor a member of parliament, nor an attorney, could become bail for him, Mr Runnington re-

* The unprofessional reader is informed that this is now very far otherwise; legal proceedings have been recently prodigiously accelerated.

quested the names of two or three confidential friends to whom he might apply to become security for Mr Aubrey; and as he should be at any time able to exonerate them from liability, by surrendering his person to his creditors, he felt no hesitation in applying to them to perform for him this act of kindness. "By the way," said Mr Runnington, in the course of their conversation, and with apparent carelessness, "could I say a word or two to you on a little matter of business? And will Mrs Aubrey excuse us for a moment?" turning towards her. She bowed, and they withdrew for a moment into the adjoining bedroom.

"Put this into your pocket," said Mr Runnington, taking out the day's newspaper; "and when you have an opportunity, read the account of what took place yesterday in the Court of King's Bench. It startled me not a little, I can tell you; and the reason of my not having been at the office when your messenger arrived was, that I had not returned from Vivian Street, whither, and to the Temple, I had gone in search of you. For heaven's sake don't alarm Mrs Aubrey, or Miss Aubrey; but, if any thing occurs to you, do not lose one moment in putting yourself into communication with us. If possible, I will call at Vivian Street this evening." With this they returned to the sitting-room, nothing in their appearance calculated to alarm Mrs Aubrey, or even attract her attention.

Shortly afterwards Grab entered the room.

"All right, sir!" said he to Mr Runnington; and added, turning to Mr Aubrey, "you're no longer in my custody, sir; and I hope you'll never be again."

"Oh, Charles! thank God!—Let us not stay another moment!" exclaimed Mrs Aubrey, joyously starting up, and putting on her bonnet. "Oh, let us get once more into the open street!—the sweet fresh air!—Kate will go wild with joy to see us again!—Oh, dear Mr Runnington! how can we sufficiently thank you?" she added, turning towards him enthusiastically. Within a few minutes' time they had quitted that dismal scene; they were again apparently free. On first stepping into the bright cheering sunlight, and bustling noisy street, it had a sort of freshness—of

novelty—to them. Now they were free to go whithersoever they chose!—Oh, blessed LIBERTY!—let an Englishman lose thee for but an hour, to become aware of thy value!—It seemed to the Aubreys, as if ten times the real interval had elapsed between their entering and quitting the scene of his incarceration. With what exhilarated spirits they hastened homeward! as if a millstone were no longer suspended from their necks. But Mr Aubrey suddenly bethought himself of the newspaper given him by Mr Runnington; and it cost him, indeed, a great effort to assume a cheerfulness so foreign to his feelings.

While, however, they are thus walking homeward, intending, in the event of Mrs Aubrey becoming fatigued, to take a shilling drive on their way, let me, in order to enable the reader to appreciate the paragraph to which Mr Runnington had called Aubrey's attention, turn for a while from the virtuous and afflicted couple, to trace the leading movements of that master-spirit of evil, Mr Gammon; for which purpose, it will be necessary to take up the history from the evening of the day in which Mr Aubrey had called at Mr Gammon's chambers, to forbid him visiting any longer at Vivian Street. By that time, Mr Gammon had thoroughly thought out his plan of operations. What had passed between him and Miss Aubrey and her brother, had satisfied him that the time for calling into action all his forces had arrived; and the exact end he proposed to himself, was to plunge Mr Aubrey at once into apparently inextricable and hopeless difficulty—into total ruin—so as to render them all more accessible to Mr Gammon's advances, and to force Miss Aubrey into entertaining his addresses, as the sole means of effecting her brother's liberation. For this purpose, it would be necessary to make him debtor to so large an amount as would preclude the interference of even the most liberally-disposed of his friends. They might very probably go as far as fifteen hundred pounds on his behalf, who could not be brought to think of nearly twelve thousand pounds—it being borne in mind, that one alone of Mr Aubrey's friends, Lord de la Zouch, was already liable, on his behalf, to some eleven thousand pounds, which would become payable on the ensuing 24th of January. But the mask was

not yet to be thrown off: Gammon resolved to appear the firm friend of Mr Aubrey to the last; deprecating vehemently, and striving to avert from him, the very proceedings which he was all the while, with secret skill and vigour, urging on against him. He determined, therefore, to recall Titmouse's attention to the two promissory notes for £5000 each; to pretend reluctance to allow them to be put in suit, and yet give him clearly to understand that *he* might do so, without giving mortal offence to Gammon.

At the moment of the reader's being re-introduced to Mr Gammon, that gentleman was sitting, about nine o'clock in the evening, at his chambers, beside a table, on which were placed a lustrous lamp, a number of papers, and coffee. In one hand he held the rough draft of his rent-charge, which had that day been sent to him by Mr Frankpledge, and he was occasionally making pencil memoranda on the margin as he went along. He would sometimes pause in his task, as if his thoughts wandered to other subjects; his countenance looked harassed, his ample brow seemed laden with anxiety. Certainly, great as was his energy, clear as was his head, and accustomed as he was to the dispatch of business of even the most difficult and varied description, all his powers were at that moment taxed to their very uttermost stretch, as a hasty glance round the room will satisfy the reader. On the sofa lay several piles of loose papers. First, there were the drafts, brics—and voluminous they were—which he was now preparing, or rather settling, in the following actions for bribery penalties, coming on for trial at the ensuing Yorkshire Assizes:—

"WIGLEY v. GAMMON, (S. J.)"

"Same v. MUDFLINT, (S. J.)"

"Same v. BLOODSUCK, (S. J.)"

"Same v. WOODLOUSE, (S. J.)"

All these serious actions were being pushed forward with great vigour, at the instance of Lord de la Zouch, who had, moreover, directed them all to be made special jury causes.

Secondly, a monstrous mass of papers, also lying on the sofa, contained the heterogeneous elements, out of which it required a head as clear as Gammon's to draw up a brief for the

defence in a very complicated case of conspiracy,—"*The KING v. MUDLETON, SNAKE, and OTHERS,*"—and which was coming on for trial at the ensuing King's Bench sittings for London; it having been removed, on account of its great difficulty and importance, by *certiorari* from the Old Bailey. It ought to have been by this time prepared; yet Mr Gammon had scarcely even looked at the papers, though the credit of their office was at stake, as the case had attracted a large share of public attention.

Thirdly, there were scattered about complete masses of papers connected with the various joint-stock companies in which Mr Gammon was concerned, either openly or secretly—either professionally or as a shareholder; the management of many of them requiring infinite vigilance and tact. These matters, however, and many others which had accumulated upon him, till the bare thoughts of them oppressed and distracted him, he had altogether neglected, occupied as he was by the absorbing pursuit of Miss Aubrey, and the consummation of his schemes and purposes respecting Titmouse and the Yatton property. As if all this had not been sufficient, there was yet another of a totally different description. Gammon was writing a series of very popular and powerful attacks in the *Sunday Flash*, upon a certain Tory ex-Minister—in fact, endeavours to write him down—and this with the privacy, and even occasional assistance, of one whom Gammon intended, in due time, to make great use of, as soon as his lordship should have sufficiently committed himself; viz. my Lord Blossom and Box. Now, Gammon had for three weeks running disappointed the numerous readers of the *Sunday Flash*, during which period, also, he had been almost baited to death upon the subject by old Quirk, the chief proprietor of the paper; and that very evening, the odious viper, its editor, had been there badgering him till he had given a positive pledge to prepare an article against the ensuing Saturday. All these things put together, were enough for one strong-headed man to bear up against, and Gammon felt very nearly overwhelmed; and the reader will think it very excusable in Mr Gammon, that he felt such difficulty in

commanding his thoughts even to the interesting task of settling the draft of his own rent-charge on the Yatton property. He was not quite satisfied with the way in which Frankpledge had tinkered up the "*consideration*" shadowed forth in Gammon's instructions, and was just sketching off one compounded of a "certain sum of five thousand pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain, by the aforesaid Oily Gammon, at or before the execution of these presents, paid to the said Tittlebat Titmouse, and the receipt whereof the said Titmouse acknowledged, and from the same and every part thereof, released and discharged the said Oily Gammon, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns" (!!!) And "of the great skill, and exertion, and sacrifices of the said Oily Gammon, for and on behalf of the said Tittlebat Titmouse, in the recovery of the Yatton property," &c. &c.

I say he had just finished off this little matter, and was varying one or two of the expressions, when a sharp knock at his door announced the arrival of the intelligent grantor of the aforesaid annuity, Mr Titmouse himself, whose stylish cab was at that moment standing opposite to the entrance to Thavies' Inn, in Holborn, having brought him direct from the House of Commons, whither, however, he was to return by eleven o'clock, till which time he had paired off, in order to enable him to come and consult Mr Gammon on one or two important matters. Poor Titmouse had conceived, since his memorable interview with Gammon formerly related, a violent hatred of Mr Gammon; but which was almost absorbed in his dread of that gentleman, who had such unlimited power over him. The sudden and serious diminution of his income by Gammon's rent-charge, almost turned his head upside-down, and occasioned a pother in his little bosom, which was all the greater for his being unable to admit any sympathizing friend into his confidence. He had become fidgety and irritable to a degree; his countenance and demeanour troubled and depressed: from all which, the more intimate among his brother senators naturally inferred that he had lost large sums at play, or was harassed by his election expenses; or

had quarreled with his mistress, or been found out by his wife; or been kicked, and dared not call out the aggressor; or that some other such accident as frequently happens to young gentlemen of fashion, had befallen him. Now, to be candid with the reader, Titmouse certainly *was* getting into rather deep water. Formidable creditors were beginning to look somewhat sternly after him from various quarters; his upholsterer was becoming troublesome; his wine-merchant insisted on at least four hundred pounds on account; Messrs Jewel and Nicknack were surprised at having received no payment for sundry expensive articles of jewellery and *virtù*. His coach-maker, his tailor, a host of household creditors, were getting very restless: he had a running account of some L.600 or L.800 at the *Gliddington*, in respect of his parliamentary and other dinners at that fashionable establishment; his yacht was a dreadful drain upon him; he had been unfortunate in his sporting speculations;—in short, if Gammon had his anxieties, so had Titmouse his. He felt himself getting terribly out at elbows—so much so, that he could no longer give that calm and undivided attention to his parliamentary duties, which his enlightened constituents had a right to expect at his hands; and, in short, the sole occasion of his calling on Gammon, was to see if that gentleman could devise some mode of once more replenishing his empty coffers—a further mortgage on the Yatton property being the exact mode of doing so which he was about to propose to Gammon. It required some tact, however, as he felt, to broach that subject, in the present position of affairs; so he avowed that he had called to see if *Mr Gammon's deeds were ready for signing*—as he, Titmouse, was anxious to get it off his mind. Time was very precious with Mr Gammon: he therefore lost not a moment in plucking aside the thin disguise of Titmouse, and discovering the real object of his visit. Mr Gammon looked very serious indeed, on hearing the account of Titmouse's prodigal expenditure, and remonstrated with him earnestly, and even authoritatively; but it instantly occurred to him—could there possibly be a better opportunity for broaching the subject of the two promissory notes?

"My dear Titmouse," said he, with great kindness of manner, "notwithstanding all I have felt it my duty to say, I do sincerely wish it were in my power to serve you in this emergency. But we really must spare old Yatton for a little—you've sadly burthened her already;—we shall be killing the goose to get at the golden egg, if we don't mind what we're about!"

"——! But what the devil's to be done, Mr Gammon? For, 'pon my soul, I'm most particular hard up, and something must be done."

"We must bethink ourselves of our other resources, my dear sir—let us see"—he paused, with his hand resting on his forehead for a few moments,—"Oh! by the way—certainly," he added suddenly—"but no! it's a thousand pities; but my word is pledged."

"Eh? what? does any thing strike you, Gammon?—'Pon my life, what is it?" enquired Titmouse, pricking up his ears.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied Gammon, musingly—adding, as if he did not intend Titmouse to hear him, "to be sure, it would put ten thousand—nay, with the interest, nearly eleven!"

"The devil it would! What would? My stars, Mr Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse, eagerly—"Do let us know what it is!"

"Why, I was certainly thinking, at the moment," replied Gammon, with a sigh, "of that poor devil Aubrey's two notes for L.5000 a-piece and interest."

Titmouse's face suddenly fell. "Oh, Lord! Is that all? Hang the fellow—he's a beggar—squeezed dry—nothing more to be got out of him!" he exclaimed, with mingled chagrin and contempt. "A'n't worth powder and shot! Blood from a stone—won't have any thing worth taking this ten years to come!"

"Poor fellow!" quoth Gammon.

"'Pon my soul, Gammon, it's me you may say that of, I rather think!"

"Why," said Gammon, glancing rather keenly at Titmouse, "my first and greatest duty on earth, my dear Titmouse, is to you—to look after, to secure your interests; and candour compels me to say, that, whatever may be my feelings towards that unfortunate person, still, I think, you've only to squeeze him pretty hard, and blood would come from other people. Eh! you understand?"

"By Jove!—Indeed!—No! But would it really? How?—Squeeze away, then, and be——! Please bring an action against the fellow, the first thing in the morning! Put him in jail, and he'll get the money, I'll warrant him! Dem the fellow! why don't he pay his debts? It's devilish hard on me, a'n't it? Didn't I forgive him forty thousand pounds? By the way, I'd forgot there's the other ten thousand that Lord de la Zouch is surety for—when do we touch that?"

"Oh! we've taken a bond for that, which will not fall due before—let me see—the 24th of next January."

"'Pon my soul, what a cursed bore! But can't one do any thing with it before then?"

"What! Sue on it before it's due?"

"No—egad! I mean, raise the wind on it. Surely Lord de la Zouch's name is!"

"Whew!" thought Gammon, "that stroke certainly had never occurred to me!—Ay, he's right, the little fool! Old Fang will advance L.8000 or L.9000, or more even—I'll see to it, by Jove!" Then he said aloud—"It may be possible, certainly, my dear Titmouse; but I see very great obstacles in the way."

"Some cussed law point—eh?"

"Yes—but I assure you I will turn my best attention to it," he added; and proceeded to bring back Titmouse to the point at which he had started off. "And speaking of poor Aubrey—it's certainly true that you have been, I may say, extravagantly liberal to him—fobbing beyond example; and I can't think that any one can be expected, when he knows a wave of his hand will put some eleven thousand pounds into his pocket, to stand by idle for ever! It is not in human nature!"

"No; 'pon my life it isn't," quoth Titmouse with a puzzled air, quite unable to make out whether Gammon intended to favour or discourage the notion of immediately proceeding against Aubrey; which Gammon observing, he proceeded—"At all events I should say, that if you consider that your own necessities!"

"Demme! I should think so!" interposed Titmouse.

"Required it—and, as you very properly observed, you are the best judge; certainly!"—he paused: surely Titmouse now saw his drift!

"Yes—'pon my soul!" exclaimed Titmouse.

"Why, in that case, it is only due to myself to say I can be no party to it: I have had to bear enough already that was due to others; and since I have solemnly pledged my word of honour to Mr"—

"What the devil *do* you mean, Gammon? Cuss me, if I can make you out a bit!" interrupted Titmouse, snappishly.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Titmouse! Once for all, I say, if you want the money, you must at once sue on the bill notes; and my opinion is, you'll get the money—only, I *must not appear in it*, you know! But if you choose to employ some other solicitor—there's that Mr Spitfire, for instance—to *compel* me to give up the notes"—

"Oh, Lord! Honour! No, no!—So bless me Heaven! I didn't mean any thing of the kind," cried Titmouse alarmedly, fearful of offending Gammon, who could scarcely conceal his impatience and disgust at the stupidity of Titmouse.

"I cannot make you understand me, Titmouse! What I mean is, it is my duty not to let my feelings interfere with your interests. I now, therefore, advise you immediately to put yourself into the hands—as far as this little business is concerned—of some other solicitor, say Mr Spitfire, in Scorpion Court; and whatever he tells you to do—*do* without hesitation. You will probably tell him that, if he demands the two notes on your behalf, I may, for form's sake, resist; but I know I shall be ordered to give them up! Well—I can't help it!"

"Honour now, Gammon! May I do as I like?" enquired Titmouse.

"Honour!"

"And you won't be angry? Not a bit! eh?"

"On my sacred word of honour!" replied Gammon solemnly, placing his hand on his breast.

"Then fire away, Flannagan!" cried Titmouse joyfully, snapping his fingers.—"By Jove, here goes! Here's for a jolly squeeze! Ah, ha! Ten thousand drops of blood!—by Jove, he'll bleed to death! But, by the way, what will Mr Quirk say?"

"Curse Mr Quirk!" cried Gammon, impatiently; "you know the course you are to pursue—you are

your own master, surely? What has Mr Quirk to do with you, when I allow you to act in this way?"

"To be sure! Well! here's a go! Wasn't it a lucky thought of mine to come here to-night? But don't you forget the other ten thousand—the two makes twenty thousand, by Jove! I'm set up again—ah, ha! And as soon as ever the House is up, if I don't cut away in my span-new yacht, with a lot of jolly chaps, to the East Indies, or some *other* place that'll take us a good six weeks, or so, to go and come back in. Hello! Is that eleven o'clock striking?" he enquired with a start, taking out his watch; "It is, by Jove! and my pair's up; they'll be dividing—I'm off! Good-night."

"You remember where Mr Spitfire lives? In Scorpion Court, Strand. I must say, he's one of the most respectable men in the profession; and so quick!"

"Ah—I remember! I'll be with him the moment after breakfast!" replied Titmouse: Gammon shook him by the hand—feeling, when he had shut both his doors, as if he had been playing with an ape. "Oh, thou indefinable and undiscoverable principle regulating human affairs!" thought he, falling into a reverie, a bitter scowl settling on his strongly-marked features; "of what nature soever thou art, and if any such there really be, what conceivable purpose can't thou have had in view in placing this execrable idiot and me, in our relative positions?" He pursued this line of reflection for some time, till he had got into a far more melancholy and misanthropical humour than he had ever before fallen into—till, recollecting himself, and with a deep sigh, he rang for a fresh supply of coffee from his drowsy laundress; and then exerted himself vigorously till nearly five o'clock in the morning, at which hour he got, exhausted, into bed.

During the ensuing day, sure enough, he received a letter signed "*Simeon Spitfire*," and dated from "*Scorpion Court*," informing him that its respectable writer "was instructed to apply to him, on the part of Mr Titmouse, for the immediate delivery up of two promissory notes for £5000 each, given by one Charles Aubrey to the aforesaid Titmouse," and "begging Mr Gammon's imme-

diate attention *thereto*." Gammon immediately copied out and sent a letter which he had prepared beforehand—taking very high ground indeed, but slipping in an encouraging admission of the strict *legal* right of Mr Spitfire's client. 'Twas, in short, a lovely letter—showing its writer to be one of the most fastidiously high-minded men living; but producing not the least favourable effect upon the mind of Mr Spitfire, who instantly forwarded a formal and peremptory demand of the two documents in question. Gammon wrote a second letter, alluding to an unguarded admission made in his former letter, which he most devoutly hoped would not be used against him; and in terms of touching and energetic eloquence, re-asserted that, though the letter of the law might be against him, he conceived that, in point of honour, and, indeed, of justice, he was warranted in adhering to the solemn promise he had made to a gentleman for whom he entertained the most profound respect; and, in short, he flatly refused to give up the instruments demanded. Inconceivable was the exultation of Mr Spitfire, on finding himself getting so much the better of so astute a person as Mr Gammon; he took an opportunity of showing to every one who came to the office, how Mr Gammon had laid himself open to the superior tactics of Mr Spitfire. He then wrote a fine flourishing letter to wind up the correspondence, and stick into an affidavit, in the course of which he apprised Mr Gammon that the Court of King's Bench would be immediately applied to for a rule calling upon him forthwith to deliver up the documents in question. On this, Mr Gammon drew up an imposing and admirable affidavit, setting forth all the correspondence; and, as soon as he had been served with the rule *nisi*, he instructed the Attorney-General, Mr Sterling, and Mr Crystal, to "*show cause*" against it; knowing, of course, as well as counsel, with whom he did not think it necessary to hold a consultation, (for fear they should press him to give up the notes without showing cause,) that there was no earthly chance of successfully resisting the rule.—When he took his seat under the Attorney-General, just before that learned person rose to show cause against the rule, he touched Mr Gam-

mon on the shoulder, and very warmly complimented him on the highly honourable and friendly feeling which he had manifested towards the unfortunate Mr Aubrey; but he feared that the case, as far as the legal means went, was too plain for argument;—but he had looked with unusual care over the affidavits on which the rule had been obtained, and at the form of the rule itself—and rejoiced to say he felt confident that he should be able to discharge the rule, with costs:—of which Mr Gammon turned suddenly pale—with joyous surprise, as the Attorney-General imagined; he not knowing Gammon so well as we do. The reader is now in a position to appreciate the following report of what took place—and (*inter nos*) which said report had been drawn up for the *Morning Grawl*, by Mr Gammon himself.

" COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Yesterday.

(*In Banco*.)

Ex parte TITMOUSE.

" This was a rule, obtained by Mr " SUTLE on a previous day of the " term, calling upon Mr Gammon, of " the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and " Snap, to show cause why he should " not forthwith deliver up to Mr Tit- " mouse, M. P. for Yatton, two pro- " missory notes, each for the payment, " on demand to that gentleman, of " £5000, with interest, by Charles " Aubrey. The ATTORNEY-GENE- " RAL, Mr STERLING, and Mr CRY- " TAL, now appeared to show cause— " and took a preliminary objection to " the form of the rule. After a very " long discussion, the Court decided " that the rule might be moulded so " as to meet the facts of the case, and " directed cause to be shown on the " merits.

" From the affidavits filed in answer " to the rule, it appeared that shortly " after the termination of the late im- " portant case of *Doe dem. Titmouse* " v. *Aubrey*, (in which, it will be re- " collected, the lessor succeeded in " establishing his right to very large " estates in Yorkshire,) Mr. Gam- " mon had been very active in endea- " vouring to effect an amicable ar- " rangement concerning the *même* " profits; and after great exertions, " had persuaded his client, Mr Tit-

" mouse, to enter into an arrangement
 " highly advantageous to Mr Aubrey
 " —who was to be released, (as we
 " understood,) from no less a sum than
 " Sixty Thousand Pounds, due in re-
 " spect of the mesne profits, on giving
 " the two promissory notes, which
 " were the subject of the present ap-
 " plication. It further appeared, that
 " on obtaining Mr Aubrey's signa-
 " ture to these promissory notes, Mr
 " Gammon had explicitly and re-
 " peatedly assured him that he need
 " be under no apprehension of being
 " called on for payment for several
 " years; but that the notes should
 " remain in the hands of Mr Gam-
 " mon, and should not be put in suit
 " till after a twelvemonth's notice
 " had been given to Mr Aubrey. It
 " did not distinctly appear whether
 " Mr Titmouse was ever made aware
 " of this understanding between Mr
 " Gammon and Mr Aubrey—at all
 " events, nothing had ever passed in
 " writing upon the subject. Mr
 " Gammon, on the contrary, frankly
 " admitted it to be *possible* that Mr
 " Titmouse might have been under the
 " impression, while surrendering so
 " great a claim against Mr Aubrey, that
 " the sum secured by the two promis-
 " sory notes was to have been before
 " this time liquidated. There was no
 " affidavit made on the subject by Mr
 " Aubrey. It also appeared that Mr
 " Titmouse had not hitherto received
 " any portion of the large amount,
 " £20,000, yet due in respect of the
 " mesne profits. The affidavits read by
 " the Attorney-General set forth a
 " correspondence which had taken
 " place between Mr Titmouse's solic-
 " itor and Mr Gammon, in which the
 " latter insisted, in the most strenuous
 " terms, upon the *honourable* engage-
 " ment under which he conceived
 " himself to be to Mr Aubrey, and
 " solemnly declared his belief that Mr
 " Aubrey was under a similar im-
 " pression; at the same time, there
 " were expressions in Mr Gammon's
 " letters, from which it was plain that
 " he admitted the right, in point of
 " strict law, of Mr Titmouse to the
 " documents in question. It also ap-
 " peared from the affidavits of Mr
 " Titmouse, and was not denied by
 " those of Mr Gammon, that the for-
 " mer had repeatedly urged the lat-
 " ter to deliver up the notes, or com-
 " mence proceedings against Mr Au-

" brey—but that Mr Gammon had,
 " on all such occasions previous to the
 " present one, succeeded in dissuad-
 " ing him from his purpose. It had,
 " moreover, been alleged on behalf
 " of Mr Titmouse, that Mr Gammon
 " was acting in collusion with Mr
 " Aubrey, to defeat the just claim of
 " Mr Titmouse; but this the Attor-
 " ney-General indignantly disclaimed
 " on the part of Mr Gammon, whose
 " conduct throughout showed the
 " nicest sense of honour, and the ut-
 " most possible anxiety to interfere
 " between an unfortunate gentleman
 " and utter ruin. But,
 " The Court, without calling on Mr
 " SUTLE, (with whom were Mr
 " Goose and Mr MUD,) said the rule
 " must clearly be made absolute.
 " The legal right of Mr Titmouse to
 " the notes was admitted by Mr Gam-
 " mon's own affidavit; and there was
 " no pretence for holding, that as
 " against Mr Titmouse, Mr Gammon,
 " who was only *one* of that gentle-
 " man's attorneys, had any right to
 " withhold the documents in question.
 " No authority from Mr Titmouse to
 " Mr Gammon to make the alleged
 " representations to Mr Aubrey, had
 " been shown, and consequently that
 " gentleman could in no way be bound
 " by them. He was not even shown
 " to have been aware of them. It was
 " not pretended that Mr Gammon, or
 " any of his partners, had any *lien* on
 " the notes, which must be therefore
 " given up to Mr Titmouse. With
 " respect to the imputation against
 " Mr Gammon, of being in collusion
 " with Mr Aubrey, Lord Widdring-
 " ton added, that from what his lord-
 " ship himself knew of Mr Aubrey,
 " it was impossible for a moment to
 " imagine him capable of any thing
 " inconsistent with the strictest ho-
 " nour; and that Mr Gammon's con-
 " duct showed that, though mistaken
 " as to the extent of his power over
 " the notes entrusted to him, he had
 " acted from the purest motives, and
 " evinced an honourable anxiety to
 " serve the interests of one whom he
 " believed to be unfortunate. The rule
 " was then made absolute; but on
 " Mr Suttle applying for the costs,
 " the remainder of the day was occu-
 " pied in an elaborate discussion upon
 " the question—which, however, was
 " eventually referred to the Master."
 " Nor was this all. The intelligent

editor of the *Morning Groul*, happening to cast his eye over the above, while lying in proofs, made it the subject of an eloquent leading article, in which were contained many just and striking reflections on the frequent inconsistency between law and justice—of which the present—he said—was a glaring instance. It was truly lamentable to find truth, and honour, generosity, and justice, all sacrificed to the wretched technicalities, the petty quirks and quibbles, of the law—which required a radical reform. Indeed, the whole system of our jurisprudence called for the most searching revision, which, he hoped, would ere long take place. Then followed some powerful animadversions upon the conduct of Lord Widdrington in giving effect to such pettifoggish subterfuges as had that day served plainly to defeat the ends of justice; and the article concluded by calling upon his lordship to resign his seat on the bench, and make way for a more liberal and enlightened successor, who would decide every case that came before him, according to the dictates of natural equity and common sense, without being trammelled by such considerations as at present fettered and impeded the due administration of justice. It did so happen, that this same incompetent Lord Widdrington had called down upon himself and his court the foregoing philippic, by having imposed a smart fine upon the publisher of the *Morning Groul*, and superadded a twelvemonth's imprisonment, for a very gross and infamous libel upon an amiable and dignified ecclesiastic; and this, too, his lordship had done, after overruling an almost interminable series of frivolous and vexatious technical objections to the proceedings, urged by the defendant's counsel, in conformity with his urgent instruction to take every possible advantage.

At the earliest moment at which Mr Aubrey could, without suspicion, extricate himself from the embraces of his overjoyed wife, sister, and children, on his return to Vivian Street, he withdrew to his study, in order to dispatch some letters, but principally, as the reader may easily imagine, to peruse the paper given him by Mr Runnington with such ominous significance. His eye soon caught the words "*Ex parte Titmouse*"—and he read through

the above report of the proceedings with exceeding agitation. He read it over twice or thrice, and felt really sick at heart.

"Oh, unfathomable Gammon!" he exclaimed, at length, aloud, laying down the paper, and sinking into his chair. "Surely I am the weakest, or you the subtlest of mankind!" He turned over in his thoughts every thing that he could recollect of Gammon's conduct from the first moment that they had met. He felt completely baffled and bewildered—and again perused the report of the proceedings in the King's Bench—and would have again relapsed into thought, but his eye happened to alight on two or three notes lying on his table, where they had been placed by Fanny, having come in his absence. He opened the first listlessly, not knowing the handwriting; but, on unfolding it, he started violently on recognising the handwriting of Gammon within; and with mingled wonder and fear, read as follows:—

"Thavies' Inn.

"Dear Sir—God only knows when or where these hasty lines will find you. I am forced to address them to Vivian Street, being in total ignorance of your intended movements. If you have not taken my advice, and withdrawn from the kingdom, I know not what grievous indignity may not have befallen you. You may have been torn from your family, and now incarcerated in prison, the victim of a most cruel and inveterate rapacity. My conscience bears me witness that I can say—I can do—no more on your behalf. I am grossly misrepresented—I am insulted, by having base and sinister motives attributed to me, for my conduct towards you—for my anxious and repeated interference in your behalf. In the *Morning Groul* of to-day you will probably see—if you have not already seen—the report of some proceedings against me, yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench. It may apprise you of the last desperate stand I have made in your behalf. It is with bitter regret—it is with a feeling of deep indignation, that I tell you I am unable to fulfil my solemn, my deliberate, my repeated promise to you concerning the two promissory notes which you deposited with me, in

"implicit reliance on my honour. "Alas! you must prepare for the worst! Mr Titmouse and his new adviser can have, of course, but *one object* in requiring the surrender of the two promissory notes, which I have already been compelled to give up, under peril of an attachment for contempt of court. I have strained, God knows! every nerve on your behalf; have all but fatally quarreled with Mr Titmouse, and with my partners; and I stand in some measure compromised, by the recent proceedings, before the profession and the public—and *all in vain!* "Yet, once more—if you are not blinded and infatuated beyond all example or belief—I implore you, in the name of Heaven—by every consideration that should influence a man of honour and of feeling—*fly!*—lose not a *second* after reading these lines (which I entreat you to destroy when read,) or *that second* may involve your ruin—and the ruin of all connected with you! Believe me, your distressed—your unalterable friend,
O. G."

Mr Aubrey laid down this letter; and sinking back again into his chair, yielded for some moments to an impulse very nearly akin to despair. "Oh God!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand against his aching forehead—"to what hast thou destined us, thy wretched creatures!—I am forbidden to believe—I cannot—I will not believe—that thou hast made us only to torment us; yet, alas! my spirit is at length drooping under these accumulated evils!—Oh God! Oh God! I am blind! Give me sight, to discern thy will concerning me!—Oh give me not up to despair! *Break not the bruised reed! Quench not the smoking flax!*—What is to become of me? Is this man thy messenger of evil to me? Is he the subtle and vindictive fiend I fear him to be? What can be his object—his motive—for resorting to such tortuous and complicated scheming against us as must be his, if he be playing the hypocrite?—Or is he really what he represents himself? And am I guilty of groundless distrust—of gross ingratitude?—What shall I think, what can I do? Oh my God, preserve my senses to me—my understanding! My brain seems reeling! My perceptions are becoming disturb-

ed!—Perhaps this very night, the frightful scene of the morning may be acted over again! again my bleeding heart be torn from those it loves—to whom thou hast united it!"—A deep sigh, or rather groan, burst from him; and leaning over the table, he buried his face in his hands, and remained for some time in that posture.

"What am I to do?" he presently enquired, rising, and walking to and fro. "*Fly!*" he says! Were I weak and unprincipled enough to do so, should I not, in all human probability, fall into the deepest pit he has dug for me?—But be that as it may—*fly!* I will not! Never! Never! Those dear—those precious beings in yonder room"—his heart thrilled within him—"may weep for me, but shall never blush for me!"

"Why—how horrid is my position! Ten—ten thousand pounds and upwards, must either I pay, or Lord de la Zouch for me, within a few months;—here is a second ten thousand pounds, with nearly five hundred pounds of interest; I am to-day arrested for nearly fifteen hundred pounds; and this man Titmouse holds my bond for two thousand pounds more, and interest! Is it, then, thy will, O God! that I am to sink beneath my troubles? Am I to perish from thy sight? To be crushed beneath thy displeasure?—Or, merciful Father!—wilt Thou save me, *when there is none other to help?*"

Calmness seemed stealing insensibly over his troubled spirit; his agitated feelings sank gradually into an indescribable and wonderful repose; in that dismal moment of extreme suffering, his soul became blessedly sensible of its relationship to God;—that he was not the miserable victim of chance—as the busy spirit of darkness incessantly whispered in his ear—but in the hands of the *Father of the spirits of all flesh*, who listened, in his behalf, to the pleading of *One touched with the feeling of our infirmities—who was in all points tempted, even as we are*. His fainting soul felt sustained as by the grace for which it had sought; the oil and balm of a sound scriptural consolation were poured into his wounds. Before his quickened eye arose many bright figures of those who had gloriously overcome the fiercest assaults of the Evil One, resisting even unto death:—he felt for a

moment compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses to the mercy and goodness of God. Oh, in that moment, how wonderfully little seemed the sorrows which had before appeared so great! He felt, in a manner, at once humbled and exalted. Invisible support clung to his confident soul—as it were the arm of Him who *will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.* He sank silently upon his knees; and with clasped hands, and his face raised towards heaven, with profound contrition of spirit, yet with firm faith, besought the mercy which God has promised to those who thus will ask for it. Thus occupied, he did not perceive the door gently opened, and by Mrs Aubrey—who, closing it hastily after her, flung her arm round his neck, sinking down beside him, and in a low, fond voice, exclaimed—“Oh, my own love! My own Charles! My poor, oppressed, persecuted, heart-broken husband! Pray for me—me also!” He gently returned her embrace, looking at her unutterable things; and after they had remained thus for a few moments, they arose. He gazed at her with unspeakable tenderness, and a countenance full of serenity and resignation. He gently soothed her agitated feelings, and succeeded in communicating to her a measure of the composure which he experienced himself. Before they had quitted that little room, he had even apprised her, faithfully, of the peril which momentarily menaced them—and again the cold waters gushed over her soul. At length, however, she had recovered her self-possession sufficiently to return to the room she had quitted, and instantly blanched Miss Aubrey’s check by communicating the new terrors which threatened them.

Just as they were finishing dinner—a mere mockery, however, of a meal—a double knock at the door occasioned them all not a little agitation; but, as the event proved, needlessly, since it announced the arrival of only their kind experienced friend, Mr Runnington—who evidently felt infinitely relieved at finding that Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey had been made acquainted by Mr Aubrey with the additional source of apprehension

afforded by the report of the King’s Bench proceedings. Mr Runnington felt assured that within twenty-four hours’ time proceedings would be taken against Mr Aubrey; whom, however, he reminded, that as in the former, so in the anticipated case, the extent of his immediate anxiety would be the finding bail for so very serious an amount: but that difficulty surmounted, he would be safe from personal annoyance and apprehension till the ensuing November. Mr Aubrey then proceeded to apprise Mr Runnington of the death of old Lady Stratton, and the grievous events connected with it, amidst the tears and sobs of Mrs Aubrey and Kate. Though he said but little, his countenance showed how truly shocked he was at the intelligence. “Never in my experience,” at length he observed, “a thirty-six years’ experience in the profession, have I heard of, or met with, such a case of complicated misfortune as yours! ‘But it is,’ as the old proverb has it, ‘a long lane that has no turning.’ We must trust, my dear sir, to the chapter of accidents.”

“Oh, Mr Runnington!” interrupted Aubrey, with animation, “there is no such thing. It is the *order of Providence.*” They then entered into a long conversation; in the course of which—“If our fears—our worst fears—be confirmed,” observed Runnington, “and they venture to put in suit these two notes—then they will have thrown down the gauntlet. I’ll take it up—and there’s no knowing what may turn up, when we come to close quarters. First and foremost, I’ll tax away every farthing of the alleged ‘balance’ of their monstrous bill—ay, I’ll stake my reputation on it, that I leave them not a shilling; but, on the contrary, prove that you have already greatly overpaid them.”

“Alas! have I not, however, pledged myself to Mr Gammon *not to do so?*” interrupted Aubrey.

“Pshaw!—Forgive me, but this is absurd. Indeed, Mr Aubrey, it is really out-heroding Herod! All is fair against adversaries such as these! Besides, if you must be so scrupulous and fastidious—and I honour you for it—there’s another way of putting it, which I fancy settles the matter. By Mr Titmouse putting these bills in suit, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap’s promise to you is not perform-

ed—it is broken ; and so there is an end of yours, which is dependent upon the performance of theirs.”

“That is only on the supposition that they are playing me false—whereas the proceedings yesterday in court, especially when coupled with Mr Gammon’s letters to me”——

“All hollow ! hollow !” replied Mr Runnington, shaking his head.—“False and hypocritical ! Who could trust to Gammon ? This fellow Titmouse, whom they are doubtless fleeing daily, is in all probability desperately driven ; and they have allowed him to get hold of these two bills, after a sham resistance on the part of Gammon, in order to call forward your friends to the rescue—that’s their game, depend upon it !” Mr Aubrey fired at the bare thought. “Yet I must own I am at a loss to discover what motive or object Mr Gammon can have for going so far out of his way to secure your good opinion, or for wrapping himself in so impenetrable a disguise. He is a very, very deep devil, that Gammon ; and, depend upon it, has some sinister purpose to effect, which you will by and by discover !” Mr Aubrey then, for the first time, acquainted Mr Runnington with Gammon’s recent proposals to Miss Aubrey, at which Mr Runnington seemed for some moments struck dumb with astonishment.

“I presume,” at length said he, turning with a brief and sad smile towards Miss Aubrey, whose reddening cheek betokened the interest she felt in the conversation—“I presume, Miss Aubrey, there is no chance of our seeing you pass into—Mrs Gammon ?”

“I should rather think not, Mr Runnington,” she replied, with sufficient loftiness of manner ; “and I am quite at a loss to conceive what could possibly have put such a thing into his head.”

“Certainly, Mr Runnington,” said Aubrey, “I can undertake to say that my sister never gave him any encouragement.”

“Encouragement ?—Horrid man !” exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with great vivacity. “I could never bear him—you know it, Charles—so do you, Agnes !” Mr Runnington made no further observation on the subject, though his thoughts were very busy : he was satisfied that he was beginning to discover a clue to much of Gammon’s

conduct—for that that gentleman was acting with profound duplicity, Mr Runnington entertained no doubt whatever ; and he resolved to watch his every motion connected with Mr Aubrey, closely.

“What will be the earliest period,” enquired Mr Aubrey, “at which Mr Titmouse, if so disposed, can put in suit my bond given to the late Lady Stratton ?”

“As soon as he has obtained the grant of letters of administration, which cannot take place till the end of fourteen days from her ladyship’s death—that being one difference, as you are aware, between the powers of an executor and an administrator.” Mr Aubrey sighed, and made no reply ; while Mr Runnington looked at him for some moments in silence, as if doubting whether to mention something which had occurred to him. At length—“Of course, Mr Aubrey,” he commenced, “one does not like to raise groundless hopes or fears ; but, do you know, I am by no means free from doubts as to the reality of Lady Stratton’s intestacy—whether the draft of her proposed will, brought to her by Mr Parkinson, could not be admitted to probate. Very—very nice questions, as you must be aware, often arise out of cases like these ! Since seeing you this morning, I have written off to Mr Parkinson for full and private information on the point ; and if I get a satisfactory answer, with your consent I will certainly lodge a caveat against the grant of titles of administration. That would indeed checkmate them ! But I have very slight hopes indeed of receiving such an answer as one could wish,” added Mr Runnington, fearful of exciting fruitless expectations. Shortly afterwards Miss Aubrey, who had appeared for some little time labouring under considerable excitement, addressing her brother, said, with evident embarrassment—“Charles, I am very anxious to mention something that has occurred to me of a very singular nature—if you think I am at liberty to do so ; and I shall first ask you and Mr Runnington, whether, under the circumstances, you consider me entitled to disclose what I allude to.”

“Kate, Kate !—what is this ?—What do you mean ? You quite alarm me !” enquired her brother, with an amazed air.

“Suppose Mr Gammon, on the

occasion of his calling upon me, which has been recently mentioned, volunteered a statement of a very, very extraordinary description—one that has ever since quite *haunted* me, day and night. Mind, Charles—I say that, in the first instance, he *volunteered* it, only expressing an earnest wish that I should mention it to no one; on which I said I should make no promise, but act as I might think proper; and after my saying this, he made the communication I allude to. *Should I be at liberty,*” continued Miss Aubrey, eagerly and anxiously, “now to disclose what he told me? I am dying to do it, if I may, honourably.”

“My dear Kate, I really fear you are wandering—that you are overcome with the sufferings you have gone through to-day,” said her brother tenderly, and with infinite concern.

“Indeed, Charles, I am not,” she answered, with great earnestness.

“Then I am of opinion that you may most certainly mention any thing so communicated to you—I have no doubt, Kate.”

“Nor I, Miss Aubrey,” added Mr Runnington, eagerly; “nay, I go further—with a man like him, I think it is your *duty* to disclose any thing he may have said to you.”

Miss Aubrey paused for a few moments, and then mentioned the singular circumstance with which the reader is already acquainted; namely, Mr Gammon’s distinct and solemn assurance to her, that he possessed the power of restoring her brother to the possession of Yatton; and that, too, by legal and honourable means; and that, if she would but promise to receive him as her suitor, he would pledge himself to replace them all at Yatton before claiming the performance of his promise.

Mr Aubrey, Mrs Aubrey, and Mr Runnington, all listened to this strange story in silence, and gazed in astonishment at Miss Aubrey.

“Forgive me, dear madam,” said Mr Runnington at length, exchanging an incredulous glance with her brother, “if I—I—express a doubt whether you are not labouring under a complete misconception.”

“’Tis impossible, Kate!” added her brother; but he knew, at the same time, his sister’s strong sense; and all doubt vanished both from his mind

and that of Mr Runnington on her calmly and distinctly repeating what she had just said—giving even the very expressions made use of by Mr Gammon, and which, she said, they might easily believe had made a very deep impression on her mind.

“It’s inconceivable!” exclaimed her brother, after a long pause.

“It’s an audacious and cruel falsehood, in my opinion,” said Mr Runnington: and all again were silent. Then he hastily ran his eye over the main points in the late proceedings by which Mr Aubrey had been ejected from Yatton. “Either,” he continued, after a pause, “he is a gross liar, or is labouring under insanity—or there has been shocking, atrocious villany practised against you. If he be in his senses, and be speaking the truth—gracious Heaven! he must have brought forward a series of perjured witnesses at the trial.”

“Did he drop any hint, Kate, as to the means by which he could bring about such a result?” enquired her brother after a long pause, during which he too had been, like Mr Runnington, reflecting on the course of proof by which the case of Titmouse had been supported.

“No—not the remotest; of that I am certain. I observed that particularly; though shortly afterwards, I was so overcome by what he had said, and also by the manner in which he said it, that I fainted. Mr Gammon must have carried me to the sofa; for when I came to myself I was lying there—though, when I felt myself losing my consciousness, I was standing near the window, which I had risen to open.”

“It’s the most amazing thing I ever heard in my life, I protest!” exclaimed Mr Runnington, thoughtfully: while Mr Aubrey rose from his chair, and walked a few steps to and fro, obviously labouring under much excitement.

“Kate, Kate!” said he, rather vehemently, “you should have told me this the instant that you next saw me!”

“For Heaven’s sake, be calm, dearest Charles!” cried Mrs Aubrey, herself not a little agitated by the extraordinary intelligence just communicated by Kate, for the first time, even to her. Poor Miss Aubrey, on seeing the way in which her communication had been received, heartily regretted having mentioned the matter.

"This will require very great consideration, Mr Aubrey, to know how to deal with it, and with Gammon," said Mr Runnington. "I am inclined to think, at present, that he would hardly have ventured upon so outrageous a piece of folly, as making such a representation as this, had there been no foundation for it in fact; and yet, I am quite astonished that a man so acute, so signally self-possessed, should have so committed himself—he must have been under some great excitement at the moment."

"He certainly was, or at least seemed, a good deal agitated while he was with me," quoth Kate, colouring a little.

"That is highly probable, Miss Aubrey," replied Mr Runnington, with a faint smile. "It must have appeared to him as one of the most likely occurrences, that Miss Aubrey should mention to you, Mr Aubrey, so extraordinary a circumstance! It is very, very difficult to imagine Mr Gammon thrown off his guard, on any occasion." Then ensued an anxious and prolonged conversation on the subject, in which many conjectures were made, but without leading to any satisfactory issue; quite a new light seemed now thrown upon all his past acts, and the whole tenor of his conduct. They read over his last two notes with new and deep interest, on the supposition that, while writing them he was conscious of possessing the power which he had represented. All was mystery. Then was discussed the question, as to the propriety of either Mr Runnington or Mr Aubrey applying to Mr Gammon upon the subject—a step which was, however, postponed for future and more mature consideration. Another thing suggested itself to Mr Aubrey, but he kept it to himself:—should he at once apprise Mr Gammon of the fact that Kate was in a manner unquestionably engaged to Mr Delamere, and so, at once and for ever, extinguish all hope on the part of Mr Gammon?"

The evening, however, was now advancing, and Mr Runnington pressed upon Mr Aubrey the object he had chiefly had in view in calling. It was to prevail on Mrs Aubrey and himself to accompany him that evening to his country house, which lay in the direction of Richmond, at about six miles' distance from town, and where, for a brief interval, they might

enjoy a respite from the frightful suspense and danger to which they were at present exposed in Vivian Street. Mrs Aubrey and Kate most earnestly seconded the kind importunities of Mr Runnington; and after considerable hesitation Mr Aubrey consented. It was accordingly arranged, that, Mr Runnington's carriage not being in town, he should return within an hour with a glass-coach; and that, during the ensuing day, Mrs Runnington should drive to town for the purpose of bringing back with her Miss Aubrey, and little Charles and Agner. This having been determined upon, Mr Runnington quitted them, promising to return within an hour, when he hoped to find them ready to start, and equipped for a several days' sojourn. As soon as he had left the house, Mr Aubrey's scruples began to revive: it appeared to him, that though it might be for a short time only, still it was, in effect, an absconding from his creditors: and there is no knowing but that his fastidious scruples, his delicate sense of rectitude, might have led him after all to send off Mrs Aubrey alone, when, poor soul! he was spared the trial by an incident which occurred about half an hour after Mr Runnington's departure. Mrs Aubrey was sitting in the parlour in travelling dress, fondling little Agnes, and talking earnestly to Kate about the management of the two children, and other matters; while Mr Aubrey, also ready to start, was in the study selecting a book or two to take with him, when a heavy single knock at the door, unaccompanied by the sound of coach-wheels, nearly paralysed all three of them. Suffice it to say, that within a few minutes' time the wretched and almost heart-broken Aubrey was a second time in custody, and at the suit of Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., M.P., for the principal sum of ten thousand pounds, and interest for twelve months, at the rate of five pounds *per centum per annum*. The agonizing scene which ensued I shall leave entirely to the reader's imagination—observing only, that the two minions of the law into whose hands Aubrey had now fallen, seemed totally indifferent to the anguish they witnessed. The chief was a well-known sheriff's officer—one VICE; short, fat, bloated; deeply pitted with the small-pox; close-cut black hair, almost as coarse as that of a hog;

while the expression of his features was at once callous and insolent. Aubrey perceived at a glance that he had no consideration or mercy to expect at the hands of such a man as this; and the follower very much resembled his master.

"You're my prisoner, sir," said Vice, walking up to Aubrey, and with an air of matter-of-fact brutality taking hold of his collar with one hand, while in the other he held his warrant. "If you like to clap a great-coat on, as it's getting late, you may; but the sooner you're off out of the way of all this here noise, the better—I should say."

"For God's sake wait for a few minutes—I have a friend coming," said Aubrey, his wife clinging to his arm.

"D—d if I wait a moment, that's flat!" quoth Vice, glancing at the two boxes in the passage, and guessing from them, and the travelling dress of Mrs Aubrey, that he had arrived just in the very nick of time to prevent an escape.

"For the love of Heaven, stay only five minutes!" cried Kate, passionately wringing her hands—but she might as well have addressed a blacksmith's anvil as either of the men who were now masters of her doomed brother's person.

"Tis useless, Kate—'tis in vain, my love!" said he, with a melancholy air; and turning to Vice, who, with his companion, stood at only a few inches' distance from him—"perhaps you will allow me to write down the address of the place you are taking me to?" he enquired, somewhat sternly.

"Write away then, and make haste; for, write or no write, you're off!"

Mr Aubrey hastily wrote down in pencil, for Mr Runnington, "Vice—Squeezum Court, Cary Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields;" and then, having hastily drawn on his great coat—without taking with him even a change of linen—for Vice would seem to have got the idea of a rescue into his head, and who, besides, anxious to run not the least risk with a *ten thousand pounds' debtor*—tore himself from the frenzied embrace of his wife and sister, and quitted the house. Vice had refused even to let his man go in quest of a hackney-coach, or to wait while Fanny ran for one; and the moment

they had got into the street, the cries of Mrs Aubrey and Kate yet ringing in Mr Aubrey's ears, Vice put his arm with rough familiarity into that of Mr Aubrey, directing his follower to do the same; and in this style they hurried Mr Aubrey along the whole of the distance between Vivian Street and Squeezum Court; he uttering not one single word—but his heart almost bursting. Vice had received his instructions from Mr Spitfire, who was a very dashing practitioner, and, perfectly well knowing the value of every day towards the close of term, had got his affidavit of debt prepared and ready sworn, and every thing in readiness, even before the rule had been made absolute against Mr Gammon. As the two captors and their prize—a gentleman between two ruffians—passed at a smart pace along the streets, they attracted considerable attention; now and then, even a little crowd would follow them for half the length of the street. Once Mr Aubrey caught the words—"Poor fellow! Forgery, no doubt—he's a dead man in a month!"

Vice's lock-up was, though similar in its general appearance, yet of a much inferior description to that of Grab. It was smaller and meaner. They reached it a little after eight o'clock.

"Are you for the parlour, or the common room?" enquired Vice, as soon as they had entered the house.

"Which you please," replied Aubrey, quickly and gloomily.

"P'raps you'd better show the gemman up-stairs," said the follower, hesitatingly, to his master.

"You pay extra up-stairs," quoth Vice; "which shall it be?"

"I have no money, sir, to spare—I know your extortions!"

"Oh, come along then!" replied Vice, insolently; and in a minute or two Mr Aubrey found himself in a tolerably large, but low room, at the back of the house, lit by three or four candles. There were some ten or twelve persons in it, who were smoking, drinking, reading the newspapers, playing at cards, dice, pitch-farthing, and so forth. All seemed in good spirits, and suspended for a moment their various occupations to scrutinize the new-comer—on whom the door was in a twinkling closed and locked.

"Now, sir, just in time to cut in," said a thin pale man, stepping briskly

up to him from a table at which he and two others had just begun to play a rubber. "Now, sir," he continued, in a confident tone, working the edges of the cards rapidly through his fingers with the air of an adept, and then proffering the pack to Mr Aubrey.

"I do not play," replied Aubrey in a low tone.

"Better take a card—drive dull care away: you'll be devilish dull here without play of some sort."

"I do not play, sir—I certainly shall not," repeated Mr Aubrey, somewhat peremptorily.

"Only half-crown points—can't hurt you," he continued, with a flip-pant air; and Mr Aubrey walked from him with an air of disgust towards another part of the room.

"You're a liar!" said one of two men playing at drafts, to the other, a dispute having arisen about the game as Mr Aubrey passed them.

"You're a cheat!" was the answer; on which the man so addressed suddenly and violently flung a half-empty tumbler of brandy and water at the other; it took effect on the forehead of his companion, who fell stunned from his chair, on which there was a general rush towards the spot. In the midst of this sickening scene the door was opened by Vice—

"Hollo—what's the matter?" said he, locking the door after him, and coming up to the group round the fallen and miserable man who had been struck.

"Who did it?" cried he, fiercely, on catching sight of the prostrate man.

"I did," answered the perpetrator of the outrage, "he called me a cheat."

"*You did!*" quoth Vice, suddenly grasping him by the collar, as with the hand of a giant, and forcing him, despite his struggling, down to the floor, when he put one knee on his breast, and then shook him till he began to get black in the face.

"D—n it, Vice, don't murder him," cried one of the bystanders—all of whom seemed disposed to interfere; but at this point, the man who had been struck, and had been lying for some minutes motionless, suddenly began to dash about his arms and legs convulsively—for he had fallen into a fit of epilepsy. The attention of all present was now absorbed by this one dreadful figure; and the man whom Vice had quitted, rose flushed and

breathless from the floor, and looked with a face of horror upon the victim of his ungovernable passions.

"I must get a doctor," quoth Vice, "presently," approaching the door; and in passing Mr Aubrey, who sat down looking exceedingly agitated—"Oh—here you are!" said he; "come along with me."

"I hope this poor man will be properly attended to."

"That's my look-out, not your's," replied Vice, rudely—"come you along with me!" and, unlocking the door, he motioned out Mr Aubrey, and, after sending off a man for a surgeon, led Mr Aubrey into a kind of office—where he was instantly clasped by the hands by Mr Runnington, who had been there some few minutes. He looked like an angel in the eyes of Mr Aubrey, who returned his cordial pressure with convulsive energy, but in silence, for his shocked and overcharged feelings forbade him utterance. Mr Runnington looked both annoyed and distressed—for Vice had refused to discharge his prisoner on Mr Runnington's undertaking, telling him the sum was a trifle too large for running any risk; and, in short, he peremptorily refused to do it without a written authority from the under-sheriff; and added, he knew it was useless for Mr Runnington to make the application—for they had only a few months before been "let in" for eight hundred pounds in that same way—so that Mr Runnington had better, said Vice, be looking after a good bail-bond. In a word, Vice was inexorable; and a hint of the possibility of Mr Aubrey's flight to the continent, dropped by Mr Spit-fire to the under-sheriff, had caused that functionary to advise Vice "to look sharp after his bird."

"At all events, let Mr Aubrey be shown into your parlour, Vice," said Mr Runnington, "and I will settle with you when I return. I am just going to the office, to see what I can do with Mr Ridley."

"It's no manner of use; and besides, it's ten to one you don't catch him—he's gone to Clapham by this time," said Vice, looking up at the dusky Dutch clock over the fire-place. But Mr Runnington was not to be so easily discouraged, and started off on his friendly errand; on which Vice led Mr Aubrey up-stairs into his "parlour," telling him, as they went up-stairs, that there were only two

other "gentlemen" there, and so "them three could make it comfortable to one another, if they liked." Vice added, that as he had only one double-bedded room at liberty, they must agree among themselves which should sleep on the sofa—or perhaps take it by turns.

On entering the parlour two figures were visible; one that of a tall, pale, emaciated, gentlemanly person of about forty, who lay on the sofa, languidly smoking a cigar, more, apparently, to assuage pain than for the purpose of mere indulgence. The other was a portly grey-haired man, apparently about fifty, and also of gentlemanly appearance. He was standing with his back to the fireplace—one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other holding a tumbler, which he raised to his lips as Vice entered, and having drained it, requested him to replenish it. 'Twas the third tumbler of strong brandy and water that evening that he had just dispatched; and his restless and animated eye and voluble utterance, testified to the influence of what he had been drinking. On Vice's retiring, this gentleman began to address Mr Aubrey in a rapid and somewhat incoherent strain—telling him of the accident which had that morning befallen him; for that Vice had laid his rough hand upon him just as he was embarking in an Indiaman, off Blackwall, to bid farewell to this "cursed country" for ever. This man had been a great merchant in the city, and for a series of years universally respected. He had married a fashionable wife; and their ambition and absurd extravagance, combined with losses unquestionably originating in a want of confidence on the part of his mercantile connexions, occasioned solely by his ostentation, irregularities, and inattention to business, drove him to gambling speculations. Unfortunate there, he took to courses of downright dishonesty; availing himself of his character and power as trustee, executor, and otherwise, to draw out of the funds, from time to time, very large sums of money, to the utter ruin of some twenty or thirty unfortunate families, whose deceased relatives had quitted life with implicit confidence in his integrity. The guilty splendour thus secured him lasted for some few years, when an accident set him suddenly wrong;—a beautiful girl, for

whom he was sole trustee, and every farthing of whose fortune he had appropriated to his own purposes, applied to him for the immediate settlement of her property. The next morning he had stopped payment: Mincing Lane was in a ferment—astonishment prevailed at the Exchange. Who could have thought it! said every body. He was nowhere to be seen or heard of—but at length intelligence of his movements having been obtained by one of his numerous distracted victims, led to his apprehension in the way that has been already mentioned. Of all this, Mr Aubrey, of course, could know nothing—but, nevertheless, he was somewhat struck with the man's countenance and manner: but with what awful interest would Mr Aubrey have regarded him, had he known that the miserable being before him had determined upon self destruction—and that within ten days' time he would actually accomplish his frightful purpose!—For he was found in bed, a ghastly object, with his head almost severed from his body.

In the other—a ruined *roué*—Mr Aubrey was infinitely shocked at presently recognizing the features of one whom he had slightly known at Oxford. This was a member of an ancient and honourable family, and born to a princely fortune, which he had totally dissipated in every conceivable mode of extravagance and profligacy, both at home and abroad, and with it had also ruined his constitution. He had taken honours at Oxford, and was expected to have been very eminent in Parliament. But at college his tendency to profligacy rapidly developed itself. He became notorious for his debaucheries, and made ostentation of his infidelity. He had returned from France only a few days before, in an advanced stage of consumption; and having been pounced upon by one of his numerous infuriate creditors, hither he had been brought the evening before—and would be the next morning lodged in the Fleet, as he could procure no bail; and there he might, possibly, live till he could apply to take the benefit of the insolvent act! He at length recognized Mr Aubrey; and raising himself up on the sofa, extended his wasted hand to Mr Aubrey, who shook it kindly—much shocked at his appearance. What a marvellous difference

between the characters of these two men!

After about half-an-hour's absence, Mr Runnington returned, much dispirited. Mr Ridley was not to be found; and, consequently, Mr Aubrey must remain in his wretched quarters all night, and till probably an advanced period of the ensuing day—till, in short, Mr Runnington had obtained responsible sureties for his putting in bail to the action. Having whispered a few words to Mr Aubrey in the adjoining room, and slipped a five-pound note into his hand, Mr Runnington took his leave, pledging himself to lose not one moment in procuring his release; and charged with innumerable fond expressions to Mrs Aubrey, to Kate, and to his children—to whom Mr Runnington promised to go that night. "This is almost the bitterest moment of my life," faltered poor Aubrey; "it is very hard to bear!" and he wrung Mr Runnington's hand—that gentleman being almost as much affected as his truly unfortunate client; who, however, on being left by Mr Runnington, felt grateful indeed to the Almighty for so powerful and invaluable a friend.

Neither Mr Aubrey nor Mr Somerville—that was the name of his early acquaintance—quitted the sitting-room during the whole of the night; but as their companion retired early to the adjoining room, and immediately fell into heavy sleep, they at length entered into conversation together—conversation of a melancholy, but deeply interesting, and, I may even add, instructive character. Mr Aubrey's notes of it are by me; but I will not risk fatiguing the indulgent reader's attention. When the chill grey morning broke, it found the two prisoners still in earnest conversation; but shortly afterwards nature yielded, and they both fell asleep—Mr Aubrey, with an humble and fervent inward prayer, commending those dear beings who were absent to the protection of Heaven, and imploring it also for himself.

Immediately on quitting Mr Aubrey, Mr Runnington, according to his promise, went direct to Vivian Street, and the scene which he had endeavoured to prepare for encountering, on their finding him return unaccompanied by Mr Aubrey, was indeed most overpowering to his feelings, and heart-rending. Alas! how

confidently had they reckoned upon an issue similar to that which had so happily occurred in the morning. 'Twas the first time—the very first time—since their troubles, that Mr and Mrs Aubrey had been separated for one single night. And he was now the inmate of a prison! Mrs Aubrey and Kate sat up the livelong night—a memorable and miserable night to them—counting hour after hour, whose flight was announced by the neighbouring church clock. Their eyes were swollen with weeping, and their throbbing temples ached, as, at the first glimpse of dull daybreak, they drew aside the parlour curtain and threw open the window. They were, indeed, with some of old, *weary of watching*.

How little they thought—how little had Mr Runnington been aware—that Mr Gammon had been in the neighbourhood from an early hour in the evening till a late hour of the night! Mr Runnington had twice passed him without observation; and Gammon having witnessed, from a little distance, the cruel indignity which had been inflicted upon Aubrey, by dragging him like a felon along the streets, walked to and fro in the adjoining streets till long after Mr Runnington's final departure, unable to muster resolution enough to call at the house, though he had once or twice paused opposite the door. His heart failed him, however, altogether; and, finally abandoning his intention, he returned to his chambers, disappointed and harassed.

About mid-day, thanks to the energetic friendship of Mr Runnington, and the promptitude of those whose names had been given to him by Mr Aubrey, he made his appearance in Vivian Street. He saw Mrs Aubrey and Kate as he passed, sitting at the window, anxiously on the look-out. They also saw him—sprang to the door—and opening it while he was in the act of knocking, they were instantly locked in each other's embrace. He looked pale and harassed, certainly; but, 'twas he—the beloved husband and brother—Providence had permitted them once more to meet! All their recent pangs were for a moment forgotten and drowned in the overflowing joy of such a re-union. He was already sufficiently subdued; but when he heard the footsteps of his children pattering rapidly down-stairs

—and heard their little voices continually, and in eager accents exclaim, “Papa!—my papa!—where is papa?”—and when they ran up to him, and he felt their little arms round his neck—then he was overpowered—his lip quivered convulsively, and he could not refrain from bursting into tears. Oh, ’twas home, poor oppressed soul!—after all—to which Providence had permitted him to return, and where he saw himself suddenly surrounded by those precious objects of his undivided and unutterable love! Indeed, there he was thankful; his heart—all their hearts—overflowed with gratitude. Towards the evening, they received a visit from Mr and Mrs Neville, who were infinitely shocked on hearing of the events of the last few days, and of which they had not had the slightest intimation, living, as they did, at so great a distance, and not having seen their friends the Aubreys for several weeks. Poor souls! they also had their troubles—’twas wonderful how they contrived to exist upon the paltry pittance obtained by his ministerial duties; but they came ever with cheerfulness—unaffected and refreshing cheerfulness; they never uttered a murmur at the thorny desert which life seemed destined to prove to them, but had always a comfortable word for their weary fellow-pilgrims. What a happy evening they passed together! Poor Neville was in high spirits; for an article of his, full of profound research and delicate criticism, which had cost him a great deal of labour to prepare, had at length been accepted by the editor of a classical and ecclesiastical Review, who had forwarded to him a check for ten guineas. Mr Aubrey could scarce refrain from tears, when the simple-minded and generous Neville pressed upon him the acceptance of, at least, the half of these, the unexpected proceeds of his severe toil. While they were thus sitting together, in eager and delightful conversation, there came a knock to the door, which, as may be easily believed, a little disturbed them all; but it proved to be a gentleman who asked for Miss Aubrey; and on her requesting him to come forward, who should it be, but the “gentleman” of my Lord de la Zouch; and while the colour mounted into her cheek, and her heart fluttered, he placed in her hands a packet,

which had just arrived from the Continent.

They all insisted on having it opened then and there; and in a few minutes’ time, behold their eager admiring eyes were feasted by the sight of a most superb diamond necklace—and at the bottom of the case was a small card—which Kate, blushing violently, thrust into her bosom, in spite of all Mrs Aubrey’s efforts. There was a long letter addressed to Mr Aubrey from Lord de la Zouch, who, with Lady de la Zouch, had been for some weeks at Paris—and one from her ladyship to Kate; and, from its bulky appearance, ’twas evident either that Lady de la Zouch must have written her a prodigious long letter, or enclosed one to her from *some one else*. They saw Kate’s uneasiness about this letter, and considerably forbore to rally her upon it. Poor girl!—she burst into tears when she looked at the glittering trinket which had been presented to her—and reflected that its cost would probably be more than would suffice to support her brother and his family for a couple of years. Her heart yearned towards them, and she longed to convert her splendid present into a form that should minister to their necessities. While touching upon this part of my history—which I always approach with diffident reluctance, as matter too delicate to be handled before the public—I must nevertheless pause for a moment, and apprise the reader of one or two little circumstances, before returning to the main course of the narrative.

Mr Delamere was at that moment at Rome, in the course of making the usual tour of Europe, and was not expected to return to England for some months—perhaps for a year. But before quitting England he had laid close siege to Kate Aubrey; and had, indeed, obtained from her a promise, that if ever she became any one’s wife, it should be his. That their engagement was sanctioned most cordially by Lord and Lady de la Zouch—two persons of as generous and noble a spirit as breathed in the world—must have been long ago abundantly manifest to the reader; and they did not the less appreciate the value of the prize secured by their son, because of the proud and delicate sense Miss Aubrey manifested of the peculiarly trying position in which she stood with relation to them. Kate’s own notion upon the subject was some-

what indefinite, she having resolved not to listen to any proposal for a union with Delamere, until her unfortunate brother's affairs had assumed a more cheering and satisfactory aspect; and that might not be for some years to come. If she replied to the letter from Delamere, enclosed by Lady de la Zouch—and reply she must, to acknowledge his brilliant present—it would be the first letter she had ever written to him, which will account, in a measure, for her embarrassment. And though all of them kept up a correspondence with Lord and Lady de la Zouch—from obvious considerations of honourable delicacy and pride, they never gave the slightest intimation of the dreadful pressure they were beginning daily to experience. Lord de la Zouch remained under the impression that Mr Aubrey was struggling, it might be slowly, but still successfully, with his difficulty; and had made up his mind, when called upon, to pay the amount of the bond into which he had entered in Aubrey's behalf, almost as a matter of course. As Aubrey desired evidently to maintain a reserve upon the subject of his private affairs, Lord de la Zouch, whatever might be his fears and suspicions, forebore to press his enquiries. How little, therefore, were either Lord and Lady de la Zouch, or their son, aware of the position in which their packet would find the Aubreys!

Within a few days, Mr Runnington, by duly completing special bail in the two actions of *Quirk and Others v. Aubrey*, and *Titmouse v. Aubrey*, had relieved Mr Aubrey from all grounds of immediate personal apprehension for several months to come—for at least half a-year; and on quitting Vivian Street, one evening, after announcing this satisfactory result of his labours, he slipped into Mr Aubrey's hand, as he took leave of him at the door, a letter, which he desired Mr Aubrey to read, and if he thought it worth while, to answer—at his leisure. Guess the emotions of lively gratitude, of deep respect, with which he perused the following:—

“Lincoln's Inn.

“MY DEAR SIR,—You have once or twice, lately, been so kind as to express yourself obliged by the little professional services which I have recently rendered you in the ordinary course of practice. Permit me, in my turn, then, to ask a

great favour of you; and, knowing your refined and exquisite sensibility, I make the request with some little apprehension, lest I should in any way wound it. I earnestly beg that you will accept a trifling loan of three hundred pounds, to be repaid as soon as you may be enabled to do so with perfect convenience to yourself. If, unhappily for yourself, that time should never arrive, believe me, you will not occasion me the slightest imaginable inconvenience; for a long and successful practice has made me long since independent of my profession, and of the world, as will, I am confident, be the case with you, should Providence spare your life. I happen to have been aware that, but for recent occurrences, it was your intention, about this time, to have commenced a second year's study, with either Mr Crystal, or Mr Mansfield the conveyancer. You will now, I trust, carry your intention into effect, without delay. I should venture to suggest, that at this period of the year, when the gentlemen of the common-law bar quit town for the circuit, (as will be the case within a few weeks with Mr Crystal,) it would hardly answer your purpose to enter the chambers of a gentleman in that department; but that, as conveyancers remain in town, you will find it answer your purpose immediately to enter the chambers of Mr Mansfield, and re-occupy your mind with those invigorating and invaluable studies in which you have already made, as I hear, so great a progress; and which will serve to divert your thoughts from those wretched objects on which otherwise they will be too apt to dwell.

“You will find that I have this day paid in to your credit, at your bankers, the sum of £300. And believe me to remain, my dear sir,

“Ever your most sincere and
“faithful friend,

“C. RUNNINGTON.

“P. S.—Do not give yourself one moment's concern about the expense of the recent proceedings, which is, I assure you, very trifling.”

I say that Mr Aubrey read this letter with heartfelt gratitude, and permitted no morbid fastidiousness to interfere with his determination to avail himself of the generous and opportune assistance of Mr Runnington; and he resolved, moreover, to profit

by his very judicious suggestions as to the course of his study, and to commence, as soon as possible, his attendance at the chambers of Mr Mansfield. Thus, suddenly relieved, for a considerable and a definite interval, from the tremendous pressure to which he had been latterly subject, he, and indeed all of them, experienced great buoyancy and exhilaration of spirits. Could, however, their sense of tranquillity and security be otherwise than shortlived? What sort of a prospect was that before them? Terrifying and hopeless indeed. As daily melted away the precious interval between the present time and the dreadful month of November—midst whose gloomy haze was visible to his shuddering eyes the dismal porch of a prison, where he must be either immured for his life, or its greater portion, or avail himself of the bitter ignominious immunity afforded by the insolvent laws—the hearts of all of them sunk to their former depth of oppression. Still, he resolved to work while it was day; and he addressed himself to his studies with redoubled energy, and of course made proportionate advances. But all this suffering—amid all this exertion, mental and physical—began to leave visible traces in his worn and emaciated appearance; and I grieve to add, that the same cause not a little impaired the beauty and injured the spirits of the devoted and incomparable women whom Heaven had given to him like angels for his companions.

Such being the footing upon which matters stood between Mr Delamere and Kate Aubrey, what chance had Mr Gammon of obtaining the bright object upon which he had set his dark and baleful eye, and to secure which he was racking his brain, and devising such intricate schemes of deliberate and cruel villany? As well might Gammon have sighed after the planet Venus—sweet star of eve!—assought to get Kate Aubrey into his arms. Yet full before his mind's eye stood ever her image—though one would have thought that there was sufficient in his own circumstances to occupy every spare thought and feeling. Suppose the action of penalties went against him, and he should be at once fixed with a liability for some five thousand pounds, including debt and costs? And more than that sum he had recently lost in a speculation in

foreign stock, besides standing in a very precarious position with respect to certain of the many speculations in which he had launched both himself and others. Under these circumstances, it became hourly of greater importance to him to secure the annuity of £2000 on the Yatton property, which he had with such difficulty extorted from Titmouse. He resolved, moreover, to try the experiment of raising money on the bond of Lord de la Zouch; and it also occurred to him as possible, that even if he should fail in the main object which he had proposed to himself, in his artful and oppressive proceedings against Aubrey, yet they might be the means of bringing forward friends to extricate him from his difficulties, by discharging the sums for which he was liable. It was, therefore, not till he had set into train the various matters which have been laid before the reader in the present portion of this history, that he set off on a hurried visit to Yorkshire, in order to ascertain the state of Lady Stratton's affairs; to make arrangements for collecting the evidence against the impending trials for bribery; and carry into effect some preliminary measure for augmenting the whole of the Yatton rent-roll, by nearly £2000 a-year. His first interview with Mr Parkinson apprised him distinctly of the exceedingly precarious nature of the alleged intestacy of Lady Stratton. Good Mr Parkinson was no match for Mr Gammon, but would have been much more nearly so if he could have done but one thing—*held his tongue*: but he was a good-natured, easy-tempered chatterer, and Gammon always extracted from him, in a few moments, whatever he knew upon any subject. 'Twas thus that he succeeded in obtaining conclusive evidence of the intestacy; for Gammon discovered that the unexecuted draft of the intended will had never been seen by Lady Stratton, or read over to her; but had been drawn up by Mr Parkinson himself, a day or two after receiving her ladyship's instructions;—that those instructions, moreover, had been merely oral.

"It is one of the most melancholy cases I ever met with!" exclaimed Gammon, with a sigh; "I suppose the reverses of the Aubrey family frequently formed a subject of her ladyship's conversation?"

"Oh, she has talked with me for

hours together—and even very shortly before her last illness.”

“It is, methinks, enough to raise the poor old lady from her grave, to find her property diverted thus to one who does not want it, and who was a total stranger.”

“Ay, it is indeed!”

“I am a little surprised, to tell you the truth, that, under the circumstances, her ladyship should not have thought of at least *sharing* the policy between Miss Aubrey and Mr”—

“I do assure you that that is the very thing I have heard her several times talking about, lately!”

“That will do,” thought his wily companion; “thank God, she’s clearly *intestate* then, for Parkinson’s draft does not contain her *last* will and testament—that will do—thank you, my honest friend!” This was what was passing through Gammon’s mind, while a sympathizing expression was upon his face, and he shook his head, and deplored the untoward event which had happened, in very pathetic terms indeed. On quitting Mr Parkinson, Gammon thus pursued the train of his thoughts:—

“What if I should allow this paper to be admitted to probate? Let me see—It will give Miss Aubrey some fifteen thousand pounds:—or one might take out administration in favour of Titmouse, and then suggest to her that I had the means of nullifying the proceedings, and carrying into effect Lady Stratton’s intentions—the letter may be *repealed* at any time.—Stay, however. It is by no means impossible, that when Parkinson comes to communicate with Aubrey, or that deep old fellow Runnington, they may think of lodging a *caveat* against our letter of administration: but they’ll fail—for Parkinson must speak conclusively on *that* point. So, perhaps, the better way will be, to take out administration in the usual way, and see what *they* will do.—Then, there’s Aubrey’s bond—poor devil!—is it not unfortunate for him?—But that shall be reserved; let us see the effect of the others first.”

When Mr Gammon returned to Yatton from the late Lady Stratton’s residence, he found several letters awaiting his arrival. One was from Mr Quirk—poor muddle-headed old soul!—all went wrong with him, the

moment that he missed Gammon from beside him. He wrote letters every day, that were a faithful type of the confusion that always prevailed in his thoughts; for though he was “up to” the ordinary criminal business of the office, in which he had had some forty years’ experience, their general business had latterly become so extended, and, to Quirk, complicated, that his head, as it were, spun round from morning to night, and all he could do was to put himself, and every body about him, into a bustle and fever. So he told Gammon, in this his last letter, that every thing was going wrong, and would do so till “good friend Gammon returned;” and, moreover, the old gentleman complained that Snap was getting very careless and irregular in his attendance—and, in fact, he—Quirk—had something very particular to say to Gammon, when they met, about the aforesaid Snap—about this the reader shall hear in due time. Then came a letter from the Earl of Dreddlington, marked “*Private and confidential*,” containing a most important communication, to the effect that his lordship had that day granted an audience to a scientific gentleman of great eminence, and particularly well skilled in geology; and he had satisfied the Earl of a fact which the aforesaid scientific gentleman told his lordship he had discovered after a very close geological survey of the superficial strata of the Isle of Dogs—viz. that at a very little depth from the surface, there ran, in parallel strata, very rich beds of copper and lead alternately, such as could not possibly fail of making a quick and enormous return. His lordship, therefore, suggested the immediate formation of a company to purchase the Isle of Dogs, and work the mines. His lordship “begged to be favoured with” Mr Gammon’s views on this subject, by return of post. In a postscript, his lordship informed Gammon, that he had just parted with all his Golden Egg shares, at a considerable profit; and that the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company’s shares were rising daily, on account of the increasing probability of a universal war. Gammon did not think it worth while to send any answer to the letter of his senior partner, but wrote off a very polite and confidential letter to the Earl, begging his lordship would do him the honour of taking no steps

in the matter till Mr Gammon could have the honour of waiting upon his lordship in town. This letter over, Gammon wrote off a letter to the secretary of the VULTURE INSURANCE COMPANY, giving them notice of the death of Lady Stratton, who was insured in a policy to the amount of L.15,000, which, her ladyship having died intestate, the writer's client, Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., M.P. for Yatton, had become entitled to as only next of kin: That Mr Titmouse intended to administer forthwith, and formal evidence would be furnished to the company, in due time, of the completion of Mr Titmouse's legal title to the policy.

But here the skittish, frolicsome, and malicious jade, Fortune, after petting and fondling Titmouse, and overwhelming him with her favours, suddenly turned round and hit him a severe slap in the face, without the least provocation on his part, or rhyme or reason on hers. And it happened in this wise. DAPPER SMUG, Esq., the secretary, wrote by return of post, saying, that he had laid Mr Gammon's letter before the directors; and as soon as he should have learned their pleasure on the subject, he would write to Mr Gammon again. And so he did—to request that gentleman to communicate with Messrs Screw and Company, the Company's solicitors. This Mr Gammon did, and in due time received a letter to the astounding purport and effect following—that is to say, that they had carefully considered the case, and regretted sincerely that they could not feel it their duty to recommend the directors to pay the policy. The directors had a duty, sometimes a very painful one, to perform to the public; and, in short, it was plain that they intended to resist the claim altogether. Gammon wrote in astonishment to know the grounds of their refusal; and at length discovered that they considered themselves in possession of decisive evidence to show that the policy was vitiated through the concealment of a material fact on the part of the Lady

Stratton—possibly unintentionally—viz. that she was subject to the gout. Gammon made anxious enquiries of the servants, and of Dr Goddard, and of others, who expressed infinite astonishment, declaring that she had never once exhibited the slightest symptoms of the complaint. Messrs Screw, however, were politely inflexible—they declared that they had the positive testimony of several witnesses, one of them an eminent physician, to the fact that, during the very week in which the policy had been executed, she had experienced an attack of gout which had confined her to the sofa for three days. [The fact was, that her ladyship had about that time been confined to the sofa, but merely from her heel having been galled a little by a tight shoe.] They, moreover, sent to Mr Gammon the full name of the officer in whose name the company sued—the aforesaid Dapper Smug; and requested Mr Gammon to send process to them in the usual way. Gammon, on enquiry, learned the character of the Company, and almost gnashed his teeth in rage and despair; so at it they went—Titmouse (*Admr.*) v. SMUG; a declaration as long as my arm; pleas to match it; then a commission to examine witnesses abroad, principally a Dr Podagra, who had settled in China; then a bill of discovery filed in behalf of the Company; a cross bill filed by Mr Titmouse against the Company. Here, in short, was in truth “a mighty pretty quarrel.” The stake was adequate; the Company rich; Mr Titmouse eager; Gammon infuriate; and there was not the least chance of the thing being decided at all for three or four years to come, and poor Titmouse was thus not only kept out of a comfortable round sum of money, but obliged to carry on all the while an expensive and harassing litigation. He was not for insuring with a Company that looks so sharply after the interests of its shareholders. But as far as Titmouse and Gammon were concerned, it seemed a *dead-lock*, and at a somewhat critical conjuncture too.

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THE WHIG MINISTRY.

THE Ministry, whose fate, so long wavering in the balance, seems now to have been finally determined, have contrived, during their possession of office, to forfeit the respect and confidence of every order of the community. The indignation of those important classes whom they have successively attacked, is roused into active and united operation, and is only mitigated by a feeling of scorn for the vileness of the assailants. The satisfaction of the clamorous party whom they have sought to conciliate, is damped by the conviction that their schemes have been neither wisely nor honestly devised, and that they will never be fairly or faithfully followed out. They have outraged and alienated a greater number and diversity of interests than before seemed possible, and have failed to secure the cordial support even of those who sympathize with their professed principles, but who distrust their intention, and disbelieve their ability to carry them into practice.

Convinced, as we are, that the character of these men is now thoroughly understood, and that the country both sees and feels the necessity of their exclusion from office, we look forward to the coming struggle, whatever shape it may assume, with anxious but earnest confidence that the issue will be prosperous. We believe that their projects are held in abhorrence by the great majority of the elective body—that the poorer classes regard them not as friends but as enemies—and that a universal im-

pression of their incapacity and insincerity has destroyed all enthusiasm in their favour, and will paralyze every effort that self-interest, pride, or party-feeling, may yet make on their behalf. It cannot be that the sound sense and noble spirit of this mighty nation should be longer subjected to rulers who possess neither the talent, the wisdom, nor the virtue which their office demands. It cannot be, that when others, infinitely excelling them in these qualities, are offered to our choice, we should prefer the reckless vacillations and blundering mismanagement of these trashy temporizers, to the able and honest services of Wellington, of Peel, and of Stanley. Whether the country is resolved to stand fast on the great principles which she has hitherto maintained, or is to enter on a new and experimental course of administration, clear it is, that the maintenance or adjustment of affairs and interests so vast and complicated, cannot, without fear of failure and of ruin, be entrusted to the hands and heads of the present Ministers. The country is appealed to. Its conscience, its honour, its sense of safety, are solemnly called upon to determine the question—whether Melbourne and Russell, Normanby and Palmerston, are the men to be put forward in the eyes of mankind, as the best whom we can find to direct the counsels and protect the welfare of the greatest nation in the world?

The events of the last five years convince us, that the Conservative feeling is more deeply rooted in the

country than superficial observers can imagine; and it seems no startling paradox to attribute to that very cause the length of time for which the Whig Ministry has been suffered to exist. The true Conservative principle is not a feeling of partisanship; not a personal preference of this or that set of men; nor a fastidious jealousy as to this or that course of external or occasional policy. It is eminently a *vis inertia*; a resistance to all change; a love of stability and an adhesion to existing things, until an adequate impulse occurs to disturb it. This quality has for the last ten years displayed itself among us by a calm acquiescence in the official arrangements naturally arising out of the question of Parliamentary Reform, but, at the same time, in a passive but resolute resistance to further innovation. By whatever causes it was influenced, the country, including many classes and individuals essentially anti-destructive, had resolved to make the great experiment of Reform; and, having done so, they equally resolved to give the experiment fair play. They allowed its promoters to retain the power which the support of that measure procured them, and they faithfully afforded them the opportunity of redeeming their pledge, that its operation would be safe and salutary. On this principle, a preponderance of the popular constituencies and their representatives, have continued to support a succession of Whig governments, through good report and bad report, for a period of ten years. Many circumstances occurred from time to time to excite alarm and suspicion, and many supporters were gradually alienated; yet a nominal majority remained. But the reaction is at last complete, and will probably be proportionate in strength to the feeling which it succeeds. The confidence of a noble nature, when once bestowed, is not readily withdrawn; but if ever forfeited, it is not likely to be renewed. It cannot be denied that the Conservative classes have received such treatment at the hands of the last remnant of the Reform Cabinet, as fully to justify their total defection. The best institutions of the country have been tampered with, the assailants of its tranquillity and integrity have been encouraged, its property and prosperity at home and abroad have been wantonly endangered.

With regard to those who originally supported the Whigs in anticipation of a new and more popular state of things—who believed their promises, express or implied, of a restoration of the golden age, and a removal of all the mischiefs and miseries of former governments—the disappointment and dissatisfaction have been equally great. They may well address to the Whig party the words of the song—

"So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

The New Poor-Law is not the boon which the Whigs proposed to the working classes, when they courted and needed their support. The workhouse, with all its harshness of administration and disruption of domestic charities, was not the object then held out as the great triumph of Whig legislation. The watchwords of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, would have excited little popular enthusiasm in 1830 or 1832, if the Whig banners had presented a faithful picture of the coming results. Peace would have had few charms in the shape of a civil contest in Canada, a circle of successive wars in India, and a baffled military expedition to China. Retrenchment would have appeared in a gloomy light, if the financial statement of the present year had been prophetically held up to public view. Reform would have repelled rather than attracted the mob, if it had been explained to mean a multiplication of Whig Commissions, a grinding of the faces of the poor, and a legislation for the exclusive benefit of shopkeepers and master manufacturers. No wonder that the working classes should now turn upon the Whigs with reproaches, as bitter as the disappointment they have endured. To suppose, that because they rallied round them ten years ago, they should do the same now, is to forget the lapse of time, and to disregard the lessons of experience. In now looking on their downfall with calm indifference or indignant exultation, the working men only show the feelings natural to those whose hardships have been aggravated by false promises of redress. That they should again believe them, in order again to be duped, is scarcely possible in the present generation.

The interest attaching to the recent

proposals of Ministers has thrown into the shade their previous conduct as to the bills for regulating the registration or qualification of Irish voters. But a short notice of that subject is still necessary, as immediately connected with their present position, and as furnishing both an explanation and a test of the course which they have pursued.

In an evil hour, a friend of the Ministry, indignant at what he conceived to be a fraudulent system of vote-making in Scotland, introduced the subject to the notice of Parliament. A committee was granted for enquiring into fictitious votes in this part of the kingdom; and, the precedent being thus established, a similar committee, in reference to Ireland, was subsequently demanded, and could not be refused. In the course of the investigation thus instituted, the most astounding discoveries were made as to the inefficiency of the existing system of Irish registration. "Fraud and forgery, perjury and personation," were found to prevail to an unparalleled extent. Every facility seemed to exist for placing on the roll those who had no title to be there: and every obstacle was interposed to any previous scrutiny into the truth, or any control over the register, when possession of it had once been wrongfully usurped. The system had all the mischiefs of universal suffrage, with all the deception and dishonesty which an unlimited franchise would render unnecessary.

Such a state of things called loudly for amendment. It was injurious in two ways:—1st, It was an unjust invasion of the rights of those to whom the franchise truly belonged, and of all who were interested in the maintenance of constitutional representation. 2d, It was a pernicious instrument for debasing the people among whom it was permitted to prevail, and whom it habituated to the violation of all law, and to the disregard of all morality.

The first of these evils was of no mean kind. The establishment of an elective franchise is not intended to confer on some privileged classes an idle badge of distinction, or to brand a portion of the community with an injurious and degrading stigma. If a qualification for voters is necessary or defensible, it must be required for the benefit of the whole community—for

the general welfare of industry and honesty in all classes, and as a barrier against evils which would endanger the very essence of government and social prosperity. Any systematic encroachment on the established law in this respect, must *pro tanto* be dangerous to good government; and any extensive subversion of it must inevitably operate injuriously to all society, by polluting at the fountain-head the whole course of legislation, and even of executive government. What good laws, what good administration can be expected in a country where so much depends on the popular representatives, and where the system of representation is so corrupted by fraud and falsehood in its practical details, as to be perverted from the whole letter and spirit of the constitution?

But the other evil attending the Irish system of registration was scarcely less pernicious. It operated as an inducement and facility to a habitual and extensive violation of law and honesty in the most numerous and corruptible portion of the community. What is it that Ireland chiefly wants to raise her in the scale of nations, and make her an ornament and a benefit to her sister countries, instead of being, as she too often is, a shame and an encumbrance to them? She wants the moral dignity that springs from the spirit of truth and rectitude—a spirit that must be deficient in a country where the popular party has chosen for the object of its "hero worship" a man whose patriotism is want of principle, and whose life is a lie. She needs to learn, with an implicit obedience to existing institutions, a brave resolution to make the best of her position, and to surmount any disadvantages by upright and lawful means, and not by violations or evasions of what law has established.

The infamous revelations which resulted from the Irish Committee on Fictitious Votes, made it necessary for Ministers to pretend to do something; and, in their usual fashion, bills were brought in which were never intended to be passed or prosecuted beyond the immediate purpose of the moment. Their obvious insincerity in dealing with the subject induced Lord Stanley to take it up; and it is an encouraging consideration in the history of the country, that, much

as the majority of the present House of Commons have been disposed to favour Ministers, it soon became apparent that they would not tolerate a continuance of the flagrant evils attending the system of Irish registration. Lord Stanley has received, in the course of his attempts to remedy them, an unexpected and unprecedented degree of support, alike creditable to the honour and independence of the House, and disgraceful to the Ministry, who ought themselves to have discharged that duty, and who threw every obstacle in the way, when they saw that measures closely resembling their own were likely to be carried into operation by a rival. But they had an interest in the mischief, and could never have been sincere in seeking its removal.

It is needless to enumerate the subterfuges to which Ministers unsuccessfully resorted for averting the impending destruction with which the Irish system, and all its supporters and accomplices, were thus threatened. The last of their devices was the introduction of a bill, in which a pretended improvement in the mode of registration was to be accompanied by a definition of the franchise. To the definition of the franchise there might be no abstract objection, though there was no propriety in mixing up a doubtful question with the remedy of an admitted evil. But, if a measure for defining the franchise was to be introduced, it is obvious that it required the most deliberate consideration, and that nothing should have been proposed that was not meant to be adhered to. It lay peculiarly with Ministers to prepare a measure of this kind, as the only party who had access to the materials out of which it was to be framed. They had no want of such materials if they sought for them; or, if the materials were not to be procured, the measure should not have been put forward. They had no want of time for maturing their plans, as these questions had been under consideration for years, both during the period when Ministers had their own registration bills before Parliament, and after the subject had been taken up by their opponents.

There was thus ample opportunity for them to bring forward a measure for regulating the Irish franchise in a well-considered and well-digested form,

and it was their imperative duty to put it in that form, if they brought it forward at all. But what was the course pursued? Contrary to all their previous professions of "finality," they promulgated a measure in which the franchise of the Reform bill was entirely thrown overboard both in amount and in principle. A rating upon a *Five Pound* rent was announced as the new qualification. The amazement and disgust of all moderate politicians were excited by such a proposal, and public indignation was only restrained by a feeling which fortunately has long abated all excitement, whether for or against the measures of these men—namely, an assurance that the attempt thus announced was not serious, and could never be successful. By every sort of equivocation and manoeuvre, a majority of five was procured for this bill with the L.5 franchise; but pretty intelligible hints were communicated that it was not the measure but the Ministry which the House were supporting, even to that limited extent. What was the result? The declarations so boldly made, that the bill would be vigorously proceeded with, were speedily abandoned, and after an interval of weeks, the measure was again brought forward with an alteration of the franchise from *five* pounds to *eight*. This alone was wanting to complete their disgrace; and, in whatever way it was to be accounted for, it entirely destroyed any remnant of confidence that any might have reposed either in their prudence or in their principle. It was confessed that the increase of the franchise would exclude many thousand persons who would previously have been admitted. It was thus certain, that in reference to a country in which all excitement is peculiarly dangerous, Ministers had either unduly raised or had unjustly disappointed the expectations of the lower ranks. If the L.5 franchise was justified by the data on which it was founded, it ought still to have been preserved. If it was not supported by these data, it ought never to have been proposed.

These pitiable vacillations of policy, resembling the desperate reelings of drunk men from one point of support to another, demonstrated a reckless disregard in Ministers both of their public duty and of their personal characters. The vote of the House

of Commons, affirming Lord Howick's principle of a beneficial interest as essential to the franchise, put an end to the imposture of the Irish measure; and the sense of the country, expressed through the unequivocal triumph of anti-Ministerial candidates in every contested election, (for St Alban's was an exception that only confirmed the rule,) made it necessary for them either to prepare to quit, or to find out some new expedient to avert their fate—some untried philter to regain the lost affections of their former adherents.

The budget was the result, with its concomitant proposal as to the corn-laws. When and how it was prepared in private, none but its framers can tell, and few of the public will care to know. It is possible that it has long been cut and dry, with more or less of its details kept open, and thus reserved as a *pis aller*, to be contingently resorted to. It is equally possible, and more probable, from the character of the men, that in its main features it was the thought of the moment, and the offspring of previous defeats. We see, certainly, in these transactions, that sequence which generally justifies an inference of cause and effect; though, in some respects, we cannot discover the logical propriety of the reasoning implied in them. In so far as the corn-laws are concerned, the proposed measures were as complete a *non sequitur* from the premises as could well be conceived. The proposition announced by Lord John Russell, came truly to this: "If you refuse to do justice to Ireland by lowering its franchise, we will ruin its prosperity by destroying its agriculture."

The previous proceedings of Ministers as to Irish Registration, were, in any view, a valuable comment on their financial proposals. The recklessness which had so tampered and trafficked with the Irish franchise, would be prepared with equally little sincerity, or on equally inadequate grounds, to disturb the financial and commercial relations of the country; and to hold out to contending parties both promises and threats which were never meant to be realized by those who made them, but of which the necessary effect was to injure all parties by agitation and confusion. That the authors of the Irish bill, so lately defeat-

ed, could produce any measure of honest, prudent, and mature legislation, was as little to be expected, as silk from the spider or milk from the he-goat.

The merits or demerits, however, of the late financial projects of the Ministry, are of deeper interest than their Irish proceedings, both as possessing more intrinsic moment, and as having more immediately led to the present position of affairs.

It must be apparent to all, that this is a subject of the very greatest importance, and requiring for its elucidation not only a clear view of general principles, but also a thorough comprehension of the exceptions to which those principles are subject, and of the practical difficulties and details to which they are to be applied. On questions of this kind we take leave to say, that little weight is due to general declamation and fine speaking. We have heard high encomiums pronounced on the speech by which Lord John Russell opened or anticipated the recent debate; and we have no occasion to deny that his lordship, on that occasion, showed a large measure of the cleverness and dexterity by which he has always been distinguished. But neither cleverness nor cunning can supply the place of wisdom; and full-grown men engaged in the business, and feeling the responsibilities of real life, can derive little satisfaction from sounding sentences or delusive generalities. By evading difficulties, by avoiding or tampering with facts, by falling back upon tropes and clap-traps, it is not difficult for any fluent speaker to harangue for an hour or two on financial subjects; and the task is all the easier where it is liberal or lax principles that are advocated. Many a stripling in a debating society—many a revolutionist in the Chamber of Deputies—many an itinerant lecturer on the corn-laws, will talk on these topics more glibly and glowingly than the Duke of Wellington, and will bear off the palm in the estimation of all who either agree with the orator or know nothing of the subject. After all that has been written on trade and taxation, there is no want of commonplaces for the rhetorician to handle with ease to himself, and pleasure to those who have previously made up their minds on the same side. Among the complicated

principles and counter-principles which political economy has laid down, there are abundance which can be pressed into the service of the superficial debater. The many discordant interests which mingle with the general harmony of our social condition, supply numerous topics and considerations, which, by being insulated and exaggerated, will give a plausible appearance to any one-sided argument. While poverty exists, and food can only be obtained for a price, the promise of cheapness, even to the extent of half a farthing a pound, will always hold out some prospect of relief, and may be painted in golden colours as inferring an invaluable boon. While taxation continues to be necessary, there will always be that impatience of its pressure, which believes that it is felt worst in its existing form. But such momentous and intricate questions are not to be so dealt with. They must be viewed in all their relations, and, if possible, in their remotest results, before a safe conclusion can be reached regarding them.

When extensive and serious changes are proposed for our adoption, we can only be asked to receive them on one of two grounds: either because we feel towards those who recommend them a degree of confidence proportionate to their importance and hazard; or because we are convinced, upon demonstration more or less complete, that they are safe and advantageous.

In the present case, it cannot be expected that the large financial innovations which have lately been brought forward, should be received by the country from any personal confidence in the men who propose them. No reflecting person can think either that Ministers have bestowed adequate deliberation on the subject, or that they are trustworthy pilots through such perilous navigation. The belief of their imbecility and incompetency is not a party feeling, but a universal and unanimous conviction. One view of this matter seems obvious and conclusive. It is undeniable that our finances are in a state of alarming embarrassment. That very circumstance is founded on by the Ministerial party in support of their present schemes. But it is equally undeniable that those embarrassments have entirely arisen during the administration of these very men. Ten years ago, they or their immediate

friends obtained possession of the treasury in a state of unequivocal prosperity. The revenue then exceeded the expenditure by an excess of about two millions. At the present time there is a similar difference between the income and expenditure; but the difference is the other way. The amounts have just changed places, and about two millions is the sum by which the expenditure exceeds the revenue. This result has been produced either without Ministers having foreseen that it would arise, or without their having warned us of its coming if they did foresee it. Even looking merely to the men who have held office since 1835, they have contrived during that time, in a period of what they call peace, to add seven millions to the public debt. These facts, alone, are enough to make us distrust them. The guides that have already led us astray, are not those whom we should blindly follow in seeking to recover our road. The days of marvels are gone by; and the weapon that has wounded us is no longer to be relied on for working out our cure.

If, therefore, the projects of Ministers are to be adopted, it must be, not on the personal credit of the men, but on sufficient demonstration of the propriety of the measures. The country ought to be assured, before quitting its present position, that the new ground which it is asked to occupy is solid and safe. On this subject, we have heard in the late discussions nothing that approaches to satisfactory explanation. We have been reminded of some of the disadvantages of our existing condition; but no materials have been supplied for determining whether, under the proposed change, equal or worse disadvantages might not be the result.

In considering this important subject, it is necessary to enquire whether these projects have been broached with a special view to restore the revenue, or with a general reference to the relief and prosperity of the country. It is difficult to tell in which of these lights the Ministry would have us to regard them. If they are to be taken as measures of general relief, there is no reason why they should have been so long delayed; and no explanation, but that of indolence or incapacity, why Ministers not only did

not bring them forward in previous years, but vehemently opposed them when they were suggested by others. If the country will be greatly benefited by an alteration of the corn laws, and of the timber and sugar duties—if the alteration will afford an opening for trade, and a panacea for poverty—it was inexcusable in these Ministers to delay their propositions for a single day. They were as desirable and expedient, as just and as necessary, in any year since 1835, as they are now. During all that interval, those who are to be benefited by such changes have, on this supposition, been defrauded of their due, and the prosperity of the country has been unjustifiably retarded. It cannot be said that Government have had their hands so full that they could not overtake these measures. They have done too little of any thing else to plead that excuse: and the defence is peculiarly untenable where, as already said, they have not merely been remiss in bringing forward their own plans, but have resisted the very principles on which they rest, when advocated in other quarters. If it be said that Ministers have only studied and understood the subject in the present session, it argues little for the superior intelligence to which they lay claim; while the country may be forgiven for any tardiness in changing its old opinions, and may be permitted to call, with peculiar earnestness, for an explanation of the grounds and origin of this new-born conviction, which, if it cannot be traced to any better source than the fate of the Irish bill, is not likely to make many converts beyond the Ministerial circle.

If the changes proposed are brought forward as measures of necessity to support or restore a sinking revenue, it must be obvious that they require to be scrutinized with peculiar rigour. It is essential to know, in the first place, that they are calculated to remedy the mischief which they profess to meet; in the next place, that their operation will not be injurious to the country at large; and in the third place, that it will be equitable towards the interests which it specially affects. On all of these points we think that the Ministerial scheme is without a shadow of support from any evidence or argument that has as yet been advanced in its favour.

But before entering on this enquiry, a preliminary and personal question,

already pointed at, demands our urgent attention. If these measures, which before were unheard of, have only been mooted in consequence of our financial difficulties, and if, as Ministers have now and formerly admitted, they threaten to produce extensive agitation and disturbance of existing interests, and involve ultimate consequences, at best of a doubtful and perilous character, it is necessary for us to ask by whom the occasion has been created, which thus compels us to resort to them. If it appear that Ministers themselves are responsible for our present position, the first duty of all rational men is to expel them permanently from those offices which they have so unworthily held.

The financial difficulties of the country are plainly attributable to no falling off either in its internal resources, or in its foreign trade. Fluctuations in its prosperity there may have been at the present time, as there always have been, and always will be. But the deficiency in the income and increase on the expenditure, must and may sufficiently be accounted for by three causes—1, The rebellion in Canada; 2, The expedition to China; and 3, The reduction in the rates of postage.

For all of these matters, and for all their consequences, we hold the Ministry to be responsible; and, without entering into much detail on the subject, we think that their culpability can be easily demonstrated.

With regard to Canada, we hold them to be culpable, first, in having fomented a false and factious liberalism, that naturally resulted in sedition; and next, in having slumbered at their posts, and allowed the mischief to make head until discontent and disloyalty became open rebellion. The effect of such conduct in first exciting, and then failing thoughtfully to repress, the elements of civil war, imposed upon us a large portion of the additional burdens which we are now bearing. We might refer, in proof of these propositions, to the debates on the Canadian policy of Government, which occurred during and recently after the events themselves. But perhaps their own rejection of Lord Glenelg from the Cabinet, may be sufficient, as a confession on the part of Ministers, that the Colonial policy in which all of them had concurred, deserved the condemnation which they

thus sought to lay on the devoted head of one of their number.

The Chinese question is fresher in the general recollection, and may be disposed of in the same way. Ministers have themselves passed sentence on their original conduct in this quarter, by recalling, after the lapse of years, the incapable Captain Elliot, whom they formerly repudiated though they did not remove, and who, it now appears clear, if it was before doubtful, ought never to have been appointed. It may fairly be presumed, that this person was as incompetent to superintend our peculiar and precarious intercourse with China while it lasted, as he has now been pronounced by his own patrons in reference to our negotiations for obtaining redress. But it is needless to pursue this subject, as the mere mention of the name of Elliot in connection with China at once brings to view the most characteristic features of Whig jobbing and mismanagement.

The Post-Office is an instance of more deliberate malversation than even the other delinquencies that we have noticed. There seldom has been an instance where a government has so shamefully deserted its duty, and played the part of a foolish mother—making her children sick by giving them confectionary, because they cried for it. The Ministry ought not, in our opinion, to have conceded to any degree of clamour an indulgence of which the benefit was substantially confined to those classes who could best bear the burden imposed upon them. About a million of annual revenue was thus sacrificed, with the shameful peculiarity attending the transaction, that the poor had no necessary or perceptible participation in the boon. There seldom, indeed, has been a more selfish or partial measure carried through by a representative body. Cheap postage, cheap any thing, is much to be desired, if we can afford to have it. But to throw away a most productive and reasonable tax, that occasioned no pressure on any that could not sustain it—and this, too, when the deficiency needed, as it seems, to be supplied by desperate remedies, such as are now resorted to—was contrary to every principle of wise or honourable policy. Certainly, if the thing was to be done, the Government was bound not merely to explain in the fullest manner the

state and prospects of the revenue as it must be thus affected; but not to suffer the burden to be removed without a specific and instant provision for supplying its place.

In so far, therefore, as Ministers have founded their apology on the commercial embarrassments of the country, we answer, that those embarrassments are of their own making; and that no one can plead his own previous culpability in justification of his present offence.

But let us look at their measures a little more closely on their proper merits.

An unmeaning cry has been raised in the discussion on one or two points, which had better be cleared away.

We have heard for years past of the necessity of remodelling the tariff, and thereby rendering the duties at once less burdensome and more productive. If that be a possible arrangement, let the details of it be shown by those who will be responsible for their accuracy. But it has nothing to do with the present question. No revision of the tariff is here proposed. No general readjustment of the export and import duties is brought forward. In such a scheme, which would require wiser heads than are worn on any shoulders in the present Cabinet, the whole interests of the community would be taken into consideration; and, if proper principles were adopted, the pressure would be as nearly equalized, and as much alleviated, as justice and the national obligations would permit. What is now attempted is a one-sided revision of a part of the tariff, by which certain important interests are selected for attack, and nothing of a compensating nature bestowed upon them in return.

Again, we hear an endless amount of declamation about free trade. We ask, what is meant by that term? Does it mean trade absolutely free, and left to its own level—without preference or protection in any quarter? If that be its meaning, it may be just as safely omitted from the discussion as any other question in the whole range of politics. Neither of the great parties pretends to advocate free trade to such a wild extent. If they did, they would indisputably deserve and receive the stigma which Lord Melbourne has imprinted on some of his friends—of being fit for

Bedlam. Freedom of trade, in the only rational and existing sense of the term, means nothing else than the absence of all injurious or unnecessary restraint. It is not in this view inconsistent with protection: but it leads to the inquiry, whether a given protection is more than adequate for its purpose, or is provided in a form more irksome than is necessary. That there should be the greatest freedom of trade, consistently with the preservation of other and higher interests, is a measure which we are just as ready to concede as Whigs or Radicals could desire.

We come round, then, to the question, whether the proposed changes are likely to be beneficial, or are certain to be innocuous to the interests of the community.

And here we would observe, that the burden of proving the affirmative of those propositions lies upon the parties advocating the change. We, who resist it, are the parties in possession, and the existing arrangements must be presumed to be advantageous till the contrary be established.

In order to prove the affirmative which they have thus to support, the Ministerial schemers must not only show that there are disadvantages in the present system, and advantages in the proposed change; but they must balance the advantages and disadvantages on both sides, and bring out a "tottle of the whole" in favour of the innovation. Every condition of human affairs has its lights and shadows, and to contrast the lights of one portion with the shadows of another is unfair and fallacious. We must be sure, before we act in such momentous matters, that we have taken all adverse as well as favourable considerations of every kind into view.

Are there disadvantages in the proposed changes, and what are they? That there are disadvantages involved in them, is a proposition admitting of no doubt, and which seems to be universally allowed. These changes would not do the good that is promised, if they did not do much mischief. The benefit to be derived by one portion of the community, must be gained through the loss of another. Has an estimate been given of the extent of the loss thus to be inflicted? Has it been calculated, by these fluent declaimers, how deeply the agricultural interest is to be depressed: how far

Canada is to be thrown back into barbarism: to what dreariness of desolation Jamaica is to be reduced? That the tendency of the proposed changes is towards these results, cannot be disputed; and how far in that direction their effects will reach, deserves to be estimated with the utmost accuracy of calculation, and with a large allowance for errors on the safe side of the account.

But it is said that the interests which are thus to be affected, are only *classes* of the community, and are not to be placed in competition with the general welfare. This preposterous argument has scarcely the advantage of plausibility to pass it off. The agricultural and colonial interests are indeed the interests of classes: but the community is made up of classes, and the question is, how far the good of the community is bound up in the prosperity of those interests. If agriculture, and those dependent on it, are laid prostrate, if the West-Indies cease to be productive, if Canada is consigned to desolation or to democracy—will the shock not be felt over the whole nation, and involve in destruction even those who think themselves the most remote from its influence? Can any of us say, with the pompous arrogance of Addison's "Cato," that we can flourish on—

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of
worlds?"

We do not live in a society of which any one part is insulated from the rest. The interlacing fibres of a common interest, the endearing interchange of mutual charities, connect us together as parts of one great whole, of which no considerable portion can be torn away without laceration and injury to the rest. If the agriculturists suffer severely—and that they should do so is necessary to the very success of the proposed experiment—will the monied interest remain untouched? When rents fall off, and mortgages, now good, become bad or doubtful, will the capitalist not share in the impoverishment of his debtor? and, if capital is endangered, will credit be secure? If the farmer fails, what becomes of the shopkeeper in the village, or of his wholesale correspondent in the town? If the unemployed peasantry are thrown upon the ratepayer, or driven into competition with other working men, will not the effect

be felt in an increase of the burdens upon all property, and in a diminution of the remuneration for labour? If our colonies decay, what becomes of our shipping, with all the hands employed in it, with all its benefits both for commerce and defence? Even looking to the manufacturing interest exclusively, which seems chiefly to move the commiseration of the Ministry, will any one tell us what extent of market, what facilities of credit, they will lose by the depression of the interests now attacked? Will the increased trade of Brazil compensate for the diminished demand among our colonists and agriculturists? It is plain that some approximation must be made to these calculations, before we can assume that the proposed changes will be beneficial, or will not be ruinous to the community. We have seen no attempt to estimate them on the part of Ministers; and what shall be said of the official men, who, with the destinies of the country committed to their hands, would set in motion such fearful machinery, without knowing how it was to work? We feel the ravages of the hurricane to be dreadful and disastrous, even when we know that an angel rides on the whirlwind, and that an all-wise Providence has appointed it as a means of good. But man—proud man—dressed in a little brief authority, has not the wisdom or the power of Heaven, and fearful is the responsibility of him who rouses into destructive fury the elements of social confusion, without calculating the consequences.

Even if the manufacturing classes alone were to be consulted—and to them, we repeat, the Ministry seem exclusively to look—we are convinced that the proposed changes are fraught with serious and imminent hazard. Certain we are, that nothing has been stated to show that they might not lose more than they could gain by such measures. We believe, that the better and more intelligent of the manufacturers are no advocates for a rash policy. They know the value of the home and colonial markets. They know the present and prospective value of our Indian trade, which is also endangered by the projects under consideration, and which, on the other hand, would be greatly facilitated by the encouragement of the India sugar trade. They are too wise to wish for any extension of trade

that does not proceed on the principle of preserving what we have, while we aim at getting more. But the proposed measures tend to produce, not an extension of our trade, but a total subversion of it—not an acquisition, but an exchange—a destruction of the old, in the hope of seeing the new revive from its ashes. Let us extend our trade, undoubtedly, if we can. Let us add to the trade that we have, by opening up independent fields of exertion that will not interfere with what we now possess. Even if you please, and if manufacturers alone are to be legislated for, relinquish something of what you now enjoy, if you are sure that the sacrifice thereby to be made will be amply compensated in profit and security by the substitute which you are to provide. But it would be “madness” (we thank Melbourne for teaching us that word) to surrender the substance for the shadow: to part with a present good without the clearest assurance—an assurance that must rest on the calculation of details, and cannot be produced by empty declamation—that a more profitable and equally permanent source of advantage is to come in its place.

A consideration of some of these views explains the origin of much of the present clamour for free trade. The manufacturing world, like every other field of industry, is crowded with competitors contending for employment, and eager not merely to find subsistence, but to get immediately rich. The pre-occupation of the older avenues of profit by these in possession of the market, has led the younger aspirants to seek new outlets for their efforts. The attempt is proper and praiseworthy, and deserves every encouragement that can safely be conceded to commercial enterprise. But to such persons the opening or improvement of a new field of commerce seems naturally of greater importance than any other consideration. With many of such spirits, smitten as they generally are with the liberal notions which belong to those who are “*cupidi novarum rerum*,” South America has for years appeared the Eldorado which it was once fabled to be. By extending this field, these men think they are sure to be gainers; and it is nothing to them that the older channels of commerce should be dried up. All new or unestablished adventurers

in trade are comparatively indifferent to the maintenance of existing things, and eagerly desire to see fresh paths struck out where they can have a fairer start in the race of competition. But though it is intelligible, that with such views "young" Manchester, or Glasgow, or Birmingham, should even wish for an entire revolution of our commerce, in the hope of getting a share in the scramble, this is no reason why the older and wiser heads in those places or elsewhere—or those who see that patience and frugality will ultimately thrive best amid the general tranquillity and prosperity of the country—should blindly, and without calculation of any kind, adopt the newfangled notions that are thus thrust forward under the fallacious name of free trade. Common sense, which, in this as in every thing else, is the foundation of practical truth, must tell us that our home and our colonial markets have many recommendations which other fields of employment can never possess. Facility of communication, security of payment, similarity of laws, exemption from those interruptions which war, or blockade, or estrangement may produce in our intercourse with other countries—these solid advantages outweigh all the flattering pictures that can be painted of Brazilian profit. Great Britain and her colonies supply an increasing and inexhaustible field of remuneration for all our great branches of industry; and, so long as her flag can keep the seas, the full extent of that benefit can never be wrested from us, but will yearly become larger and more lucrative. If to this we can add, as we have already done, an extensive foreign trade, it is all the better. But we must build on a solid foundation, and must be careful not to injure the main edifice while we add to the wings.

With regard to the working classes, we humbly conceive that their interest in this matter is of the slenderest possible description. The additional cheapness of food which is promised them, would probably never be realized, and, at any rate, seems a boom of the most insignificant magnitude. If accompanied with a corresponding, or more than corresponding decrease of wages, which it infallibly would be, its advantage would entirely be destroyed. But the cry of "cheap bread" has long ceased to operate as a charm. The working men are too well in-

formed, and have had too many lessons of sad experience, to believe now that cheap bread is necessarily a boon to them. The very principles of these political economists who hold out the promise, imply that it is not. Corn, we are told, is the standard of wages. If so, it is impossible that wages should not fall in amount in at least the same proportion as bread; and where, then, is the advantage? With regard to the extension of trade which is promised by an alteration of our protecting duties, we deny that it will occur, and demand a demonstration of the fact. It is demonstrable, and indeed it is admitted, that we shall lose some portion—a valuable portion, certainly—of our customers by the change. Supposing, which is doubtful, that trade were stimulated in one direction, there is no doubt that it would be deadened in another. Unless it can be demonstrated that the benefit will be greater than the injury, the working men will be no gainers by the change; while, if it throws any portion of the agricultural classes or their families into competition with them for employment, they will to that extent be losers. But, as we cannot too often repeat, there is an utter absence of calculation, or even of distinct assertion, that the benefits in another direction will readjust the balance. It is of much greater consequence to the working manufacturers to secure the stability of trade than to seek its extension, particularly where this can only be done by subverting its existing relations, and establishing others that we yet know not of. The new avenues of speculation will soon be choked up by competition; and after a few fortunate adventurers have been enriched, others will only be able to maintain their place by further reductions of men's wages, or further demands for unsettling the state of the country. Cheap bread and cheap sugar mean, we believe, nothing else than lower wages, less prosperity, and increased competition of manual labour. Extension of trade means a change of the field of industry, which may enrich the few, but will leave the many no better, and probably worse, than before.

It is, most of all, of moment to the working classes, that commerce should be conducted on principles of prudence, moderation, and humanity. An individual in Parliament connected with manufactures, has had the bad taste

to assert, that Mammon is the origin of the opposition to the Ministerial scheme. If Mammon is concerned in this matter, we should suspect him to be on the other side. Where, at least, shall we find the impress of that cruel and ignoble spirit more fearfully marked than in the unbridled lust of gain, which prompts so much of the present clamour for free trade? For commercial enterprise, conducted on liberal and patriotic views, we have the highest respect, and value as one of the great sources of national wealth. But its spurious brother, the rage for reckless speculation, and the unquenchable thirst for profit, however acquired, is one of the worst of human passions. No Indian idol rolls on its way over so many victims, or leaves behind its wheels so many complicated miseries. Whether its gratifications are procured by the unripe sinews of infant labour, or by the bloody sweat of over-tortured negroes, it is equally odious in our eyes. We believe that the Ministerial proposals are mainly prompted by the fiendish impulse which we have denounced, and are directly calculated to aggravate both of the inhuman evils to which we have alluded. The present passion for an extension, or rather for an alteration in the commercial relations of the country, is certainly prompted by no sympathy for the working men, who are already too well acquainted with the tender mercies of the Ministerial party to be deceived by their present declarations.

But we must further urge, that this question is not to be determined with reference alone to the manufacturing interests, important as these are. We are not exclusively a manufacturing country. The manufacturers are themselves a class, and can only be viewed in connexion with other classes. The destruction or serious depression of the other interests in the country, which are now attacked by Ministers, would impair its general prosperity and welfare, and would even affect its civilization and cripple its power. The manufacturers must be taught, what, to the wise and honourable among them, is no hard lesson, that they should be content to build their increase of trade on the safe foundation of our agricultural, colonial, and maritime prosperity.

If there is any soundness in the arguments above urged, they are con-

clusive against the Ministerial schemes, which cannot be beneficial, and must be detrimental to the country at large. The same considerations will serve to demonstrate the injustice of the proposals in reference to the classes affected; for, if not imperatively called for by the general and permanent interest of the country, they come to be a mere form of laying exclusively upon those classes the taxation that is necessary for the public expenditure.

But there are special grounds on which these projects are at this time to be condemned as inequitable and mischievous, in so far as they affect our colonial possessions.

We have never been the advocates of extreme opinions in regard to slavery. We cannot, as a point of casuistry, embrace the opinion that slavery is absolutely unlawful, and must be put down by compulsion wherever it exists. But, in common with all who have human hearts, we abhor the slave trade, and we regard slavery as a mighty evil both to the slave and to his master. Whatever we may think of the prudence of Lord Grey's Government in abolishing slavery as they did, we fairly avow our opinion, that the experiment, if it ultimately succeed without injury to the interests of England and to the cause of civilization, will be a source of just pride to the party who proposed it. But in the present question, the merits of emancipation, at the time and in the manner then adopted, are indifferent to the argument.

If we now identify ourselves with the emancipation measure of Lord Grey's Government—which a great portion of the country are probably inclined to do—it is natural and necessary that we should feel the strongest interest in the success of the experiment. That it is an experiment is undeniable; and it is now merely beginning, the intermediate period of apprenticeship being scarcely elapsed. If, then, we are desirous—as we must be—to see the proprietors and negroes of our West Indies alike prospering under the change, of realizing the promises which emancipation held out, and of holding up to the imitation of mankind the example of a successful effort made at the call of Christian duty—shall we now do any thing to destroy, to check, or to endanger the progress of so great a plan? If the West Indies shall now

be thrown back or discouraged in their new career, shall we not thereby cancel alike the merits and the benefits of our former sacrifices? Pride as well as principle dictate that we should not take a single step in this direction without being sure of our ground; and here again we feel the two great wants to which we before alluded, in reference to these proposed changes—the want, namely, of evidence to justify the Ministerial estimate of their consequences, and the want of any ground of personal confidence in the skill, caution, or honesty of the men who have brought them forward. If there is a serious risk, that by these alterations of the duties the prosperity of the West Indies will be destroyed or injured, it is impossible that the honourable or conscientious advocates of emancipation can adopt them. We did not rescue the West Indies from slavery that we might sink them in the sea, or reduce them to poverty and desolation. We hoped, and are bound to endeavour, not merely that they should be free, but that in their freedom they should be prosperous—a monument of English humanity, an invitation to other nations to make the same effort, and a standing reproach to all who shall yet allow slavery to subsist after it has been demonstrated that it may be safely and successfully extinguished. Any measure whatever, therefore, that should seriously put in jeopardy the present prosperous progress of the West Indies, must be deprecated by all who feel anxious to see the experiment of emancipation conducted to its desired conclusion. But the measures now proposed are not merely injurious, as being calculated, in a manner otherwise unobjectionable, to disturb or destroy the process of moral regeneration going on in the West Indies—they are measures which produce that effect, by stimulating and promoting the very evil of slavery which the manumission of our own slaves was intended to put down. In existing circumstances it would be culpable to alter the financial relations of the West Indies, even for an object in itself innocuous, and involving no immoral results. But to do so, as is now proposed, for the direct purpose of encouraging and rewarding the production of slave-grown sugar in other countries—to produce the double result of depressing free labour, and giving a premium to the produce of slavery and the slave trade—is either

the wildest insanity, or the grossest inconsistency, in those men who presume to pride themselves on a measure which should not have been entered on at all if it was not to be followed out on principles far transcending any pecuniary considerations. Those of the anti-slavery party who now advocate the Ministerial project, can never have been sincere haters of slavery; but convict themselves, in the clearest manner, either of insincerity, or of mere self-interest in their previous proceedings.

We reverence the principles and even the weaknesses of Christian philanthropy; but we have always seen that there are noisy abolitionists, not a few who know nothing of such feelings, except just as much as enables them to assume their semblance, and to practise on them in others. It is an easy path to the reputation of religion to denounce the horrors, and demand the extinction of a traffic in human beings, so long as no serious personal sacrifices are required in such a course: and often, perhaps, the advocacy of such opinions may seem, to superstitious minds, a cheap expiation of their own greedy and grinding exactions in the prosecution of their private callings. Hypocrisy is the homage that O'Connell and his crew pay to humanity in their simulated zeal, so often and so recently displayed, to exclude the products of slave-labour. But what shall we think of such men when, for party or personal objects, they instantly, at the beck of a Ministry, or at the lure of pecuniary profit, turn their backs upon themselves, and reverse the whole practical principles of their former professions?

But, on the other hand, if we regard the West India question independently of the merits of Lord Grey's measure of emancipation, and even if we should doubt the policy of that step, we must equally see that the course now pursued is objectionable. It is fraught, indeed, with the greatest injustice to the planters. Whether right or wrong, and not the worse for our argument in either view, the legislature of this country resolved that slavery should cease throughout the British dominions. It declared that henceforth the West India colonies must content themselves with free labour in cultivating their soil and raising their staple commodity. Not only was

the property of their existing slaves taken from them, for which a very inadequate price was paid, but they were precluded in all time coming from acquiring or using the services of slaves in any manner. The law was thus settled to satisfy the conscience, or quiet the scruples of the mother-country. The change was effected on the ground that slavery was a hateful thing, which was no longer to be permitted, however profitable it might be. Surely it was implied—nay, expressed in an enactment of this kind—that the legislature which sanctioned it, was to protect the operation of its own principle from the natural consequences to which it led. Is it conceivable, that after thus prohibiting the production of sugar by means of slave labour, as immoral and unchristian in our own colonies, we should immediately proceed to deal with other countries for the same commodity, when raised by the very practices which we have thus condemned? We first prevent an equal competition on the part of our countrymen, and then we open the race to the foreign competitor. As a point of conscience we compel our planters to use free labour only; but from pecuniary prudence we afford a market to strangers, who will not restrict themselves to free labour, but who add even to slavery the more infamous facility of the slave trade itself. Surely we are either bound to permit our colonies to use the easiest and cheapest form of labour, or to protect them to the full extent of the difference which our prohibitions produce.

The Ministerial measure as it affects the Canadas, seems, if possible, still more unjust and ill-timed than the interference with the sugar duties. Recovering from the effects of a civil convulsion, and entering on a perilous experiment in the union of two provinces hitherto divided, and distracted both in interests and feelings, Canada is wholly unable to sustain the shock which would be produced by the combined increase of duty on its own timber, and the diminished duties on the timber of rival countries. If any thing were able to alienate entirely the allegiance of loyal Canadians, and to throw them into the arms of America, it would be an injustice of this kind, inflicted in the weak and infant state of their new relations. We distrust altogether the policy of im-

posing taxes on our colonial produce, and certainly see nothing to justify the increased burden which is now threatened.

Further, the measures thus adopted towards Canada and the West Indies, are calculated to repress in the most serious manner the future expansion of our colonial interests. If our fellow subjects are not encouraged to expend capital and labour on our colonial possessions—if there is the prospect of fair protection being withdrawn, and undue burdens imposed upon their produce, even in their most trying difficulties—we cannot expect either emigration or improvement to proceed vigorously in that direction. Under a mild and maternal government at home, our immense possessions in every quarter of the globe are a sure source of wealth and strength, which ought not to be lightly cut off for the purpose of meeting financial difficulties, and still less of maintaining in power an incompetent and unprincipled administration.

On the corn-laws, as the main basis of the country's prosperity, our opinions have already been too often recorded to require that we should now repeat them. We shall only say, that so far as we can see, the rate of fixed duty proposed by Lord John Russell is only calculated to injure the home grower, without, on an average of years, conferring any benefit on the consumer.

Such then, in our estimation, is the budget of blunders which Ministers have now broached, and which a great preponderance of public indignation has refused to receive. Founded on no solid information, no enlarged views; huddled up as a desperate device to support a tottering Ministry, or to give dignity to their fall; of doubtful efficacy for any financial or commercial purpose, and of certain detriment to our greatest and most permanent interests—the measures which Parliament has just rejected, will remain as an additional monument of the dishonesty and incapacity of their promoters, and of the good sense of the country which they were intended to dazzle and to dupe.

At the moment in which we write, we are ignorant of the course contemplated by Ministers: but be their determination what it may, we consider their doom as already decided, and the only question to be, whether it shall be

put in execution a few months sooner or later. Yet it is impossible not to feel that solemn anxiety for the future welfare of the country, which the importance of the interests at issue demands from us, even in the midst of our most sanguine expectations. Is our beloved land to maintain the progressive greatness and prosperity which she has for centuries enjoyed, and which her existing institutions and past policy have tended to secure? Are the clouds of political dissension, which have lately hung over her, to pass away, and are the blessings of practical and prudent government again to appear; or must we prepare for new and more fearful convulsions than any which we have yet endured? We anticipate with little doubt the success of our present contest for constitutional principles; but we hope and pray, that the victory may be peaceful and speedy. We look to the steadfastness and moderation which so eminently distinguish the British character, for preserving us from any violent struggles for theoretical innovations, of which the benefits are so precarious and problematical; which are never likely to be accomplished by regular means, and which can only triumph through a course of agitation full of danger to the constitution, the property, the commerce, and the credit of the country. We rely on the prudence of the commercial classes themselves for seeing their true welfare to be identified, both with general tranquillity and with the existing prosperity of other great interests. They must know that nothing is wanting but a wise and able administration, and an abatement of political excitement, to remove any immediate interruption to the national advancement, and to accelerate our progress in the career of greatness for which Providence has destined us. It is impossible that the political agitation which has now for more than ten years prevailed, should not, in some degree, have impeded us in our path. It is impossible that the existence for the last five years of an Administration which was powerless in parlia-

ment, and despicable in the eyes of the country, should not have injured our interests both at home and abroad. That Administration, after doing infinite harm, by the mere fact of having done no good—after involving us in innumerable difficulties abroad, and after reducing our financial affairs to serious embarrassment at home—have, by their last attempt, done all that in them lay to rekindle the dying embers of civil strife; to set numbers against property, and passion against prudence; to array class against class, and to spread universal alarm and mutual distrust throughout a land which has fewer privileged orders or insulated interests than any country on record. They may partially succeed in that purpose; but they cannot succeed in either raising the general estimate of their own character, or inducing any large portion of the community to follow them as guides. They have concentrated into their present effort the convulsive strength of a dying faction, and have poured into the wound all the venom and virulence which rage and desperation could infuse. But we anticipate that the effect, however it may irritate and annoy, will be fatal to none but themselves. *Animas in vulnere ponunt.* The rashness and the tardiness of their present course of conduct, will alike condemn them. Their impudent assumption, and their obvious ignorance of the liberal principles which they now proclaim, after so lately repudiating them, will destroy their influence with all classes. Let us never see them, or any who resemble them, again entrusted with the administration of this country. Other auspices are needed to preserve England in her high position for honour, for humanity, for public principle, for prudent and prosperous enterprise, for wise and well-balanced freedom. By these qualities she will accomplish the mission assigned to her; and in herself and her wide-spread possessions, will illustrate and promote a higher standard and a wider sphere of civilization and glory, than Rome, in her palmyest days, was able to approach.

PETER THE WISE.

It is some years ago ere our crippled Parishioners
Were gruell'd to death by Three Mighty Commissioners,
From their own village homes shuffled off, neck and heels,
For poverty's crime, and shut up in bastiles :

When the parson, churchwardens, and overseers,
Were thought as discreet as most men of their years ;
And the fable was laugh'd at that men of their sense
Didn't know very well to take care of their pence :

When, with good English faces, at ev'ry church-door,
The farmers themselves paid the indigent poor,
And knew whom they fed ; and when business was done,
Grudged not if they loiter'd and bask'd in the sun.

And if happen it did that sometimes the poorest
Had not most relief, who felt poverty sorest,
'Tis not mended now—and the reckless and idle
Must ever be held with a pretty strong bridle.

If sometimes unequal, and partial, and blind
To faults and to merits—they were not unkind ;
They knew when the wolf came too nigh to the door,
And good folks walk'd over the cottager's floor.

They paid not sham doctors some farthings per head,
They let the sick man lie upon his own bed ;
Nor watch'd the last gasp for a " Destitute Test ;"
Nor lock'd up the hungry to die of a pest.

They did not make Two, whom the Church had made One ;
They had heard from the altar *that* must not be done.
Part children from parents, and thus make them learn
Not to " Honour their fathers and mothers," but spurn.

But now 'tis all chang'd. Honest farmers are floor'd ;
The poor have new guardians, named aptly a Board :
For indeed they're as hard ; as they screw up their lips,
And decree that mankind may grow fat on their chips.

But who have done this, and a hundred such things,
Now govern all England by deputy kings ;
Increasing our taxes, to send forth their minions
To scatter abroad diabolic opinions.

So that now if you go from your home a few weeks,
You stand a fair chance, through their mountebank freaks
That tickle dissenters and anti-church snarlers,
To find a commissioner perch'd in your parlours.

Thus once " Merry England "—since spite rules the hour—
Is fill'd with a faction so bitter, so sour,
That charity's self, by their deeds and their words,
Finds the milk of her kindness all turn'd into curds.

But this is a preface, and may be omitted,
And not hurt the tale into which it stands fitted ;
It's object was only to note the " time when,"
So I thus mark it off with a stroke of the pen.

In those better days there lived a poor fool,
Half-witted—one-half far too dull for a school ;
T'other half was a match for the parson and squire,
At least in our village in Somersetshire.

Half-crippled—the sight of a spade or an axe
Only made him to grin, and his hands to relax ;
All made him their jest—yet for all he'd a hit ;
Nature gave him one weapon—a fool's mother-wit.

He knew very well that the sun makes it day,
That the moon shines by night, and that grass turns to hay ;
That water will drown, and that fire will burn ;
And that one act of kindness deserves a good turn ;

Knew December is winter, 'tis summer in June ;
If he couldn't write rhymes, he could whistle a tune ;
Could very well count by his fingers and toes,
Quite as far as most people's arithmetic goes.

Thus being so simple, and yet so acute—
A butt—yet a butt that all comers could suit ;
As in part for a truth and in part a disguise,
They gave him the name of Peter the Wise.

'Tis the hardest of searchings to search out a mind
So various, it offers more points than the wind :—
Minds go in degrees in precedence and rank ;
And you'll err if you fancy poor Peter's a blank.

His was much like the stream, that is shallow, indeed,
But whose bed is firm sand, and not choked up with weed,
And like most shallow streams, here and there there may lie
A pool somewhat deep, and reflecting the sky.

And much like the stream in its shallowness too,
Whose current flows easy and clear to see through,
That varnishes under it pebbles and stems,
That wave indistinctly, but lustrous as gems.

It was much like the stream on whose peace, if a stone,
As too often 'tis so, be in wantonness thrown,
The surface was ruffled in circles far round,
But the centre smiled calmly, and show'd not a wound.

'Twas a mind like a mirror form'd brittle and hard,
The metal was pure, but was fractured and starr'd ;
And who gazed in sport found themselves there reflected,
A little more strange than they ever expected,

Now such being Peter—he lived on his guard,
With grown up mankind, and from practice hit hard ;
But children he loved, whether ragged or trim,
And infants and children by instinct loved *him*.

But the dogs, and the pigs, and the ducks, and the geese,
Between Peter and them was perpetual peace.
And the chickens ran round him again and again,
As if Peter the Wise had been a brood-hen.

The dogs ran up to him—as if they should say,
“ Now how are you Peter ? ”—e'en donkeys at bray,
Cast a look at poor Peter in sympathy strange,
Meaning “ Don't you think, Peter, the weather will change ? ”

'Twas so—when the farmers were shearing their sheep,
Quoth Peter, “ the naked to clothe will be cheap ;
So give your old coats, 'tis a trifle a-piece,
To clothe the poor ewes, since you've taken their fleece ; ”

And Peter the Fool thinking one thing to say,
And another to do, was not quite the right way,
And that charity chills while its doings are slack,
Tore his coat and his waistcoat from off his own back ;

Then cut them in pieces, and tied them close round
The poor bleating things as they leap'd from the ground ;

And the new suits they gave him he never could keep,
For in less than a week they went all to the sheep ;
Till the parish, grown weary, as suit after suit
Went off to the flocks, voted Peter a brute ;
When before a full vestry the tailor op'n'd,
They could not be stript off—if they button'd behind.

The vestrymen swore their parochial oaths,
'Twas an excellent plan—and they gave him new clothes
Which were scanty and tight ; but the parish had wit
To pinch in his belly, to make them to fit.

Since then, the sad Fool goes moping about
In a skin that's too tight, crying—"cannot get out."
Nor yet can his hands reach a button by inches ;
And the sewing's too strong to give way where it pinches.

It happen'd one day, as our Peter alone,
At the skirts of the village sat perch'd on a stone,
The squire and the parson came riding together,
And talking, as most people do, of the weather.

One was called Doctor John, 'tother young Squire Bob,
And he rode his hunter—the parson his cob ;
And behind Doctor John rode his man Thomas Biddle,
With the Doctor's great-coat buckled close round his middle.

Two beautiful greyhounds, each arch'd like a bow,
Follow'd, wond'ring the Squire was riding so slow ;
But seeing the Fool, they ran quickening their paces,
And wriggling their backs up to Peter's good graces.

Peter feels down the ridges upon their back-bones,
And spanning their bellies, thus says, as he groans,
"Bad times for us both, my good fellows, alack !
Since the fashion of buttoning in in the back.

So busy was Peter comparing the ease
Of himself and the dogs, he rose not from his place
Till the squire cried "Wiseman, is that your good breeding ?"
"There's better," quoth he, "but it comes of good feeding."

Then thus Dr John : he harp'd in with "'tis thought
That some folks are far better fed than they're taught."
"Mayhap," quoth the fool ; "'tis as true as folk's preaching :
The parish finds food—'tis your honour finds teaching."

"Ahem !—smartly said too," replied Doctor John ;
"But, Peter, who clothes you ? Nice clothes you have on."
Cried Peter,—for mention of clothes made him sparrish,—
"The same as what clotheth your honour—the Parish."

Here the Doctor was posed, so he spur'd on his cob,
With a half-suppress'd holloa from young Squire Bob,
As the Doctor was seen in his saddle to wriggle,
And Thomas behind him set off in a giggle.

At the hearing of which, Doctor John tighten'd rein,
And look'd back on Tom Biddle, who giggled again,
And said, pulling his mare up—for ill he rode on her,
"Methinks the poor fool is too hard for your honour."

"Pooh, pooh !" said the Doctor ; "go tell him his schooling
I care not about, but I'm pleased with his fooling.
I want a fool,—if he'd come, then, and live
At the Rectory, tell him fool's wages I give."

Then Thomas rode back, and his message forth showing,
Quoth Peter, "He wanteth a fool—Art thee going ?
Go back to thy master, and quicken thy pace,
Or the first fool he meets may take Thomas's place."

"What answer hast brought me?" quoth Doctor John.

"'Twas but a fool's errand I went upon,"

Said Thomas; "for Peter hath both of us hit,
For he asked if my place I was going to quit."

The Doctor laugh'd loud, and thus said, "Thomas Biddle,
You see how a fool ever plays the first fiddle.

Go tell him from me that I'm not at all loth
To keep my two fools, so I'll e'en take you both."

Though Thomas the compliment felt, he return'd,
For he well knew his master would get what he earn'd.

"Come, Peter, we cannot get on without *you*,
For my master has made up his mind to keep *two*."

"No, no," quoth the fool; "it never can be:
Go back to thy master, and tell him, from me,
That his honour should know, 'twould be rather too free on us:
The parish can never afford to keep *dree* on us."

The reply was some sort after Thomas's presage,

And so he rode back and deliver'd his message.

Quoth the Doctor, with gravity feign'd, "Thomas Biddle,
We're both of us fools in the solving that riddle.

"Well, well," then he added, "we've had, my good Thomas,
Our pride and conceit, and a fool takes it from us.

'Tis the great game of life, who can play the fool best,
And a dinner will not overpay Peter's jest."

Thomas went with good-humour,—the which he was rich in,
Inviting the fool to the Rectory kitchen;

Archly adding, "Now, Peter, don't stay for thy laced coat."

"Oh, no," quoth the fool; "and you'll loosen the waistcoat."

So Peter that day was the guest of the groom,
Who undid his waistcoat, to find the more room
For the beef and the ale that good Thomas thought fit
He should drink "to the Doctor's improvement in wit."

E'en such was poor Peter,—in most people's eyes

The greatest of fools, though Peter the Wise;

And many a day a good dinner he won,

In encounter of wit with his friend Doctor John.

One thing Peter had, that some have not to give,—

A heart full of kindness for all things that live.

Dislikings and likings like others he had,

But when the spring's pure the water's not bad.

He coveted clothes that were loose as a sack,

Hated pinching the belly, and buttoning the back;

And if any two creatures e'er made him look queer,

'Twas a cabbaging tailor and overseer.

And the Doctor oft said, that for his part, he thought

"Folks were not much the better for wisdom men taught—

And that many a fancy sagacity-monger,

Forced to *live* on his wisdom, would soon die of hunger.

That it cannot be wisdom in little or great,

Who ruin themselves, or who ruin the state;

There are fools in their pride and fools in their purse,

And fools without either that oft are much worse.

There are fools of pretension and fools of pretence,

Fools that can't understand even other folk's sense;

There are high finish'd boobies from every great school,

And many worse fools in the world than "Tom Fool!"

For Tom was the merriest fool upon earth,

But Folly brought twin greater fools at a birth,

Young Hope-fool and Will-fool, fools of the first water,
 And at last, to beat all, she bore Spite-fool, a daughter.
 There are fools all for saving, and fools that all spend,
 And great fools that borrow and greater that lend—
 Fools that rush into crime to accumulate wealth,
 Fools that squander the best of all treasures, their health.

Fools that barter the best things of life for a song,
 Fools of lovers, whose folly but seldom lasts long ;
 There are fools that are single, and fools that are wed,
 And fools have writ volumes that never were read.

There are fools, too, that read, and are never the wiser,
 And many's the fool takes the part of adviser ;
 There are fools to be woo'd, and still greater to woo—
 And fools to give Roguery plenty to do.

There are fools that abuse, and fools that applaud,—
 Great fools stay at home, and great fools go abroad,
 And great fools return, greater fools than they went,
 Their morals all gone, and their money all spent.

There are fools that see diamonds in Derbyshire spar,
 And these are *the* fools found at every bazar—
 Fools to be stared at, and fools, too, to stare,
 And mothers, great fools, let their daughters be there.

There are fools in the city of pleasure and trade,
 There are fools country gentlemen all ready made.
 Great fools of great fortunes lose life and estate,
 For the hunting a fox and the leaping a gate.

There are fools that are young, and fools that grow old ;
 Some fools too gentle—some given to scold ;
 Some fools that torment friends, children, and wives,
 And *greater* that plague *themselves* out of their lives.

I could tell of more fools without number or end—
 That with all this my telling I never shall mend ;
 And perhaps lose myself, both my sense and my labour,
 And *perhaps*—*I* am quite as great fool as my neighbour."

'Tis thus through his catalogue, good Doctor John,
 In his eloquent fashion was wont to run on,
 And to wind up his descant with energy (worthy
 The mind unsubdued by its "particles earthy.")

But a coxcomb—a prig—science-cramming, and prating,
 Naught knowing—ear-boring and gesticulating—
 O the biggest of boobies ! all fools to surpass,
 For a fool's but a fool, at the most—is an Ass.

THE SPAS OF ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, Dr Granville published a very amusing, and, we presume, a very exact account of the principal spas of Germany. This work attracted the notice which such a performance deserved, and its success has naturally turned his attention to the spas of England.

Every age has its favourite contrivance for getting rid of disease: they all come to nearly the same point in the end; but they occupy the minds of the idle, cherish the hope of the hypochondriac, and spend the money of the rich; thus far answering the grand object of the majority of mankind—killing time. Three hundred years ago, the *elixir vite* was the pursuit of the learned and the expectation of the foolish: it had its day, and was heard no more of. Then came antimony and mercury, and the theory was proclaimed, that as all poisons were but strong medicines, the constitution only required to be poisoned to the proper pitch to defy mortality. Then came animal magnetism, which cured all diseases without any medicine at all. And now come German spas, which wash death out of the world by diluting him in pints and gallons of water, supersaturated with carbon and sulphur; startling to every sense, muddy to the eye, nauseous to the taste, and stifling to the smell; but having the patriot virtue, at least, of filling the pockets of the German physicians, innkeepers, and chevaliers d'industrie, with a large portion of the loose gold of Europe.

Yet we by no means desire to underrate the value of a visit to the German spas, or any others recorded by Dr Granville; though we are entirely of opinion, that if gentlemen would adopt at home the same habits which they are compelled to adopt at the spas, they might save their purses and their time without any disadvantage to their health. The plain truth is, that if the glasses at the wells were filled with air instead of their odious draughts, the effect would be equally restorative in ninety-nine in-

stances out of a hundred; provided the regimen, the amusement, the exercise, and the early rising, were to accompany the inhalation.

For, what is the exact state of the case? A gentleman of easy fortune in London, (we omit both those who are encumbered with the weight of their possessions and those who work for their bread,) about the period of middle life, feels that he cannot manage his digestion as much to his comfort as he could twenty years before; that, when he dines out, the three courses, with his bottle or couple of bottles of wine, leave him without sound asleep during the night, and without natural appetite in the morning; and that even his daily dinner of soup, fish, and meat, followed by his pint of port or bottle of claret, begins to be a trying affair. He fights off the conviction for a while that all is not going on as it ought within, until a twinge of the gout tells him that he must eat and drink less, or prepare to be wrapped in flannel, and generate chalkstones until he is sent *secundum artem*, by his physician, where fees are paid no more.

But if such a patient, on the faith of Dr Granville's book, musters up fortitude enough to cross from Dover to the Rhine, and fix himself for a fortnight at one of the spas, what an essential difference instantly takes place in all his habits? The honest sleeper until nine or ten o'clock in his down bed in a close-curtained chamber in London, is roused at dawn from the hard and wholesome mattress of a German hotel; he finds the sun up already, and all the world of the wells enjoying the fresh air from hill and dale; he takes his morning walk to the sound of some of the orchestras which are echoing every where from sunrise till midnight; or he mounts a mule, and caracoles up the hills to feel the fresher atmosphere, and look down upon the broader landscape. He then returns to the bath; swallows a glass of the water; finds it detestable, but takes it as the order of the learned person who is answerable for his life;

then goes back to his hotel ; sits down to a voluminous breakfast ; eats with a capital appetite ; is astonished at his own performance, and honours the glass of fetid water as the worker of the miracle. A six-o'clock walk in Hyde Park, or a trot along the Hampstead hills, would have done nearly the same thing, without the fluid abomination. But the effort was not in his philosophy. Nor would it ever have been unless he had crossed the Channel, found himself surrounded by a crowd who were all making the same experiment, and followed the stream under the steerage of some doctor with a name of unpronounceable Teutonic.

It is clear that Dr Granville is pretty much of our opinion. He thus enumerates the classes of mankind for whom all this prodigious water-drinking is especially made. Those are—"Your young noblemen and eldest sons of people of wealth, leading an independent life ; your club men ; your young unmarried bachelors ; your officers of the household troops ; and finally, your *viveurs*, as the French call those who look out for exquisite cookery and high living." Those are palpably the race of the idle by inclination, by necessity, or by having too many of the good things of this world to tempt them to be good for nothing ; of all races the most helpless, if not the most unhappy ; the natural prey of the swindler in the beginning, the sycophant in the middle, and the quack in the end.

The second class are of a more important description, yet scarcely less faulty in throwing away the most invaluable of all human things—health. "In those, much more to be pitied and more numerous, we reckon the professional people of sedentary life, the lawyers, the men of letters who are at their desks all day, eat a hearty dinner, and sit up late at night at the desk once more ; artists, merchants devoted to their counting-houses ; and, above all, clergymen *without number*."

"It is remarkable," says Dr Granville, "how few females suffer from the dyspeptic and biliary disorders under which all those classes suffer." We are much inclined to differ with the Doctor on this point. But he regards the period from thirty-five to forty-three as generally the commencement of this disturbance in the

health of men, and that the disturbance may be remedied in most cases by having recourse to mineral waters. The mineral waters of Germany chemically differ in a very remarkable degree from those of England. All the cold ones abound in carbonic acid gas. Of twenty-one such waters given in his list, not fewer than seventeen yield from five-and-twenty to forty cubic inches of carbonic acid gas in a pint, and are therefore highly effervescent. The others have not less than an average quantity of fourteen cubic inches of the same gas in a pint ; and even two of the hot springs, Ems and Carlsbad, have, the one seventeen, the other eleven and a half, in the same quantity of water. The case is strikingly different in the English mineral springs. Out of thirty-two, twenty-three have but two cubic inches, the hot springs having scarcely any.

The difference between the German and English waters is remarkable in more than the briskness of the draught. Dr Granville observes, that "while in the German tables of analysis there are columns for phosphates and fluates of lime and magnesia ; of nitrate of magnesia ; of muriate, sulphate, and carbonate of potash ; and of oxide and carbonate of manganese ; no such columns are to be met with in the English analytical tables." But not to go too deep into disquisitions of this order—in which we are much inclined, besides, to think that a vast exhibition of accuracy may be made with a very small share of exactness—the more important fact is, that almost the whole number of the English spas are falling into disrepute, and for the following very sufficient reason among others :—The true secret of the sudden change which invalids once found in going to a watering-place, consisted in the total change of habits of luxury and indolence for those of temperance and activity. The man who had spent his mornings, noons, and nights in the close air, anxious business, or exhausting dissipation of a city, was transferred to a village, one or two hundred miles off, where he breathed nothing but pure air ; drank water instead of wine ; walked about all day, instead of sitting over a desk, a dinner table, or a card table ; went to rest at ten o'clock instead of at two ; and went to bed supperless, instead of being surcharged

with French cookery, French wines, or the delicious poison of brandy, fruits, and liqueurs; and rose at six, instead of ten. Of course, all the merit was ascribed to the various excellences of the well; and we may fairly forgive the *Esculapius* of the place for keeping up the opinion. He was only doing honour to the fount from which sprang his fortunes.

But all this has passed away, at least in the principal places. Bath, the village, is now a large city, where rich men may be as luxurious, as lazy, and as shortlived as they please. Cheltenham, the cluster of cottages, is now a handsome town, with as much dissipation as London; and a few years more will probably convert it into a city, and extinguish it as a watering-place. Another source of the change is the decay of all their public amusements. They still have ball-rooms, theatres, and public gardens; but the spirit of the olden times is lost. As few attend any of them as can contrive to stay away. There is none of the general enjoyment which used to characterize their residence fifty years ago; and the invalid, returning to London as fat, as lazy, and as languid as ever, blames the waters with no more reason than he extolled them before. New ground must be broken in them all.

There are other seasons, on which the Doctor touches with good effect, though he is evidently cautious of going too deep. One of them is the intolerable caballing for paltry offices, which breaks up all the harmony that ought to be the characteristic of places for the renovation of health.

But another cause of the preference given to the German spas even by the wealthy, and the growing desertion of our own by the middle classes, is the scandalous extortion practised by the majority of the hotels, lodging-house people, and every class connected with the accommodation of invalids and strangers. This complaint, observes the Doctor, refers to the "enormous expense which families of the middle classes have to encounter at those places of public resort, when they desire to live, according to their station in society, at some of the principal hotels. I have alluded, in treating of Harrowgate, to the weekly expenses of a gentleman and his lady, with three daughters, and two men and a woman

servant, who, while living at one of the principal hotels, and using the public rooms, were disbursing seldom less than twenty guineas a-week; and, had they desired a private sitting-room, the charge would have been three guineas more." This is perfectly common, and as perfectly scandalous.

The difference between this licensed plunder and the expenses of the German spas, which are ten times more amusing, pleasant, and arranged for the comfort, indulgence, and even luxury of the guests, is well worth remarking. "The same number of persons (thus fleeced in Harrowgate) would have been magnificently lodged and sumptuously fed, in the new hotel at Mildhad, called the Bellevue, for 100 florins a-week, including every possible expense for master and servant, instead of 281, which are the representatives of twenty-three guineas. Again, a single gentleman with a servant, who desires to spend his allotted time at one of the principal hotels of Harrowgate, must pay five guineas a-week, using the *table-d'hôte* and the public room. But at the same spa of Mildhad, in the comfortable hotel of Mein Herr Klump, I have known a dignitary of the Church, during the last season, occupy an extremely neat room, with another for his valet, and have two excellent repasts, besides breakfast and the board of his domestic, for forty-five florins, or one-third less than the charge at the English spa."

Now, to this, it cannot be answered that the English taxes make the difference. It is notorious that the charges are inordinate. We give no more credit, in this instance, to the German hotel-keeper than to the English; for, compared with the general expenses of German living, his proportion is undoubtedly the more extortionate of the two. But they are both extravagant; though, as fifteen guineas are more easily paid than twenty-three, we are not at all surprised at the preference given to the foreigner over the Englishman. But the only remedy, in the latter instance, is by the exertion of a little common sense among inhabitants of the English watering-places. Let them appoint a committee to fix a scale of prices at the hotels; or, if the hotel-keepers refuse this, subscribe to form a hotel with fixed and reasonable charges—all the rest would

soon adopt the scale. Let them see to the exact performance of the contract; let a list of lodgings be prepared, in which the rates should be moderate. Let the master of the ceremonies, instead of playing the walking gentleman, or even the dancing one, make himself of some use, and attend to those matters in person; and the result would be, popularity to the place and to himself, the avoidance of the perpetual bickerings which occur between the extortioner and the sufferer under his extortion, and the general comfort of all parties.

Continental tours for health have the advantage in point of novelty, variety, and general amusement. But tours in England have facilities which cannot be attained abroad. The change of air in England is perhaps unequalled on the continent:—"The transition from the southern and seagirt counties to the midland ones, and from those to the upland regions of Yorkshire and Northumberland, the passing from the bracing and dry north-west or north-east corners of England to the south-west and south angles, warmer, but moist and relaxing," supply a great variety of different atmospheres adapted to different characters of invalidism. The climate of this country is damp, and in winter undoubtedly ungenial; but as the best thing for the invalid in winter is to shut his doors and windows, in whatever part of Europe he may be, he has the advantage in England of having better contrivances for keeping out the winter than in any other country, better medical advice, and more comfort. If the eye is to be regaled, he has the advantage of as lovely a landscape as any in the world; he escapes being wearied by the eternal jargon of the foreign hotel, the bustle of foreign life, essentially the most noisy, rough, and vulgar thing imaginable, and being disgusted with the perpetual stench of tobacco. In this catalogue is omitted the still deeper disgust which must arise to any well-ordered mind, in the gross habits, the open swindling, and the universal profligacy of foreign life. All things taken into account, it seems plain that the invalid would be a gainer by determining to look for recovery within the limits of England.

Harrowgate, Dr Granville says, has the very air of a watering-place. A stranger travelling its elevated common, as he comes in from the south

on the Leeds or Manchester road, could not mistake it for any thing else. To guide future comers, he gives an extract from a letter written to him in July:—

"It is yet early for you to see this unsophisticated place to advantage; for it is, as yet, full of clothiers from Leeds and cutlers from Sheffield, besides all the red noses and faces in England collected together. There is not a livery hat in the place but our own, and ours is at present the only £1:1:0 subscription on the books at the sulphur well; showing the calibre of the company, who cannot afford more than five or ten shillings, and most of them the half of the smaller sum. But Sheffield and Leeds will soon loom homewards, and then, they say, better company will come."

It happens that the cold and frequent showers of rain, which occur in the early part of summer; render Harrowgate ineligible at that season. In August the fashionable season begins, continuing till Doncaster races. In England, a popular fountain generally brings a large town round it; but Harrowgate, though known as a watering-place for nearly three hundred years, still remains a village. The situation is excellent, standing midway between the Irish and German seas, and nearly central from the three capitals of the British islands. It has the advantage of a healthy soil, and a singularly pure and salubrious air. In a treatise on the waters and climate, by Dr Hunter of Leeds, it is asserted that no case of pestilential cholera has been known to have occurred at Harrowgate, neither have infectious diseases of any kind ever been prevalent. There is a Low Harrowgate and a High Harrowgate; but the latter has only chalybeate springs, which are common things in the north. The former has the sulphur wells, which give the place its distinction. Of late years saline springs have been discovered. Between half-past six and eight o'clock every one rises. All are instantly on foot, directing their steps, some to the original or old well, others to the Montpelier sulphur well, which has the merit of being the most fetid of the whole. A band engaged for the season plays in the pump-room in the morning, and concerts *à la Musard* enlighten the promenade in the evening.

Dr Granville likes to enliven his science with personal recollections.

At Harrowgate he joined an impromptu ball. "Come," said a friend and quondam patient, Colonel —, "you must for once unbend; stiffen your cravat, substitute pumps for Wellingtons, and honour us with your presence at the first ball of the season in the Royal Promenade Room, of which I am the principal steward and M. C. *pro tem*. It is an *improvisé* done to serve a worthy man, the present manager of the promenade room, who rents it for £300 for the season, besides paying a band from London at £12 a-week." The dance was in the Doric temple, which shows off to great advantage by night. Some of the party wore evening dresses; for there had been sufficient notice given in the evening of this impromptu. Others had not thought it worth while to go home to dress; and the ladies appeared in morning bonnets, with their partners *en frac*.

The thing is done somewhat more splendidly further on in the season, when the regular ball is at the Crown on every Wednesday evening, and at the other principal hotels on other days in the week, by agreement, or whenever, by some sudden frisk, "the ladies and gentlemen at the Dragon present their compliments, and request the favour of the company of the ladies and gentlemen at the Crown."

Dancing is the principal amusement; the men have the billiard-table and the guitar, the ladies have a circulating library. There is an occasional concert, and now and then the arrival of an itinerant lecturer; but, on the whole, we are afraid that this place of amusement is intolerably dull. Few doctors ever touch physic; but Dr Granville is a hero *par excellence*, and he touches, tastes, and smells every thing. He tells us that he applied, with a serene countenance and an empty stomach, to the quaffing of a large tumbler of the fetid stream, but he had the prudence to take it by instalments, and to take it warmed. He reprobates the monstrosity of practice which obtains among less scientific water-drinkers. "The whole quantity I took at four times," he says, "I observed other people to drink at twice, and quite cold. This is an error which I am sorry to see committed at all the English spas." He contends that there are few stomachs which can bear, with impunity, pints of cold, salt, and sulphurated water.

"The result is, that it mounts into the head, and produces a confused, heavy, and unpleasant feeling." We can perfectly believe him, and believe that a pint of sea water would be still more wholesome, and a pint of ditch water not more offensive.

A new establishment at Harrowgate is the Victoria Baths, prettily arranged, and a convenient set of tanks for parboiling ladies and gentlemen. Steam does every thing in this world. The baths are filled by a steam-engine, the water is heated by a steam-engine; and, for any thing that we can tell, the steam-engine has some hand in making the salt and sulphur which medicate them. This we think the proper application of the waters, and the only one. To load the stomach with this nauseating stuff, would be enough to produce all the sickness that it pretends to cure. It may do very well to wash, but, inside, it is enough to poison.

There are some noble mansions in the neighbourhood of this place, to which the proprietors liberally allow access. Among these is Harewood Park, the sumptuous seat of the Earl of Harewood. The ruins of Harewood Castle, with its two remaining square towers mantled with ivy, first meet the eye on the approach to the modern mansion, and a few hundred yards' distance is the great entrance into Harewood Park, through a grand Italian arch. The house is magnificent, the centre and wings measuring about three hundred feet of the Corinthian order, from the designs of Adams. The interior contains every thing that can be desired under the roof of one of the most opulent of the nobility—suites of superb rooms furnished with every superb thing, pictures, statues, antiques, and ornaments of all kinds. Among the peculiar features, a long and grand gallery, lighted by seven windows, over each of which hang festoons of mock curtains in carved wood, executed in so masterly a manner that the sharpest eye might be deceived. The grounds immediately round the house, comprising about a hundred and fifty acres, were laid out by Brown at an expense of £16,000. A lovely lake spreads out before the central portico, looking into the north, and all is as stately as it is beautiful.

We come now to another spa, Scarborough. The Doctor is enchanted

with Scarborough. "Who," he cries, "but must be enchanted, who has so-journed a single day at this queen of English sea-bathing places in the early days of a bright autumn!" Scarborough was a surprise to him; he was not prepared to find a Bay of Naples in the north-east coast of England; nor so picturesque a place perched on lofty cliffs, reminding him of the romantic views in Adriatic and Grecian seas. Scarborough, a hundred years ago, was the Brighton of its day; the fashionable world were then as thick there as berries on hedges. Those times, however, are changed; but eating seems the order of the day. The Doctor found on the breakfast-table at his hotel, besides the ordinary apparatus of breakfast, cold beef, raised pies, shrimps, and fish potted and dressed in different ways, as a beginning of the day; and of meals of this order, four are given before eight o'clock at night—a process which we should conceive not merely certain of destroying any good effect from the water, but perfectly likely to leave the guest in the churchyard, if apoplexy is a friend to the sexton. The Doctor reprehends this practice, in very vindictive terms. "The mingling together," says he, "of tea and coffee, eggs and ham, mustard and cream, chicken and veal, the two half-pint tumblers of the stinking water at the Montpellier at Harrowgate, or indeed of any mineral water, whether here, there, or elsewhere, is a practice I have witnessed at all those places. How, then, is mineral water to produce its salutary effect?" One of the lions of the neighbourhood is Flambo-rough Head. Its cliffs are five hundred feet high, and resembling those of Dover; but the cliffs here have the advantage, during the spring and summer months, of teeming with birds of every species and plumage.

For a long succession of years the mineral waters enjoyed a high reputation in England. Scarborough has the usual resources for that easy idleness which hates *exerui*, yet will do nothing to occupy itself—the natural habit of a watering-place. It has promenade-rooms, museums, circulating libraries, &c.; but the sands are the best resource after all. They extend for miles along the coast, as smooth as the floor of a drawing-room, and form an admirable promenade. Fronting the sea, are buildings

called marine-houses, for the accommodation of strangers. On the summit of a slope of a hundred and fifty feet, stand "rows of handsome houses,—at the foot, are rows of bathing-machines,—beyond them, the bright and smooth sands—beyond all, the clear blue sea. Bathing here is peculiarly delightful; the almost inexpressible descent into deeper water, with the softest bed imaginable for the feet to tread upon, and the peculiar transparency and purity of the returning tide upon these open bays, makes bathing quite a luxury." The Doctor does not seem so much alarmed at sea-bathing as some of his profession are. He declares it to be, when judiciously employed, one of the most powerful means a medical man can adopt for the restoration of his patients—he adds, "next to the use of mineral waters." We think the addition wholly unnecessary. Scarborough, however, has other merits; it is famous for fish, and the fish are cheap. A turbot, which delighted him, cost only five shillings; a fair-sized cod-fish is a shilling, a pair of soles the same, and three haddocks for sixpence; but there is no good without its drawback. If fish is cheap, lodgings are dear. A tolerable house is ten guineas a-week, and some as high as thirteen guineas in the season, which, however, is only three months. But Scarborough is dull. In the early part of the season there are no fashionables to associate with, and when they come at last they will scarcely associate with each other. There is no dancing, and no sociability. The Doctor says, it made his heart ache at the theatre to see a pretty actress, a London favourite, play for her own benefit to an audience consisting of nineteen persons. We dare say the fair actress perfectly sympathized with him. London, with all its pomp, seems to be the least aristocratic spot of England. It is in the country that the pride of the landed interest flourishes in all its glorious absurdity. The individual who is nothing in London streets, an honest encumbrance at the club-houses, and voted a bore in every other society, swells into importance as he treads the turf of the country—on his own grounds is paramount of course, is in authority in the parish vestry, is somebody among the magistrates, and at watering-places performs the exclusive. All this is very silly and very

selfish; but it is one of the thousand examples that people may be rich without being social, and be even fashionable without being well-bred. Above all other affectations, the affectation of high life is contemptible; and the second or third rate dignity of a blockhead, who would be nothing among men of real rank or real accomplishment, is not simply foolish, but disgusting. One of the best effects of London life is, that it utterly discommensates this folly, and that there is no absurdity of the human heart which finds in the general manners of its society a more general chastisement than pride.

From Scarborough, a beautiful country spreads to the west. The drive to Kirby-Moorside is through a succession of rich and highly-cultivated landscapes. The road undulates over hill and dale—the signs of social life are every where—the villages are neat—the houses built of stone, and generally tiled—the rose and honeysuckle, always evidences of comfort and taste in the inhabitants, climb round the cottage casements, and the population are numerous, thriving, and healthful. On this road lies the Kirkdale quarry, on which Dr Buckland wrote his strange and rambling book, the “*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*,” being an attempt to prove the fact of the Universal Deluge, from what the Doctor pronounced to be the fact of all the hyenas of Yorkshire having agreed to take common refuge in this cave—an ill-judged measure, as it appeared—for the Flood was not to be eluded in this way; it accordingly followed them, drowned them *en masse*, and left their bones to tell the tale.

“Get on the crupper of a good stout hypothesis,” says Sterne, “and you may ride round the world.” The Doctor’s hypothesis might have carried him to the moon. He has since, however, had the wisdom to slip off, without making much noise about it, and the hyenas of Kirkdale have lost their best friend—*Requiescant*. The cavern of this portentous theory is a dismal hole; so dismal, indeed, as to give Dr Granville a poetic bit, and stimulate the Muse within him to describing its horrors in this style:—“As if the terrified beasts of a former world, in quest of shelter from the one universal devastating flood which threatened their existence, had by instinct purposely selected a spot too

frightful to entice any persecuting enemy of their race to follow them.”

This is rather loftily told; but, as the Flood was the enemy from which they fled, they would have showed their sense in choosing some spot which would have frightened the Flood. The theory, like Dr Buckland’s, thus practically fails; but it exhibits at least equal knowledge of facts, and much superior plausibility of invention.

We regret to say that no more theories can have birth in the Kirkdale cavern. Like the placard over the grave of the Abbé Paris, it is forbidden,

“De faire miracles en ce lieu.”

The quarrymen have got into the sacred precincts. Geology, modest maid, has been forced to fly before the rudeness of the spade and the pickaxe; the antediluvian relics have been dug up, carted away, turned into bonedust, and are now swelling the increment of turnips and carrots on the fair fields of Yorkshire. Our *Requiescant* has gone for nothing already; and the Doctor’s only hope of fame is to be found in blowing his own trumpet in front of the Travelling Association.

Dr Granville is certainly an observant and amusing traveller, and, technical as his professed subject is, he has contrived to make his book interesting to those who would not take the trouble of knowing whether one spa is more foul and fetid than another. He gives little passing touches of every thing, and, among the rest, of the agriculture for which Yorkshire has lately become so famous. In speaking of great tracts of moorland, reclaimed by some of the intelligent landholders by the simple process of burning off the surface of the heath, he gives the benefit of his experience in deciding a question which has been often mooted, and which has perplexed many a proprietor. It is, whether it would be more profitable to reclaim waste lands for the plough, or to plant them? He decides unhesitatingly for the former.

“I am sowing my son Edward’s childrens’ fortunes,” observed to me many years ago an M.P., to whose seat I was summoned on occasion of that son’s (then a mere child) illness. He was then engaged in planting nearly half-a-million of trees upon some hillocky and sandy tracts of

waste land, which, in my opinion, required nothing but a proper supply of manure from the neighbouring town to turn into most excellent corn land. Edward grew up, and his children have since come into the world, and a large proportion of the trees, their intended fortune, have been growing up at the same time. *But the children are growing faster than the trees,* and the square feet of timber in the latter are not yet such as to realize the expected fortune. Now, had my friend, instead of his own speculation, adopted the scheme of the Yorkshire improver, the vast tract of land which he has condemned to nearly half-a-century of unprofitable returns, would have yielded not only an ample fortune to Edward's children, but also to their father and grandfather.

We regard this as sound agricultural doctrine. Except in ornamental grounds, trees should never be planted where any thing else will grow. Let them shelter the gentleman's mansion, give shade to his garden, or flourish in clumps on his demesne; let them sheet the side of hills where the plough cannot pass; but let them not cover any spot where the plough can. Their original expense, their constant fencing, their almost total prohibition of returns from the ground for the first fifty years, and the slowness of their growth to maturity, render this beautiful produce the most unprofitable that can be raised from profitable land. There is room enough for them, besides.

But the Doctor occasionally violates that wholesome proverb, which, though originally applied to cobblers, may be applied to half the professions in existence. The Doctor attempts a subject of which he knows nothing, and follows a guide who knows as little as himself, when he harangues on national education. Like the Marquis of Lansdowne, he is a prodigious admirer of the Prussian style of education—a system which drives every body to school by a kind of conscription, teaches the rising generation by drill, makes the fathers and mothers accountable for the grammatical advances of their children, and compels every body, the low as well as the high, to learn classics and mathematics, the art of machinery, and the Copernican system. Notwithstanding the ardour of the Marquis and the Doctor on this promising subject, we

cannot help doubting its practical value. This system has now been going on for a succession of years in Prussia. May we not fairly judge of the tree by its fruits? What has Prussia produced in the last quarter of a century? The question is not merely, has it produced any one man of real eminence with all this forcing, any one great orator, or philosopher, or poet, or naturalist, or mathematician? but, has it raised any *peasant genius* into eminence? for the old education was confessedly adequate to produce able men in the higher ranks of the population. But, as if for the express purpose of turning the theorists to ridicule, Prussia has been signally deficient in all remarkable examples of intellectual distinction during that period. The government machinery has been in full work all the time, grinding the popular material, as the new bone-mill grinds the "osseous structure" of man into manure; the drill has been "ranking and filing" the whole generation in this parade-march of mind; the drum has summoned them to school; and the rattan of the sergeant has reminded them of the dignity of human nature. But we look in vain for the brilliant results. We fully admit that results must have been; that many a ploughman now knows the difference between the Greek alphabet and the German text; that many a tinker can talk of oxygen, and knows accurately that zinc is not silver; and that many a village tailor could give the trigonometrical elevation of the village steeple. But we are still to discover whether all this knowledge is really worth all the trouble; whether it is not a mere waste of the expense which it takes to stamp it on the hard heads of the multitude. We say nothing of the bustle, because, in all probability, the bustle is among the grand objects of the whole affair. Now, we must not be set down among the advocates for popular ignorance for all this. Quite the contrary. We think that every individual ought to cultivate that higher portion of our nature, the intellect, as much as he can. But we object to the mischief of injudicious teaching; as lavish of the public money, wholly ineffective for the general intellectual progress, and directly tending to fill the popular mind with vanity, inflation, and worse

than ignorance. Let the peasantry dream what they will of books; they must eat, and to eat they must labour. But what time for study has any man, after being at the plough-tail, or the spade, or even at the loom, for twelve hours a-day? Or what actual advance can be made in science, or literature of any kind, without a degree of effort which it is absolutely Utopian to expect in the crowd of mankind? But the modern tree of knowledge, grasped at by those incautious hands, may, like the old, engender pride, insolence, and insubordination. How much are our modern Chartist the better for all the lectures, mechanics' institutes, rambling harangues, and pamphlets on political economy, which have been let loose over the land during the last twenty years? Have they filled the population with any kind of knowledge but the knowledge of conspiracy? Or has the secret of this been in philanthropy or in ambition—the work of patriotism or the love of power; the desire to form an enlightened people, or to discipline a vast, violent, and furious faction? Even in England, as in Prussia, it would seem that a direct prohibition of the growth of any remarkable intellect was inflicted during the period, for the actual purpose of exposing the utter hollowness of the hypocrisy, and the shallowness of the speculation. Before the time of all this clamorous conspiracy, the humblest orders made noble contributions to the general renown of the British mind. We had Watts, Brindley, Boughton, Arkwright, Herschel, and others, each of them distinguished by giving a separate and powerful influence to the public progress, each of them exhibiting that originality which is the first constituent of genius, and each of them opening a track, in which the science and civilization of the age felt instantly that it had discovered a new province of mental empire. But what genius of this order, or of any, has been produced by the whole hammering and screwing, the whole smoke and fire, of that Babylonian forge which the whole tribe of *philosophists* have been kindling and blowing, with all their revolutionary bellows, during the last quarter of a century?

The topic is endless; but we must stop. For true learning we have the highest admiration; for the services of true science, the readiest acknowledgment; for true patriotism, the most unequivocal gratitude. But no language can be too contemptuous for our disgust and disdain of the arts, not the less atrocious because they are ineffectual, which the whole tribe of the modern school of politics and philosophy hourly bring into play on the popular mind. We do not upbraid those conspirators with their actually banishing all mention of religion from their educational schemes. Like Satan, they know that a divided house cannot stand; and they will not be instrumental to their own defeat. But those who know that religion is the great preservative principle of society, may best discover the nature of those ostentatious innovators, by seeing the affected indifference and real alarm with which the mention of religion is received by those empirical enlighteners of the 19th century.

The volume then proceeds, at an easy and a pleasant pace, through the great coal country of the north—a country of natural wealth and wonders, of which half the wealth, too, is owing to the modern discovery that steam even gives winged speed to coals as well as to communication. The country in the neighbourhood of Durham is one vast field of coal, the product of which, in 1837, had been 805,668 tons from nine collieries alone, paying to the owners, on shipping them, £426,332. Yet for which the London consumers are compelled to pay a *million of pounds sterling*! There, at least, is room for a reform; and we wish that some bustling innovator would save our pockets from being picked on this monstrous scale. It would be much better employment for Mr Grote, than his annual speech on the Ballot. We recommend Dr Bowring to bestow a few of his bulletins on the subject; and would almost forgive Lord John some of his political peevishness, if he would turn it to effecting a *radical* cure of an abuse, more pernicious and more deserving of punishment than nine-tenths of those in the statute-book. The Doctor promises another volume. We hope a speedy one.

IDA AND ERMENGARD.

WITH goodly cheer, and vintage rare,
The board of Dais was drest;
Alone they sat, the lady fair
And that benighted guest.

HIS bearing, frank and bold, appear'd
All form to cast aside;
Her new-told name the lady heard,
And scarcely seem'd to chide.

"Ida, thy sadness is a spell
That stirs my inmost heart;
Some fearful secret here doth dwell
That passeth common art.

"Thy queen-like courtesy is paid
With melancholy grace,
And fear and woe have cast a shade
On that young lovely face.

"At this thy board, when none are nigh,
Thou speak'st below thy breath;
Thine eye still dwells on vacancy,
As on some sight of death.

"Though I have known thee scarce an
hour,
Love counts not time or space,
Fly with me; mine are wealth and
power,
And an unblemish'd race."

Young Ida shudder'd, look'd around,
"We are not here alone,"
She said, and her sweet voice's sound
Died to a stifled moan.

"Though innocent in deed and thought
I bear a blighted name,
(Thus far the wizard ford hath taught,)
A heritage of shame.

"My mother! in my infant days,
So sweet and kind of mood,
Woe's me! I cannot speak her praise
As a loved daughter should:

"Ere dawn'd my life—woe worth the
star
That ruled my wayward fate—
She fled, and left Count Waldemar
To nurse his vengeful hate.

"The wrongs that furrow'd his dark
cheek,
Taught him the deeds of hell,
In dwellings of the dead to seek
Vigil and demon spell.

"Revenge was rife; these walls but ill
His sorceries withstood;

Blood flow'd, but his revengeful will
Was sated not with blood.

"All perish'd; I am helpless here,
The only living soul,
The tenants of the charnel drear
Obey his fell control.

"Mark'd ye the warder's stony eye
That oped the castle gate?
The gaunt and silent ministry
That spread the board in state?

"Brave hearts and true! in vain they
fought:
They spake of yore, and smiled;
They serve, but see me, know me not,
Their own dead master's child.

"When the wild huntsman sweepeth
near
With ghostly horn and hound,
The din that others shrink to hear
Seems like a social sound.

"Yet more!" His eye pursued her own
To where, behind his seat,
An armed form stood still as stone,
In plate and mail complete.

It was the same which he had eyed
At first with little heed,
As empty harness, set aside
To wait the wearer's need,

"A spell constraineth him within
To cumber upper earth;
Oh, had he perish'd shriv'n from sin,
Or never giv'n me birth!

"His being, how in death sustain'd,
Thou would'st not bear the tale—
The fatal eve is now at hand,"
—Her damask cheek turn'd pale.

Sir Ermengard sprang from the board,
His brow with wrath flush'd high;
"Come man, come fiend! this trenchant
sword,
Shall match foul gramarye.

"Oft was it proved in Palestine
Through siege and battle bold,
And smote the wizard Mangretyn,
In his own desert hold.

"This hand shall break the spell, my
fair,"
—He strode her own to grasp;
The lady shrunk, and shriek'd "For-
bear!
Thou'dst better touch an asp."

"Forbear!"—a deep voice answer'd,
 like
 The echoes of a storm,
 An iron arm was raised to strike ;
 —It was the mailed Form.

A blue and momentary gleam
 Through the barr'd visor shone,
 The clanging arm dropt—all did seem
 Again as stiff as stone.

"Oh, if thou lovest me as thou say'st,
 Rash Ermengard, away !
 Better bear all than see thee waste
 A struggling, living prey.

"Few men his mortal strength with-
 stood
 Before that fatal hour,
 And now his strange unhallow'd food
 Bestows unearthly power.

"Others, as madly brave as thou,
 This vain emprise have tried,
 I wept their fate, but none till now—"
 A sigh the pause supplied.

"Know, too, that from this weird do-
 main
 To lead me none may dare,

But one whom sainted vows constrain
 To penitence and prayer.

"Oh ! could such holy man arrive,
 To break my nameless doom,
 Then might some friendly cloister give
 A shelter and a tomb."

This time to-morrow night !—he saw
 Her horror-stricken look—
 "Deem'st thou such develries to awe,
 By candle, bell, and book ?

"The good Red Cross is bound upon
 My shoulder and my breast,
 And relics from Mount Lebanon,
 Within my hauberk rest.

"This sword hath shiver'd mail and
 plate
 Stronger than that I see ;
 Vaupyre, or fiend, he proves its weight
 For love and loyalty !"

* * * *

A blue flame, ghastlier than before,
 Flash'd from the visor'd face ;
 The iron Form strode on the floor,
 And raised a ponderous mace.

THE SUIT OF THE MINSTREL.

BY B. SIMMONS.

WHAT a dream of delight ! while young Victor was wooing
 Proud Constance, sole heiress of Bernard of Bonn—
 In that tenderest of times, when the vintage is viewing
 Its deep shadow's glow, where the Rhine rushes on.

Superb as a cloud in the sunset, that maiden
 With her eyes of broad blackness and lustrous cheek—
 Heard the tale, low and sweet, like a breeze odour-laden,
 That fever'd the frail lip of Victor to speak.

Fond haunter of moon-brighten'd hills !—the sweet merit
 Of his country's wild Magi—the minstrels of old—
 Had fill'd with an early enchantment his spirit,
 Till it master'd the Art they melodiously told.

Long unheard in his heart lay the gift unawaking,
 Till Constance rose suddenly bright on his way ;
 Then the songs of his soul sounded out, like the shaking
 Of those chords that salute, in the Desert, the day.

And the lone poet's praise, to that lady so peerless,
 Grew essential as dew to the lily's hot life—
 And she won him to mix with the festive and fearless
 In the joust or the revel's magnificent strife.

The enthusiast yielded ; and far from the mountains
 Whose blue shadows' softness grew up in his soul,
 He came—'mid the crowd thronging, luxury's fountains,
 The wealth of his wasted existence to roll.

Of the gallants her steps' fairy music attending,
Was Victor for ever in fervency first;
With his harp's inspiration immortally blending
The visions his daring idolatry nurst.

And her triumph to Constance fresh glory was bringing,
From her eyes more victoriously darted the day,
As Time, through her life's cloudless atmosphere winging,
At her feet saw that youth, with his lyre and his lay.

She would linger—would listen—her full heart's expressions
To that slave in one glance's dark volley convey'd;
And she loved him to sing of the lofty concessions
That high-born maidens to minstrels have made.

Yet, guarded in guile, from her lips ruby-burning,
The *one* word so watch'd for by love never fell:
Poor Minstrel, no passion thy passion returning,
Shall ever the clouds closing o'er thee dispell!

(Oh! as bud in the blight be the lip of the woman,
Who, to wing the dull moments in indolence past,
Can foster with flattery cold and inhuman
Some heart's noble hopes but to break it at last!)

'Twas when Victor was loudest, by lance and lute vaunting
His mistress unmatch'd from the Rhine to the Rhone—
While his lode-star of life was her aspect enchanting—
That she wedded her kinsman, Count Hugh of Cologne.

Fly now to the haunts of thy boyhood—thou dreamer!
This truth like the hunter's keen shaft in thy brain—
That trampled and mock'd by one idolized schemer,
Thou, at least, hast no fierier hell-cup to drain!

His darkness came down with no softening gradation,
On the noon of his life it was instantly night—
'Twas the thunderbolt killing with swift desolation,
In its greenness and glory, the pine of the height.

Yet think not that Constance triumphantly wended
In bliss as in beauty her heartless career—
The voice of that wrong'd uncomplaining *ONE*, blended
With the breeze, was at midnight a curse to her ear.

When proudly before her the banquet was blazing,
And nobles pledged high to her beauty—her eyes
Ever saw, as through clouds, by a lonely hearth gazing,
A pale wither'd man, like a spectre, to rise.

In Cologne's banner'd aisles, Countess Constance is sleeping,
And leagues far away, by a blue river's side,
Over Victor's green turf silent Evening is weeping—
May their souls, at the Judgment, not sever as wide!

RUSSIA AS IT WAS IN THE SUMMER AND WINTER OF 1812.

IF, reader, you look out of a window into any crowded street of any large city, you will be surprised to observe how very few of those whom you see actually engaged in the bustling scenes of life, could have been more than children (eight or nine years old at most) in the memorable year of 1812. Not every twelfth man, you say to yourself, could have been *consciously* abreast of this great romance—the greatest by far since the Crusades, as they again since Ilium with its “Iliad of woes.” Consequently, to the large majority, any narrative or picture of that year is as good as *MS.*, or as any newly-discovered record of any forgotten event. The following sketch of this grand era, woven together from scattered passages of Arndt, in his *Erinnerungen*, (Leipz. 1840,) seems to have the merit of spirited delineation; and it certainly has that of resting on a direct personal experience:—

In the autumn of 1803 I went to Sweden, and, after a year's absence, I returned to Pomerania. Stormy and full of rumours was the condition of Germany, both north and south. Next came 1805, with the tragic catastrophe of Austria; and then the more dreadful 1806, which witnessed the prostration of Prussia. Then it was that my “geist der zeit” (spirit of the time) came abroad in its first part. That summer of 1806 I passed in Stralsund; more pointedly, I may say, *lay* in Stralsund; for in a duel with a Swedish officer, who bore the classical name of Gyllensvaerd, (*χρυσάειος*, or *golden-sword*;) I received a bullet in the body, and lay two months stretched upon a bed. The occasion was this:—We had been sitting in a public garden with a large party of friends, our hearts expanded with wine, and our conversation exceedingly animated. The Swede dropped an ugly expression, which I could not digest, in reference to the German people; and what made it more offensive was, that at the very moment I had been freely praising his countrymen upon my recent experience. My praises he adopted complacently enough as a mere debt to the notorious truth, such as claimed no acknow-

ledgment at all from any Swede; and he requited them by an insult. We exchanged shots at fifteen paces apart, about a mile and a-half from Stralsund, on the sea-shore. At the moment when the bullet took effect, I sank down in a sort of fainting-fit, and fancied that I carried death in my body. The time was about six in the evening, a most lovely sunset approaching, and I saluted, as with farewell eyes, the verdant shores of my beautiful native island, (Rugen.) This, however, was but a momentary shock. I was soon able to stand up, and to walk with my seconds into the town, where, after being duly probed, hacked, and bandaged *secundum artem*, I lay stretched on a bed for the next eight weeks.

Every man in Germany by this time knew me to be a burning hater of the French, and no admirer of the now deified Napoleon. In those days I suffered from these causes a real martyrdom of feeling; and oftentimes, from mere frenzy of political excitement, between insolent Frenchmen and too submissive Germans, my feet burned as if placed on red-hot plates of iron. In the spring of 1809, when the news came that the poor King of Sweden must fall from the throne, these feelings grew stronger—and insupportable when the great Austrian campaigns commenced upon the Danube, together with the tumultuous risings amongst the Tyrolean Alps. One morning my friend General Schweim came to me, and repeated the reports that Schill had moved with 10,000 men upon Stralsund, where he waited only for English shipping to carry him off to Sweden. “But,” said the general, “I believe no syllable of this—10,000 men are not so easily shaken out of people's sleeves.” Next day I met him in a public promenade. “It is but too true,” said he. “Poor Schill and his gallant division are all massacred, for a massacre it was—a mere cowardly murder and butchery on the part of the Danes and Dutch, in so basely binding themselves to French malignity. And now I suppose every thing will lie prostrate at the feet of this Satanus.”

Henceforwards, through private in-

terest with faithful friends amongst diplomatists, I had always double sets of passports—one set for Germany, in southern directions; the other set for England. In Sweden I took leave of my friends, as if bound to England; for French spies, and the accursed spirit of *espionage*, prevailed every where. Even Sweden was polluted; and oftentimes the Society of Friends even was not without danger. Vile result from the tyranny of evil men, and from that slavery which, once striking root in a centre like Paris, ever after seeks to wipe away its own shame by confounding other nations in a vortex, still spreading, of similar humiliation!

Happy, however, in such times is he whose habits are simple and independent! I needed no post-horses, attracted no notice, courted no suspicion. In the night, through mist and darkness, a stout foot-traveller, living upon peasants' fare, and conversing every where with the simple, loyal-hearted ploughman, carter, hedger, ditcher, in whom I met uniformly with a spirit of honest hatred to the French, cordially corresponding to my own; so, and in such habits of society, did I creep up and down Germany for years, passing quietly through thousands of sleeping villages, and caring not for what circuit I made, if it carried me wide of cities, police-offices, French guard-houses, and, above all, French spies or odious ensnarers.

In the great year 1812, I was sent on a political mission, at the Russian expense, through Bohemia, to certain places on the Austrian frontiers. My despatches, addressed to the *ci-devant* Russian minister, Von Stein, an object of bitter persecution to Napoleon, now a cabinet minister of the Czar's, were dangerous in excess. To evade interception, I was obliged to assume a footman's livery, and to travel with a greasy citizen of Vienna as his menial. Vienna people, it is well-known, cannot move ten miles without eating. This man, aware of my situation, abused his power over me; in luxurious eating, and in Hungarian wines, at every stage he made the Czar's golden ducats fly like forest leaves in autumn. When we came near to Brody, a Sennish town, and close upon the Russian frontier, I threw off my masquerade dress of footman, and came forth as gay as a butterfly for a new mode of

existence. My heart palpitated as I saw the flickering little flags of six mounted Cossacks at the toll-bar before Radziwiloff. "Give me half a dozen ducats," said my hitherto master, "and let me run on before. I know these fellows, and here one must buy a passage." But now I had my revenge—I was no longer in his power—and, looking at him with an air of defiance, I called out "Adieu!" displayed my grand-looking pass to the lancers, who bowed respectfully at the sight, and conducted me to the inspector of the frontier customs. This man was a Courlander, hospitable to excess, and, as it soon came out, had been the bosom friend of my brother in earlier life. He introduced me to his wife, a native of Poland, insisted on my taking up quarters in his house, where I met with accomplished women speaking both French and German, and finally arranged a plan for my journey to Moscow. Some baggage of the Russian embassy returning to Russia from Vienna, and three Russian diplomatic *attachés*, were expected in a day or two; at any rate I was to be provided with an escort, a Russian yager, to facilitate my transit; but this accident for connecting myself with good society, and stronger protection amongst the stormy scenes that might be looked for on the great military road of the armies, was not to be neglected.

Two mornings after arrived this caravan from Vienna. Out of two splendid carriages, laden apparently with effects belonging to the Russian embassy, stepped three gentlemen and a number of servants. The leader of the party was a little, good-humoured, talkative, and very agile man—the Count Ramsay of Balmaine. He was a secretary of legation, originally of Scotch extraction, and had been educated by Jesuits in Mohilew. The second was an empty-headed Frenchman, *le Marquis de Favars*, a worn-out *roué*; and the last, a captain in the Russian navy, a Grecian by birth, a man of great beauty, but wearing the most revolting expression of fleshly sensuality.

With these for my travelling companions, I went as far as Smolenako, after which our roads parted, they, as *attachés* at this moment to the Russian diplomacy, pursuing the route to St Petersburg—I to Moscow; for

though my ultimate destination was also St Petersburg, a political affair obliged me to go round by the southern capital.

Our course lay through Volhynia, a superb and rich territory. Here dwell what are called the Red Russians. They struck me as a graver people than the Poles; and still as we advanced every thing wore a more comfortable aspect—fields, meadows, houses—than in Poland proper; sometimes, indeed, as respectable as in North Germany. In the city of Zitomir, we stumbled by accident on a glorious scene of festal pleasure—it was a Jewish wedding. I never beheld a pageant so full of life, motion, and joy. Torrents, absolutely torrents, of music poured through every street. In the centre of the town, upon the wide open market-place, danced, with hands linked together, the most beautiful young men and women—the women all pompously arrayed in the richest ornaments—gold, silver, and pearls, glittering at every corner. And be it observed, that generally in Poland the Jewish race is far handsomer than in Germany; far nobler in features; and wearing a repose, a self-possession, never seen amongst our unresting, feverish, sweltering Jew pedlars. This fact, for a fact it is, may be traced, perhaps, to two causes:—1st, that in Poland the Jews gather into far larger masses, occupying often separate towns, and maintaining a national dignity by countenancing each other; 2dly, (which sounds strangely in the ears of Western Europe,) vast numbers applying themselves to the serene and salubrious labours of rural economy.

At length we reached Kiew on the Dnieper, once the haughty capital of the growing Russian empire, and still wearing traces of ancestral splendour. It was a lovely summer morning as we drew near to this ancient city; and we strangers were perfectly petrified with its gorgeous appearance. Such a labyrinth of gilded towers, cupolas of churches and of convents, turrets of private mansions, all throwing back the golden beams of the morning from metallic surfaces, gave to my feelings a gleaming vision or foretaste of the Orient. It seemed an outpost of Asia. Yet, when we entered the vast circuit of its walls, we seemed to read in the

long succession of open areas, and in the dusky grandeur of its desolation, a record every where inscribed—Behold a metropolis of vanished ages! The situation, however, on and amongst the lordly hills of the Dnieper, is truly regal. Here we alighted at the door of a Jewish palace—for such I may call the splendid hotel—and here, again, we saw a Jewish family, a mother with a train of daughters, all wearing the imperial beauty, once so peculiar to the daughters of Jerusalem.

At length we reached Russia Proper; and, compared with the wretched Poles, what a marvellous improvement! Every thing now clean and neat—houses better built—villages even elegantly arranged—men less slovenly in their habits of life, and far better dressed. Yet we suffered now even more than in Poland from the scorching days of this memorable summer, and, from one dreadful nuisance within doors, worse than Polish in its excess. This may seem impossible; for in Poland no mortal can secure himself against the abomination of vermin, ranging through every variety and shade. But here, perhaps from the heat of the summer, the chambers at the post-houses swarmed with fleas past all counting; certainly not of the huge Italian breed, yet, with all their minuteness, quite able to drive their victims into despair. It was our practice daily to stop the carriages in the midst of the forests; and then retiring, each into his separate thicket, we stripped ourselves in these sylvan chambers absolutely naked—suffered our clothes to hang wavering in the noonday breezes—and thus, with some little extra aid from a smart caning of our several wardrobes, we managed to distribute amongst the Russian fauns and wood-nymphs as large a portion of our new colonists as we could persuade to accept such short notice to quit. Hereabouts, by-the-by, we came upon villages occupied by Roskolniks—an ancient order of Russian sectarians; and amongst these people we made a discovery, absolutely new to all of us—viz. that any towel or napkin, which we might have used in washing, was immediately torn to shreds by the women, under a persuasion that the article had been made, in a religious sense, unclean, by the touch of heterodox be-

lievers. On the other hand, vessels from which they could eat with spoons, and so as to avoid all actual contact with the fingers, were not considered as desecrated by our use.

During these days we had often a lively specimen of the posting service in Russia, and of the licensed abuses in conducting it, through many a region of this vast empire. Whenever it happened that our attendant *yagers* thought our train of horses not quite equal to the pace we maintained, on the next occasion of descriing a drove of horses quietly grazing near the roadside, away they scoured faster than a flight of arrows amongst the startled animals, and by adroit manœuvring, in concert with one another, soon rode down towards our line of equipages such as they had pitched upon for likely assistants. And as the moralists amongst us, who grumbled at this brigandage, of course gave their aid no less zealously than the most reprobate promoters of it, naturally it happened that the poor ensnared horses found themselves in the traces, mounted, and spurred, before they had time for comprehending the logic of this extra travelling resource. No trade, however, is uniformly prosperous; and we had frequent occasions to remark, that the men who tended these herds of horses, sometimes the horses themselves, heard us in the wind, or saw us from a distance; upon which the whole mass, men and horses, would traitorously go tumbling head over heels to get out of our track. Yet, on the other hand, the service was not one of pure suffering; the lads who rode were uniformly humane and considerate; so that, whenever we drew up for a halt, each postilion, before he thought of himself, would unship his sickle, and cut from the nearest patriotic farmer, who had been so thoughtful as to carry his culture to the edge of the road, as much rich clover, &c., as it was safe for a running horse to eat.

But now began to swarm and thicken about us, even more and more, that vast equipage of war, stretching to the frontiers of Poland from the central depths of Asia, which connected itself with the events of this ever memorable year. Carriages, by thousands in a line, loaded with the

food of armies; oxen, by tens of thousands, moving westwards to the general shambles; tumbrils, artillery, officers' equipages, in never-ending succession. Often, for half a day together, we were brought to a dead halt, from the mere impossibility of making way against this heady current of Asia and Europe militant. What served to embroil the moving masses still more, was the long line of prisoners, many political prisoners, some already prisoners of war, escorted by swarms of Cossacks and Hulans, who were transferring them to the inland depths of Russia. Then at night, what new aspects of this vast moving, breathing, fluctuating panorama! If the night happened to be cloudy and dark, then myriads of watch-fires gleamed over the sea-like expanses of level ground; soldiers, prisoners, herdsmen, waggons, recruits, women, officers, commissaries, all dancing, singing, or, at times, drinking together; here, for miles in succession, scattered to a quarter of a mile's distance on each side of the road, you would pass whole divisions of the army, thirty thousand strong, all in their shirt sleeves, roasting, frying, broiling, boiling, their main luxurious meal, after the fatigues of the day were over; further on, if the night were starlight or moonlight, you would come suddenly upon white snowy tents, raising themselves in ghostly silence from amongst the blooming heaths; and further still, you would pass multitudes who, having no such luxuries as tents, were adopting the far wholesomer plan for all weather (but especially for such hot summer nights) of *bivouacking*, and might be seen stretched at their length by whole pulks and regiments, sleeping under the canopy of the heavenly host, and scarcely observing the ceremonies of sentries or outposts in this region of wild sylvan nature—as yet so far from the enemy.

My journal was stolen on my return from Russia, so that I cannot fix the precise day—but it must have been in the first week of August—when we reached Smolensko. The sun blazed fiercely; and for six hours, at least, we had not accomplished as many half leagues in painfully forcing our way through the mobs of camp servants and ministers of war, which blocked up the approaches to this

city. We had begun to move at sunrise; and it was ten A.M. as we drew up, throats baked, and hair matted with dust, at the hotel of Giampa. All our long line of equipage, our out-riding *yagers*, and our eighteen post-horses, drew no sort of attention. No rush of waiters—no officious master or mistress to salute our arrival—we might have been so many old women in a donkey-cart. There we stood—men, horses, carriages—all dripping with perspiration; and most of us not at all the cooler, but secretly fuming with indignation, at meeting with this particularly cool reception. "Hollo! you fellows, you waiters!" we began to ejaculate; and certain fluent maledictions began to ripen on our lips, but still no sign of attention. We ran up the steps; and, on entering the hall, we perceived even the stairs occupied as seats. A brave Saxon officer, one Major Bose, whom I afterwards knew at St Petersburg, was amongst the party in possession of the stairs; and upon hearing us call loudly, in German, for wine, water, &c., he laughed, and cried out—"Patience, gentlemen, there are some thousands in the same state as yourselves. Every chair in the house carries double; every room has a score of outside passengers; fifteen pulks of Cossacks are in possession of the cellars; five regiments of light horse are quartered in the salons and ball-rooms. I have been waiting three hours for a cup of water. Others"—but, on hearing this report of matters, Count Ramsay of Balmaine sprang off to cater in the town, and soon returned with one bottle of miserable wine, the worst of what is manufactured on the river Don. "This cost a ducat," said he, "let us share it." Some time afterwards we obtained a jug of water; and that was the extent of our refreshments through the day at Signor Giampa's. But in the evening there was a great movement: the light cavalry trotted out from the salons on the ground floor; and many companies of infantry debouched from the bedrooms on the upper stories. After this we obtained a hearing: the waiters mustered in strength; and before night we were comfortably seated at a dinner of roast fowls.

Here, in Smolensko, I met with

some dear friends—the Count Chazot, and my own stormy-hearted countryman from the isle of Rugen, Gustavus Barnekow. These two men, born in regions so wide apart, yet equally memorable for their Grecian beauty, and their reckless courage on the field of battle, I will have occasion to speak of again; and of the former, alas! in the farewell moments of his too fugitive life. Here also I met with the noble Leo Lutzow—a man so well known to Germany in those impassioned times. Count Chazot was at this time adjutant-general with the brigade of the elder Prince of Oldenburg, and he took his meals at the table of the Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. Thither he carried me daily as an extra guest to dinner; and at night he and I, with some septuagint of officers, slept on a vast hay-mow, littered down in a huge salon.

Nearly a week I spent in Smolensko; and I may venture to say, that, if I should live three centuries, I could have little chance of seeing such another spectacle as that week offered. It was, indeed, but the same spectacle in substance which I had witnessed through the last three weeks. But this great centre of union, this rallying point for the armies gathering from all the capital routes through Russia, naturally made Smolensko, for the moment, the very heart and focus of the strategic movements, so as to intensify the agitation of the scene as to degree, though in kind the elements were the same. Napoleon was now rapidly moving on the same point. It is known that he brought across the Niemen 450,000 fighting men. The Russians, after the liberation of the armies towards the Turkish frontier, were able to assemble even a greater number. The camp followers, who gathered like a snow-drift, even after the French, through Eastern Germany and Poland, but who flocked almost by nations after the Russians, swelled the total amount of human beings during the summer and autumn to two millions at the least, who were gathering towards one point, and weaving to and fro in each other's neighbourhood. And perhaps, as regarded the Russian side of the drama, at this time, and at the city of Smolensko,

the condensation of life was greatest, and the billowing agitation of the general mind was at the highest.

Continually in this week at Smolensko, streaming through the streets, but to more advantage as approaching along the roads from Moscow or St Petersburg, one would see the pompous array of armies under every variety and modification that Europe or Asia can furnish. Now came, for hours together, the sea-like tread of infantry, the main masses of modern warfare, the marching regiments of the Czar's armies. Then, after an interval of ten minutes, would be heard the thunder of cavalry approaching; and immediately began to fly past us, like a hurricane, squadrons after squadrons of those whose horses had drunk from the Volga or the Caspian; many with Siberian fur barretts, who lived near the icy ocean; fine races of Tartars from the Kabarda and the Crimea; men from three different sides of the Euxine, and both sides of the Ural Mountains; stately Cossacks from the Don; Kalmucks, with flat noses, and bodies square and wooden legs, and eyes set obliquely, precisely as Ammianus Marcellinus describes the Huns of Atila's armies fifteen centuries ago; Hulans careering with vast spears; Chinese-looking men from the pastoral Tartars of the great eastern steppes; and ugly Bashkirs, with blinking malicious eyes, and armed, even in this era of civilization, [hear it, Captain Dalgetty!] with bows, and sounding arrow-sheafs rattling on their backs. But, perhaps, the most interesting (certainly the most beautiful) interlude in this prodigious mask of martial life was, whenever a squadron of Circassian cavalry cantered past; all of them in glittering steel shirts of mail, all carrying floating plumes of the most beautiful description in their helmets, all superbly mounted, men and horses alike presenting the same tall, graceful, slender figures and features, contrasting so powerfully with the quadrangular mazy bodies and sidelong leer of the ugly Kalmucks and Bashkirs.

But the life—the agitation—the passion of the time, as the dire collision of the mighty armies drew

every day nearer—the frenzy of the patriotic love and self-dedication with which the miscellaneous gathering at Smolensko surveyed this Napoleonic precipitation of the West upon the East—how shall I attempt to describe? Men and women alike, but, to say the truth, women, with even more depth of devotion, surrendered themselves to one heart—one soul—of filial devotion, pride, and, one might swear, in many instances of Saragossa-like martyrdom (if that should be required) on behalf of their beloved native land. Never till now, but not even now so entirely as after I had seen St Petersburg, did I understand the Russian mind. The Russians are a very cheerful, light-hearted people; and one is not aware, until a personal communication with Russians, by residing amongst them, has put one in possession of their whole character, nor can imagine, the iron determination which lies at the basis of the Russian will. Europe as yet knows little of the Russian nature. At St Petersburg I saw more of it; but now, at Smolensko, enough to lift up a veil on the truth.

There were living here at this time several members of the Russian administration—some belonging to the Imperial Cabinet, as Count Nezelrode—and some to the Chancery, as the Baron Anstedten; all of whom, together with such of us as had diplomatic introductions, dined daily at the table of the police president. Often we sat down as many as two hundred to the dinner-table. And the scene which followed the dinner, was what first revealed to me the impassioned Russian nature. Many of the nobility from the adjacent provinces were now present in Smolensko; many beautiful women of rank appeared at these dinners; and when the patriotic toasts were given after dinner—never, no never, did I witness such a scene out of Russia. To understand it, the reader must remember that nobody—no foreigner, I mean—could be supposed present in Russia at this time who was by possibility any friend, or even lukewarm enemy, to the French tyranny. Hither, in fact, had fled from the whole of central Europe the very *élite* of those who detested that ty-

ranny; first, those who could not reconcile to their feelings the living under French martial law, liable at any moment to be called on for aid to a cause which they loathed; secondly, those who had a separate and special reason for apprehending French persecution, as having formerly, and in some public way, connected their names with anti-Gallican sentiments. To this class I belonged myself; and, in general, it had happened naturally enough that, at such a period, when Russia was entering upon her agony and death-struggle, no ordinary temper of hatred to France could lead any man to unite his own fortunes with hers. To be found here at all in this hour of darkness and uncertainty, was a kind of certificate as to the extreme nature of a man's opinions. No danger, therefore, in kissing a stranger, that you might be kissing a traitor. Else, and without this explanation, it would be doing a grievous injustice to report the rapture of those caresses which women the most elevated, the most untainted in reputation, dignified matrons, unmarried women the most innocent and lovely, women even of princely blood, bestowed upon ugly-looking strangers like myself. Tears were often seen on many a most charming countenance, as the kettle-drums announced the customary toast—"Blessings on the noble-hearted strangers, who have not feared to make common cause with Russia at such a time;" and then, as the men drank off their glasses, every woman turned, with so sweet an air of sisterly love, to the stranger seated next to her, flung her arms around his neck, and fervently kissed him, but with such an expression of perfect innocence, that the grossest libertine in such moments felt too nobly and justly to misinterpret the impassioned frankness of the act. It was said at the time at Smolensko, that this usage was founded on a similar custom in England, where the same innocence in the women had prompted, in certain situations, the same impassioned mark of confidence. This I may add, from my own experience, that afterwards in St Petersburg, when the great events of the war, and its glorious tragedies, had made the national sensibilities perfectly uncontrollable—in the very noblest man-

sions of the land, in the palaces of the Orloffs and the Lievens—I have witnessed the same tender marks of female confidence, the same expression of a sisterly recognition towards every known participator in Russian sentiments, very liberally bestowed by the fairest lips, and the nearest to imperial lips, on the banks of the Neva.

One day—I turn for the sake of variety, and of a larger experience, from high regions of society to the lowest—one day, finding myself perfectly wearied and exhausted by the never-ending successions of troops streaming onwards to the west, I moved round the skirts of the town, until I reached a situation so distant from the great tumult, that no sound could be caught even of trumpets and kettle-drums; the roar of baggage-waggons died away upon the wind, the groaning of heavy artillery oppressed the ear no longer. It was noonday—sultry as usual; and that peculiar silence, so breathless, solemn, and Pan-like, which sometimes belongs to the deep noon, whether of day or night, disposed even the thoughtless man to reverie. I had flung myself upon a soft, lawny couch of heathy ground: no one moving object was in sight; indeed, no living creature whatever, except some peaceful cattle tranquilly reposing under the shade of umbrageous trees half a mile distant. Solemn forests could be seen skirting the backgrounds in one direction; and the eye could dimly penetrate the gloomy recesses which their openings revealed. The imagination peopled these awe-inspiring solitudes with corresponding inhabitants; but to the mere bodily eye, all was silent, motionless, breathless, as the grave. Such being the external scene, it was inevitable that one's thoughts should revert to the tremendous scenes of havoc, struggle, and carnal fary, just now in the very crisis of opening. Then came the antagonist thought presenting the utter stillness, the inaudible tread, of that final grave which was so surely stealing onwards to swallow up, in one common abyss of darkness, the horse and his rider, the master and the slave, the mover of this mighty uproar, and the poor sutler that dogged his heels for bread. Five-and-twenty or thirty years hence, thought I, say in the year 1840, what will have

become of these innumerable captains, marshals, plumed cavaliers so stately and exulting? The earth shakes beneath their sounding tread on this day of August 1812. But if the curtain of time could draw up on the sad wrecks of these brilliant armies as they will exist one generation a-head; if—but just at that moment rose a solemn breathing of wind from the forests, so sad, so full of woe in its sound, half between a sigh and a groan, that I was really startled, as if mute nature had understood and answered my ejaculation. It was a sound, beyond all I ever heard, that expressed a requiem and a lamentation over the pomps and glories of man—so noble in his aspirations, so full of beauty and power for the moment—yet so inevitably lying down, after one generation, in dust and ashes, that I sank even deeper into abstractions gloomy and full of tears.

What was it that wakened me? You have seen, reader, those pictures called “Dances of Death,” where the marrowless and eyeless skeleton, which typifies the “meagre shadow,” is represented as linked in festal dances (though masked to *their* eyes) with the forms of crowned kings, mailed warriors, blooming brides, and rosy children? Such, or even more fantastic, when viewed from the station of my immediate thoughts on the vanity of vanities that closed up the rear of these warlike prospects, was the scene which suddenly rose up from a valley on one side, which continued to crown, in endless succession, the summit of the nearest hill, and thence diffused itself like a deluge over the unenclosed declivity reaching to the suburbs. Rustic waggons by thousands, as if for some vast festival of early vintagers, all decorated with flowers and verdant ferns, came on with haste, bringing along a whole army of the local militia, or armed populace of the rural districts, from territories far inland. Militia, strictly speaking, they were not; for they had been embodied only to meet the immediate purpose of harassing the French rear or lateral detachments. They were, therefore, something like our Prussian *landwehr* in constitution; but far different were the circumstances attending their motions towards the general rendezvous. With the men, oftentimes boys, who composed the armament, came also their mothers, aunts, sometimes

grandmothers, sisters, sweethearts; in short, six armies of women and girls for one of men. Hence the flowers; hence the music, floating from every portable instrument that the earth has ever known; hence the laughter, the shouting, the jubilation;—like some fantastic bridal in fairyland, “a sight to dream of, not to tell,” and even for dreams too like delirium and frenzy.

Was this wild mockery of care and forethought the proper sequel to my solemn reveries? I leaped up from the ground; unprofitable sorrow vanished; and I was soon myself as much carried off my feet by the contagion of the patriotic rejoicing which accompanied their encampment on the hill-sides, as the most thoughtless of the boys. By the way, I find from a memorandum I had mislaid, that this scene occurred not at Smolensko, but some stages further to the east—either at Wiasma or at Gschat. But I mention it as giving to the reader some impression of the ardour with which the honest rural population entered into the war; how it drew them (as previously it had drawn the Tyrolese, the Spanish, the Portuguese peasants) from their homes and hearths; how thoroughly this war of 1812 was the war of man and man’s heart, not of wily diplomatists—of nations, not of courts; and also to show how in Russia, at least, from the gayety of the popular temperament, the most dreadful preparations for suffering and danger masqueraded in forms of festal pleasure that harmonized so well with the peculiar glory of the summer.

From Smolensko, as I have said, parting with my previous companions, I pursued my way to Moscow in a Russian *telegga*, accompanied officially by an officer of *yagers*. Moscow, the city of marvels, I saw only for two days. How shall I describe the indescribable? How recall the visionary impression which this oriental queen of cities left upon my mind? Could I have known that, in so short a circle of weeks, all the glory I beheld would be prostrate in ashes, perhaps I should have studied the great spectacle with more separate attention to the parts; as it was, I never woke from my stupor of astonishment. “I see,” said I to myself—“I see, gathered into the circuit of a city, the representative picture of unhappy Asia; infinite splendour—infinite wretchedness, side by

side, and no graduated limbs between them. There was the Kremlin, with its golden gates—golden towers, turrets, pinnacles; there were the churches and convents flashing back intolerable splendour from their domes burnished into mirrors; and attached to them, or connecting them by endless lines, there were the squalid abodes of misery, of famine, of crime, of despair—mocked and insulted by the wealth which looked down upon them from aerial heights." This description applied chiefly to the suburbs; but it was true also, at intervals too thickly recurring, for the central city. Even here, however, what most riveted the eye at the time, what drew it off even from the strange forms of Asiatic life and splendour continually obtruding, and carried a sympathetic fever to the heart, was—the agitation, the stormy character of life in its ordinary goings-on, evermore filling the streets with tumult from morning to midnight. Oh, the fever of that time! Couriers every hour reporting the advance of Napoleon; and that tremendous battle of Borodino—the most murderous in modern history—distant now by less than one little month! Even he that prophesied the worst, saw no such terrific destiny impending over this ancient metropolis, as did in fact overtake it within one calendar month.

But, without knowing the hour of its catastrophe, every man was aware, from the momentary situation of the Russian armies, and their numerical inferiority to the French on any one point, that the occupation of the city by the enemy was but too probable, though certainly not without a desperate conflict. All people, therefore, were retiring who could retire, or to whom, as having any property to be pillaged, the presence of a hostile army could offer any change for the worse. Perfect misery was still safe. Yet even from that condition of absolute hopelessness, gleams of fierce patriotism—love for a land that to them had been a mere stepmother—blazed forth continually; and many of the very neediest withdrew from the coming domination of the insolent invader.

Me, at all events, it behoved to make no delay; for after any decisive battle, if it should prove adverse in its results to the Russians, as it was now pretty evident that the final stand

would be made at no great distance from Moscow, not only would all the horses and means of transport be embargoed, but it was reasonable to expect that Napoleon would push forward strong bodies of cavalry on the St Petersburg road; and the documents which I carried about my person would, in that case, too fully proclaim my country, name, and mission, to leave me a very hopeful prospect. I dispatched my business, therefore, as rapidly as possible; and luckily this was made easy to me by the kindness of my countryman, General Hess, at that time commandant of the Kremlin; so that two days saw me at liberty to depart.

I called on General Hess early in the morning, taking along with me my escort, the officer of yagers. The General had lost nothing of his German frankness or good-nature; he gave us a most friendly reception and a capital breakfast, whilst he himself supervised our passports and made other business arrangements. Those completed, he ordered his carriage, and proposed personally to present us to General Count Rostopchin, governor of Moscow.

Thus, without knowing how immortal a man we were going to see, but still feeling some interest in an officer to whom so great a jewel of the Czar's empire had been confided, we went to wait on the governor. I was struck with surprise when I saw him. I may say that, in effect, I had seen him repeatedly before and since. His figure and face bore the very type and impress that most peculiarly belong to the original and authentic Russian of the minor *noblesse*, or of that order which, in England only, is distinguished by the name of "gentry." Amongst the higher and patrician orders of the Russians, this type has been a good deal obliterated by inter-marriages with foreigners: in the middling or inferior aristocracy, not rich enough or not disposed to travel, it remains in its integrity; viz. a middle stature, seldom remarkable for height, but the build of body stout and square; a broad expanded face, with an expression of countenance resolute even to defiance; nose regular in its formation, but short; large blue eyes; carriage of the person remarkably agile; and address somewhat abrupt, at times stiff, but still

sincere and good-natured. The full result of these elements has a unity and a strength of character about it which, once seen, can never be forgotten, and may every where be challenged as absolutely Russian. Count Rostopchin invited us to dine with him; an invitation we were glad to accept. But previously we attended him to hear *Te Deum* chanted in the St John's church within the Kremlin, for a victory obtained by Wittgenstein over Marshal Oudinot. At the governor's dinner-table we found a prodigious party assembled; and we had the same fun—the same rapturous explosion of public feeling as at Smolensko and Wiasma—over our too liberal and brimming wine-cups. I rejoiced afterwards, and to this day I rejoice, that I had this opportunity of seeing the man whose name soon resounded to the ends of the earth, and who was honoured with the applause of all men, *except only within that little imperial circle where naturally he should have been honoured the most.*

From Moscow to St Petersburg the road lies by Iwer and Novogorod. What a difference between the Russian peasantry and the miserable serfs of Poland! The houses are every where built throughout of wood; so great is the scarcity of stone, so vast are the forests. They are also scientifically arranged in semicircles, so placed as to catch the *maximum* of sunny warmth; but, above all, to exclude the prevalent north-east winds of the winter. What struck me, however, even more than their comfortable repair and skilful management, was the general practice of ornamenting the outside with carved wooden fretwork; in which they reminded me of Helsingland and Dalame in Sweden. In those Swedish provinces, indeed, the peasantry adorn their wagons, the very harness of their horses, their houses, churches—in short, all their chattels whatsoever—with the favourite decoration; but the clusters of roses carved above the windows are equally common in this part of Russia.

Up to Novogorod, in every village there was the same display of peasants exercising under arms as on the road from Smolensko to Moscow; and (which may seem strange, but was really so) thus far out of Moscow the same long files of heartless prisoners—many of them Spaniards and Portu-

guese, forced into the French armies—swarmed at intervals along the public road.

At length we reached that once haughty Novogorod, of which the Hanseatic saying was current in the middle ages—"Who dares to contend with God and Grossnaugard?" (*i. e.* Great Novogorod.) But now, like Kiew, this mother of cities, except by its churches and the extent of its walls, makes but a feeble impression upon the hasty traveller. In fact, it was her haughtiness that ruined Novogorod. Iwan Basiliewitch, that dreadful prince, was provoked into a measure often adopted in elder times by Asiatic despots: he transported into far distant regions the most refractory and turbulent of the citizens, supplied their places by tame unresisting vassals; and thus, with the resolute stamp of his iron foot, he crushed out the last sparks of the ancient city's haughty independence.

On the fourth day from leaving Moscow we flew past the elegant Sarako-jeseto; and, soon after, my wondering eyes beheld the river Neva, and the new Palmyra on its banks. Thus I had travelled one hundred German miles, that is five hundred English, in less than four days. The whole road to St Petersburg, after leaving Iwer, is monotonous in excess, the ground presenting every where one dead level, intersected by swampy moors, sometimes by extensive heaths, with solitary clumps of fir-trees, pines, and birches; villages very thinly sown; only at intervals a melancholy posting-house or a tavern, kept usually by an Italian. In the marshy parts the road is laid with blocks of fir-wood, many of which having started from their fastenings, give a sudden shock to a low four-wheeled carriage without springs, like the Russian telegga, so as effectually to murder sleep. Consequently, except in those very rare cases when we had to wait a couple of hours for fresh horses, I had not enjoyed one lull of sleep since leaving Moscow. Yet it made me proud that, after one night's profound rest at St Petersburg, I found myself alive and kicking, ready for such another journey; whereas (bear with this, my foolish vanity, good reader!) my two companions, both soldiers—viz. Colonel Tettenborn and the officer of yagers—on calling at their hotel

the next day, I found stretched in bed, incapable of rising, and not altogether without symptoms of serious illness.

It was at the very close of August 1812, either on the 26th or the 27th, that I reached St Petersburg; and, of course, my first visit was to the hotel of the imperial minister, the Baron Von Stein. Here I was immediately adopted into the family; had a couple of rooms assigned to me, all my expenses fully reimbursed, and was advised to hire a German footman—a sort of chattel indispensable in this capital. To make no mystery of what requires none, I may explain that my duties with the minister were directed to the copying of confidential despatches, deciphering of others, and, not least, to the composition of political tracts fitted for general dispersion in Germany. Some of these, I need hardly mention to German readers, enjoyed a very uncommon circulation; indeed, after the revolt of the Prussian general Von York, consequent upon the French disasters, some of them were reprinted and diffused by the cabinet of Berlin, with the whole energy of the government machinery brought to bear upon their circulation.

Meantime, my situation was agreeable and advantageous at such a crisis, since, as one of a cabinet minister's family, I had the very earliest intelligence, and the surest, of every thing that happened; but a still greater privilege I enjoyed in the introductions which my position gave me to the highest, and, for such a period, therefore the most interesting society. In particular, I remember, with especial interest, an old Russian admiral, who soon made himself memorable in the pursuit of the flying French—Tchichakoff,* usually pronounced Shishkow. This man, if any in the Czar's dominions, was a thorough authentic Russian, of that pure original breed which I have described above in speaking of Rostopchin. He must, by all accounts, have closely resembled the famous field-

marshal Suwarroff. The same Russian vein of humour and fantastic fun; the same garrulous drollery; the same keen perception of the ludicrous, where it blended with moral weaknesses or knavery; and the same indescribable animation, as well as real histrionic talent, in the by-play of limbs, in gestures, and pantomime. Here let me stop to remark, that this talent for pantomime is so peculiarly, so pre-eminently Russian, that in all their theatrical performances, whether in conversation or in dances, I have stood for hours enjoying the expressive language of their gestures, without the possibility of any aid from the language uttered, of which I understood not one single word. Now, on the other hand, the Admiral understood very little more of German than I did of Russian. Yet so inimitably rich and significant was his pantomimic commentary on his own few words, that really I was seldom at a loss for his meaning. He was aware that I had provoked the wrath of Napoleon by political pamphlets. That was enough for him: his hatred for every thing French was as bitter as mine; and the subject of our interviews turned entirely upon the wish of the Admiral to throw his burning patriotism, by my instrumentality, into the shape of bombs and mortars, if it were possible, and to stir up all Germany to intercept the retreat of the French scoundrels, which he already counted upon as certain. Usually, he endeavoured to convey his thoughts, eccentric enough in all conscience, through some miserable attempt at French. This French I was to put into bookish German; then came his recapitulation, one fraction of a German word, two fractions of a French word, a Russian curse or two interwoven, but a grand musical accompaniment of pantomime the most varied.

Having mentioned Suwarroff, that great commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, who became so interesting an object in England and Ger-

* Memorable to English readers, not merely by his energy in pursuit, but by four knees in Southey's admirable *Expedition to Moscow* :—

“ And last of all an admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all must know very well,
Which nobody can speak, and nobody can spell.”

many about the year 1799, by his smashing defeats of the French armies in Switzerland, &c., I will repeat two well-attested anecdotes of his peculiar humour, as much on his own account as for the sake of illustrating the manner of Admiral Tchichakoff, whom I have described as resembling him in the Russian idiosyncrasy.

One day the field-marshal went to court; it was in the time of the Empress Catharine; and his immediate object was to present his son, then about seventeen, to the Imperial court. When Suwarroff and his son entered the salons of audience, it happened that her majesty had withdrawn from the usual presence-chamber to one more remote; but, as the marshal was a privileged person, every body made way for him to pass onwards through the folding-doors to the Imperial privacy. Instead of doing that, however, this eccentric old man chose to turn suddenly round and face the brilliant court circle. He bowed slightly to every lord of the bed-chamber, every "gold-stick" and "silver-stick" in waiting, slightly and almost contemptuously introducing his son to each. If he bowed a little more ceremoniously to any person than another, it was in cases where the rank and influence were notoriously inconsiderable. But at last he espied a slave carrying coals to one of the vast fires kept up in the palace halls. To this man he hurried off with his dutiful whelp, and, bowing profoundly to the astonished servant, he directed his son by signs, and by pressing his hands on the back of his neck, to follow his example. Accordingly, the two grantees, one laden with stars and decorations, continued to adore this poor slave, who, on his part, was ready to go distracted with consternation. The circle of Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns were by this time all silent and attentive, well knowing that some *moral* was in the wind after such preparations. They had not long to wait. Turning to the court lords, and waving his hand in their direction, the marshal said aloud—"My son, these noble gentlemen are all of them precisely what God has made them; and, where Heaven has placed them, there they will rest. No use in paying court to *them*. but for this great man in disguise, who

condescends to carry a coal-scuttle, and to furnish the fires with their daily meals, nobody can say what he may become. He is a subject for favour and creative power. Doubtless he will become a sublime man—a prodigious man. Him worship; but these others," (bowing round the arch,) "treat as I do." The bitterness of the jest was meant for the Rasmowskis, Orloffs, Potemkins, Suboffs, &c., who had all risen from nothing.

Under the mad Paul's reign, the old soldier was believed to be dying; but the Emperor, who was always jealous of his power over the army, sent his favourite, Kutaisoff, to make a report of the marshal's true condition. Of course, the ostensible plea for this visit was—to enquire after the old gentleman's health. But the old gentleman was not to be *had*; he could see as far into a millstone as a young one. And it happened that he had a special dislike to this special favourite; not without reason, apparently, for Kutaisoff had risen from the trade of barber and nail-cutter to the rank of lieutenant-general, by mere court favour, without military interference in his promotion, or rather in defiance of it. On Kutaisoff's name being announced, and with the addition that he came from the Emperor, Suwarroff sent an aide-de-camp to say that he was ill in bed, but would rise to receive his sovereign's gracious commands. He did so: he made his valet dress him *en grand costume*—boots and spurs, crosses, stars, ribands—all the full uniform of his rank, to the minutest trifle. So habited, he presented himself to the favourite, made his humble acknowledgments for the Emperor's condescension, and treated his visitor with the utmost affability. He knew Kutaisoff perfectly well; but, pretending to view him as a stranger, and pleading an old man's decay of memory, he put him through a regular catechism of searching interrogation as to the steps of his elevation; and, by painful cross-examination, drew from him a distinct confession that he had never once stood under an enemy's fire.

"Will you speak a little louder?" said the wily old soldier; "I am troubled with the infirmity of deafness. Did I understand you rightly; were you never on the field of battle?"

"Never," said Kutaisoff, pretty loudly.

"Never where?" rejoined the tormentor.

"Never on the field of battle."

"What! never under fire? musketry, cannon-shot, so forth?"

"No; never under fire."

And thus he continued to play him off, to the infinite delight of some young aides-de-camp in the ante-chamber; still forcing the martyr to shout louder and louder, and to make proclamation, as it were, of his own disgrace. At length, when this examination had lasted long enough, Suwaroff rung the bell. A fine tall footman or *heiduch* obeyed the summons.

"Come this way," said the marshal. "Do you see that cane in the corner? Give it me. Good. Now turn your huge back this way." The man did as he was ordered. Upon which Suwaroff, seeming to put forth all the feeble powers which his illness had left him, began to lay his cane across the *heiduch's* shoulders; still crying out to him, as he did so, "You knave, you good-for-nothing lubber, do you see that noble gentleman sitting there? He was precisely what you are—not a bit better—and you see what he is become; whilst upon you, rascal," (redoubling his strokes,) "all my pains are still thrown away."

Suwaroff's object, besides that of annoying and mortifying a favourite, had been to deliver himself from future visits of *espionnage*; and the aides-de-camp predicted that he would succeed. "At least it will not be Lieutenant-General Kutaisoff," said they, "who undertakes the next mission."

But this Suwaroff, with the Russian spirit of drollery, had, like Tchichakoff, the true stamina of the Russian character. I will not go so far as to call that character noble; at least not under its present development. But this I will say—it is the most determined character in Europe. Heavens! what a difference between the lowest Russian and my poor submissive countrymen!! The Russians do not love us Germans; nay, they despise us heartily as cringing, sneaking slaves. And, naturally, I in my turn do not love the Russians. It is too painful to feel one's nation despised. Yet still I must do the Russians justice; every man amongst them wears on his forehead this bold manifesto—"I am a

man. Be the faults of my government what they may, I, individually, am entitled to feel myself a man; to stand erect, and droop my eyes before no fellow-creature, unless it were the Czar; for he is my total country in one man's person." Yes; be assured, reader, the Russians have a great destiny before them in the history of nations.

I will add one fact from the secret history of the times. It was the infamous Romanzoff, himself the foulest of debauchees, and the fiendish hater of the English, of the Spaniards, and of every body that durst refuse submission to Napoleon, who was at the bottom of the collusion between Russia and France. My patron, the Baron Von Stein, had been almost kicked out of Prussia in 1809 by the then prostrate government of Berlin, at the express command of Napoleon. This disgrace proclaimed his merit; and a single word that he had dropped to the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit, in 1807—a mere hint as to what he considered to be the future policy of Napoleon—had left in the Czar's mind a deep impression of his sagacity. He was invited, therefore, to St Petersburg in 1812, by the Czar, in an autograph letter; which letter I have seen. The Emperor had found it difficult all at once to unwind the meshes of that policy in which this effeminate old Romanzoff had entangled him. But now Von Stein had gained a prodigious ascendancy at court. Madame de Stael was now in St Petersburg, together with Augustus Schlegel; and through her, as well as all the rest of society that pretended to any brilliancy, Von Stein reacted on the Czar's mind. He had now a vast influence—both direct and indirect.

Well it was for Europe that he had so. For even the Empress was wavering: the Grand Duke Constantine was a traitor, doing the work of Napoleon: and now came, like peals of thunder, courier upon courier, with the heart-shaking events in the south. Heart-shaking in the noblest sense, moving sympathy from depths of human feeling, rarely approached in this world; but also, in the basest sense, heart-shattering to all the sons of the feeble. Just seven days, as nearly as possible, *before* the end of August, had I ridden out from the northern entrance of Moscow. Just seven days

after the end of August, precisely on the 7th of September, had been fought that bloodiest of battles at Borodino. Just seven days from the battle—viz. on the 14th of September—occurred the French entry into Moscow. Earthquake following earthquake—such had seemed the convulsion in men's minds, as these events were passed onwards to St Petersburg, by fleet relays of horsemen laid ready for the occasion, who slept booted and spurred, nay, many of whom might be said to sleep in the saddle. But when the next news opened its funeral knell, (such it was thought at first,) that on the two days following the French entry, viz. on the 15th and 16th of September, this glorious and ancient metropolis had perished by conflagration—then it was that the equilibrium of mind in the supreme rulers of the land, already shaken by what preceded, suddenly gave way. The Czar Alexander—whose nature I may presume to have known intimately, partly through the confidential communications of my principal, the minister Von Stein—partly, also, from many private letters, in which he consulted this minister throughout the present awful trial—had noble tendencies of heart; he was capable of rising to any elevation of plan or purpose; but there was also a falling point in his constitution of mind. He had something womanish in his temperament, that made him incapable of any determined adherence to a purpose, unless when he was sustained by visible success. Success, however, all we of the war party insisted that there was, and of the most decisive description. Borodino had been undeniably a drawn battle, if ever there had been such a battle. The slaughter was unparalleled—true—but on both sides. The Russians drew off from the field—true—but in an attitude that too plainly proclaimed the truth; neither any pursuit being attempted, nor any prisoners worth mention being made. After this movement, which was but for the purpose of effecting a junction with armies from the south, it was a matter of course, a fact certainly implying no fresh success, that the French should enter Moscow. "Yes," interrupted the Czar, impatiently; "and now they have destroyed it for ever." *They have destroyed it?*

Who have destroyed it? Monstrous it is to record, that, even in St Petersburg, so little was the sublimity or meaning of this act appreciated, that except amongst the more thoughtful, who saw the impossibility that it could have fallen in with any policy of the French, it was generally ascribed to *them*. The truth, however, soon began to creep out; and at length came the Parisian journals, especially the *Journal de l'Empire*, which settled the question, by making the most furious attack on Rostopchin, as well as his countrymen—denouncing them to all Europe as irreclaimable barbarians, exactly for this one incendiary act. That was a miserable oversight in the French. Their rage interpreted the act, had it been otherwise equivocal in its tendency.

Mean time, the first consequences of this news were all but ruinous. The Empress-mother cried out for peace; the odious Grand Duke Constantine went about like an apostle of ruin, calling out for peace, peace, as men call for water in a conflagration; and the old serpent Romanzoff again crept back from his hole, diffusing his venom through all avenues to the Emperor's heart. Under the first panic, I know for certain, that, had there been no voice raised against this fatal peace policy—in short, had Von Stein not been present to organize a resistance—a very summary treaty would have intercepted the fruits of Rostopchin's Titanic act. In fact, the tendency of this act, the mere ruin—irretrievable ruin—which that one destruction of magazines inflicted upon Napoleon's attempt to winter in Russia; all this would have become obvious to every man's mind, precisely at the time when it was too late to profit by it—viz. after the faith of the nation had been committed by preliminary conventions. It is not too much to say, that the future welfare of Europe hinged upon the Emperor's holding fast by his resolutions through the fifteen days next after this terrific news had transpired. To that critical firmness I shall always affirm, that the seasonable presence of Von Stein, as a cabinet minister, gave the inclining bias. Had he been away, most undoubtedly the Grand Duke, the Empress-mother, and the wicked Romanzoff, would have found but too certain allies in the Emperor's own

effeminacy. And, perhaps, we may say upon this memorable crisis, that in the annals of man it is the single case where news that had been enwreathed with funereal cypress as a death-stroke to the empire, was found by a few weeks' experience to have deserved a laurel decoration, beyond any event that man could have executed by his hand, or divine Providence have suggested to his heart. Rostopchin, very soon after this, became the one great hero of the war; but the Czar never could bring himself up to the level of his servant's grandeur; nor did he ever pardon him for that sublime sacrifice, which had shorn his crown, indeed, of a mighty capital, but had settled upon Russia the glory of having inaugurated the liberation henceforwards unrolling for Europe. Rostopchin, I may mention in taking leave of his immortal name, was that lion-hearted protector in whom the Emperor Paul confided. The confidence was well merited; for so entire was the conviction amongst the conspirators of the inevitable eye, as well as absolute fidelity, in this brave man, that until he were removed, the leaders refused to come forward. He was sent to a distance on some official mission which he very little desired; the poor mad Emperor was thus stripped of his sole friend, and his assassination immediately followed.

Now came such a change, such a breaking up of old ideas, as the world had not witnessed for many centuries. It might be said almost, that those who had slept came again to life; for whole nations, politically dead, like the Hebrew corpse when touching the bones of the prophet, felt the tremor of life again stirring through their veins. Every day, after September had passed away, brought forward in stronger colouring the inevitable catastrophe attached to the act of Rostopchin. Still even Rostopchin could never have predicted the full extent of the *peripeteia* which awaited the devoted army of invaders. This arose not simply from the conflagration, but from that combined with which Napoleon relied upon the weakness of the Czar; for that confidence, though not in that perilous excess, he had

certainly some justification to plead in past experience. Always it had happened, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Wagram, that he had found royal personages too eager for peace. But still it must have been evident that it was dangerous to rely too entirely upon the weakness of a prince five hundred miles distant, surrounded perhaps by bolder counsellors than himself; and, above all, sure of learning the French embarrassment almost at the same time as he could receive overtures of peace. One day of fresh information might make all the difference to the very weakest prince between a wise and a fatal resolution. Consequently it cannot be denied, that to Napoleon himself, as the improver of Rostopchin's act, is due the total ruin of the French army. Had he commenced his retreat from the time when it became apparent that he could not winter in Russia, he would have cleared the frosty plains of Poland and the dreadful rivers some days before the snow even *began* to fall. But he was judicially infatuated; he still lingered on in the hope of peace. Peace, however, did *not* come, and winter *did*. On the 20th of October, just five weeks too late, the trumpet sounded in Moscow for a retreat; and we all know what followed. I, for my part, saw something of what followed, and this it is which I shall now relate. But let me pause to say, that it was not merely and solely the obstinacy of pride, and the blindness of reliance upon one man's infirm nature, which had led Napoleon thus far astray. It was well-known at that time that the coats of his stomach were in a dreadful state of nervous irritation, partly from general mismanagement of the digestive organs, but more from the recent habit of using strong stimulants, especially green tea drugged with brandy, in the proportion of half-and-half, for the purpose of keeping himself awake—a habit which at times incapacitated him either for thought or for action. Bourrienne has denied emphatically his use of strong coffee, or of snuff to any excess; but Bourrienne's evidence applies only to a period eight years earlier; and at present so altered were Napoleon's habits, that on the day of Borodino his internal wretchedness absolutely obliged him at times to lay aside the re-

ports from the different points of attack, as they kept coming into his tent. He walked feebly about, sipping his green tea, in a state of mixed helplessness and restlessness; and it was owing to the dire depression from this state of feverish weakness, that he could not be moved by any entreaties to unmuzzle the Imperial Guard, forty thousand strong, upon the Russians, at the latter part of the battle. He pleaded, indeed, that any disaster to the Guard would compromise the safety of the entire army; but his policy had never been in that spirit of rigorous caution; for almost every advantage, throughout his military life, he had been indebted to the very opposite principle, of staking the whole success upon one decisive throw. It is the very necessity of such physical alterations in a man, that he is not aware of his own condition. He himself could see nothing unusual in the preternatural timidity of his plans; but all those who had access to his person, viewed him, on the day of Borodino, as a mere wreck of what he had been even three years before.

One thing remains to be noticed. On the 20th of October the French advance began to move out of Moscow; on the 23d, as the rearguard was marching out, they blew up the Kremlin. Now, the Kremlin was no fortress. The act was one of pure malignity, without a pretence of any benefit to follow. This reflection sharpened many a Russian sabre, especially when contrasting the real undeniable barbarism of such wanton and useless havoc with the barbarism so fiercely imputed in the Paris newspapers to the all-decisive act authorized by Rostopchin.

Thus once again the vast body of European patriotism, which had crowded back upon St Petersburg, was set at liberty. A legion of my German countrymen had embodied itself in the few last months; but now this legion, the Russian armies, the Russian cabinet, princes, councillors, warriors, in one never-ending stream, continued throughout the winter to pour onwards into Germany. As the Czar was immediately to visit Dresden, the minister, Von Stein, seemed the proper person to precede him. It had been understood, indeed, all along, that Von

Stein, with large patrimonial estates in Nassau, had not taken office with any view to money or to ambition. He stood in no man's way as a future rival; and this was one accident of his position which had increased his weight at St Petersburg. If he wished for office, it was now certain that his old master, the King of Prussia, who must have suffered so much affliction in sacrificing a faithful servant for the very crime of fidelity, would be too happy to repair the wrongs extorted from his own weakness; so that, on that very account it seemed advisable for Von Stein to bid adieu to St Petersburg.

He selected me as his travelling companion; and, on the evening of January 5, 1813, we drove out of St Petersburg, muffled up to the very eyes and ears in bear-skins and furs; for the winter was as cruel in its rigours as the summer had been memorably glorious. On the following night we reached Pleskow, (or *Pskow*, as it is usually pronounced,) once a magnificent city, glorying in her freedom like Novogorod, now silent and desolate. Here we had a painful scene awaiting us. On alighting from our carriage, we heard the Count Chazot (whom I mentioned formerly in connexion with Smolensko) was lying ill of a nervous fever. We both knew him, and to know Count Chazot was to love and admire him. We left our carriage, and followed a guide to the poor Count's lodgings. He was in high delirium: he neither saw us nor was aware of our presence; indeed we understood that his last hour was rapidly approaching; and it was too certain that we now looked upon this superb model of human beauty for the last time. He was now attended in his illness by a military friend and countryman, a Captain Von Tide-mann; and it seemed that his public spirit had brought him into his present condition. There was in this place a depot for prisoners; and also for German deserters from the French army. Out of these he had hoped to gain recruits for the new German legion, and on that errand he had come hither; but, from fatigue and hardships, a contagious disorder had broken out in the depot, and the Count had soon caught the infection. We could be of no service, and, with sor-

rowful hearts, we returned to our inn.

The horses were now harnessed; but we found that, during our absence, the servants had left the carriage unattended, and that we had lost in consequence some valuable property: I, in particular, had lost a large part of my linen, many kind memorials of Russian friends, and, what was more lastingly vexatious, some important papers. This disaster did not tend to soothe our disturbed feelings. The snow was now falling heavily, and all night long we travelled through an atmosphere darkened by blinding snow-storms. Neither of us slept; for we were both afflicted by the fate of our friend, whose history I will briefly rehearse.

Count Chazot de Florencourt, the father of our dying friend, was by birth a Frenchman. He was amongst those rare favourites of nature, that no man sees more than once or twice in a long life. His person exhibited the very perfection of gladiatorial beauty. Face and figure both rivalled the antique. He had a bodily strength that seemed almost incredible; and he was equally distinguished for the intellectual graces of his conversation. With these prodigal accomplishments from nature, it is not surprising that he should have caught the admiring notice of princes. The great King of Prussia, when Crown Prince, had seen him during the campaign upon the Rhine in the year 1735, and the prince's father had invited him into his service. This invitation the youthful Count accepted; but a strange accident obliged him, some years after, to resign it. In a broadsword duel with an officer in the same service, from mere excess of strength he had had the singular misfortune of absolutely cutting off clean from the trunk, by one stroke, the head of his antagonist. By the way, it is a remarkable thing, but the very same accident occurred in this very year at Rostock. A Cossack officer, in a similar sword duel with the eldest son of Madame de Stael, had a similar misfortune. Probably, without meaning any such revolting violence, by some unfortunate impetus given to the swing of his sword-arm, he had carried the head away clean from the shoulders; and M. de Stael was left in the condition of a *torso*. In Count Chazot's case,

the King of Prussia had been nettled at this act; and he let fall some disagreeable words, to the effect that he wished to have officers and gentlemen in his service, but not executioners. Upon this, Count Chazot de Florencourt was naturally nettled in his turn, and he applied to the king for leave to resign. Thus he came to quit the Prussian service, and that led him to become commandant of Lubeck, an imperial city, which again was the accidental occasion of his meeting with a certain Countess of Schmettau. Her he married, and she brought him several sons, amongst whom our poor dying friend. These sons inherited the extraordinary beauty of their father, and most of them were gladly received as officers into that same Prussian army, from which their father had been dismissed for the extraordinary offence of cutting off a man's head.

One man only I have known who approached to poor Chazot in splendour of personal beauty. This was Gustavus Barnekow, whom I mentioned before as a native of Rugen, and therefore a compatriot of my own. Oddly enough, he took part in the same war and the same campaign as Chazot; for Chazot, though French by his father's side, was entirely and devotedly German in his feelings; and it is more remarkable still, that I can report the same thing of his father, who never showed, by one sentiment or taste, (as I have always understood,) that any ties of blood or parentage connected him with France. Barnekow, like Chazot, overflowed with martial ardour; and, at Borodino, he displayed it in a way that drew upon him general astonishment. He had been intrusted with the command of a few Cossack squadrons, of whom no more was expected than to act as skirmishers, in pursuit, &c. But such was the admiration which these wild horsemen conceived for their leader's commanding beauty and enthusiastic heroism, that they followed him like children wherever he led. The consequence of this blind devotion was—that he totally forgot the quality of service for which their under-sized horses fitted them. He led his Cossacks into the thickest *mêlée* of the heavy cavalry; he made them charge through and through dense masses of infantry, riding at every thing he saw

that seemed to offer him a chance on the field of battle; until at last the whole body, and he amongst them, were left stretched in their gore—the men half cut to pieces, and the horses ridden down or disabled. His behaviour, in short, had been almost maniacal; but in that kind of mania which princes wish to see infectious on fields fought under such circumstances as Borodino. His wounds were so numerous and ghastly, that, for a long time, he was supposed to be beyond the reach of art. But his youth and iron constitution saved him; though, for months, he was reduced to walk upon crutches, and exhibited the mere ghost of his former beauty. When it became known in St Petersburg that he would certainly recover, the enthusiasm about him prompted a general subscription amongst his German and Russian friends. First and last, about a thousand pounds English might be raised, and this sum was placed in the hands of Von Stein. One evening, at a frontier town in East Prussia, where we made some stay, to our great surprise in walked to the minister's teatable Gustavus Barnekow, still upon crutches, but otherwise beginning to recover his splendid appearance. This was nearly five months from the day of Borodino. The next day, by the minister's orders, I paid him one-half of the money: it amounted to about three thousand dollars, all in gold and silver. I fancied that in this shape, according to the old anecdote of James I. of England, the money would impress his imagination more. Not at all. He reserved barely sufficient for the purchase of two fine horses and some camp equipage; the rest flew away, in three days' time, upon magnificent balls and suppers to his numerous acquaintance. The same fate, in about the same time, attended the latter half; and, about a week afterwards, I received a letter from him imploring the loan of some hundred ducats, as essential to the preservation of his honour. I was compelled to decline assisting him. But little did he care for that. The time had now come round for military action. Vernal breezes were beginning to stir; vast escorts of provisions and baggage were crowding upon those German cities which the French meant to make the centre of their operations. One of these he captured; was enriched by

his share of booty; lost all; again recovered it with interest; and so went on rising and sinking, until, at the end of the war, I was happy to hear that he had outlived all its perils, which for him, so romantically adventurous, were trebly increased; had recovered his natural beauty; and was likely to form a very promising marriage connexion. Count Chasot and he were the only two perfect Belvidere Apollos whom I have known in sixty years of life; the one of mixed German and Swedish descent; the other of mixed French and German: both furiously anti-Gallican; both embarked in the same unparalleled war; and thus different were their fates.

To return from this episode. Now began to open upon us the ghastly spectacle of war, the most murderous because the most vindictive, and also of war combined with agencies of nature, that ever can have been exhibited. This I say thoughtfully; for in hot climates, through which lay the whole of the great military campaigns or retreats in ancient history—such as those of Cambyzes, Crassus, Julian—there never could have been that direct and silent agency of nature put forth which occurs under higher latitudes. A snow storm, it is true, has sometimes interrupted a march near Jerusalem, but not for any continuance, and not except in winter, when the ancients rarely undertook warlike expeditions. Here only, from the vast extent of the fighting and the retreat, nature had time allowed her to develop her resources—full seven weeks of time *after* the snow commenced in good earnest over full seven hundred miles English of ground; for an army, encumbered as the French was, cannot, in the most favourable circumstances, clear more than 14½ English miles a-day. I affirm therefore, peremptorily, that such a case—when the sword was aided through seven long weeks by the fiercest artillery from the heavens, and also from the rage of famine—*never* was exhibited before, nor probably will be again for a millennium, unless it should be in American wars. So true is the summing up in a modern English poet—that God, in the anger of retribution, speaking by his “still small voice,”

———“said to Famine, Frost, and Snow,
Finish the strife by deadliest victory.”

It is false, and basely unjust to the Russians, if we submit to the representation of some historians, that the sword had no share in this tremendous catastrophe: on the contrary, it was the sword that reaped the earliest harvest; and to the mute agencies of heaven was assigned only the final task—

“*Finish the strife by deadliest victory.*”

From Pleskow we passed to Druja, thence over the frozen river Duena; and from that point we directed our course by way of Widzky and Svenziany upon Wilna. The reader must remember that, all along this route, there had been desperate fighting, as well as upon the Smoleysko roads towards Wilna, and the ravages of frost upon the bands of prisoners had been almost equally formidable all the way up to Pleskow, as it had upon the Moscow road; for, after the road on this quarter was cleared of combatants, the prisoners were transferred by wholesale to Pleskow, within twenty-four hours' distance by sledge travelling from St Petersburg. Means of transport there *could* not be disposable for the French wounded, seeing that too often even the Russian wounded had no proper accommodation; food, medicines, lint, dressing, all fell short to the most pitiable extent, upon a summons so sudden. Poor, sandy, uncultivated, was the land, and miserably barren of people, all the way from Pleskow until we reached the neighbourhood of Wilna. Through the whole extent of this wide region, the eye beheld no signs almost of life; every where roofless houses, with not so much as a cat mewling amongst the ruins; shapeless wrecks where there had been villages or churches; heaps of forlorn chimneys, stone window-frames or mullions, rafters scorched and blackened; oftentimes piles of nondescript rubbish, from which rose up through melting snow smouldering flames, vapours, and a hideous odour, that too often bespoke the secret crimes lurking below—bodies rotting and slowly burning, probably those of unoffending peasants. We had full time for meditation, and for gathering at the post-houses the anecdotes of this dreadful war, in which so often the murderer was confounded in one common ruin with his victim, or so often a

speedy retribution overtook him; for the poor Lithuanian horses, which had been saved from the enemy by driving them inland to remote stations, were so enfeebled by the want of food, that they could scarcely creep along the road; all forage whatsoever had long disappeared, (as being too heavy to remove, and in such earnest demand for the cavalry of both sides.) I cannot better express the exhaustion of the horses than by mentioning, that the minister's travelling-carriage, placed upon a sledge, and not heavily laden, (since all his baggage, except diplomatic credentials, &c., came after him amongst the Emperor's,) never moved between the Duena and Widzky at more than $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour; and that we were obliged to halt at every little pincushion of a rising ground, notwithstanding we always had six horses in the traces, very frequently eight. Life seemed on the brink of general extinction in this region, equally amongst men and amongst brute animals.

On the second, third, and fourth days of our journey, already we began to meet the long files of prisoners. What a spectacle! Literally a succession of lazaret-houses and hospitals turned out into the open air. Meagre wretches, crawling along with difficulty, not always in a human posture, but on their knees, blood-soaked rags hanging about them, their faces blue, or even livid purple, and endeavouring to draw warmth as well as nutriment from pieces of loathsome raw horse-flesh. Many died before our eyes, as we slowly moved along, and in crowds at the posting-stations. That part of the sick, for whom sledges had at last been found, were packed in layers, one over the other, with straw between them. Which would die first, it had been impossible to judge in these hurried packings of human creatures. Which *had* died, it became difficult to know; the straw perhaps, or the man above him, preventing any clear examination of the face; and the dreadful effects from decomposition being now slow to express themselves decisively under this iron rigour of frost. And thus at the posting-houses, where piles of these victims were accumulated for want of horses, the groans of suffering, shrieks of anguish from festering wounds, the parting spasm or farewell sigh of the

departing, might all be heard (sometimes all at one moment) from the same sledge; whilst from others, the silence, total or comparative, would announce that the last struggle was past. As often as this event was discovered—an event desirable in all eyes, when so many were waiting for any protection from the icy wind or the exposure of the road—the corpse or corpses would be hastily removed; in doing which, as the death or deaths might have occurred indifferently in any layer, upper or lower, a disturbance more agonizing than their wounds was often given to such as might remain alive. But what was done with the corpses extracted from these freights of misery? Were they buried? Not at all. That would have been a work of toil in the frozen state of the ground. But, at least, they might have been decently withdrawn from exposure by a few inches of snow. This, however, so slight a tribute of respect to our common humanity, was not attempted. In many places there was a reasonable plea for the neglect; viz. that the famished wolves would soon detect the corpse. But I am afraid that a strength was given to this argument, which otherwise it would not have had, in circumstances when the enemy had been less hated, or his tyranny less insulting. I do not complain that such feelings should exist. They are too natural and wholesome in their action to be wrong; but I feel that there is a sanctity in death, and an atonement to human justice in the payment of this final penalty, which should cause our enmity to cease at that point.

But here, so far from any such revolution of feeling having taken place, on the contrary, through the whole route to Wilna, dead men had been hung up on the branches of trees, with marks of ignominy on their persons—brands impressed on their ghastly foreheads—stakes driven through their hearts.

Sometimes where the snow lay too heavily on these boughs, or the furious north-easter with the weight of the dead man had weakened them too much, the whole mass, broken bough and corpse, would all come down together, and lie across the narrow road.

Oftentimes in the middle of the night, when all was dark in the wild "tormented" air, and only the ground

was illuminated by the snow, suddenly our eight horses would all fall back upon their haunches, snort, rear, plunge; and when we alighted with our torches to examine the cause of this tumult, we generally found a litter of wood disbranched from some tree that overshadowed the road, but in the centre a human body, and perhaps a face half-withered by frost, half-eaten by a wolf, yet still, amongst mouldering and ruins, not improbably presenting a faded expression of horrid human passions. After we had passed Widzky, these interruptions grew more frequent; and much more troublesome, from the greatly increasing speed of the horses, who could with difficulty be persuaded by the postillions to clear the corpses by flying leaps. The difficulty of these suspensions had naturally made them far less frequent, until we came into the more populous regions leading towards Wilna. But this memento of the roads and their condition, I can leave for all future estimators of this unparalleled war—that from the river Duena to Wilna, however many were the cross roads, or however expansive might be the heath or the forest through which the traveller was left to choose a track, no stranger could ever have needed a guide, but might, through these hundreds of miles, have guided himself by the unburied corpses.

On the 17th of January we reached Lyck, the first Prussian city; and, on the 21st of January, we entered Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia. Our journey had occupied sixteen days; five of which were greatly embarrassed by delays. But latterly we had moved with speed. There, and at Gumbinnen, as well as in Saxony, in Bohemia, and elsewhere, the minister was soon engaged—I myself, therefore, (as his secretary,) was equally engaged—with arrangements for that great crusade, which, before the year had revolved, carried the war into France. Events too great for a side glance were now opening upon Europe. But the great prelude movement to this crusade in the plains of Russia, was such as I have here described it; such in the secret history of the political agents; such in the breadth of funereal horrors, which it left behind for warning and instruction.

HINTS TO AUTHORS :

SECOND SERIES.

No. IV.

ON THE BIOGRAPHICAL.

BIOGRAPHY has always struck me to be an exact image of my old friend Midas, king of Phrygia, recorded in *Lemprière's Dictionary*; every thing it touches turns to gold. If a person were even to begin the memoirs of the most hateful and contemptible of mankind, for the purpose of exposing him to the reprobation of the public, before many pages were finished, he would find himself imperceptibly slurring over the worst features; in three or four chapters there would be glimpses here and there of praise; the first volume would end with all the extenuating circumstances he could imagine, and the whole of the second be written in a glow of admiration of all his hero's exploits. General Whitelock would become the Duke of Wellington in his hands, and Richard Lalor Shiel expand into Burke or Shakspeare. And yet, easy as it may appear to compose a biography on the simple principle of making it a pæan of praises, it is a very difficult matter to spread your butter well—for however delightful it might be to the hero of it himself, or however greedily he might swallow it, “though,” as the phrase is, “laid on with a trowel,” you are to remember that you are preparing a dish for the public, and not for his private delectation; and the public does not at all like to see people praised in such a fulsome and choking fashion as that: in fact, people don't like to see other people praised at all, unless they find it possible by some side-wind to come in for a share of it themselves. Praise a Welshman as much as you like—all the eaters of leeks will feel that his reputation is a portion of their own; and the closer you descend to particulars as to his birth and education, the more intensely you excite the sympathy and admiration of every one who can by any means “pursue the triumph and partake the gale.” If you particularize the county—all York throughout its three ridings feels that it is directly interested in your hero's honour; condescend on the parish—

the whole population, from the clergyman downwards, are ready to subscribe to any amount of laudation you can possibly require. The family, of course, to the utmost limits of consanguinity and affinity, are yours, body and soul; each in their separate capacities acting as trumpeters of *your*—the biographer's fame; for they have too much liberality, and are too nearly connected with the biographee, to state their opinion of *him*; and so through all these windings and ramifications you find yourself a distinguished author, and booked—let me say it without a pun—to the remotest posterity in connexion with the subject of your praises. Self-love is so omnivorous, that I have known several persons of the name of John, have an evidently increased predilection for Sir John Moore, on account of the identity of the prenomens. I have sometimes thought that the popularity of Sydney Smith might perhaps arise from the almost universality of his name—for, gracious Heaven! think of the sympathy of the Smiths!—but, on mature consideration, I am inclined to believe it results from an absurd tendency of the human mind to be enchanted with wit and humour, and to be pleased with a burly consistency and independence, which seem very much out of fashion every where at the present time, and approaching to the miraculous in a canon residentiary of St Paul's.

You will have gathered already a tolerably correct notion of one of the main preliminaries of a biography; namely, to enlist the personal feelings of as large a class of readers as possible in favour of your hero. His birth-place—his father's and mother's names—his schools, with the names of his teachers, male and female, must therefore on no account be omitted. There is no Winchester boy who does not believe that William of Wykeham was the first of men, or who would not do battle against the supporter of the supremacy of the founder of any other school or college whatsoever;

and if you will calculate through what a number of generations of school-boys this principle has descended, diverging in a variety of collateral lines to nephews, cousins, grand-nephews, and cousin's cousins of the aforesaid school-boys, not omitting the direct descent—you will find that there are few people alive in England at this moment, who, either by themselves or their alliances, do not feel a very strong pride indeed in their connection with the munificent prelate of Edward the Third.

Such, on a smaller scale, is the feeling of every person educated at the same school—either before or after—with a celebrated man. All Harrow is in a glow of self-gratulation at the very name of Byron, and of course all Pugsby free school is very touchy on the scholarship of Snookes. If your hero has had the good fortune to belong to no school, you at once enlist in his behalf the sympathies of that large portion of the population who have either been educated at home, or have not been educated at all; and you can quote the Tyrocinium with an air of great commiseration for the unfortunate beings who have been bullied and fagged at Westminster and Eton. So that, whichever way you take it, you are sure of supporters, if you only dwell with sufficient clearness on the circumstances common to your hero and your readers. You will, therefore, at once perceive the necessity of adapting yourself to as wide an auditory as you can; and this can best be done by being religious and political, for almost all men are partizans and sectaries.

With regard, then, to a religious biography, you are to take care that it is *very* religious. Moderation in this, as in most things, is the sign of indifference; and a peculiar characteristic of a religious biography is, that the less universal the spirit it is composed with, the more varying religionists it unites in its support. For great Catholic Christianity—bearing all things, hoping all things, forgiving all things—has no distinguishing marks by which the usual students of religious biography can recognize it as religion at all. The hero of a religious biography ought to be drawn as a man of very decided opinions on one small section of religion, and with no charity whatever for any man,

woman, or child, who pays the smallest regard to any other section. And in this you will be perfectly safe: for you will gain the approbation of the very persons towards whom he displays no mercy—for the bitterness of his hatred is at all events a proof of his sincerity; and the great uniting bond of his being a *religious* man, is found too strong between him and the others, who are religious people also—though showing their sincerity by hating in a different direction—to be broken asunder by any minor consideration; and Mr Obadiah Curser, who has reduced the whole Bible to the essential oil of pædo-baptism, and denounces eternal wrath against all who differ from him, is looked upon as a sincerely religious character, and becomes immensely popular as the hero of a serious biography, among the very people on whom he poured forth his bitterest vials. And yet, even in this case, it will be better to have two or more strings to your bow; and if, in addition to the maintenance of his own opinion, you make him peculiarly bitter against some one particular sect—or the Church itself—you will be sure of the unqualified approbation of those who dislike the object of his bitterness from some totally different cause. Let him attack the Church, for instance, on account of its infant baptism: he will be considered a truly apostolical character by all who object to her on account of her surplices, her prayers, her learning, her government, or her pre-eminence. Nor, if your hero is a churchman, will you be wise if you do not make him out to be one to the backbone; and the only way to do that is to pitch every dissenter—from whatever cause, in whatever degree—to the very lowest dungeon in the bottomless pit. An immense number of churchmen will repudiate such a doctrine, but at the same time they will not deny that your hero was thoroughly persuaded of the justice of his opinion; and the dissenters themselves, astonished at such a re-awakening in the Church, will hail him as a kindred spirit, even though he establishes his claim to sincerity at their own expense.

If the life of your hero has been attempted before, and a view of him given to the world, not in accordance with your own peculiar tenets, you have then doublescope for your talents;

for you not only paint your hero as he ought to be painted, but make a tremendous example of his biographer. If a great poet, for instance, is represented as a person uniting playfulness of fancy and kindness of disposition to his greater qualities, fitting him to be the delight of the domestic circle, and captivating glimpses are given of his fireside feelings—his affection to friends—his modest reserve—and his most gay and playful notes are laid before us, to make us feel as intimate with him, and as attached to him as if we had known him for years, gird up your loins, if you ever wish to benefit by these my hints; and if you can discover any one point on which the poet entertained a strong and peculiar opinion, make that one point the foundation of your biography. Paint him as a religionist, and slur him over both as a man and a poet. Sneer at his former biographers for neglecting that distinguishing feature, and make them out, if possible, to have had no religion at all, as they had not that particular view of it entertained by you and your hero, and you will probably have a great sale for your memoir among the “uncogude” of all kinds and denominations.

This is what I call the best sort of religious biography; but an ingenious author may adopt a completely different style, and meet with considerable success. A biography on the honey and butter principle, (judiciously spread,) has been found very much in request; and in this you must praise not only the subject of your memoir, which, I have already remarked, is apt to offend the public as too exclusive, but every human being with whom through life he has come in contact. Leave not his very housemaids unlauded—be eloquent in magnifying the beauties of every town he travels through; if you mention old times, call them the ‘good old times;’ if you allude to the present day, call it the ‘enlightened present day.’ All clergymen are venerable, all ladies interesting and accomplished, with a heavenly predilection for making poor men’s flannel drawers; and, in short, you must make yourself trumpeter in chief to the whole human race. But you perceive in a moment, that this style of biography acts more as a puff of your own universal charity and mild disposition, than of the merits of your friend; and according-

ly, you will do well to adopt it if you are on the look-out for promotion. Your hero, I again give you warning, is unavoidably a sufferer by such promiscuous panegyrics.

The proper plan, if you have brass to stand the consequences, is to claim for your hero, not only the virtues he undoubtedly possessed, but the merit of the good works of every body else. If he is of a mechanical turn, and has invented the handle of a teapot, talk of his super-eminent skill as an acknowledged thing, and claim on his behalf all the works of Brunel and Stevenson; confessing, at the same time, that he was highly gratified with the manner in which they carried out his suggestions. Or if he was a philanthropist, and adopted with zeal the benevolent plans of Howard or Mrs Fry, be sure to talk, throughout your work, of the great assistance they were of to him. It gets him all the merit; and if you can manage to speak in a depreciating tone of the very persons whom you are pretending to praise, (though robbing of their reputation,) you will find it of great benefit, if not to your hero, at all events to yourself.

But there are other styles of biography besides the religious, to which it will be as well to devote a little attention. The larking biography—the joking biography—the naval and military biography—are all very easily mastered—and perhaps the easiest and pleasantest of all is the dramatic biography. But of these last we have had so many lately, that I began to believe that the chief study of man was playbills and *dramatis personæ*, till the admirable life of Charles Mathews came out, to show us that a true gentleman’s heart might beat beneath the motley of Touchstone, or the bedizened waistcoat of Goldfinch; and to show still further, in a homily from a player’s tinsel, that all that glitters is *not* gold, and that the last profession for a proud or delicate mind is the stage. However, such biographies as that are not included in these “Hints,” and I go on to give a few glimpses into the mechanism of some of the others. The larking biography may be borrowed in a great measure from *Boriana*, and *Life in London*; for the lives of all drinking, hunting, racing, gambling *roués* are so much alike, that whether you make it a real biography, and call your hero John Mytton, or a fictitious one, and call

him Bob, Harry, or Logic, it makes very little difference. The joking biography is a much more serious affair; for no spectacle is so utterly humiliating as a worn-out joker, going on to the very last concocting small puns and writing little epigrams when his hair is grey and his health decayed. The high-mettled racer—the most pathetic of poems—is in a far less pitiable condition; and as the whole bevy of those Random Records, and Recollections of effete convivialists, is more melancholy than their funerals, I think such compositions ought to be left to the undertaker, or rather to the mutes. I could give rules whereby the stupidest of saulies could write a memoir of his brother that should split your sides with laughter, if the melancholy of it did not fill your eyes with tears; but, as Joe Miller is accessible to all, I disdain the easy task.

By this time the attentive student of these pages will have seen that religious biography is at once the simplest and the most popular of them all,—but there are a few points in which all of them agree. For instance, they must all commence with a general remark, and end with a quotation; and the curious thing about it is this, that neither the remark nor the quotation require to have the smallest connexion with the biography. You might safely commence any biography whatever with the preamble of an Act of Parliament, and conclude it with a verse of Rule Britannia. You must also divide all biographies into chapters, with a copious argument prefixed to each; and by adhering to these rules, you cannot fail to become renowned as a biographer, and perhaps rise to the dignity, at some future time, of having a biographer yourself.

In order to show the mode of elevating the subject of a memoir, I have chosen one who strikes me to have been as little of a hero as any I have heard of for some time; but you will see how, by glossing over his faults, or rather making them into virtues, I have qualified him to take his place beside the many deified Kettledrums, whom some grateful hearer has ranked with Heber or Fenelon, and regarded his work with as much pride as if it had been the life of Mackintosh by his son, or Burns by John Lockhart.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REVEREND JOHN GUBBINS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

General remark—Ancestry—Birth—Jacob Gubbins' character—An agriculturist—Anecdote of wire manufacture—Game-laws—Youth—Marbles and penny-pics—Interesting anecdote of a poor woman—John's charity—His father goes abroad.

All persons born into this world live in it either along or a short time; and though millions have died within a few hours of their birth, no one instance is known of any single human being protracting the period of his existence to a thousand years. So fleeting a possession is life; for a thousand years, as Mr Cocker remarks in his work on arithmetic, when treating of division, contains, exclusive of odd numbers, eight millions seven hundred and sixty thousand hours.

John Gubbins, the subject of the following memoir, was not descended in a direct line from the Howards or the Montgomeries. Yet his ancestry by the female side must at one time have been illustrious; for his mother, previous to her marriage, and indeed up to within a very few days before his birth, was called Humphrey; and history makes us aware that there was formerly in England a duke of that name. Howbeit, my honoured and distinguished friend was so conscious of the inadequacy of rank and title to compensate for the want of holiness and virtue, that he was never heard to boast of his noble ancestor. In the time of Henry the Eighth also, it appears by the roll of sheriffs, that the chief javelin man of the sheriff of Kent, on occasion of receiving the Emperor of Germany, was a person of the name of Gubbins, and we accordingly are justified in concluding, that even at that early period his family had attained a station of considerable eminence in the county, to which through life the late Mr Gubbins was more partial than to any other in England. So late as the year seventeen hundred and fifteen, it seems by official records that William Gubbins or Gobbyngs was hanged for sheep-stealing at Maidstone; and as in that year many persons of the first distinction died on the scaffold, for their par-

ticipation in the enterprize of the adherents of the Stuarts, we can have no difficulty in perceiving that the family of the Gubbins' was so remarkable as to make it necessary to make an example of its head. He died in the same year with Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock. The more immediate ancestor of our hero had devoted himself, like Lord Leicester and Earl Spencer, to the practical pursuits of agriculture. It is still related that few men could handle a spade with the strength of Jacob Gubbins; for he was one of those persons who, so far from devoting their time and attention to the gambling-table of Crockford, or the race-course of Newmarket, applied his whole energies to the improvement of the various farms in his vicinity. His perseverance in draining became a proverb; and so well known was his zeal and activity, that the agriculturists in the neighbourhood had no scruple in applying to him to aid them in the management of their land. On the Saturday evening, the farmer on whose grounds the science of Jacob Gubbins had been exercised, generally took the opportunity of presenting him with a small and inadequate token of the gratitude with which his labours had inspired him; and with a freedom from selfishness, and an unbounded liberality, at that time characteristic of the gentlemen with whom he associated, he rarely failed in spending the larger part of the sum so handsomely presented to him in the Cock and Whistle. But the ingenuity of Jacob Gubbins was not limited to these operations of manual dexterity. His was the soul that could devise, as well as the hand that could execute. While Herschell was trying experiments on the manufacture of telescope, with which to trace the motions of the heavenly bodies—while Watt was following out his great principles, by adapting the powers of steam to the minutest uses of man, Jacob Gubbins sat, night after night, in cold and darkness, beneath a hedge bounding the plantations of a neighbouring gentleman, to watch the results of an ingenious apparatus which he had suspended at an opening in the fence. It was composed of simple wires, wound together in such a shape as to leave a flying noose, ready to be drawn tight on the slightest touch. The wise provisions of our ancestors

had at that time rid the country of wolves and tigers, but some districts were still overrun with hares and rabbits. Among these was the plantation called The Preserve, near which he appended the wires. Not unfrequently a dozen of those pestilent animals would be put to the death they deserved in a single night; and the philanthropy of Jacob Gubbins had seldom a higher treat than when he could go stealthily round—for he was no pharisee, and did such actions as these in private—to the houses in the neighbouring town, and present the inhabitants with a fat hare, for which, though well worth five shillings, he never asked more than half-a-crown. But Howard was maligned, Socrates poisoned, and John Frost condemned to be hanged. Jacob Gubbins was also the victim of a faction—the clergy and the magistracy combined against the benefactor of his species, and he was threatened with a prosecution for indulging his scientific propensities in the construction of wire-traps, unless he consented to lead to the hymeneal altar the future mother of his son. Jane Humphrey had long been the object of his attachment—she was the pride of the county, and an object of deep solicitude to the parish. Preparations were made at the public expense for the joyous event that was to admit her, for the fourth time, among the matrons of England, when the happy thought occurred to the overseer of uniting in wedlock two individuals so equally distinguished in their several walks, and, after a short preparation, they were married on the 8th day of January 1803; and in three weeks after that auspicious day, namely, on the first of February, the subject of the following biography was born, in a mansion on the left hand side of the main street (now degraded into a pig-stye) of the village of Clutter, in the parish of Sumpstead, in the county of Kent. He was christened John, and very soon gave indications of his future greatness. Anxious, even from the first, to turn his fellow-creatures from too strong an attachment to the things of this world, he would frequently lay his hands on the playthings of his companions; and as he did this in such a manner as never to give the slightest room for the discovery of his benevolent intentions,

he had the satisfaction of seeing the various modes in which the abstraction of their marbles and hoops acted on their hearts. The taint of sin was strong, even in the bosom of the youngest. They showed no Christian equanimity in submitting to the deprivation, and often has the humane endeavour of the youthful saint to wean them from their perishable enjoyments, only created an additional sin, instead of implanting a virtue. But, while thus attentive to the benefit of others, he was not puffed up with spiritual pride, like the clergy of the establishment, but was distrustful of his own stability. To avoid, therefore, the chances of becoming too much devoted to the objects which he had so kindly taken away from his friends, he generally converted them into money, which he bestowed on a poor woman who gained a precarious livelihood by the manufacture of penny-pies; and he has often, in after life, declared, that some of his happiest moments were those in which that truly grateful old lady insisted on presenting him with some of the treasures of her basket: for she, though poor and humble, would not be outdone in generosity by her juvenile benefactor, but regularly bestowed on him a pie when he bestowed on her a penny. So true is it that the example of a virtuous man, or even a virtuous child, availeth much. At the age of nine years, his abilities appeared of so promising a nature, that they did not escape the observation even of the clergyman of the parish. The parents were repeatedly requested to allow him to become tutor to their child; he promised to devote two hours every Sunday to his instruction. But Jacob Gubbins entertained through life a rooted dislike to the theoretical notions on the subject of education then unhappily spreading among the clergy. In his own homely, but expressive language, "he never see'd no good come of larning nor religion;" and as the chief effort of the teacher would be, to instil the principles of Christianity and the practice of virtue into his young charge, Jacob indignantly rejected his overtures as a snare of Satan, to overlay the natural man with a coating of worldly wisdom—but, after repeated interviews, and many refusals, his repugnance was at last overcome, and the designs of the

rector were carried into effect. In token of his satisfaction, the clergyman begged leave to present the son with a new suit of clothes, and a shilling to the father, every week, so long as his boy attended the school. But the objects of this clerical wolf were soon frustrated, by the unassisted efforts of John Gubbins himself. His school-fellows struck him in a moment to be too much devoted to their books. Some of them were evidently vain of the binding—and some, like Hezekiah, were not a little proud in showing the prizes they had obtained, consisting of handsome volumes, or work-boxes, or needle-cases, and many of the other baits with which the established ministry prepare the work of Satan for the souls of their parishioners; and immediately the same anxiety he had experienced to convert his playmates from a fondness for toys and playthings, awoke with double force to deliver his schoolmates—boys and girls—from the pride of their rich possessions. In a short time—in about three Sundays after his first condescending to join the school—there were but three prayer-books left among them all. All the bound Testaments had disappeared; there was not a work-box or a needle-case left to their late possessors. The three other prayer-books would probably have followed the others, and the whole school been secured against the presumption of wealth and the pride of the eye, if the young philanthropist had not at this time fallen violently ill. His complaint was declared to be a surfeit, brought on by eating sixteen penny-pies in one day; for he still continued his bounty to the old lady, who equally continued her grateful presents to her kind-hearted friend. But worse than a surfeit he was now doomed to endure. The surgeon, in visiting his patient, discovered several of the missing volumes hidden beside his bed. The bitter animosity of the ungrateful clergyman now knew no bounds. Without enquiring into the lofty object contemplated by the infant saint,—nay, rather considering the old lady as an accomplice in what he had the unchristian effrontery to call a most disgraceful theft—he had her put in prison like Peter, and the young martyr punished with stripes, like

Paul. Such is ever the vindictiveness of an established church, and the severity of parliament-enacted law.

Shut out, by the God-denying ordinances of an atheistical hierarchy, from the indulgence of an innate love of goodness—oppressed by the machinations of a powerful and iniquitous aristocracy—the faithful heart of John Gubbins was now thrown entirely on its own resources. His active intellect, far from succumbing beneath the assaults of his enemies, found vent in aiding his father in the mechanical experiments we have designated in the commencement of this memoir. His hands seemed to acquire greater facility every day in the construction of the extraordinary machines before alluded to, for the entrapment of hares and pheasants, and other wild animals, whom the cruelty of the landlords of England dooms to be shot at or mangled by dogs for their own brutal amusement, instead of making them the means of calling forth the scientific ingenuity of this great manufacturing country, in devising gentler modes of death than the barrel of a fowling-piece or the sharp teeth of a hound. The noose was one of those contrivances at once simple and efficacious, which endears itself to the philanthropist at first sight; and John enjoyed the double gratification of exercising his inventive powers and aiding his honoured parent at the same time. These pursuits occupied him till his sixteenth year, at which time his father followed the example of the celebrated navigator, Cook, and sailed to the other side of the world. Whether the idea was originally his own or not, we have not now the means of finding out; but certain it is, that on consulting twelve of his friends, they were unanimous in recommending him to undertake the voyage, and gave it as their advice at the same time, that he should devote fourteen years to the inspection of those distant and little known lands. His wife, with the spirit of a Roman matron, indignant at being deserted on any pretence whatever, resumed her maiden name, and married another gentleman within a month of his bidding her farewell. It has been observed, that men are indebted for their bodily configuration to their sires, but generally for their mental organization to their

mothers. The resemblance between the modes of thought of Mrs Hogaby—this was the name of her present husband—and the subject of this memoir, gives a strong corroboration of the remark. The same fine contempt for the ordinary usages of high society, where they are not founded on the loftiest principles—the same proud reliance on their own efforts to produce the most agreeable consequences to themselves—and the same splendid enthusiasm in the acquisition of the objects of their desire, are the peculiar characteristics of both. Happy must such a mother have been in such a son; happy such a son in such a mother.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Manhood—Attempt to convert the attendants of Maidstone Market—Ingenious conduct of John Gubbins—Hears Mr Swedenborg Owen—Effects on his soul—His opinions of preaching—Recollections of his disciples—Thoughts upon Marriage—Practice in this respect—Remarks.

The period, perhaps, in the life of man most decisive of his future career, is that between sixteen and twenty years of age. The thoughtlessness of youth is at that time joined to the bodily strength of manhood, and Satan lets loose all his temptations. Our hero was tried in the burning fiery furnace, and was not found wanting. In imitation of the pious Wesley, he instituted a small society, when he was about twenty years of age, with the object of withdrawing themselves from the busy scenes of life at stated periods, and examining into the condition of mind and customary habits of their neighbours. With this intention they generally selected an hour of midnight, when the sky was unilluminated by the moon, and a market had been held in a neighbouring town; and with crape drawn over their faces, in order to avoid "the praise of men" in the performance of their Samaritan duties, they waited patiently till the approach of some farmer or other person, returning from the sinful pursuits of traffic, called them to their appointed work. Numberless were the instances wherein their labours in this respect were blessed—at their persuasive warnings the trembling penitent opened his purse, and gave

away all that he had. The three missionaries of charity and virtue, for this was the number of the society, undertook in equal shares the distribution of the offerings thus made; and bidding the contrite traveller part in peace, they betook themselves, deeply musing on these things, to their respective places of abode. But when will the evangelizing apostles of so simple and pure a doctrine escape persecution, yea, and death itself, from the ignorance and cruelty of constituted authorities? Again, the subject of this memoir saw all his plans nullified by the combined magistracy and clergy of his native place. One of his fellow-labourers was actually suspended to a transverse beam in front of the county prison; another sent on board a large dismantled vessel in Portsmouth harbour to study naval architecture for seven years, and all this resulted from the determined ingenuousness of John Gubbins. Far from denying—as his modesty would otherwise have inclined him to do—that he had any knowledge of these transactions;—far from endeavouring by evasion or subterfuge to baffle the searching enquiries of his persecutors, he openly proclaimed the truth; he related the whole share of his companions in the praiseworthy deeds for which he was now called in question, and, with a liberality truly admirable, rather endeavoured to diminish his own—and so struck were even the stony hearts of his adversaries, that they recommended him to the gracious consideration of the king, and hopes were speedily entertained that his majesty, acting on this recommendation, would bestow on him the Guelphic order, or some other suitable token of his royal approbation. But no such result followed; and the humble spirit of the subject of our memoir was not oppressed with the insignia of that exalted rank. If he, as some assert, afterwards shared with General Evans the order of the Tower and Sword, he was never heard to boast of it. But the time was now coming when he was to be summoned to a higher sphere of duty than any he had yet entered upon. Shortly after his name had, in the manner we have related, been mentioned to the king, John Gubbins, in the course of a tour in a neighbouring county, chanced to enter a prayer-meeting, called together by the sainted

Mr Swedenborg Owen. The preacher was loud, and piercing, and sublime: his sermon was listened to with breathless awe; and when the box was sent round for the contributions of the faithful at the conclusion, there was a jingling of money, both copper and also silver, which proved how deeply the hearts of the audience had been moved. A peculiar habit of Mr Gubbins' was to insert the tips of his fingers into cobblers' wax before proceeding to chapel—of which he was a diligent attendant—and, as if to prove that the good, even in this life, are generally rewarded, he remarked that, in depositing his halfpenny with his forefinger and thumb, a sixpence, and not unfrequently a shilling, would be found sticking, as if by a miraculous adhesion, to the points of his remaining fingers. On this occasion the usual preliminary had been omitted, nor was our hero sorry for the occurrence. He considered that the gentleman in the pulpit was entitled to all that the box contained; and was so struck with the inherent beauty of the doctrine of a community of goods, that he determined to enrol himself at once as an adherent of the sect. He, accordingly, lost no time in carrying his resolution into effect; and, on the following evening, opened his mouth for the first time in a pulpit, in a barn near Worthing. Though not endowed with a classical education, and caring very little for the niceties of the Greek and Roman tongues, he was gifted with a loud and sonorous voice, and so impressive a delivery, that he shook the bench on which he stood nearly to pieces, and was distinctly audible at the distance of four hundred and fifty yards. As this was his first essay in the difficult field of public oratory, it may be interesting to know the opinion he entertained of preaching. "Preaching," he used to say, in his homely and expressive phraseology—"preaching beats cock-fighting—in fact, it *are* the ticket." Let this opinion, deliberately pronounced, be an encouragement to the voluntary labours of persons in the circumstances of John Gubbins. Ere many years elapsed, he was well known in the whole of the south and south-western parts of England. He was received with the greatest applause wherever he appeared; and there were few with whom he came in contact, who

had not occasion to remember their intercourse with our excellent and inimitable friend. At this period we have no letters or other documents from which to draw our conclusions as to the state of his mind and the success of his ministry; but in the fond recollection of his countless friends he still dwells, as if stereotyped or photographed on their hearts.

"I minds him well," says one of his disciples; "he war an 'ell of a fellar to gammon. The gals all liked he, like no how; and he got more money out on the old 'uns nor ere a Methody or Independing of 'em all." The Methodists and Independents are alluded to in the fine scriptural phraseology of the affectionate disciple; and the earnest simplicity of his admonitions is excellently expressed in his unsophisticated adaptation of the ordinary expression—"gammon." "John Gubbins," says another fond recorder of the virtues of our friend, "war a hextraordinary chap for gin an' water. I ha' see'd he drink twelve tumblers like winkin, and preach like a angel; and such a von for 'backy I never see'd nowhere." Mr Gubbins was, indeed, as we shall afterwards see, a strong friend to the excise. He was one of that wise school of political economists who wished all taxes to be paid by others, and every burden taken from a generous and industrious people; and if there was any class of objects from which he thought a revenue improperly exigible, it was decidedly from the duties on spirits and tobacco. And yet though these were his theoretical principles, we shall perceive that, with the inconsistency which is frequently a characteristic of the greatest minds—of prime ministers no less than others—his conduct was very much at variance with his professions; and no person in his sphere contributed more to enrich his country, by the use of those very articles, than the man who, on all occasions, was most vociferous in condemning the impost levied on their consumption. So frequently does it happen that the good benefit their country even unintentionally.

Marriage is to most men the most serious step in life. So much depends on the choice of a proper partner, that the thoughtlessness with which the bond is entered into is severely to be reprobated. With a view to avoid the risk of finding himself bound for

life to a partner unsuited to him in disposition or temper, he was one of the first who raised their voices against either the obligation or the solemnity of marriage. The free pulsations of the heart were not to be trammelled by a vow, nor was the vow itself to be considered binding longer than the sentiments which gave rise to it endured. He grudged also the half-crown for the bans, and his virtuous modesty shrunk from the publicity of a ceremony performed in a church. Impelled by all these principles, religious and philosophical, he commenced an agitation for the repeal of marriage as a religious or binding ceremony, which he happily lived to see nearly carried into effect by an enlightened legislature; and as he was aware that example would have more weight than the strongest arguments, he rigidly abstained from legal matrimony all his days, and only entered into the sweet bonds of domestic felicity with such female members of his flock as were willing to keep his house, and sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to add those additional comforts to his establishment, which he was too wise a man to undervalue or despise. It is still remembered, that on one occasion the head of his table was graced by a lady of mature years, being upwards of fifty-seven, who was possessed of a hundred pounds in money, and a cottage worth eight pounds a-year. In less than a month, however, as if to show the steadiness of his adherence to a rule once conscientiously adopted, he broke off the sweet communion; and retaining the money and a conveyance of the tenement as a lasting memorial of her duty and affection, he had the magnanimity of mind, worthy of an ancient stoic or a modern utilitarian, to tear himself from her side, and leave her to her lonely meditations in a large building to which she was invited to retire by the overseers of her native village. To others he was more constant; but to all of them dealing the same measure of inflexible justice—"Ven their tin is gone," he used to remark, "I always kicks 'em out." Thus blameless in small things as well as in great, John Gubbins held on the even tenor of his way, the admiration of his flock, and the envy of surrounding nations. And here may, perhaps, be the proper place to point out the

manifold advantages of true religion in this present sublunary sphere. Besides making us perfectly pleased and contented with ourselves, it gives us the great and Christian privilege of despising others. When death or misfortunes happen to our friends, it endows us with such perfect equanimity, that we feel no more for their acutest distresses than if we had never heard their names; when, on the other hand, they happen to our enemies, we have the satisfaction of seeing them punished for their iniquity, we feel that our dislike of them is justified by the sufferings they endure, the loss of children, bankruptcy, and ruin. For, it is evident that these things are sent to them because they have not been so holy as ourselves, and as a rebuke to them for differing from us in opinion. But the instance of the saintly Gubbins, who, we are happy to say, is not without many imitators in any of the churches, will suffice to show that energy in the pulpit, and a perpetual dwelling on religious subjects among the uninstructed and feeble minded, is rewarded in the more tangible shape of houses, and lands, and money; the affection and fortunes of women considerably advanced in life; and the devoted adherence of a number of admirers, whatever course of conduct they may take it into their heads to pursue. With such inducements, we can only wonder that dissent from the cold formalities of an establishment, instead of falling off, as appears to be the case every day, is not universal. But the time is soon coming when the saints shall possess the earth; and, in the mean time, it is a great satisfaction to the virtuous mind to feel assured, that however our enemies may prosper in this world, they will be, as Mr Gubbins expressed it, "touched up for it in the next in a way as they don't expect."

CHAPTER THREE.

Patriotic labours of Mr Gubbins—Chimney-Sweepers and Negroes—Desire of benefitting the Public—Morison's Pills—Widow Welch—Homœopathy—Opinions of Mr Gubbins on various subjects—Member of Parliament—Orators—Poets—Mr Gubbins' politics—Failure of Revenue—Efforts to assist the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Proposals for the Anti-Temperance Institution—Active employment—Self-devotion

of Mr Gubbins—Constancy to the end—Death—Appearance—Conclusion.

The peaceful labours even of the most celebrated preachers do not allow much space for biographical description; and as, from a peculiar sensitiveness, Mr Gubbins never committed to writing any of his effusions in the pulpit, we are left in the dark as to the style of his eloquence, except from the descriptions of it still given by his hearers. But, as if to compensate to his biographer for the ease and uniformity of his earlier years, the distinguished subject of this memoir now entered into that active course of public benevolence which only ended with his life. In conjunction with a distinguished member of the legal profession, who will soon immortalize the borough of Finsbury, by condescending to become its representative in Parliament, he devoted himself with zeal and enthusiasm to the cause of the chimney-sweepers of London. It was, indeed, a congenial subject, or, in fact, as he called it himself, "the indentical same thing with them misfort'nate niggers, for wasn't the skins of both on 'em black?" That borough, indeed, seemed to have something peculiarly attractive for Mr Gubbins. In connexion with the present distinguished medical member for that conscientious and enlightened constituency, he laboured at the invention of a new method of insuring houses from fire; and was, we are persuaded, only prevented, by his premature departure, from joining the ingenious Messrs Houston Stewart Wallace in their method of insuring vessels against shipwreck. Wherever a joint-stock speculation was started for the benefit of his fellows, there was Mr Gubbins certain to be found. It was from his admirable dictation—for the mechanical part of authorship he had never taken the trouble to master—that unnumbered certificates of the unparalleled effects of Morison's pills were published to an admiring and costive world. Gubbins was the attenuated carpenter, who, on swallowing the fortieth box of Number Twos, was engaged by an itinerant showman as a rival to the Durham ox. Gubbins was the old woman of eighty-six, who, after a course of seven weeks' duration, renewed her youth so completely that she was mistaken for her own

granddaughter by a young man who had been paying her his addresses, and lived several years with him after the marriage, and presented him with two lovely children, before he discovered the difference. Gubbins was the benevolent person who wished to contract for the support of the poor in England and Wales solely and entirely on those inestimable pills—so versatile was his genius, so profound his impression of the merits of the Hygeistic system. Nor was he bigoted to one mode of cure. He was also the lame soldier who recovered his leg by a diligent swallowing of the preparations of the genuine Widow Welch—the patient in the last stage of cholera who recovered through large doses of the Balm of Gilead—and the paralytic who regained activity by small doses of pulsatilla. How capacious must have been his love for science, who was equally eloquent in his praises of homœopathy by the grain, and Morisonism by the cart-load! The idea that these rhapsodies might be produced by the half-crown with which the delighted practitioner usually begged to present him, in token of esteem and veneration, is one of those base suspicions which no truly liberal-minded gentleman can for a moment entertain.

The opinions of such a man upon any subject must be valued by all those who can appreciate the worth of wisdom and impartiality. We will therefore record a few of the judgments he delivered on men and things. He considered Mr O'Connell the most honest man and greatest patriot of any age or country. He had a high opinion of Mr Hume, as had also Dr Pye Smith. "I likes that ere Joseph," he used to say, "he's sich a one to look arter the fardens"—and he frequently declared, both in public and private, that there was nothing in the transaction of that honourable gentleman with regard to the Greek loan which he would not have done himself. Daniel Whittle Harvey, Esq., while in Parliament, was his favourite orator; of poets he was partial to Thomas Moore; of prose authors to Sir Lytton Bulwer, though we are bound in candour to add that he had not perused a single line of either; but those two gentlemen being the most distinguished writers of the party to which Mr Gubbins belonged, he knew too well the value of his ap-

probation to bestow it on any political opponent. In this respect, as in many others, following the example of the Edinburgh Review.

In politics he was firmly attached to the extreme of liberality, and would have hated the Whigs for not going far enough, if his virtuous indignation had not been roused to a greater degree by the Tories for not going any part of the way at all. A State, according to his idea, would have been perfect, with no laws to interpose between man and his aspirations; he felt that enactments and prohibitions were an infringement of individual liberty, and the sight of any person richer than himself was an insult to the dignity of his nature. He wished therefore to see every one poorer and more dependent, as the surest means of restoring him to self-respect, and placing him in the situation his virtues and abilities deserved. After this explanation of his sentiments, it will be needless to say that he looked with an eye of great favour on the Chartists; though, in as much as their efforts to attain their ends were unsuccessful, he made no parade of his magnanimity in joining a failing cause, but contented himself by assuming, along with the philosophic Grote and cultivated Williams, the title of a Whig and something more—and something more he undoubtedly was; and the last great effort he made showed how deeply he entered into the cause of his ministerial friends, and what tremendous sacrifices he made to maintain their popularity and power. We have already alluded to his attachment to the excise as a means of raising a revenue. We are now to record the greatest example of patriotic zeal and self-sacrifice recorded in the history of man.

After seven years of the most painful economy, and the employment of every means in their power to increase the income of the country, going even so far as to appoint a commission of their supporters, at a very considerable salary, to enquire as to the possibility of carrying on the business of the government with no money at all, except so much as might suffice for quarter-day in Downing Street, the Ministry were forced to confess that the supplies were by no means adequate to the demand. The zeal of their friends was instantly roused by

this announcement, and of none in more especial a degree than Mr Gubbins. He withdrew at once from all his other labours, leaving half-finished an essay on "Popish principles and Protestant pay," which has since been incorporated in the works of the Christian Moralists of Oxford, and applied himself to the herculean task of propping a falling administration, by increasing the funds at their disposal. The principal falling off of the revenue was perceptible in the excise. As a preliminary measure, he drank double his usual quantity of beer, and generally finished his evenings with an extra bottle of gin. But being well aware that without combination no great results can be obtained, he determined to institute a society, whose whole object should be to support their favourite Ministry by an unlimited use of intoxicating liquors. He well knew, that the more habitually a man devoted himself to that employment, the more likely he was to approve of the administration; and he therefore considered that the efforts of Father Mathew—with whatever intention they had been begun—would in the end most inevitably produce an effect very unfavourable to his views and objects. After many months of deep thought, and travelling to every considerable town in England and Scotland, he believed himself sufficiently sure of assistance and support, to announce to the world at large the gigantic plan he had matured. The first exposition of the plan was contained in the following letter, written by one of his sincerest admirers to a mutual friend:—

"Our distinguished teacher, Mr Gubbins, after explaining to me, with his usual energy, the principles of the plan he mentioned to you on a late occasion, has lain down for an hour or two under the table, and the grateful task is left to me of making you fully master of his patriotic scheme. Despising from the bottom of his heart the miserable milksops who cheat the revenue and reduce themselves to the level of the beasts—whose only drink is water—he has resolved to found a great institution, to which any person shall be admitted on payment to him of twopence, and taking what he calls the 'Toxication pledge. But far from following the example of the aforesaid hypocrites in limiting his association to those only who take the "Total"

pledge, he has resolved to divide the association into two classes, to either of which a proselyte shall have the privilege of belonging—one to be composed of those who take the Total Drunkenness Pledge; and the other, of those who take the Occasionally Sober Pledge. But it is to be remarked, that as the expense of the latter class will probably be smaller than that of the T. D. Pledge-men, he has resolved that the entrance money to the O. S. Pledge shall be fourpence instead of twopence. In taking the total drunkenness pledge, it is to be understood that the person binds himself, at some one hour or other of each lawful day—and twice every Sunday—to produce in himself, by means of one or more of the following liquors, viz. Beer, Ale, Flip, Egghot, Purl (early or otherwise), Gin, Brandy, Whisky, Rum, Wine, Shrub, Hollands, Swizzle, Toddy, Punch, Stingo—alone or mixed, according to his own taste—such a degree of philosophical equanimity as not to be aware of whether he stands on his head or his heels—not to be able to speak so as to be understood by his nearest friend—nor to be able to maintain what philosophers have absurdly called the centre of gravity, which Mr Gubbins considers the height of absurdity; and, in short, to be in that truly elevated condition, when the floor begins to be rebellious, and the room swings round in imitation of a windmill. The Occasionally Sober Pledge does not mean that any one day is to be wholly spent without contributing one's share to the increase of the revenue; but simply, that occasionally it shall be lawful to stop short of the extreme point to which the others are bound to proceed, and indeed to leave off at that happy stage when a man feels it his bounden duty as a Christian, and a man of honour, to thrash a policeman, or wrench off a knocker, or frighten an unprotected woman, in the manner practised already by some amateur members of the highest rank. The Occasionally Sober Pledge—you will therefore explain to Dr Wade—does not in the least preclude a man from being as totally drunk as he pleases, while, on the other hand, the T. D. P. binds a person to abjure the O. S. P. as insufficient and unsatisfactory. The effects of this stupendous plan will be

extraordinary. The increased impulse given to the revenue will keep the ministry in power for ever, or at least till you *know who* are ready to take their places. One additional glass of gin drunk by each adult in Great Britain alone, per diem, will supply the whole present deficiency; two will terrify surrounding empires with our wealth; and a bottle will pay off the national debt in a very few years. Such are the details of this measure; and I doubt not that you will soon get the names of such a number of subscribers that we shall be able to make a formidable appearance in Exeter Hall. Mr Gubbins will of course preside, as I think it would be right to show him this mark of respect, if it were for no other purpose than to keep a Bishop or a Lord from an office of such dignity. Our industrious friend, who is still in deep sleep on the floor, is so devoted to the cause, that at this moment he is evidently dreaming on the subject, as I hear him indistinctly muttering 'cold without!' I have mentioned your name to him; and he expressed various wishes about your eyes and limbs, showing thereby the vivid interest he takes in your corporeal health. Send the twopences as soon as they amount to half-a-crown; for our admirable founder intends to follow the modes of proceeding adopted by the great O'Connell. Your's to the last drop of the barrel, "T— ———."

The triumphant success of this association is too recent to require to be dwelt on. The efforts of Mr Gubbins called forth the ecstatic gratitude of the administration. Public (house) dinners were given to him by the brewers of London—by the gin-spinners—by the licensed victuallers; and on all these occasions he made displays which will for ever be remembered by the admirers of drinking in all its branches. His political allusions were received with rapturous applause, especially when his mode of pronunciation—at all times a little indistinct, but at that period scarcely intelligible—led the company to suppose that, in toasting "Lord Melbourne and this Whig Administration," he had said "Lord Melbourne and the Swig Administration." The Swig Administration! Happy alchemy, whereby genius transmutes

base metal into gold! The toast was responded to, in a series of eloquent hiccups, by the member for Burton-on-Trent. But, great as was Mr Gubbins's zeal—prodigious as were his efforts, both by precept and example, to make the total drunkenness pledge as universal in this country as the repeal pledge in the sister island—they were doomed to end in disappointment, as the hopes of his fellow-agitator will be. Evil-minded and—worse than that—sober-headed persons in both countries, pretended that they saw interested motives in every action of the lives of those two illustrious men; and, vexed and harassed by the opposition he experienced, the proud spirit of Mr Gubbins began at last to give way. His limbs became shaky and swelled—his eyes were bloodshot, and symptoms were soon manifest of a tendency to a disease to which a fine organization is peculiarly liable under mental excitement, called *delirium tremens*. Yet, with unabated zeal, he continued true to his pledge. Never for one single day did he forfeit—what he prized more than wealth or station—his word! His friends warned him that his efforts were above his strength. He despised their warnings, when he considered them in opposition to his oath. They told him he was killing himself by inches. He told them, that in such a cause he cared not if he died by the square yard! Like a hero rushing into battle, where he knows he is doomed to fall—with no flinching from his duty, though he knew the fatal consequences of perseverance—glass in hand, water in his eye, slaver at his lips, and hiccup harrowing his heart—Mr Gubbins received the reward of his merits in a death as glorious as he deserved. It may truly be said that he died of too anxious an interest in his country's welfare; and in this idea we are corroborated by the very pointed allusion to "ardent spirits," contained in the verdict of the coroner's inquest. His was indeed the noblest specimen of those ardent spirits whose only sighs are for patriotism and freedom. He died worth several hundred pounds, which he had recently received on trust, and placed in a banker's hands in his own name. On the sixteenth of April he died, and in a short time

after that, Lord Montague resigned the Chancery of the Exchequer, and went into deep mourning and private life. But the pledge is still taken by numberless individuals in all ranks of life, and (as a proof of the union on great subjects among all classes of Englishmen) by persons in all parties in the State.

Mr Gubbins was considerably below the middle height, being little more than five feet high; but, as if to compensate for the deficiency, he was considerably beyond the average width, being a great deal broader than he was long. His hair was of a deep red hue, his countenance full of dignity and sweetness, with a very short and very flat nose; while his face was saved from too feminine an expression by a remarkable projection of his two front teeth, and extremely protuberant lips. His legs were what are usually called bandy, and he had splay feet of peculiar size. With these personal advantages, his success in life is not matter of much surprise.

The malevolence of enemies whom he crushed by his activity, or made ridiculous by his wit, may perhaps

attempt to blacken the reputation of the illustrious dead. The Tories—the clergy—the sober—and even some of the base and thankless Whigs—may unite in showing their bitterness against a worth which they could not appreciate. The author of this memoir has no motive to swerve from the strictest impartiality. He has succeeded to his property, and has sold his life to a publisher: he therefore is as disinterested as a biographer always is. Reader, if you are eloquent, preach; if you are learned, hide it as carefully as you can; if you are a patriot, drink yourself to death; and in this manner, by imitating the actions of the virtuous, the great, the venerable Mr Gubbins, you will emulate his fame while you live, and have a biographer, better qualified than the present humble author, to hand down your reputation to the latest times.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

ON PERSONIFICATION.

WE resume our attempt to illustrate those combined operations of the heart and fancy by which inanimate things are made living persons. Personification, as we have seen, is the effect of a law in our moral nature which we may regulate but can scarcely repress. It is an overflowing of those longings of love, of those desires for sympathy and companionship, and of those fears of loneliness and estrangement, which cannot be confined within the bounds of our own species, but pour themselves first out in the humbler charities inspired by the irrational creation, and next extend to an ideal intercourse with the kingdoms of lifeless existence. It appears that there is no strong emotion that may not dispose us to the exercise of this faculty; no striking object that may not summon it into action. But chiefly images of beauty or of majesty are ever calculated to call it forth in any mood of mind in which the colouring and creative powers have room to operate.

What are the stars in the eye of imagination? Various are the aspects which they successively assume. Sometimes they seem as flowers that strew the fields of ether, glittering with divine dew, and greeting with ambrosial softness the feet of the happy inhabitants that wander among their fragrance!

Fair flowers of holy, heavenly seed,
That o'er you blue and boundless mead,
In trembling ecstasy, unfold
Your amaranthine leaves of gold!
Fair stars! a harmony most strange,
A law of lovely interchange,
Unites you thro' the varying year
With your terrestrial kindred here.
When evening shuts the daisy's eye
She opens the garden of the sky,
That breathes its beauty to the night,
Till, at the glance of morning light,
Once more upon the glittering green
The galaxies of earth are seen.
When, chill'd by winter's withering breath,
Our earth-born glories sink in death,
With brighter and with bolder glew
The immortal flowers of ether blow,

Till spring returning dims their bloom,
And calls their sisters from the tomb.
O, blest succession! kindly given
To link together earth and heaven—
To tell that He who all things keeps,
In mercy slumbers not nor sleeps—
By love's soft power to lift our eyes
From short-lived splendours to the skies.

With greater power but less playfulness of fancy, and with a more earthly mixture of personal interest, the starry heavens have, at times, appeared to the gaze of superstition as a mighty scroll, on which the destinies of men are recorded in characters of fire. Anxious must have been the desires, and deep the delusion, that could persuade us that we had found the key for interpreting that mysterious cipher. Yet a vast portion of mankind were for ages convinced, even under a high degree of civilization, that the heavenly bodies at once influenced the events of earth, and predicted them in a language partially at least intelligible to our understandings.

Paraventure in thilke large book,
Which that men clepe the Heven, ywritten
was

With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love should han his deth, alas!
For in the sterres, clerer than in glas,
Is written, God wot, who so could it rede,
The deth of every men withouten drede.

In sterres many a winter therbeforen
Was writ the death of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;
The strife of Thebes; and of Hercules,
Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth: but mennes wittes ben so dull,
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

Men are not by nature Epicureans in religion. They do not easily believe that the supreme powers, by whom the world was once framed, are indifferent to its present interests. Without wisdom, in the ruder stages of social life, to comprehend that divine infinity which, in the diverging directions of magnitude and minuteness, embraces universal nature under its care and control, they are ever persuaded that their individual concerns must engage the constant attention of heaven, in a degree disproportionate even to the claims of the rest of the creation. They are unwilling to think that they and their affairs are not an object of regard to all orders of being; and, among the rest, to those

bright existences whose conspicuous and commanding place seems to claim the regard and the reverence of men. Science has taught that the heavenly bodies are themselves worlds to which our earth is an atom; and the truth brings along with it enlarged views of matter and spirit, which still better promote devotional feelings than the narrower conceptions of imperfect knowledge. But the popular creed tends to the same purpose in a different way.

The stars are the eyes of heaven. Can they not see what is doing upon earth? Have they not seen what was done in times past? And must not their "old experience" have now attained

"To something of prophetic strain?"

Or the stars are themselves intelligent spirits, set to rule over the terrestrial scene on which they look down from their lofty abodes; and no more manifest or present influence is visible, to which the physical and moral revolutions of life can be ascribed. Hear on this theme the words of him who has combined the functions of poet and philosopher in one:—

Chaldean shepherds, ranging trackless
fields,

Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
Look'd on the Polar star, as on a guide
And guardian of their course, that never
closed

His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
With a submissive reverence they beheld;
Watch'd, from the centre of their sleeping
flocks,

Those radiant Mercuries, that seem'd to
move,

Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the gods;
And by their aspects, signifying works
Of dim futurity, to man reveal'd.

Or let us illustrate our subject with a special reference to more modern astrology, by presenting an imposing picture of its influence and origin from a masterly hand, which, where it professed to copy, has come almost to create. We quote the passage from Coleridge's *Wallenstein* which describes the visit of *Thekla* to her father's astrological tower.

Thekla. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in;
and now

The narrowing line of daylight that ran
after
The closing door, was gone; and all about
me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many
shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round
me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from the stars; all seem'd to come
from them.
"These are the planets," said that low
old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that
cause
"Are imaged here as kings. He furthest
from you,
"Spiteful and cold, an old man melan-
choly,
"With bent and yellow forehead, he is
Saturn;
"He opposite, the king with the red
light,
"An arm'd man for the battle, that is
Mars—
"And both these bring but little luck to
man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and
bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glitter'd, silver-bright,
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's
mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the sun and moon.
Max. O, never rudely will I blame his
faith
I' the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not
merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise for the stricken heart of
love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Are all too narrow: Yes, a deeper im-
port
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn;
For fable is love's world, his home, his
birth-place.
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talis-
mans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny
mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,

Or chasms and wat'ry depths—all these
have vanish'd;
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language,
still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old
names,
And to yon starry world they now are
gone.
Spirits and gods, that used to share this
earth
With man as with their friend; and to the
lover
Yonder they move; from yonder visible
sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this
day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's
fair.

In order that Coleridge's enlarge-
ments of the original may be better
seen, we add here the same passage
as closely and beautifully rendered by
Mr Moir, whose translation, though
it might have held a more popular
place if Coleridge's had not existed,
derives a large part of its praise from
having successfully followed, on more
faithful principles, so distinguished a
predecessor.

Thekla. I felt a singular sensation on
me,
When from the glare of day I enter'd in;
For darkest night encompass'd me around,
Half lighted by a strange and glimmering
gleam.
Ranged in a semicircle, round me stood
Some six or seven tall kingly forms, that
held
A sceptre in their hands, and on their
heads
Each bore a star display'd; and all the
light
Within the tower seem'd from those stars
to stream.
These are the planets, my conductor told
me,
That rule our fate, and thence are crown'd
as kings.
The outermost, a gloomy, care-worn
greybeard,
With the dull-clouded yellow star, was
Saturn;
He with the deep red glow that
fronted him,
In warrior-like accoutrement, was Mars—
And both were evil-boding stars to man.
But by his side a lovely woman stood;
Soft gleam'd the star above her queenly
head,
And this was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand was winged Mercury.
Full in the centre shone, in silver light,

A cheerful man, with kingly countenance,
And this was Jupiter, my father's star,
And sun and moon were pictured by his side.

Max. O, never will I smile at his belief
In starry influence and ghostly might.
'Tis not alone man's *pride* that peoples
space

With visionary forms and mystic powers;
But for the *loving* heart, this common
nature

Is all too narrow, and a deeper meaning
Lies in the fables of our childish years
Than in the truer lore of after life.

The lovely world of wonder 'tis, alone,
That echoes back the heart's ecstatic
feeling,

That spreads for men its everlasting room,
And with the waving of its thousand
branches

Rocks the enchanted spirit to repose.
The world of fable is love's home; he
dwells

Gladly with fays and talismans, and gladly
Believes in gods, for he himself is godlike.
The fairy shapes of fable are no more;

The deities of old have wander'd out;
But still the heart must have a language,
still

The early names come back with early
feelings;

And in the starry heavens we seek those
forms,

That friendly once in life have walk'd
beside us.

Still from the sky they smile on lovers
down,

And all that's *great* on earth even now is
sent us

From Jupiter, from Venus all that's *fair*.

The description we have above set down, reminds us involuntarily of the procession of the planets in the Testament of Cresseid, printed commonly among Chaucer's miscellaneous works, but the production truly of the Scottish poet, Robert Henryson. It is of a very different complexion from the descriptions of Schiller and Coleridge in diction and thought; but though rudely drawn, the same striking features of these heavenly influences are faithfully, and sometimes forcibly represented in these rough strains, the product of a remote region in the fifteenth century. We select a few of the most remarkable stanzas.

" Quban this was said, down in anxtasy,
Ravishit in spirite, in ane dreme she fel,
And by apperance herde quhere she did
lie

Cupide the King tingand a silvir bel,
Quhich men micht here fro hevin into
hel;

At quhose sounde, before Cupide aperes,
The sevin planetis discending fro the
spheres:

" Quhiche hath powir of al thing gener-
abil,

To rewl and stere by their grit influens
Wedir and winde, and course variabil.

And first of al Saturne gave his sentens,
Quhiche gave to Cupide little reverens,
But as ane boistous chorie in his manere,
Came crabbittly with austrius luke and
chere.

His face frounait, his lyre was like the lede,
His tethe chattrit, and shiveret with the
chin,

His eyin droupit, quhole sonkin in his
bede,

Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,
With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin,
The isceiklis that fro his hair doune hang
Was wondir grete, and as ane spere was
lang;

Attour his belte his liart lockis laie
Feltrit unfaire, or-fret with frostis hore,
His garmond and his gite full gay of graie,
His widret wede fro him the winde out
wore.

Ane boustous bowe within his hande he
bore,

Under his girdle a sashe of felone flains
Fedrit with ise and heidit with halstaines.

Then Jupiter richte faire and amiabel,
God of the sterris in the firmament,
And norice to al thing generabil,
Fro his fathir Saturne farre different,
With burly face, and browis bricht and
brent,

Upon his heid ane garlonde wondris gaie,
Of flouris faire, as it had ben in Maie;

His voice was clere, as cristal was his
eien,

As golden wler so glittrand was his hare,
His garmond and his gite ful gaie of grene,
With goldin listis gilte on every gare,
A burly brand about his middle he bare,
And in his richt hand he had a groundin
spere,

Of his fathir the wrothe fro us to bere.

Neist afir him cum Mars, the god of ire,
Of strife, debate, and al discencioun,
To chide and fight als ferse als ony fire.
In harde harnesse, bewmonde and haber-
gioun,

And on his haunch a rousty fel fauchoun,
And in his hande he had a rousty sword,
Writhing his face with mony angry worde:

Shaking his hande before Cupide he come,
With red visage and grisly glowing elen:

And at his mouth a blubbit stode of fome,
Like to ane bore quibetting his tuskis kene,
Richt tulsurelike, but temperaunce in tene.
Ane horne he blew with mony boustous
bragge,
Quibiche al this world with warre hath
made to wagge.

Venus was thare present, that goddes gay
Her sonnys quarrel to defende, and mak
Her owne complaint, cladde in a nice
array,
The one halfe grene, th' othir halfe sable
blak,
Quibits hair as gold, kembit and shéd abak;
Bot in her face semit grete variaunce,
Quhiles parfit truth, and quhiles incon-
staunce.

Undir smiland she was dissimulate,
Provocative with blinkis amorous,
And sodainly changit and alterate,
Angry as ony serpent venomous,
Rycht pungitive with wordis odious;
Thus variaunt she was; quho list tak
kepe,
With one eye lauch and with the othir
wepe;

In tokening that al fleshely paramour,
Qehlich Venus hath in rule and gouvir-
naunce,
Is sumtyme awete, sumtyme bittir and
sour,
Rycht unstable, and ful of variaunce,
Minglit with careful joye and false plea-
saunce,
Now hette, now calde, now blyth, now
fal of wo,
New grene as lefe, now widrit and ago.

With boke in hand then cum Mercurius,
Richt eloquent and ful of rethorie,
With polit termis and delicious,
With penne and iake to reporte al redie,
Settand songis and singand merily,
His hair was red heellit attour his croun,
Like til ane poete of the old fassoun.

Baxis he bare with fine electuaries,
And sugrit siropes for digestion,
Spices belongand to the potiquares,
With mony balsom swete confection,
Doctor in phisike, cledde in scarlet gown,
And furred well, as suche one cocht to
be,
Honest and gude, and not ane worde
conthe lie."

We shall conclude this view of the
astrological personification of the
planets, by inserting the description
of Saturn as given by him whom Hen-
ryson took for his master, but whose
genius and judgment, even when least

conspicuous, left all imitators at a mea-
sureless distance below him. The pas-
sage is extracted from the story of Pa-
lamon and Arcite, and we subjoin
Dryden's paraphrase, which, as usual,
has much that is fine, and not a little
that is inferior.

"My dere doughter Venus, quod Saturne,
My cours, that hath so wide for to turne,
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,
Min is the strangel and hanging by the
throte;
The murmure, and the cherle's rebelling;
The groyning, and the prive empoysoning.
I do vengeance and pleine correction,
While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
Min is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the toures and of the wallis
Upon the minour or the carpenter:
I slew Samson in shaking the piler.
Min ben also the maladies colde,
The derke tresons, and the castes old:
My loking is the fader of Pestilence."

"Wide is my course, nor turn I to my
place
Till length of time, and move with tardy
pace.
Man feels me when I press th' ethereal
plains;
My hand is heavy, and the wound re-
mains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign.
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd
air,
Are mine,—and wilful death, resulting
from despair.
The throttling quinaey 'tis my star ap-
points,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the
joints.
When churls rebel agatnat their native
prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pre-
tence,—
And, housing in the Lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates and deserting troops are
mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning. I command
Unkindly seasons and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines
are found.
'Twas I slew Samson when the pillar'd
hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the
fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the
prince."

Diametrically opposed to the feelings which prompted these plausible and pleasing errors, are the truths which scientific astronomy has since disclosed to us. According to these, Venus, all bright and spotless as she seems, is but another, though a smaller Earth. Jupiter is an enormous mass, "being in diameter no less than 87,000 miles, and in bulk exceeding that of the earth nearly 13,000 times." The powers of imagination shrink back from the attempt to deal with such creations as endowed with personality. But a still nobler use is found for our faculties, if, preserving the relation which nature has established between the understanding and the heart, we make these magnificent disclosures contribute to enlarge and heighten our admiration of the mighty Mind which framed a system so vast and so harmonious—so full of grandeur, beauty, and beneficence. In the midst of our mathematical principles, we ought still to feel the virtual truth of the poet's fancy, when he tells us, that

"From the force of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sang their great Creator's praise
To all the blest above."

If, with all the knowledge that science can bring, we rest satisfied with its merely physical results, it were better for us that, in the blindness of barbarism, we were still worshipping the lights of heaven as spirits of intelligence and power—the fear of whose anger might make us in some degree search our own souls—the contemplation of whose loftiness and lustre might, however imperfectly, exalt and illuminate our moral natures. At every stage of human advancement, the affectional feelings, of which devotion is the highest form, are indispensable to the perfection of our mental frame. They are needed, on the one hand, to raise and refine the perceptions of sense; they are equally needed, on the other, to animate and warm the abstractions of intellect.

In our existing mode of life, we occupy naturally a middle position between science and ignorance, in which we partake of the blessings of both,—neither enslaved by the childish conjectures or credulous superstitions of the savage, nor always bearing about with us the en-

larged discoveries and complicated calculations of the sage. We know what science has revealed; but we have not always the telescope at our eye, or its results in our recollection. We look often up to Jupiter as still a living symbol of majesty and power, and we willingly address to the lingering star of evening the words of the poet,—

—"Who that looks on thee,
Touching, as now in thy humility,
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is
bright,
Celestial power, as much with love as
light?"

The ancients were fond of feigning that individual stars or constellations were the translated forms of earthly mortals. Cassiopeia, Callisto, Bootes, the Pleiades, and Orion, are familiar instances. A new star appeared at the death of Cæsar, and Augustus was told that the signs of the zodiac were making room for him among them. Many constellations were thought to represent inferior animals, while some were degraded to the rank of inanimate things. The Great Bear was more properly considered as a carriage than as a creature. The Greeks gave it the name of *αρκτος*, as well as of *αγρως*. With the Romans it was *plaustrum* or *septentrio*, a team of ploughing oxen. Its general Teutonic appellation was that of the *wagen*, or *wain*, and sometimes *Kartwagen*, Charles's wain, whether in reference to Charlemagne or to some northern deity we shall not pretend to determine. The Pleiades were raised by the Teutonic nations a little higher in the scale of being, and called the "Hen and Chickens."

A high place in honour and influence, though of the more malignant kind, was given by some ancient nations to the Dog-star, so called, it has been said, "*quod nimio calore mordere quodammodo videatur*," though the origin of the name is probably more remote and mystical. Its other appellation of Sirius has sometimes been supposed, we do not know with what justice, to be connected with the Sanscrit *Sûryas*, the sun. There is a startling, but, we think, a successful boldness in Dryden's short description of this fierce and fiery luminary, in his well-known paraphrase of one of Horace's odes,—

"The Sirian star
Barks from afar."

But the idea is not quite original, as Manilius, speaking of the same or of a neighbouring constellation, says, "*Latratque canicula flammas.*" Shakespeare gives a more homely idea of a scorching luminary, where he speaks of adding

"More coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion."

Some of the Indian fables as to the promotion of mortals to the sky, have a more obvious meaning and propriety than most of those of Greece and Rome. In particular, we think the story of Dhruva, the polar star, literally the firm or fixed one, a term allied perhaps to the Teutonic *true*, is not undeserving of notice.

Dhruva was a king's son, but born of an inferior mother. Having, while yet a child, received a slight from the most favoured of his father's wives, he repaid in anger to his mother, who endeavoured to comfort him, and reconcile him to his condition as being the award of Providence. "Therefore, my son, it is not proper for you to grieve; a wise man will be contented with that degree which appertains to him: but if you continue to feel hurt at the words of Suruchi, endeavour to augment that religious merit which bestows all good; be amiable, be pious, be friendly, be assiduous in benevolence to all living creatures; for prosperity descends upon modest worth, as water flows upon low ground." Dhruva answered—"Mother, the words that you have addressed to me for my consolation, find no place in a heart that contumely has broken. I will exert myself to attain such elevated rank, that it shall be revered by the whole world. Though I be not born of Suruchi, the beloved of the king, you shall behold my glory who am your son. Let Uttama, my brother, her child, possess the throne given to him by my father; I wish for no other honours but such as my own actions shall acquire, such as even my father has not enjoyed." Dhruva then left his mother's dwelling, and having met with some religious persons, who gave him their best instructions, he betook himself to a life of

ascetic devotion, and to the constant contemplation of the Supreme Being. The fixed abstraction of the little child alarmed, as usual, the minor deities, who feared that the force of his sanctity might overturn their power. They endeavoured, therefore, by every sort of distraction, to lure or terrify him from his religious exercises. But all was in vain; and the mind of Dhruva was so absorbed in the great object of his admiration, that he was even unconscious of their attempts to disturb him. A continuance in such a course of intense veneration procured him at last the favour of Vishnu, who, in reward for his unshaken firmness, gratified his ambition by exalting him to the appropriate station of the polar star, and gave his mother a position near-him in the heavens.*

Connected with this topic, we may recollect the comparison of himself which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cæsar, and of which the braggart presumption seems a fit preparation for his fate; and would, indeed, have made a Scottish peasant, in phraseology that was classical among our ancestors, pronounce him at once to be *sey*.

"But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd
sparks:

They are all fire, and every one doth
shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his
place."

Adulation has often thus raised a mortal to the skies, and love or awe will sometimes seem to draw a constellation down. Thus in Shakespeare, the Dauphin, in his first ecstasy of admiration, addresses the Maid of Orleans—

"Bright star of Venus! fall'n down on
the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee
enough?"

A mingled imagination of this kind is found in the following delightful fancy of the lovesick Romeo—

"I am too bold, 'tis not to me she
speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they re-
turn."

* Wilson's *Vishnu Purana*, p. 86-97.

Our great dramatist, we may here take occasion to observe, is full of pregnant allusions to those starry influences, to which we before referred as supposed to preside over the destinies of men. The faithful Bastard asks, after the death of John—

"Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers?"

The fallen Antony, after his defeat at Actium, speaks of the time now come—

"When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell."

Bedford, anticipating the disasters attendant on the accession of an infant prince to a divided kingdom, exclaims—

"Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar."

The same play, the first part of Henry the Sixth, commences with an apostrophe founded on a similar assumption of astrological opinions; but in which, if it be Shakspeare's, we have an instance of that exaggeration which was one of his human frailties.

"Hug be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the aky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!"

In a very different style has the poet elsewhere represented another of the amiable errors of ignorant times. Pythagoras himself could not so well have described his own beautiful imagination of the spherul harmonies.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eye'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

Passing from these peculiar sources of metaphor, let us illustrate, in a more general form, the personality which poets have bestowed upon the stars.

Existences that so strikingly address the sight, will readily be themselves invested with the power of vision. Catullus connects this idea with the favourite theme of his muse.

"Aut quam sidera multa, quum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores."

"Thick as the stars that view from heaven above,
When night is still, the thefts of human love."

The midnight meditator of guilt deprecates their searching gaze, that would detect what he would hide even from himself.

"— Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires!"

The watchful trimmer of the studious lamp appeals to them as the approving witnesses of his ingenuous toils, as in the well-known stanza of Cowley's admirable poem on the death of Hervey, where, besides the general invocation of the stars as conscious of their nightly pursuits, there is an exquisite propriety in the special reference to the constellation that presides over the virtues of friendship.

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied we have spent the nights,

Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;

But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend,
were thine."

In a kindred spirit, the luminaries of night are beautifully represented, in the "Scholar's Funeral," as lamenting the loss of him who had held with them a frequent, and, as the fancy feigns, an endearing intercourse.

"All night, the melancholy moonshine slept
O'er the lone chamber, where his corpse was laid:

Amid the sighing groves the cold dews
wept,
And the sad stars in glimmering beams
array'd,
In heaven seem'd mourning o'er the
parted shade
Of him who knew the nature and the name
Of every orb to human ken display'd,
Whether on silent throne a steadfast flame,
Or roll'd in music round the Universal
Frame."

But objects thus supposed to be
endowed with perception and intelli-
gence, are not easily to be limited to
the possession of merely one sense.
The stars may hear as well as see what
is doing among men. Wordsworth
here affords us a beautiful example:—

" Loud is the vale ! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms
are gone,
A mighty unison of streams !
Of all her voices, One !

" Loud is the vale ;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the sea ;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly."

Shakspeare has more daringly illus-
trated the supposed exercise of the
same faculty, when he describes—

" A mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious
breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres

To hear the sea-maid's music."

And Milton, in his noble address to
Light, after seeming to have saluted
it, as if by the interchange of looks,
enquires with a strange earnestness that
may have sprung from feelings pecu-
liar to his own bereavement—

" Or HEARS'T thou rather, pure ethereal
stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ?"

We might much further extend our
illustrations of this individual branch
of our subject ; but enough has been
said to show both the sources from
which such fancies are derived, and
the chief directions in which they love
to flow. We may add, however, to
our extracts, an admirable passage
from Cowper, in which he has aim-
ed at a higher flight than his wont-
ed level, and, with much beauty and
felicity of thought, has reached, we
think, no ordinary degree of sub-
limity. The poet, be his creed what
it may, must ever contemplate the
starry sky with love and rapture ;

but the Christian poet, giving way at
once to faith and imagination, must
behold with surpassing ecstasy the
glittering outskirts of those regions,
one day to be his home, in which he,
too, shall dwell as a star—shining not
indeed by his own light, but in the re-
flected effulgence of Him who has re-
deemed him from darkness. Such, in
some sort, must have been the feelings
which prompted a description of the
communings and anticipations of the
soul, in the following lines :—

" Much conversant with heaven, she often
holds

With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Enquires what strains
were they

With which Heaven rang, when every star,
in haste

To gratulate the new-created Earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—' Tell me, ye shining
hosts,

That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a veil unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a
race

Favour'd as ours ; transgressors from the
womb,

And hastening to a grave, yet doom'd to
rise,

And to possess a brighter world than
yours ?

As one, who, long detain'd on foreign
shores,

Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and bat-
ter'd rocks,

From the green wave emerging, darts an
eye

Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
So I with animated hopes behold,

And many an aching wish, your beamy
fires,

That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide the embodied spirit
home

From toilsome life to never-ending rest.

Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires

That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from Heaven, must thi-
ther tend."

We shall resume our general sub-
ject in a subsequent article, and en-
deavour to illustrate the principle of
which we are treating, by a reference
to objects of a less distant and exalted
nature than those with which we have
hitherto been occupied.

WHEN I WAS IN THE LEGION.

PART III.

DIVISION BEHIND THE LAST.

WHEN the fuzzy-faced sergeant-major elevated himself, by the help of one or two of his subalterns, upon the porter cask—which, lest critics might hereafter cavil, was not a porter cask, but, as I now remember, a herring barrel—the attention of his miscellaneous auditory was excited to the utmost, and did not abate until that high functionary, having previously wiped his bald pate with a blue-and-white cotton pocket-handkerchief, and heralded his coming speech by a succession of preliminary hems, broke silence as follows:—

“Gentlemen, attention!—ladies, stand at ease! You think, I dissay, that I kem into this beautiful city, the pride of Tipperary and the jewel of the world, to list yees for sogers! I dissay you’ll not be disappinted, ladies—my blessin’s on yer bloomin’ rosy lily cheeks!—when yees are instructed that my complement of men is full; and if one of yees had a bad husband—which the saints forbid!—it is impossible for me to take the boy—no, not if you was to lay me down ten goolden guineas in under my feet! D’ye see the rason why? Becaze the wars is a drawing, d’ye mind me, to a close, an’ the plunder an’ prize-money is got too heavy for the boys to carry without endangerin’ the efficiency of the sarvice; an’ all the goold an’ precious stones that Boney has left after him in the lley Santy Leney, is stole away by the Emperor of Rooshey, to buy up the niggers in Greece to fight agin his majesty the King, God bless him! So you see how it is; nobody but the sons of squireens and born gentlemen thinks credit of comin’ into the regiments that I’m here recruitin’, becaze we have no bog-trottin’ regiments in our division, but all the crack troops of the sarvice, that it would do your hearts good to see us eat—for we always get double rations, served out afore the rest of the army, as also all the plunder. We gets always share and share alike with the officers—while the bogtrottin’ regiments

berries the dead and hunts the bullocks! I’m very sorry, for your sakes, my lads, that there’s nothin’ jist at present to be done for yees; but I know—though you all look like boys that ’ud rise to be generals in less than no time—that your sweethearts don’t like to part with you; and worse your luck, for what bucketsfull of dollars, an’ sacks of dubloons—not to speak of stars and garters, and lashins of plunder—you’d bring ’em back, if they was only to let you come along with me—what am I sayin’? Sure I must be muddled with the heat of the weather; for, as I told yees before, our battallions has their full complement, and I couldn’t list one of yees, no how.

“All I can say is, I hope you will be after waitin’ till there’s some vacancy in our regiments, an’ I’ll then be happy to recommend any of yees that likes to our leutenant-kurnel, who would make a sergeant of any man I spoke a good word of in the listin’ of a hand, for the kurnel owes me his life; an’ if any young man that’s listenin’ wants to be adviced for his good agin goin’ into the army at all, till I march down this way agin, I’ll be glad of the high honour of his company at the “Cat and Bagpipes,” near the two mile stone on the Cork road, where I’ll trate yees to a “dandy” of punch, an’ show you a precious stone as big as my hat, which one iv the boys behind took from a general of the Flying Indians in North America. And so I say no more at present, girls and boys, but that I wish yees well, an’, till I see yees once more, give three cheers for the army and euld Ireland—hurra!”

An oration, such as the foregoing, could not fail to produce the desired effect. As soon as the clouds of night dropped over Clogheen, a number of the finest-looking young fellows in the place dropped off, one by one, to the “Cat and Bagpipes,” for the laudable purpose of gratifying their curiosity with a sight of the precious stone as big as the sergeant-major’s

cap, and also of partaking with that veteran hero the promised "dandy" of punch, which they wisely imagined could do them no harm, more especially as whatever noxious qualities it might possess, would no doubt be neutralized by the good advice they were to receive against allowing themselves to be seduced into going into the army; and herein they acted just as wisely as the drunkard who would adjourn to a tavern to hear a dissertation upon temperance from a reformed toper.

Although I myself had not at the time the slightest idea that the old sergeant-major was other than a humbug, I found my legs carrying me off in the direction of the "Cat and Bagpipes," where, on entering, I had a hearty welcome from the old sergeant-major and the rest of his squad, who plied their unsuspecting visitors liberally with lies and punch, omitting all reference to the strength of their battalions, and the other deprecatory topics introduced into the morning harangue of that ineffable old fox, the sergeant-major; but, on the contrary, urging, with all the tact of practised advocates, the various excellences of their respective corps, the beauty of their several facings, the quantity of worsted lace they were allowed to wear, the number of battles wherein they had been engaged, the merits of the lieutenant-colonel, the certainty of promotion to the rank of field-marshal in a fortnight, and the usual such-like staple of the "hookers in" of a recruiting party.

When the minds of the youngsters present had been sufficiently heated by these glowing descriptions of military happiness and glory, songs were called for, and more punch; so that in a couple or three hours' time the "boys" were actually begging and praying to be permitted to take the shilling, and before morning dawned, eighteen or twenty, as nearly as at this time I can recollect, were King's bargains, bought, sold, and delivered.

For my own part, my jumping into the arms of the sergeant-major was a sort of *felo-de-se*—a premeditated absurdity—a folly without the extenuation of thoughtlessness. But the fact was, as I had proposed to myself no steady course of industry, and as

my education had been too good to allow me to think of soiling my fingers with any thing mechanical, the last resource was that of metamorphosing myself into a hero. I was readily accepted notwithstanding that there were no vacancies, and was roused from a sound slumber at daybreak, for the purpose of being marched off with the rest of the recruits, to be attested before a magistrate as usual.

We had hardly gone a mile when a squad of Johnny-raws like ourselves came in sight, and fell in with us; nor was it long until we were made acquainted with the fact, that this prime lot was the product of a harangue at Lismore, exactly in character with that which succeeded in snapping up the poor devils of Clogheen.

In short, there never was, since recruiting was invented, so remarkably knowing an old file as our sergeant-major, or one so signally successful. He never marched a recruit through the town in the ranks of his party, to awaken the fears of parents or the tender sympathies of sweethearts; but carefully concealed his prey somewhere about the skirts of the villages, and paraded up and down, merely, as he would often say, to enliven the town a bit, haranguing in his usual fashion, which he found to succeed better than a thousand appeals to the military ardour of his intended heroes.

Whether this veteran had ever read that the true way of bringing men into your net was always to appear to be fishing for something else, or not, is more, of course, than I can tell; but certain it is that he was the most successful trapper the recruiting service ever had to boast of, and listed as many in a day as another would in a week; and in truth it is as natural in angling for men as in angling for trout, to keep your hook and your rod out of sight, and let nothing but your flies or your worms come into view of the animal.

By the time we got down as far as Fermoy, there could not have been less than a hundred and fifty of us; poor boys, footsore and heartsore—our flaunting ribands or cockades all faded or torn away, and our visions of plunder, stars, garters, and commissions, beginning to subside into

business-like notions of hard marching, extra drill, drubbings, short allowance, pay in arrear, and sixpence a-day pension.

You have often turned to look, no doubt, at a squad of recruits, shepherded by a sergeant or a corporal, straggling through the streets, lame as dogs with their march of probably some hundred miles from the country, and have smiled, maybe, to hear their rude remarks upon the new world of town, through which they are hurried, like a herd of bullocks, on their way to Chatham, Woolwich, or some other of those military warehouses, where great quantities of this sort of cattle are wanted for exportation. You have often seen them, no doubt; but did your thoughts ever revert to the peaceful scenes they came from, and the parents, friends, and, it may be, sweethearts they have left behind, or to the little world of woe that troubles the humble sphere they have left for ever? On looking forward, did you ever reflect on the fate through future years of these poor young men, going through life in the dull unvaried routine of the mechanical duties of that—to the private man—most mechanical of all professions, carrying a musket under the broiling heat of a tropical sun—wearing out life under the walls of a garrison town—and if they finally escape, through singular good-luck or strength of constitution, the many casualties of disease or accident that, in the course of five-and-twenty years' service, kill the regiment they belong to thrice over, in what condition do they return to their native country? See a ship-load of the poor fellows land at Chatham, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, saffron-skinned, bent almost double, eaten up with disease, and all but dead men; and to think that these are the same fellows that went abroad full of life, hope, and expectation, and return thus to find death their only promotion, and the grave their most comfortable quarters!

Many a time, after I was well seasoned myself, I called to mind a little incident in my native village, that made a strong impression upon me when I was a boy with a heart as tender as a boiled gooseberry. The village owned a poor widow that had six sons in the service of her country—all in the army, and all, I believe, in different regiments. They were good

lads, but without education—so that the door of promotion was for ever shut against them; but, although private soldiers, they never forgot, in distance or in danger, their poor old mother, whose only pride was to totter from house to house, exhibiting the letters and the gold that her dutiful boys from time to time sent for her support.

But the fortune of war knocked the poor boys, one by one, from their perch, save one in the East Indies who was still spared to her, and, having some little pecuniary advantages from his situation, was enabled to keep the wolf from his mother's door; and upon this last hope all the affections and passions of the mother was centred, and nothing else but what related to him seemed to have any way to her heart whatever. Her only wish was to embrace her only son—and die. This great and to her sole end of existence, she cherished as long as it was possible for hope to survive despair. She had not heard from her son for some years; yet she was resolved that this long interval could only be occupied by the homeward journey of him who was so dear to her heart. When her neighbours would enquire if she had heard any thing lately from her son in the "Ingees," the poor old creature would assert that he was coming home, and accounted for his long silence by the distance he had to travel in coming from the other side of the world, as she called it.

At length, worn down, less with abject poverty than long hoping against hope, the widow pined and died. The very day after her funeral, a poor broken-down wayfarer, in an old watch-coat and tattered leggings, having the hard lineaments and careworn face of the worn-out soldier, came into the village, and, being completely exhausted, sat down before the door of a deserted cabin, which, as it happened, was that wherein, a day or two before, his poor mother had breathed her last. As usual, a crowd of loiterers gathered about the poor fellow, and the boys then breaking up from school, I joined the group, and partook of the general sorrow when the simple history of the widow's son was made known to his sympathizing and tearful auditory. He had with much

difficulty, he said, got invalided from India, and in a very bad state of health was landed at Chatham, where he at once applied for furlough to return home, but was refused, and ordered into hospital, there to remain until he should be fit to take garrison duty. This, if any hopes could have remained of restoring one so completely broken down, would have of itself extinguished them, when a thought struck him that he would make a last appeal to the commanding-officer, stating his reasons for requesting the indulgence. His request was once more refused, but with the cruel alternative, that if he chose to forfeit all claim to pension for wounds and length of service, he would then and there be presented with his discharge. This, cruel as it was, the poor fellow chose to accept, feeling, as he said, that his sand was nigh run; and having saved from his pay and allowances a few guineas, set out for his native country, arriving in time to see the turf freshly laid upon the grave of her who had watched so many anxious years for the coming of her only son. The poor fellow lived long enough to lay out the few guineas he possessed in a headstone for his deceased parent, with whom he reposed shortly after in the same grave.

People may say what they will of the honours of a battle-field, or a sacked town, or the like of that; but take my word for it—and I have seen some service—the horrors and the miseries of warfare reach into scenes far far away from the contending armies, to fill many and many a peaceful spot of earth with afflictions not their own, and make many a once warm and once glad heart shrink from the light of day as from a blight, and sigh for the peaceful slumber of the son, brother, or heart-cherished lover, lying low in his unmarked, unconsecrated grave.

Of course, it is not every youth who enters the army in the rank of a common soldier, who feels the bitterness of the lot he has chosen, or who feels at all—for if fine feelings come into the hearts of our soldiery, fine discipline, I am afraid, would never come into their heads; but, sometimes, you do meet with a lad of superior education or station in life, and certainly, if he has not a great command over

his passions, his feelings, and his temper, he cooks a rare mess for himself when he takes the shilling.

On the other hand, if he has a good education, of a practical sort—of that sort, I mean, that does not weaken the heart-strings—your private soldier is all the better for it; witness the Scotch regiments, where the common men, many of them, are quite as respectable in their way as their officers, and as much thought of by them as any humble artisan by a considerate employer, if not more so.

It is a common cant to talk of the condition of the private soldier as mere slavery; but it is just what the private soldier himself chooses, by good or bad conduct, to make it—either a very comfortable condition, or a little hell upon earth. When you consider the condition of the poor labouring men, from which class of society the common soldier is principally taken, and reflect that their lives are usually careers of uninterrupted labour, and that the prospect of the workhouse, in age and infirmity, is the most they can reasonably pretend to; that although their wages be nominally somewhat more than that of the soldier, yet, what with change of masters, broken time, and occasional loss of work, their certainty never amounts to more than his; and when you reflect that, in addition to his pay, the soldier has many allowances and extras which fall not to the lot of poor men in civil life—there is, after all, little to complain of in the life of a soldier, unless, by misconduct, he chooses to provoke the severity of his superiors; then, indeed, his lines are cast in ugly places. The wantonness of dissipation, drunkenness, and mischief, exhibited so frequently by common soldiers, is rather a proof of too good, than of too bad treatment; for the idleness thus misapplied, and the money thus misspent, are the results of their condition; and if they do not make good use of the opportunities afforded them, in the intervals of their leisure, it is to be regretted, and is usually the effect of an incapacity, by previous want of education, to enjoy rationally their leisure, or to avoid the temptation of dissipating their money. At the same time it is surely the duty of the military authorities, receiving as they do mere lads

into the service, to afford them the opportunity, at least, of some little education; as well for the purpose of enlarging and elevating their minds, as for enabling them to turn to good the intervals of relaxation from their duty. These intervals soldiers are now accustomed to spend in drunken riot, because that is their standard of happiness; but if rational means of recreation were afforded them, how much more respectable as well as happy they might be! In some of the Scotch regiments it was quite delightful to me to see how much more elevated the condition of the soldiers was, although their pay and allowances were just the same as ours. When we were dismissed from parade, away half our men went rolling down the town, dispersing in the several punch-houses, and returning three-parts drunk; while the others would adjourn to their regimental reading-room or school, assemble to cricket, trap-ball, or some other athletic game, or prepare to rehearse some little play to be performed in the evening before the officers and their ladies. It may seem presumptuous in an humble man like myself, who carried a musket, to interfere with matters of military discipline; but I do not see that it is my duty at present to tickle the palate of my readers with splendid accounts of wonderful adventures with the enemy and the ladies, if an opportunity occurs of showing that, to raise the standard of enjoyment of the soldier in time of peace, is the truest way to render him more efficient before an enemy. This hint I merely throw out for the consideration of commanding-officers, referring them to those regiments in which the experiment has been tried for the beneficial results, a few only of which I have enumerated.

To return to my personal narrative. Among the young men collected in the course of our sergeant-major's present expedition, there were many of the usual class—that is to say, idle, disorderly young fellows, whose absence, no doubt, must have proved a cordial to their respective neighbourhoods; but there were also a few of that class of lads whose enlistment was less the result of hard necessity, than of some particular caprice or momentary ebullition arising from family jars, or other domestic matters. These poor devils are often greatly to be pitied, when,

on awaking out of the drunken fit of passion, they discover they have done that which they cannot recall, and become thenceforward miserable; while the poor fellow who became a soldier for the sake of his food, clothing, and lodging, finds he has made a very good exchange from the precarious condition of the half-starved, half-naked labouring man. One of these crotchety chaps in our squad, was, like myself, the son of a respectable farmer, and had been brought up with the view to become a priest; but having a pair of blue eyes flung upon his book by some accident, found himself altogether unable to go on as before with his theological studies; the short and the long of it was, the poor fellow tumbled head over ears in love—then, as you may suppose, poor Martin, for that was his name, abandoned all further notions of wagging his paw in a pulpit. But to declare his resolution was more than his life was worth, his father being a dark, narrow-minded, and bigoted zealot, who, having been suspected of sundry evil doings in his early day, seemed now determined to give the world the lie, by an outward attention to the forms of religion, and a singular devotion to the interests of his church, to which he intended, from the day of his birth, to devote Martin his only son. This is by no means an unusual sacrifice by parents of their children—a free offering it cannot be called, unless the inclinations of the child point that way, of which nothing can with certainty be known in the first instance—but a *burnt* offering it may well be called; for many a time and oft is the heart seared to a cinder in the breast of the victim child, thus devoted to God in expiation of the sins of his father. Finding no hope of a happy issue to his love in breaking the matter to his father, and having no means of maintaining in life the partner of his affections, Martin gave way to his despair, and became a soldier. He was a fine, manly, frank-hearted poor fellow, and but for the wound that rankled continually in his breast, would have been a cheerful companion;—him I adopted as my comrade, and determined that, come what might, I would follow his fortunes whatever they might be. When we reached Cork, we were taken before the doctors to be inspected and approved of, after which we were sent off to our depot, the head-

quarters of our regiment being then at the Bermudas.

As I considered myself a little bit of a philosopher, I soon contrived to make barrack life agreeable enough ; and indeed, with a disposition to take things easy, never to murmur or find fault, and to go through his duty steadily, a man has nothing else to do in the army but to make his life comfortable. I never associated with any of the men except with my comrade Martin ; never went drinking in public-houses ; but instead, employed my leisure hours in making little trips about the town, and in reading works which, upon paying a few pence per month, we used to get from the library of the 25th Royal Borderers, or, as our fellows used to delight in calling them, the King's Own Botherers. The drill, which is about the most disagreeable part of a young soldier's duty, and tries his temper the most, I got over without much difficulty : when I had a rap over the knuckles with the sergeant's cane, instead of sulking, I laughed and joked upon oil of bamboo ; and when the tigers of our regiment found that I was not to be put out, they ceased to annoy me ; so that I soon mastered my duty, and gained the reputation, than which there can be none more valuable to a man in my condition—that of a ready, active, good-humoured, and clean soldier. To be sure, in other conditions of life I have often found the evil of that free and easy temper that is ruffled by nothing ; but in the army I found that I could have brought no better qualification into the service.

There is no greater mistake among young soldiers—and indeed I don't know but the remark may apply also to officers—than the notion that character is of little or no importance to them, and that they are under no obligations to acquire a good character, or to take care to preserve a good character when once they have got it. Now, it so happens that there is perhaps no condition in life in which an established good character is so valuable as that of the private soldier ; not so much for the rewards it leads to, as for the annoyances and tyranny that it will be sure to avert. In a regiment the character of every man is well watched and well known : if you have a good commanding-officer, he takes a pride in you, and only waits an opportunity

to advance you ; and if you have the misfortune to serve under a "tiger," you are the very last man in the regiment he will venture to take liberties with. We had the bad luck, in our depot, to be commanded by a regular rasper, who thought every kind of annoyance he could possibly put upon his men, and every paltry exercise of tyranny he could invent, tended greatly to secure the efficiency of his corps, and to establish his reputation as an active officer. A very active officer he certainly was : his defaulters' list was always full : he was everlastingly holding courts-martial, and having punishments inflicted ; and so effectually did he contrive to degrade the character of the men under his command, that it became rather a pride among them to fall under his displeasure. With the officers he kept up a continual warfare : never had less than two or three under arrest, or in some scrape or another : was always reprimanding and reporting them to the Horse Guards ; and took it into his head that they were all in a conspiracy against him. There never was upon earth a livelier representation of a little hell, than the condition of our depot under the Honourable Major Snooks ; nothing was too trifling for him to kick up a row about with man or officer, and which were most to be pitied under his command it would be difficult to say. In a veteran officer who had seen service, and who might have got an overstrained notion of strict discipline into his head, this sort of thing might be borne with ; but the cream of the joke was, that the Honourable Major Snooks had never heard a shot fired in anger, having purchased his way up in the service as fast as it was to be had for money, step by step ; so that, in about six years from his entrance into the service, he had a pair of spurs tacked to his heels and became a field-officer—that is to say, a field-officer who had never been in the field. This, it is true, was his misfortune, not his fault ; nor have I the least doubt but that the major possessed abundantly the animal courage of the meanest sentinel under his command, and would have led him as gallantly as the poorest commissioned officer that ever fought his way up from the ranks ; but of moral courage, or of moral command, this favourite child of fortune possessed not a particle. If he suc-

ceeded in keeping his men in a state of apparent discipline, it was not that they had any respect for *him*; their discipline was due to the service, not to the commanding-officer. Major Snooks was a man who wanted the great art of overlooking little things: and I have observed that no man succeeds so well as commanding-officer, as the man who has the knack of distinguishing, in matters of military discipline, between essentials and non-essentials; of taking care of the important matters relating to the government of his regiment, and of letting the unimportant matters take care of themselves. This line of conduct, you will see, is pursued by old officers; they know when to interpose with authority, and they know where authority is better avoided. As authority is not, at the best of times, a very palatable drink to those who are compelled to swallow it, the seldomer it is crammed down the throats of men, upon occasions that do not demand it, the better.

Our major, as I have said, took it into his head that his officers were in a conspiracy against him; and this notion of his, whatever put it into his head, acquired confirmation from an accident that occurred shortly after I came into the regiment.

Major Snooks was a married man, and his lady had been the wife of a brother officer before Snooks thought proper to run away with her; still as she was his lawful wife, and although she was not on visiting terms with the other ladies of the corps—for it seems ladies have rules among themselves about these matters, which it isn't likely a man of my condition should understand—yet nobody that ever I could see or hear, spoke of her ladyship without great respect. This lady, and a sister of hers who hung loose on the world, were very much in the evangelical line, at least it would appear so from an order of the major, that no females were to be allowed in barracks after tattoo, under any pretence whatever. It so happened that, on the morning after this announcement appeared in the order book, an old lieutenant, who might have been the major's grandfather, with a few years to spare, and whom we used to call the General, on account of his age and grey hairs, was the officer on duty. To the

sergeant of the guard, the General gave the necessary orders, with strict injunctions to take care that the order of exclusion should be obeyed to the letter, and the sergeant was too old a soldier not to have learned the doctrine of passive obedience.

Shortly after tattoo, sundry ladies as usual presented themselves at the barrack gate, and were of course refused admission; when, to the surprise of the sentinel on duty, the major's lady and sister-in-law made their appearance, and walked boldly to the wicket, with the intention of entering as usual. To their astonishment, the sentry refused them permission to pass: the sergeant was called, but that worthy was quite as much of a precisian as the ladies, and his conscience would not permit him to let them in.

"Do you know who we are, sir?" enquired the major's lady, with much asperity of voice and manner.

"Oh! certainly," said the sergeant, "I knows your ladyships very well."

"And pray, what do you mean, sir, by this insolence?"

"I means no insolence whatsoever, marm; but my orders is particler to let no female ladies into this here barrack after tattoo, upon no account whatever, and I means to obey my orders without no mistake."

"Then you have the effrontery to refuse admittance to the lady of your commanding-officer!" screamed the Honourable Mrs Snooks.

"And her sister!" shrieked the second lady.

"Most sartinly, marm," replied the non-commissioned officer with profound gravity, "I knows my duty."

"Good gracious, what assurance!"

"No insurance at all, marm; if your ladyships was princesses you couldn't come in after tattoo—my orders is particler."

"Dont you know, sirrah, that these orders cannot be intended to apply to us?"

"I doesn't know nuffin about that, my lady; but orders is orders, and must be obeyed."

"Impudence!"

"Impurence or no impurence, I must do my duty; and, I can tell your ladyships, if my superior officer was for to give me orders not to let in the major himself, I would be obligated to

keep his honour out at the pint of the baggonet!"

The officer of the guard was sent for, and the officer of the guard sent for the orderly book, which by the light of the guard-room lantern was exhibited to the ladies, with much courtesy, by the General, in justification of his apparent rudeness. All that could be done for the ladies was to put them under the protection of one of the ensigns, who escorted them to a hotel, while orderlies were dispatched in all directions for the major, who was nowhere to be found until the following morning, when he made his appearance; without, however, heing at all communicative, it was understood, of his whereabouts the preceding evening.

It may readily be supposed that, as soon as the ladies told their story, there was the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. The poor old General was put under arrest; the sergeant and the sentry sent to the guard-house; and nothing was talked of but court-martials, punishments, and cashiering. In the teeth of his own order, the major reported the matter to the Horse-Guards, and, of course, got laughed at for his pains. The lady was so annoyed, that she insisted on the major retiring from the regiment, which, that gentleman refusing, a separation was the result, and the peace or comfort of our depot was no way improved in consequence of this unlucky adventure.

THE DESERTER'S DIVISION.

Shortly after a draft was told off our depot, to join the service companies in Bermuda, my comrade, Martin, fell under the lash of the major's displeasure—and in truth that is no figure of speech; for whoever fell under his displeasure was sure to catch the "cat,"—in the following manner. I think I hinted that poor Martin had got himself into some little love affair.—In his own neighbourhood—which effectually upset his theological studies; and in consequence, knowing that home was no place for him after such backslidings, he made a dash at the army, and swallowed the shilling. He was, as may be supposed, but a poor soldier—his heart was not in his duty; not that he neglected it, but he neglected himself, and got into that careless way that shows how little a man regards any thing save the trouble that lies heavy on his heart. But, although no great hand at the soldiering, there was no positive harm in the poor fellow; and, if it had not been for the unlucky affair I am about to relate, it is probable that time and change of scene would have restored to him his peace of mind, and have spared to me a very excellent companion. It was my chance to be told off on the draft for the service companies, and my comrade volunteered immediately to go with us, and as his offer was promptly accepted by Major Snooks, I was little prepared to find, a few

mornings after, that Martin had given us all the slip, and deserted. A corporal's guard was sent out in search of him, and to my sorrow I was upon that, to me, most unpleasant service. We started off for the county Tipperary, and occupied some days in searching for the deserter with but little effect. However, one morning, just as our little party had breakfasted, and were preparing to sally forth on our search for the day, a tall, dark, and careworn man, dressed like one of the more respectable class of farmers, stepped into the public-house where we were lodged, and calling for the corporal, enquired whether he was not in search of a deserter; to this the corporal replied in the affirmative, when the stranger said, if we would follow him the object of our pursuit would be soon discovered.

This was excellent news to our little party, myself excepted; nor could I refrain from ejaculating an inward curse on the informer, who, for what reason I knew not, thus volunteered his services to bring an unfortunate young fellow to punishment and shame. We followed, however, as our unknown guide led us, through one by-way after another, across bogs and over mountains, until, after a fatiguing march of some thirteen miles, we came in sight of one of the ruined castles that abound in that part of the country, towards which, as towards a landmark, we now directed

our wearied limbs. Soon we entered its precincts through a breach in the mouldering wall, and straggling over huge masses of fallen masonry, which had formed one side of the great central tower or keep, and still lay in mass as it had stood, we descended, still headed by our guide, and entered a subterraneous passage, directed by a glimmering light which shed a faint gleam at the distant end of the vault we were traversing. The sudden change from the glare of the bright sunshine to the midnight darkness of this gloomy cavern, precluded me from seeing, for a time, the occupants of the place; but a loud and piercing shriek informed us of the presence of a woman. In a few moments we were assembled in a vaulted cell, at the termination of the passage, where, on a pallet, pale and wan, lay the unfortunate object of our pursuit; around his neck, a young and lovely girl had flung her arms, clinging convulsively, and uttering, at intervals, heart-rending screams; while, on bended knees, an aged female form knelt before our guide, imploring mercy. With difficulty poor Martin disengaged himself from the girl, and raising himself upon the pallet, regarded our party for a moment, while our corporal, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his prisoner, bade him prepare to accompany us.

"I am ready, quite ready," said the unfortunate youth; then, turning to the stranger who had acted as our guide, exclaimed in a broken voice—"Father, father, I did not expect this from *'you!'*"

"Reprobate!" exclaimed his parent, gnashing his teeth, and stamping the ground with fury; "Reprobate, you have deserted the service of God, and now you would desert the service of man; and all for that lump of painted clay!" pointing to the inanimate form of the hapless girl, who had swooned away and lay senseless upon the earth.

"Spare her," exclaimed the deserter; "spare her, and do as you please with *me—she never injured you.*"

"Go to your punishment, you villain!" interrupted the father, foaming at the mouth with fury; "go to your punishment, and when the lash cuts into your back, recollect your want of duty to your father."

"Father!" interrupted the youth, with a melancholy smile, "you have indeed shown yourself a father to me."

"Is he your father, my lad? inquired our corporal.

"He was, till now," replied the prisoner.

"Then, by St Patrick," exclaimed the corporal, "he shall have his reward;" and in a twinkling, unscrewing his bayonet, the non-commissioned officer lent the wretched devotee a stunning blow over the head with the socket of his weapon, which made the blood flow in torrents down his face, rendering him a hideous spectacle. But he recked not of his wound or aught else save his revenge, and, imprecating curses upon his child, the unfortunate wretch retired from the place.

It was now almost night, and under the circumstances it was considered dangerous to resume our march until the morning; having ascertained that the retreat afforded no possibility of escape, a guard was set upon the entrance of the cavern, and the rest of our party made such preparations as circumstances afforded, of passing the night among the ruins. My opportunities in life have not given me many opportunities of indulging in the pathetics any more than in the heroics; so I spare my readers the scene of the following morning, when we were compelled to tear our prisoner by force from the fond captivity of her he loved, and to forbid her and her aged parent to accompany us, which, in the discharge of our sad duty, we were reluctantly compelled to. On our way home, Martin gave me an account of the circumstances under which he disappeared from the regiment, and which in themselves were sufficiently painful. It appeared from Martin's account of the matter, that, on his departure from home, his father, somehow or other, ascertained the fact of his enlistment, and, in pursuance of that diabolical feeling which it would be charitable to attribute to a mind diseased, sought out the sweet girl with whom Martin had reciprocated vows of never changing attachment, and told her, with apparent sincerity, that if she could prevail upon her lover to desert from the regiment, that he (the father) would shelter him for the time, join their hands, give them his blessing and a provision, and put them on board a vessel bound to America. Led away by this specious kindness, the poor young creature, with her mother, set

out for Cork, where, having found the object of their search, they exerted every means of persuasion in their power to induce him to quit the army, and take advantage of his father's good intentions in his behalf.

To this Martin refused altogether to accede: some vague suspicion of ill crossed his mind, which was by no means diminished on recollecting that his father, if he pleased, might have sent, without difficulty, money to purchase his discharge, and thus have enabled him to fulfil what appeared to be his intention, without risk or dishonour. All that he would do in furtherance of the entreaties of his beloved girl was, to apply to his commanding-officer for a few days' furlough, which was refused; when with difficulty the poor fellow extorted a promise from mother and daughter, that they would leave him on the morrow, and trust to time and opportunity for a more fortunate issue to their passion. The required promise having been given, the mind of the soldier was more at ease, and he willingly agreed to spend with them the short hour that remained before he must return to barracks; and, to raise their hearts and give some little comfort, refreshment was sent for, which was brought to where they were by the girl's mother, who with that short-sighted imprudence characteristic of the weakly affectionate, mingled with the glass she had prepared for Martin a powerful narcotic, under whose strong influence all sense of consciousness was speedily gone, and in this condition the unfortunate fellow was put upon a car, and hurried towards the asylum assigned him at the suggestion of his father, no doubt with the intention of carrying into effect that strange and unnatural revenge, of whose consummation I was one of the unwilling witnesses.

Such was the account we had from our prisoner as we escorted him to our depot, where he was tried forthwith by court-martial, and awarded five hundred lashes, for the infliction of which punishment a parade was ordered, subject to a preliminary requisite, with which the non-military reader shall presently be made acquainted.

It so happened that the march in search of the deserter laid me up for a few days, and on my recovery I was called down to act as orderly to the

medical officer who had the charge of our depot during the temporary absence on furlough of the hospital sergeant. Our doctor was a strange gruff fellow, with a remarkable aversion to the sound of any body's voice but his own: while he spoke with a voice of thunder, every body who came near was obliged to address him in whispers. He was sadly annoyed by the loquacity of the women of the depot, who, whenever one of their infants cocked a toe, or put its mouth awry, came to the doctor with a litany of lamentations about the little dear, to listen to which was the most cruel infliction human ears ever were subjected to.

This almost drove our poor doctor mad, and the first duty he imposed upon me, when I awaited his pleasure in the surgery, was to make me write two enormous placards, with letters at least six inches long, the one exhibiting the single word SILENCE, with three notes of exclamation following, and the other, the monitory injunction "SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO," both being exhibited conspicuously over the mantelpiece in the surgery. The moment an anxious mother popped her head in, and commenced that catalogue of misfortunes appertaining to her little dears, which, having neither beginning nor end, I have always looked upon as the liveliest possible emblem of eternity, the doctor roared out with a voice of bell metal, "can you read;" and whether he received a reply in the affirmative or negative, his injunction invariably was "read *that*," pointing to the cabalistic characters on the wall, in the wondering deciphering whereof, while the affectionate mother was engaged, the good doctor took the child, and having carefully examined it, prescribed such simple medicines as he thought necessary, dismissing the astonished matron fully impressed with the idea, that the "characters upon the wall" were of the nature of a charm or magic, and formed by far the most effectual portion of the doctor's infantile remedies.

Soon after poor Martin's trial and condemnation, I was sitting in the surgery writing out a petition to the commanding-officer, in the name of the unfortunate creatures who had led the poor fellow into the commission of the offence for which he was about

to suffer condign punishment, when the doctor, coming in unexpectedly, desired to know what I was about. Handing him the petition, I requested he would have the goodness to read it, which he at first refused, saying that soldiers had no business drawing up petitions, but afterwards put it into his pocket; and shortly after, having had an opportunity of looking over it, he asked me, with his usual menacing voice, how I came to be engaged in advocating the cause of a scoundrel who had deserted his colours. The only reply I could make to this was, referring to the contents of the paper, and offering to have the truth of the statement proved by the parties in whose behalf I was employed to write the petition. The doctor replied only by one of his thundering growls, sufficiently indicative of disapprobation, to induce me to abstain from alluding further to the subject. On the following morning, after visiting the sick, our doctor was engaged writing his report in the surgery, when a note from the adjutant was handed in, requesting a certificate of the fitness of a soldier for corporal punishment. This is an essential preliminary to the carrying any such sentence into effect, and is adopted lest the germs of any fatal disease might lurk about the man, which would have the effect of rendering his sentence in effect a sentence of death. The certificate of the medical officer is a guarantee to the commanding-officer that the infliction of the awarded punishment does not necessarily endanger life. When our doctor read the note, after giving vent to an under growl of imprecations, showing how little he liked the odious duty thus imposed upon him, of being caterer for the "cat," he ordered the man to be brought in, and on my opening the door, poor Martin, looking like death, entered, followed by the corporal in charge, and two rank and file with drawn bayonets.

There is not—there cannot be—a more humiliating, melancholy, or painful spectacle in which poor human nature takes part, than an inspection for a punishment certificate. A fine young fellow in rude health is brought, stripped, and examined, to see if he is in condition for the lash; fingered and pawed like a bullock by a butcher; and dismissed with a di-

ploma qualifying him to be scourged till his backbone and his flesh part company!

"Strip, sir," said the doctor, when he had ordered the corporal and his guard out of the surgery, and was left alone with my unlucky comrade and myself. The culprit trembled from head to foot, but made no exertion to comply with the orders of his superior; indeed, from the intense agitation that pervaded his whole frame, it was evidently impossible for him to obey. With some difficulty I succeeded in taking off his jacket, while the doctor questioned him as to his state of health.

"You're quite fit for punishment, I suppose?" enquired the assistant-surgeon.

The lips of the deserter quivered, but he made no reply.

"Curse you, sir, do you mean to be insolent? Do you hear—have you any disease upon you?"

"Nothing that you care for," replied Martin, placing his hand on his heart; "what I suffer is *here*."

"Come, come, sir, don't be contumacious; you mean to tell me you have disease of the heart; hand me the stethoscope, and let us examine him."

Having applied the instrument, the doctor put his ear to the other end and listened attentively; then applied the tips of his fingers to the chest, tapped a great many times, then ordered the man out of the room; while he wrote and subscribed the certificate, which was handed to the corporal of the guard, and the prisoner taken back to his place of confinement.

In less than ten minutes an adjutant came, in a devil of a hurry, into the surgery, certificate in hand, and enquired, somewhat sharply, upon what grounds the doctor had taken upon himself to certify the man *not* in a fit state to undergo corporal punishment.

"Why, the fact is, adjutant," said the doctor, leaning back in his chair, and speaking with great formality—"the fact is, there is an antiphlogistic diathesis in the auriculo-ventricular cavernosities, coupled with a regurgitability of the pericardial capillaries, which, taken together, will be sure to superinduce an erysipelatous transudation into the lining membranes of the superior exterior inferior laryngo-pharyngeal mesenteric, which, by revulsion to the external glutæus muscle, will bring on an anti-peristaltic

motion of the ilio-cæcal tuberosities, and—*kill the man!*”

“You don’t mean that!—the fellow looks as sound as a trout; the major stripped him at the orderly room, and swears he never saw a man in finer condition for the triangles.”

“My dear fellow,” replied the doctor, “allow me to know my own business. I tell you again, the metatarsal plexus of the popliteal sympathetic is in a high state of sub-acute symptomatibility; and if *you flog him*, the consequence will be, that the interstitial maxillaries will induce peritoneal decomposition, and the rascal will go out like a snuff! Tell that to the major.”

“Tell the devil! do you think I understand your professional lingo? I tell you the man looks sound as my horse, and all you say is past my comprehension.”

“Want of comprehension,” observed the doctor, drily, “is a common disease in the army, and, for all that I can see, must be classed among incurable cases; at least I never could make any thing of it.”

“Well, I’ll report the matter to Major Snooks.”

“You may report the matter to Field-Marshal Snooks, if there is such a person; I give you my professional opinion of the case, and, if you don’t like that, you can flog the man upon your own responsibility—I wash my hands of you and him.”

The adjutant had not been gone longer than was necessary to report to the major that the doctor persisted in his opinion, when the latter was summoned to attend the former at the orderly room; whither the assistant-surgeon repaired, and presently returned in a high state of excitement, muttering to himself, at intervals, snatches of sentences, from which I concluded that he must have had a jolly good blowing-up from the major, who was fated to see the mouse taken from the claws of his favourite “cat.” At length the doctor, wound up to a high pitch, forgetting apparently that there was any body else in the surgery, broke out with—

“Flog a man because he was hounded by a woman! No, by —! Snooks, my boy, we don’t do it that way. If there’s nothing else the matter with him, there’s a maggot in his nose, and that’s enough.” Here the

doctor began to whistle like a black-bird, which was his favourite amusement in moments of irritability.

But the matter did not end here. Major Snooks forthwith got a medical board, consisting of the principal doctor—or inspector-general, I believe they call him—a staff surgeon, and another doctor, to report upon the case of the unlucky deserter. The board met at our hospital, and, of course, our assistant-surgeon was admitted to their consultation; and as he was a remarkably clear-headed fellow, no doubt the note he sent down to the inspector the day before the board met, explained all the particulars of Martin’s complaint satisfactorily; for after a long consultation, much listening through the stethoscope, and tapping with the fingers, the staff-surgeon, who was very deaf and very stupid, agreed to whatever the inspector said; and the assistant, not to be behind in manners, agreed with every syllable uttered by the staff-surgeon; and the result of this united deliberation was a certificate which I had the honour to copy in a clean hand, that “although no decided evidences of cardiac disease were manifest, yet, from the indications afforded by the stethoscope, and particularly the *bruit de soufflet* and the *râle sonore*, the board considered that, in this case, the regimental medical officer had exercised due discretion, and that corporal punishment was at present unavoidable.”

I conclude this whole affair to be a little bit of professional *hum*; for after the staff-surgeon and the other were gone, the inspector laughed very heartily, as I could hear, and our doctor whistled double strong. As the former passed through the surgery to take his leave, the latter shook him heartily, saying, “God bless you, dear doctor; I owe you my commission!” to which the other replied, “God bless you, my boy: I respect your humanity; but take care of one thing—whatever you do, don’t be found out!”

In this way, the Honourable Major Snooks was cheated out of a punishment he had set his heart on; and for my part, although a poor hand at the religion, I never omitted an awkward prayer for our benevolent doctor, who had nothing about him of the bear but his skin.

THE KIRGHIZ-KAZAKS.*

In the quaint relations of early travellers, we sometimes find a tract of country designated by the expressive title of *No Man's Land*—implying that it was destitute of cities and fixed habitations; roamed over, rather than possessed by its nomade inhabitants, and not exactly within the boundaries of any stable or recognized monarchy. To no region on the face of the earth could this appellation have been more fitly applied, till within a few years, than to the Kirghiz-Kazak steppes in Central Asia. This wild people, hemmed in on all sides by the mighty empires of Russia and China, (except on the south, where they were pressed by the Uzbeks, more settled, though scarcely more humanized than themselves,) had continued, almost to our own days, resolutely to resist the encroachments daily made on their limits by the advancing tide of civilization, and to present, in their institutions and manners, an unaltered picture of the ancient condition of those countless tribes which in times past had deluged Asia, under the leadership of Jenghiz and Timour; but which, in the reflux of the current of conquest, had been absorbed, one by one, in the realms on which their ancestors had trampled. The Kirghiz-Kazaks at length stood alone in the contracted circle of primitive independence, the last unchanged relic of the migratory and predacious races of the great Asiatic hive; and even at the present time, when they have nominally yielded to the yoke of Russia, the allegiance which they pay to the *White Khan*, (as his Asiatic dependents term the emperor,) is rather that of feudatory vassals than of subjects; and their native jurisdictions have never been infringed by the introduction of Russian laws or administrators, though in cases of final appeal a reference may be made to the tribunals of Petropaulofsk. In western Europe they were scarcely known as a distinct people,

even by name, till attention was drawn to those regions by the aspect which the relations of Russia have recently assumed towards the Uzbek and Affghan states, to which their country affords the most direct route; and the prominent part which they took in the late unfortunate expedition against Khiva, has excited respecting them an increased degree of curiosity, the results of which are before us in the form of a French version of the elaborate work which appeared nine years since at Petersburg, from the pen of M. de Levchine, late civil governor of Odesa. A residence of two years at Orenburg, in 1821 and 1822, during which the author was placed in constant official communication with the chiefs of the Kirghiz-Kazaks, and enjoyed the advantage of unrestrained access to the archives in possession of government, gave him unusual facilities for the compilation of this valuable treatise, which has furnished the fullest information on all that relates to a nation, the geographical position of which may probably, at no distant period, render its wide plains the theatre of important political occurrences.

It is not easy to determine, with exact precision, the territorial limits of a people whose habitations are constantly removed from place to place, and whose wanderings are restricted only by their contact with settled populations. Assuming the latter as the line of demarcation, the ranges of the Kirghiz† may be considered as defined on the west and north, first, by the upper Caspian, and afterwards by the long chain of Russian military posts which, extending along the banks of the Oural, and stretching from Ouralsk, across the open country to Omsk, on the Irtysh, meets near Semipalatinsk, a similar cordon of Chinese frontier-guards forming a barrier against the tribes of the steppe on the east. The southern boundary, to-

* Description des Hordes et des Steppes des Kirghiz-Kazaks, ou Kirghiz-Kaïssaks, par Alexis de Levchine. Petersburg, 1832. (Translated from Russian into French, by Ferry de Pigny. Paris, 1840.)

† The appellation of *Kirghiz* is not known or acknowledged by the people, who style themselves, and are styled by the Persians and Uzbeks, simply *Kazaks*, or *Cossacks*.

wards the Uzbek principalities of Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan, cannot be so accurately fixed, as the intervening tracts consist chiefly of desert, which may be considered as neutral ground for Kirghiz or Turkman. The intermediate space comprised between the extreme lines thus laid down, is the territory of the Kirghiz-Kazaks, which therefore extends in total length from east to west about 1900 Russian versts, or 1200 English miles, and about half as much in breadth from north to south—an area not far short of the united superficies of France and Germany! The aspect of this vast tract of course varies in different localities; but its general appearance is that of an undulating steppe of argillaceous clay mingled with sand, the latter predominating towards the south; while in a northern and eastern direction, the scanty vegetation which elsewhere sparingly clothes the surface, and in which *salsola* and other saline plants predominate, is exchanged for rich pastures and deep wooded valleys, embosoming lakes of sweet water abounding in fish. The term *steppe*, must not, however, be here understood as denoting an uniformly level and unbroken plain; the whole surface, indeed, is uneven, and thickly studded with low, round-topped hills, bare of trees, and almost of grass; it is, besides, intersected in all directions by chains of hills, as the Ak-Tag, or white mountain, the Il-dighi, the Noura, and the Oulou-Tag, or great mountain, in the neighbourhood of which veins of lead and copper have recently been discovered; while the north-west section of the country, between the sea of Aral and the Russian lines, is occupied by the peaks of the Moughodjar and Kara-Adyr mountains, both offsets of the Oural range; and the low spurs diverging from the Altai penetrate in the same manner within the eastern boundary. Nor is the absence of fertility, which characterizes the soil of the steppe, with the exception of the northern and north-eastern portions, as above noti-

ced, attributable in any great degree to the want of water as, besides the large rivers which have been previously named, and the mighty stream of the Sirr, or Jaxartes, (which, traversing the desert of Kara-Koom, or the Black Sands, is discharged by several mouths into the north-east angle of the sea of Aral,) the plains present a constant succession of lakes, or inter-connected chains of lakes of brackish water, generally buried in vast thickets of the same species of large bulrush which has almost choked the shallow waters of the sea of Aral. These lakes, and the numerous streams falling into them, are probably laid down for the first time with any tolerable accuracy in M. de Levchine's map; but besides these, the Irtilsh, on the north-east, and the Sirr, on the south, receive many tributaries, the sources of which lie in the steppe. In other places, where the desert has encroached on the soil, the courses of small rivers have been partially or wholly absorbed by the sand; the whole face of the country may therefore, be considered as almost reticulated with water.

It will be unnecessary here to pursue the enumeration of these endless rivers and lakes, though some of them are of considerable magnitude, and present curious natural phenomena;* ample information on these points will be found by those whose geographical zeal leads them into extended researches, both in the work of M. de Levchine, and in the valuable memoir and map of the countries between Orenburg and Khiva, recently drawn up by Lieut. Zimmerman of the Prussian service, and translated by Captain Morier. But the sea of Aral itself, and the extraordinary natural plateau called the *Ousta Ourt*, running between its waters and those of the Caspian, demand some notice, even in the most cursory description of these regions. The name of *Aral Denghiz*, by which this vast inland reservoir is known among the surrounding tribes, implies "sea, or lake of islands;"† and in Levchine's map, accordingly, a large

* They have been termed "necklace rivers," from the continued succession of lakes presenting the appearance of a string of beads.

† *Aral*, we have been informed, signifies an island in the Mogul language. Sir Alexander Burnes renders it "between," (in Turkish, *ara*,) and says that the name, according to the Tartars, was assigned from its lying between the Jaxartes and the Oxus.

island, named Barsa Kilmass, is marked in the northern part, while a multitude of smaller islands appears to the S.E.; but Zimmerman (pp. 21, 56,) appears to doubt even the existence of these places, stating that the only true islands in the sea of Aral lie at the mouth of the Oxus, though masses of the reedy soil, torn from the mainland by the current of the Jaxartes at its mouth, float at random till broken up by the waves. A further impediment to the attainment of accurate information on these points, is found in the superstitious fears of the Turkmans and Kirghizes, who hold that in the midst of the sea is a whirlpool which inevitably engulfs any vessel presuming to approach it; and that any adventurous explorer landing on the island of Barsa Kilmass (if such a place exists!) never returns, being either detained or destroyed by the evil spirits which are its sole inhabitants.* The eastern and southern shores are low, consisting in some places of level sand, but more generally of marshy soil, overgrown with a rank vegetation of low bushes and reeds; which last, both in the lakes of the Kirghiz steppe and on the margins of the Aral and the Caspian, attain a height and magnitude elsewhere unknown, and not unfrequently extend over a space of many miles in uninterrupted luxuriance of growth. On the W. and N.W., however, the character of the banks is entirely different; scarped cliffs arise from the water's edge to the height of 500 or 600 feet, forming the eastern shoulder of the *Ousta Ourt*, above alluded to—an appellation which, in the Kirghiz tongue, is said to signify *high plain*. The range of elevated table-land thus designated, runs completely across the *isthmus of the Turkmans*, or district intervening between the Aral and the Upper Caspian, on the waters of which it abuts at its western extremity from Mungushluk (the caravan station from Khiva) to Mertvoi Kultuk, or Dead Bay, as it does on those of the Aral at the east.

Its elevation nowhere exceeds 600 feet, and on the northern side it gradually subsides into the general level of the Kirghiz steppes; but its south face, or *Tchink*, as it is termed by the natives, is distinctly marked by an abrupt descent like that of a lofty line of coast, in a few places only falling by a gradual declivity to the desert of Kharasm. Throughout its whole extent bivalve shells occur in profusion; and there can be little doubt that at these remote periods, when the Caspian and the Aral may have been united, this plateau presented the appearance of a peninsula running into the sea in advance of the Ural and Moughodjar chains; but at the present day it rather performs the office of a barrier between two bodies of water, the levels of which materially differ. A vertical section of the *Ousta Ourt* is given by M. de Levchine, marking its elevation at various points above the surfaces of the two seas respectively, as ascertained by barometrical observation, by the surveyors under the orders of the Russian general, Berg, in 1825-6; and the results thus obtained assign a superiority of height to the level of the Aral over that of the Caspian, of 117 English feet, dec. 652; † being almost precisely the same amount of excess which the Black Sea was determined to have over the Caspian by the trigonometrical surveys of 1837! The relative levels of the Black, Caspian, and Aral Seas, have for many years been a *vezata questio* in geography, which will assume a new aspect if it can be demonstrated that the first and last agree in this particular: Lieut. Zimmerman is however of opinion, that "no great confidence can be placed in the late attempts to ascertain barometrically the difference of level between the Caspian sea and the lake of Aral;"—and even conceives it possible that "the surface of the latter, like the former, lies *below* that of the Black Sea."

We must, however, return from this

* In one of its many islands, they relate some tales of a colony that passed over the ice with their herds and flocks, and has since had no opportunity of returning."—BURNES' *Geogr. Memoir*, book 1. chap 2.

† A startling error occurs at this passage in the French version of Levchine's work, apparently from the translator or printer having mistaken the intent of the decimals—"il a été trouvé que la hauteur de la mer d'Aral excède le niveau de la mer Caspienne de cent dix-sept mille six cent cinquante-deux pieds Anglais!"

geographical discussion, (which we have been led to notice, as well from the interest of the subject, as from the paucity of accessible information,) to the consideration of the wild race who range in full proprietorship over the almost illimitable extent of steppe and wilderness, the scenery and principal features of which we have endeavoured to describe. Without delaying our readers by a critical examination of the various traditions relative to their origin, which M. de Levchine has preserved as current among themselves, and several of which involve manifest anachronisms, it will be sufficient to state that these *Kazaks* (as they have always denominated themselves) are evidently one of the numerous offshoots from the great primitive Turkish stock, though in later ages they have received repeated infusions both from the *Uzbeks*, and from the relics of other tribes crushed during the repeated convulsions of Asia. Their occupancy of their present seats can also be traced with tolerable certainty to a comparatively early period: and the use of the word *Kazak*, or *Cossack*, in the Persian chronicles to denote a plundering horseman armed with a lance, shows the identity of their primitive habits with those martial and predatory traits which have brought the name into familiar use throughout Asia and eastern Europe. No authentic particulars of their history can, however, be collected previous to their subjugation, in common with all the other nations of Turkestan, (about A.D. 1207,) by Jenghiz; at whose death they fell to the share of his grandson Batu, the founder of the Golden Horde on the Volga, and of the Russo-Asiatic khanate of *Kapchak*: though part of their hordes occasionally appear as subjects of the conterminous monarchy of Turkestan or *Zagatai*. At this time, they seem to have still retained their native chiefs, under the supremacy of the Khan; but when they again emerge on the page of history, after the confusion consequent on the decline and

disruption of the two mighty sovereignties between which they had been divided, we find them under the direct rule of some of the various branches of the line of Jenghiz who were struggling for the fragments of empire, and who made them (though only for a very short time) the nucleus of a considerable power, round which were collected the relics of the *Kapchaks*, the *Naimans*, and other races of ancient renown.*

Our author, in quoting the autobiography of *Baber* as his authority for the grandeur of *Arslan*, Khan of the *Kazaks* at the beginning of the 16th century, who could bring into the field a force of 400,000 men, omits all notice of his descent from Jenghiz: but *Baber* expressly mentions, that not only this ruler, but other "sultans of the horde of the *Kizaks*, were descended from *Juji Khan*, the eldest son of Jenghiz-Khan," (and father of *Batu*.) But on the conquest of *Mawaralnahr*, a few years later, by the *Uzbek-Moguls* under *Shah-Bakht Khan*,† a fresh separation took place; and while some of the hordes which became amalgamated with the *Kazaks*, following in the wake of the conquerors, shared in the occupancy of the rich lands which they subdued, the remainder, who still lingered in their ancestral steppes, were left in the rear of the southward movement, and speedily sank into political insignificance. So complete is the oblivion in which they are now left by Asiatic historians, that even the indefatigable assiduity of *De Guignes* failed in elucidating their annals; and in giving an account (iv. 443) of the country and customs of the "*Tartares de la Casatchia Orda*," (as he terms the *Kazaks*,) he is obliged to confess that "we possess no historical details on the succession of these princes, who still subsist in this country."

But though our oriental evidences fail us at this point, the *Kirghiz-Kazaks* had now become known in the opposite direction, where the *Russians*, freed at length from their long vas-

* "Tous ces Tartares que l'on appelle aujourd'hui de la *Casatchia Orda* et *Carakalpaks*, sont les restes des *Kirghiz*, des *Cataguns*, des *Mankats*, et autres qui s'y sont établis depuis *Genghizkhan*, ou qui y demeuraient auparavant."—*Dr Guignes*, lib. xviii.

† This leader's name has been variously given as *Shahibeg*, *Shelbani*, and even *Shah-banou*. M. de Levchine's orthography, which we have followed, appears the most probably correct.

salage to the Golden Horde, were even thus early commencing a system of retaliation on their late masters. Herberstein, who twice (1517 and 1526) visited Russia as envoy from the German Emperor, is the first European writer who mentions "the Tartars called *Kozatski*, whose lands bound on the east the kingdom of Kasan;"—and in the reports of two missions, despatched under Ivan the Terrible (1534 and 1569) to the northern hordes of Nogays, dwelling between the Volga and the Yalk, we find them specified as among the most warlike and powerful of the races to the eastward, and formidable enemies both to the western Tartars and to the Khan of Tashkend. Their wars with Tashkend also brought them to the knowledge of Anthony Jenkinson, one of those adventurous British merchants who, after opening a trade with Russia, succeeded in 1558 in penetrating by the Caspian to Bokhara, with the hope of introducing English manufactures into Central Asia; and who, after mentioning the stoppage of the caravan intercourse between *Boghar* (Bokhara) and Cathay or China, attributes it to "the great warres that had dured three yeeres before my coming thither, and yet dured betwixt two great countries and cities of Tartars, that are directly in the way betwixt the said Boghar and the said Cathay, and certaine barbarous field people, as well Gentiles as Mahometists, bordering to the said cities. The cities are called Taskent and Caskar, (Cashgar,) and the people that warre against Taskent are called Cossacks of the law of Mahomet; and they which warre with the said countrey of Caskar are called *Kings*, (qu. misprint for Kirgis?) Gentiles and Idolaters. These two barbarous nations are of great force, living in the fields without house or tounes, and have almost subdued the foresaid cities, and so stopped up the way, that it is impossible for any caravan to passe unspoyled."—(*Purchas's Pilgrims*, iii. 240.)

The first attempt at direct intercourse on the part of Russia was in 1573, when Ivan, at the instance of the Strogonof family, sent an envoy

to the horde with the view of opening commercial relations: the commissioner was however intercepted on the road by a hostile tribe, and never reached his destination; and Ivan contented himself with issuing an ukase in the following year, by which the monopoly of the trade was granted to the Strogonofs. But the invasion of Siberia, in 1583, by the Don-Cossack Yermak and his companions, at once wrought a total change in the relative positions of Russia and the Kazaks. Koutchoum Khan, whom the invaders found reigning in the country, was himself an invader and a Kazak prince by birth, who twenty years earlier had entered Siberia with an army furnished him by his father Murtaza, Khan of the Kazak horde, and had seized and put to death Yadjar, (Ediger of Russian writers,) the last prince of the former line, who in 1555 had voluntarily placed himself under the protection of the Czar, and engaged to pay an annual tribute of 700 sable-skins. In the wild warfare following the expedition of Yermak, Koutchoum continued to receive aid from his kinsman of the steppe; and Auruss Mohammed, a *sultan** (or as the Russians call him *czewitz*) of the Kazaks, having fallen into the hands of the enemy, his uncle Teykel, the reigning Khan, sent an embassy in 1594 to Moscow, offering, as the price of his nephew's liberation, to acknowledge himself and his subjects vassals of the Czar. But these overtures, though solemnly accepted by Feodor, led to no further result; and the Kazaks, far from becoming Russian subjects, on the release of Auruss Mohammed continued for many years to carry on incessant attacks against the *slobodes* or colonies of the Siberian frontier.

From a notice of their territory in the *Bolchomou Tchertejou*, (a sort of Russian Domesday Book compiled under Feodor,) it appears, that at this time the Kazak hordes were confined within much narrower limits than at present, except towards the south, where they held the city of Turkestan on the Jaxartes, and the dependent districts nearly as far as Tashkend, their wars with which (above alluded

* The title of *Khan* among all the Tartar tribes implies the sovereign: a *Sultan* is merely a prince of the blood.

to) may probably have terminated in these acquisitions. In 1632, Tashkend itself was taken, and its ruler put to death by the Khan Ischim, who was a potent prince, and had sheltered the famous historian Abul-Ghazi, when expelled from Khiva by his brother Isfendiyyar. The reign of Ischim was also the epoch of the commencement of a long series of wars, disastrous in their result to the Kazak nation, against the Zungars or Soon-gars, a numerous and warlike race of Mogul origin, who occupied the country called in the histories of Timour Jettah or Mogulistan, and now forming the eastern part of Chinese Tartary, from the Zaizan Lake, to Cashgar and Yarkend. An invasion of the Kazak territory by Bagatyr, *khontaidzi* or khan of the Zungars, was repulsed with loss by the valour of Jehanghir the son of Ischim; and when Jehanghir succeeded his father, the contest appears to have been from time to time resumed, with varying success; but it slumbered for a time under the rule of Tiavka, son of Jehanghir, whose memory is revered by the Kazaks, both as a legislator, and as the pacificator of the internal feuds between their tribes. But in the old age of the wise Tiavka, other chiefs were associated with him in authority; the war with the Zungars was recommenced, and the Kazaks, overwhelmed by the superior force of their adversaries, who were then at the height of their power under the *khontaidzi* Galdane Tayrene, were compelled in 1717, as a last resource, to throw themselves on the protection of Russia, though they were at the same time engaged in constant hostilities with the subjects of that power, the Kalmucks of the Volga, and the Bashkirs and Siberian Cossacks on the north.

On the receipt of this petition, Prince Gagarin, then governor of Siberia, was instructed by Peter the Great to open a negotiation; but his efforts were rendered ineffectual by

the violent dissensions which again broke out, even in the moment of danger, among the Kazaks themselves. From an early period the nation had been divided into three great tribes or races, called in their own language *yooz*, (literally hundreds or centuries,) and by European writers denominated respectively the Great, the Middle, and the Little Horde;* each of which (and sometimes also the more important camps or subdivisions of each) was presided over by a *sultan* or prince, subordinate to the supreme Khan, to whom, however, their obedience was generally little more than nominal; and all these khans and sultans, though sometimes but distantly related to each other, claimed, and still claim, descent from two brothers named Outchuk and Jadik,† who lived about the middle of the 16th century, contemporary apparently with (and not improbably brothers of) Murtaza, the father of Koutchoum Khan. Unanimity could not be expected from such a constitution, and on the death of the aged Tiavka, the proposed arrangements with Russia were abruptly broken off; while the bulk of the nation, electing Abul-Khair to the dignity of Khan, resolved again to try their fortune in arms against their triumphant foes. But Turkestan and Tashkend were taken by the Zungars in 1723; and the Kazaks, reduced to the alternative of extermination or emigration, resolved on evacuating their ancient seats, and retiring northward in search of fresh habitations. The Little Horde took its course to the N.W. of the Aral Sea, and crossing the Emba, expelled the Kalmucks of the Volga from the rich pastures between the Emba and the Ural;—the Middle Horde displaced the northern Bashkirs on the banks of the Ori and the Oul;—the Great Horde alone resolutely refused to shift its quarters, and awaited in its ancient abodes the shock of the Zungars.

* Neither the origin nor the date of this division can be satisfactorily traced, though there are various traditions respecting each; it is evident that the names have no relation to numerical force, as the *Great Horde* is far outnumbered by each of the others.

† Their descent, as well as that of Murtaza, from Jenghiz, is expressly attested by Abul-Ghazi, who was himself of the same lineage; and, if this genealogy be correct, the existing Kazak khans are the only descendants of the conqueror who retains the present day even the name of sovereigns.

The close contact with the Russian empire into which this change of place brought the Kirghiz, rendered their submission to its sway sooner or later inevitable; but the event was accelerated by the machinations of the Khan Abul-Khair, a wily and politic chief, who was anxious to ingratiate himself with the court of Petersburg by this important service, hoping to exercise, as the delegate of the Czar, a more absolute authority than was conceded to him by the patriarchal forms of the existing government. On his invitation, therefore, a Russian commissioner, named Tevkelef, appeared in 1730 at the horde, and was introduced by Abul-Khair in a general assembly of the nation; but the great body were not yet prepared for the idea of surrendering their rugged independence; and it was not till after stormy and often-adjourned debates, in which the life of Tevkelef was frequently endangered, that the principal sultans and nuyans, or nobles of the Kirghiz-Kazaks, at length took the oath of fealty to the Empress Anne. The chiefs of the Kara-Kalpaks followed their example; and, in 1733, Tevkelef, accompanied by the sultan, Er-Ali, son of Abul-Khair, returned to Petersburg to report the success of his mission. On the part of the Kirghiz, it was stipulated that they should maintain the tranquillity of the frontier, defend the caravans passing through their country, and pay the yasak, or annual tribute of hides and furs; the Russian government, on the other hand, assuring them of its powerful aid against all their enemies, and conceding to them the exclusive possession of the lands as far as the Ural, on which river, in pursuance of a request of Abul-Khair, a fortress was to be erected for their better protection—a condition fulfilled by the foundation, in 1735, of the town of Orenburg.

The accession of the Kirghiz at this juncture derived additional value in the eyes of the Russian administration, from the facilities which it promised to afford for the prosecution of those schemes of aggrandizement in Central Asia, originally sketched by Peter the Great, but nipped in their outset by the fate of Bekevich, who was cut off with his whole party by the Khivans in 1717. It speedily became sufficiently apparent, however, that little

was to be expected from either the zeal or the loyalty of Abul-Khair, whose only object was to shelter himself under the shadow of Russian power, and who possessed neither the authority to direct, nor the inclination to restrain, the wild tribes who were his followers rather than his subjects. During the revolt of some of the Kal-muck and Bashkir tribes in the vicinity of the new settlements, the Kirghiz, though they pillaged with strict impartiality both the rebels and those who remained loyal, refused to give up to the Russian authorities the insurgent leaders who had taken refuge with them; and an experimental caravan, directed to Tashkend, though suffered to pass in safety through the territories of those who had submitted to the Czarina, was plundered by the Great Horde before it reached its destination. On the advance of Nadir Shah into Transoxiana in 1740, the assistance of Abul-Khair was implored by Ilbars, Khan of Khiva; and as he was actually holding possession of the city of Khiva when Ilbars was taken and put to death at Hazarasp, he might without difficulty have secured for Russia the possession of this important post; but he retired at the advance of the Persian army, and his son, Noor-Ali, who again occupied the town for a short time after the retreat of Nadir, was soon expelled. The alliance with Russia was already reduced to little more than a name, when a fresh irruption of the Zungars, who had by this time reduced the Great Horde to vassalage, drove Abul-Khair and his people under the cannon of Orenburg for protection; and the envoys of the *khontaidzi* were informed by the commissioner, Nep-louief, that any further attack on the Kirghiz would be viewed as an act of hostility against the empire: but even this deliverance from extreme peril failed to confirm the fidelity of the khan, whose lawless depredations, and repeated breaches of faith, had more than once brought matters to the verge of a rupture, when he perished in 1748, in an affray with Barak, one of the *sultans* of the Middle Horde.

Noor-Ali, one of the numerous sons of the slain chieftain, was now elected Khan by the Little Horde, and took the oath of fidelity to the Empress Elizabeth; but the death of Abul-Khair gave rise to a deadly feud between his descendants and the princes

of the Middle Horde, the effects of which almost withdrew the latter from the influence of Russia: part of them submitted to the Zungars, and, on the destruction of that empire by the Chinese in 1756, sent in their adhesion to the court of Peking; and Kaip, the *sultan* of another branch, had made himself Khan of Khiva in 1750, where he trod in the steps of his Uzbek predecessors, seizing Russian property and subjects wherever he found them. His detention of a Russian caravan in 1753, produced vehement reclamations from the authorities at Orenburg, and Noor-Ali and his brothers eagerly offered their services to exterminate their hereditary enemy; but their forces were found insufficient even for an attempt against Khiva, and the matter was compromised by the restitution of the caravan. It is needless to pursue minutely the detail of the conflicting relations which continued to subsist for a long succession of years between the disunited branches of this fierce and untractable nation and the Russian government; which, unable effectually to coerce their turbulence, strove to turn their ferocity to account, by directing it to the repression of the sanguinary revolts which frequently occurred among the neighbouring tribes of Bashkirs and Kalmucks. An irreconcilable hatred between the Kirghiz-Kazaks and these kindred nomades was the result of this policy; and, at the great rising of the Bashkirs against Russia in 1755, mutual extermination was carried on with a degree of savage animosity only to be paralleled or surpassed by the scenes of horror which, fifteen years later, marked the whole line of the wonderful flight of the Kalmucks from the banks of the Volga to their ancient seats in Chinese Tartary. Throughout the entire length of the disastrous march, the Kirghiz hovered like wolves round the track of the fugitives: even the Great Horde, though then nominally subjects of China, joined in the pursuit when the Kalmucks entered their territory, and glutted to the utmost their appetite for blood and rapine. A second harvest of plunder and slaughter awaited the Little Horde at the revolt of Pugatchef, in 1774, when, under pretence of attacking their enemies, the Bashkirs and Ural-Cossacks, who formed the strength of the pre-

tender's force, they laid waste the whole of the Siberian frontier indiscriminately, and with such ruthless barbarity as to draw on themselves a bloody chastisement from a Russian corps, which was sent, immediately on the close of the civil war, to repress the excesses of these *soi-disant* allies. This severity to their adversaries had, perhaps, the effect of conciliating the Middle Horde; which, on the death, in 1782, of its aged leader Ablai-Sultan, was once more brought under the *suzeraineté* of Russia by his son Vali, whose election to the rank of khan was confirmed by his investiture at Petropaulofsk.

Up to this period the cabinet of Petersburg had abstained from any interference in the internal constitution of the Kirghiz government; but even these rude denizens of the steppe could not escape the reforming spirit of Catharine II., who declared her intention of reducing them to habits of good order and civilization. A special board was established at Orenburg in 1782, for the promotion of these objects, and orders were issued for the erection of mosques, schools, and caravanserais along the Siberian frontier; but these innovations were viewed with jealousy by the Kirghiz, who renewed their depredations to an extent which frequently brought them into hostile collision with the troops stationed on the line. The Khan Noor-Ali was incapacitated by his age and natural weakness of character from repressing these disorders; and the horde became the scene of violent internal seditions, in which a man of low birth but daring character, named Syrym-Batyr, stood forward as the popular leader, and, professing himself an ardent partizan of Russia, opened communications with the governor Igelsstrom, (subsequently notorious as commander-in-chief in Poland,) and the authorities at Orenburg; independently of the khan and the sultans, whose power was reduced to a nullity by this new revolution. Misled by the representations of this artful demagogue, who falsely accused Noor-Ali of instigating the disaffection which prevailed, Igelsstrom even ventured on the extreme measure, in 1786, of withdrawing the aged khan from the horde and sending him into Russia; but this rash step, which was

viewed as the earnest of an intention to abolish the dignity, excited violent discontent and commotions. The ancient form of government was now in fact suspended; and the organization of tribunals of elders, called *razpravy*, for the administration of justice, with other important legislative changes, gave evidence of a design gradually to introduce the Russian forms of jurisprudence: but the impracticability of carrying out these sweeping and ill-digested reforms soon became obvious, and the increasing disaffection which they produced rendered a return to the former system indispensable. Accordingly, on the death of Noor-Ali in 1791, the office of khan of the Little Horde, which had been dormant since his exile, was revived in favour of his brother Er-Ali; the same who, in his youth, (fifty-eight years previously!) had accompanied Tevkelef to Petersburg, and who, since the death of Abul-Khair, had been sultan of the horde of Kara-Kalpaks.

Er-Ali was a chief of tried ability and fidelity, and succeeded in some measure in restoring order; but he survived his elevation only three years; and his son Ischim, who succeeded him, was murdered in 1797 by Syrym-Batyr, whom the restoration of the line of Abul-Khair had converted into an implacable enemy of Russia, and who continued for many years subsequently to infest the steppe at the head of a band of marauders, defying all the efforts of the authorities, Russian or Kirghiz, to capture him. After the death of Ischim, the nominal sovereignty was conferred on his uncle, the sultan Ai-tchouvak, another son of Abul-Khair; but since that time the Kirghiz annals present no change worthy of record. One of the descendants of Ai-tchouvak still enjoys the empty title of khan of the Little Horde, but of the authority once attached to the dignity scarcely a vestige remains; since the chiefs of the different branches of the horde exercise jurisdiction, each in his own tribe, with the assistance of Russian functionaries, who encourage this division of power as favourable to the maintenance of their own ascendancy. In the Middle Horde, the title of khan has been extinct since the death, in 1818, of Vali, who had ruled since

1782—and the administration is conducted, under a peculiar code of regulations approved by the emperor Alexander, through the medium of district courts, (*okroujni-prikaz*), which are composed of an equal number of Russian and Kirghiz members, under the presidency of a *starshi-sultan*, who must be a Kirghiz. The *starshi-sultans*, whose office is triennial, are elected by and from among the hereditary chiefs or sultans who preside over a certain number of *auls* or camp-villages—each *aul* being administered by its own *starshin* or elder, who is chosen by the heads of families, and, like the *starshi-sultan*, holds his rank for three years. The adjustment of petty disputes in the *auls*, and other matters of minor moment, is left to the *starshin* and his coadjutors; but the general executive, the maintenance of public order, the protection of caravans, &c., is vested in the *prikaz* and the *starshi-sultan*. This constitution, which is given at length by M. de Lerchine in an appendix, is a curiosity, from its recognition of the representative principle, as emanating from a Russian source; but we have no means of ascertaining how far these liberal enactments are really carried into effect.

The present position and statistics of the three hordes may be briefly stated as follows: the numbers given, however, must be considered only as *approximating* to the truth, since the Kirghiz have constantly refused to submit to the inquisition of a census. The Little Horde consists of three grand divisions or races, subdivided into twenty-six tribes, and numerous minor sections, the united force of which amounts, as nearly as can be estimated, to 160,000 *kibitkas*, (tents or families,) and 900,000 souls; their range extends from the edge of the Kara-koom desert, and the stream of the Jaxartes, (the banks of which are their usual winter-quarters,) to the Emba and the Oural, and the valleys of the Moughodjar mountains; a separate branch also inhabits the Astrakhan steppe, west of the Oural, whether they migrated in 1802, by special permission from Russia. The Middle Horde is located to the east of these boundaries, its encampments commencing about the banks of the Ischim river, and spreading eastward over the open steppe, as far as the Irtysh and

the Chinese frontier, but not extending so far to the south as those of the Little Horde. The number of its *racés* is four, two of which bear the illustrious names of Naiman and Kapchak; they are further divided into thirty-eight tribes, the aggregate numbers of which are reckoned at 165,000 families, or about a million of souls, taking each tent or family at an average of six. The Great Horde originally was composed of three races, but now of four, the race of Konrat having seceded from the Middle Horde to join it; but the number of its tribes, as well as the numerical strength of the whole, is not very definitely known; it is, however, far less populous than either of the others, and is not supposed to comprise altogether more than 75,000 tents, or 450,000 souls. Part of these tribes occupy the country of their ancient enemies, the exterminated Zungars, and are subject to China; others are subordinate to the Uzbek khan of Kokan or Ferghana; the remainder, which are considered to be independent, roam over the south-east part of the Kirghiz steppe, and the vicinity of the cities of Turkestan and Tashkend, of which they have recovered possession since the fall of the Zungar power. The entire Kirghiz nation, therefore, may be stated in round numbers at 400,000 families, or 2,400,000 individuals, including all ages and both sexes; four-fifths of whom, probably, are more or less subject to Russia.

The mode of life of the Kirghiz-Kazaks, as we have before observed, has undergone less change from that of the primitive nomades of Asia than that of any other race now existing. "A people," says our author, "who are all shepherds or herdsmen, and may be almost said to live only for their flocks and herds—whose habitations disappear from one place to rise forthwith in another—offer, from the simplicity of their existence, so nearly akin to the natural condition of man, an interesting spectacle to a romancist or poet, who might please himself with delusive speculations on the happiness of a people to whom the vices of cities are unknown;" but these visions are speedily dispelled by a nearer view of their actual condition. Their wandering habits are entailed on them by the necessity of a continual change of pasture for their cattle, the care of

which constitutes their sole *peaceful* occupation: at the approach of winter, the countless droves are seen on their road, escorted by the whole *aoul* to the more southern parts of the steppe, whence they again return in spring; and every effort made by the Russian government to induce the bulk of the Kirghiz to adopt either agricultural pursuits or fixed habitations has been baffled by their indelible conviction, that the preservation of their liberty depends on their abiding, like their forefathers, in their tents. The tent of the Kirghiz, called in their language *kibitka* or *iourte*, is of a hemispherical form, from eight to sixteen feet high, and formed of a wooden framework, covered in ordinary cases with gray felt: the more opulent use a finer white felt, which the sultans and nobles sometimes cover with housings of scarlet cloth; the poorest classes substitute bark, rushes, or even turf, as the covering of their *kibitka*. The sole opening of this domed tent, with the exception of the door, is by a large circular flap at the top, serving both for window and chimney; and its principal furniture, in ordinary cases, consists of the tents or coffers, containing the wardrobe of the family, and on which carpets are spread for a divan or couch—while the side walls are decorated with arms, harness, and the *touraouks*, or ornamented leather sacks used for the transport of provisions on a march. In half an hour the whole fabric can be struck, packed on a camel, and on its way to a fresh locality. An *aoul*, or village, rarely contains more than fifty or sixty *kibitkas*, the owners of which are generally united by the ties of relationship: the fear of overcrowding the pasturages checks associations on a larger scale.

Wild and uninviting as this desultory existence may appear to our European ideas, its simplicity and freedom from constraint gives it irresistible charms for those who have been trained in it; and when any accident has removed a Kirghiz for a time from the scenes and associations of his infancy, he invariably returns to the steppe as soon as his motions are again uncontrolled. The same feeling pervades all ranks and degrees: "Shir-Ghazi, a sultan of the middle horde, and son of Kaip, who had once been Khan of Khiva, had lived for many years at Petersburg; he was

major in the service of Russia, and attached to the person of one of the first nobles of the court of Catharine II. It might have been supposed that he would have become accustomed to the pleasures and conveniences of European life, and even to the artificial wants which it creates; but, on returning to the horde, he again became in all respects a true and complete Kirghiz, and continued so to the end of his life."

The Kalmuck physiognomy of the natives of Central Asia has been rendered, by repeated descriptions, sufficiently familiar to European readers; and to this type the Kirghiz-Kazaks of the present day are pretty closely assimilated, their original Turkish blood having been nearly obliterated, in the course of ages, by constant intermixture with Mogul races. Their nose, however, is much higher than in the true Kalmucks; and notwithstanding their flat round faces, high cheek-bones, and scanty beards, their sparkling dark eyes and fresh ruddy complexions redeem them from absolute ugliness. The beauty of their females is, indeed, rated by M. de Levchine at a very low standard; but we have been assured by an English officer who lately traversed their steppes, that our author has underrated their attractions, and that some of the younger women are even pretty. From their pastoral mode of life, which keeps them almost constantly in the open air, combined with the simplicity of their diet, their senses, particularly their sight, are extremely acute, and they are subject to few diseases. Instances of individuals attaining the age of a century or upwards are not uncommon; and since their submission to Russia has preserved them from the devastating civil wars which before thinned their numbers, their population has been rapidly on the increase. They subsist almost entirely on animal food, the flesh and produce of their flocks; but the ox and camel are less frequently killed for food than the sheep and the horse. The kroust, or ewe's-milk cheese, and the koumiz, the well-known beverage prepared from mare's

milk, are national dishes, and are found in every tent: bread is scarcely known, and even salt is but sparingly used. Tea is sometimes procured from the Chinese frontier, but is only used as a luxury by the opulent; all ranks, however, are immoderately fond of tobacco, and those nearest to the Russians have learned from their example to use it in the form of snuff.

Their costume does not differ materially from that of the other Cossack and nomade tribes, and both sexes wear the high Tartar boots:* the head-dress, however, is peculiar. That of the men consists of a tall pointed cap with broad brims and grotesque peaked flaps, looking like a caricatured imitation of a high-crowned hat; the female coiffure is also a high conical cap, but without a brim, and edged with fur or otter skin: that of the matrons is distinguished by being truncate at the top, and having an ample veil thrown over it, which, however, floats loosely on the shoulders, as they do not conceal their faces. Both sexes may be almost said to live in the saddle, and are trained from their earliest infancy to the management of the horse:—in their wars and *barantas*, (as they call the frequent plundering excursions of one camp against another,) they make no use of infantry, and the contest is generally decided by the success or failure of the first furious onset. Their arms are the lance and sabre, and the *tschakan*, a small keen battle-axe with a long shaft; some of the more opulent wear, as defensive armour, helmets and coats of mail, which they procure from the Bokhara caravans. A few have unwieldy matchlocks, fired from a rest; but the missiles of the generality are bows and arrows, and the *arkan* or lasso is employed to capture and bind prisoners in action, as well as to secure the wild horses of the steppe. They possess no cannon, and are so much in dread of the effects of artillery, that a Russian caravan to Bokhara was once defended for some time against the attacks of a Kirghiz banditti, by levelling at the assailants the

* Are not the knee-boots worn by the Magyar women in Hungary, a relic of their oriental origin?

funnel of a copper boiler carried on a camel, which they supposed to be a field-piece!

The religion nominally professed by the majority of the Kirghiz is Mohammedanism; but few of them have any acquaintance with either its tenets or its precepts: they observe neither the prescribed fasts, prayers, nor ablutions; and it would be difficult (according to M. de Levchine) to find a single person throughout the nation who had accomplished the *hadj* to Mekka, though some perform pilgrimages to the tomb of a reputed saint called Kara-Ahmed, near Turkestan, as well as to other shrines of inferior sanctity. As very few among them can read and write their own language, (in default of which the different tribes use peculiar marks or *tamghas*;) it may be easily supposed that a knowledge of the Arabic text of the Koran is still more rare; it is in fact confined to a few mollahs, who are therefore regarded by their countrymen as personages of portentous learning, and who alone are acquainted with the computation of years from the Hejra—the ordinary reckoning being by the ancient Mogul cycle of twelve years. As they profess themselves of the orthodox or Sooni creed, they abstain from reducing any of that sect to slavery; but a Christian, a Kalmuck, or a Persian Sheah, who falls into their hands as a captive, is doomed to inevitable bondage. The meagreness of their religious belief is, however, in some degree compensated by the multitude of their superstitions, many of which are evidently derived from the recollections of their ancient Shamanism or Manichæism. They implicitly credit the existence and equal power of a spirit of evil, whom they propitiate by sacrifices of cattle; and of numerous aerial intelligences or genii called *Avriakhs*, by means of whom their enchanters and soothsayers are enabled to foretell future events. Of these last there are several distinct classes, who practise divination by the burnt blade-bones of sheep, by the heavenly bodies, by the colour of the flame of burning fat, &c.; and in their illnesses, or the accouchements of their wives, they have recourse indifferently to the magical powers of these impostors, or to the recitation of the Koran by a mollah,

as a charm for their recovery of far greater efficacy than any medicine!

Though they punctually practise the rite of circumcision according to the Moslem ritual, they do not confine themselves within the bounds prescribed by the Koran for the number of wives, of whom some of the khans have as many as sixteen or seventeen: but as the *kaly*m, or price paid to the parents of the damsel, is increased with every succeeding wife, few are sufficiently wealthy to indulge in polygamy to such an extent: but whatever may be the number, the first wife or *baibitcha* is always considered as the "lady of the house," and alone has the privilege of quitting her husband and returning to her parents in case of neglect or ill-usage. Marriages between blood-relations, however remotely allied, are prohibited, though rather by custom than by law; yet in some tribes, a brother is bound, on succeeding to an inheritance, to marry one of the widows of the defunct—a connexion expressly forbidden by the Koran. The obsequies of the dead are conducted, as is often the case among barbarous nations, with a far more elaborate ceremonial than is displayed on any other occasion—the mourning continues for an entire year, during which time a strip of black cloth attached to a pole is kept hoisted before the tent, and the women of the family pour forth their lamentations every morning and evening, over a puppet clothed in the garments of the deceased. The cemeteries (of one of which M. de Levchine gives an engraving) are frequently of considerable extent, and great labour is expended in the erection of massive tombs, of earth or masonry, often decorated with rude sculptures: over those of eminent personages a tree is generally planted, from the rapid growth and luxuriance of which is inferred the welfare, in the other world, of him whose remains it overshadows.

The most important of their civil ceremonies is the election of the khan: A general assemblage of the nation is held, like the *couroutai* of the Moguls, which it also resembles in the form of inauguration of the newly-chosen chief, who is raised aloft on a felt by the sultans and other notables, and thus exhibited to the view of his future subjects. Since the connexion of the

Kirghiz with Russia, the installation generally takes place near Orenburg, and is conducted with a studied degree of military pomp; the patent of confirmation from Petersburg is read under salutes of artillery, and the new khan solemnly invested with a pelisse and sabre of honour, sent him by the emperor. Among the pastimes which take place on this and other occasions of public rejoicing, a conspicuous place is held by the furious horse-races, of eighteen or twenty miles "on end," which have been lately introduced also in Europe by the Cossacks of the Don; archery, both on horseback and foot, wrestling, and other athletic exercises, diversify the festivity; and the day is concluded by a general carousal of *koumiz*, and a spirit extracted from it.

The flocks and herds of the Kirghiz, as we have already stated, constitute both their sole wealth and their chief care; and as the boundless extent of the steppe affords every facility for their multiplication, the numbers possessed by some individuals almost exceed belief. "A common herdsmen," (says Tooke in his *View of the Russian Empire*,) "keeps not often fewer than from thirty to fifty horses, half as many neat cattle, about a hundred sheep, several camels, and from twenty to fifty goats; but there are men, particularly in the Middle Horde, who possess as far as 10,000 horses, 300 camels, between three and four thousand head of horned cattle, 20,000 sheep, and about 1000 goats." Their breed of cattle, which are small and frequently hornless, were principally derived from their plunder of the flying Kalmucks of the Volga in 1770, as before that event they possessed few; but their horses, though small and not handsome, are spirited and active, and capable of enduring great fatigue. Their sheep, in which the bulk of their property consists, are of the broad-tailed variety, and are valuable principally for their flesh and milk, as their wool is so coarse as to

be useless for any manufacture except that of felts. In their transactions among themselves, the value of every thing saleable is expressed by a certain number of sheep—even the *kaly*m or purchase-money of a wife comes under this general rule; and the same currency is employed in the barter which they carry on with the Russians, at certain fixed marts along the Siberian frontier, for cloths, iron, and household goods, a large quantity of which is disposed of among the hordes. According to the enactments of the khan Tiavka, even homicide might be commuted by the payment of a fine in sheep; a thousand being the equivalent for the death of a man, and five hundred for that of a woman.

A century has now elapsed since the voluntary submission of the Kirghiz to the supremacy of Russia, "whence," says the author above cited, (*History of Russia*, ii. 238,) "these advantages arose to the empire, that the neighbouring Russian tribes were put in safety from those attacks to which they were continually exposed; and that the commerce between Russia and China, which had hitherto been not unfrequently disturbed by these hostilities, could now be carried on more freely and unimpeded, and even between the Kirghiz and the Russians a new trade might be opened." The favourable results detailed by Tooke, existed however, and have continued to the present day to exist, only in anticipation; and the confession with which the work of Levechin, himself a Russian employé, is concluded, may save us the trouble of an extended summary,—"*Russia has employed every gentle method to put an end to these acts of violence and brigandage; but all her efforts have been ineffectual, and experience has demonstrated, that as long as the Kirghiz preserve their rapacious instinct, and are not repressed by absolute force, the commerce of the Russians with Central Asia can never prosper.*"

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XIX.

"FORTUNA SEVO lœta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Lando manentem : SI CELERES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUM DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUERO."

Hor. Carm. Lib. III. 29.

THE sudden and unexpected rebuff encountered by Mr Gammon, in the Vulture Insurance Company's refusal to pay the policy on the late Lady Stratton's life, was calculated seriously to embarrass his complicated movements. He foresaw the protracted and harassing course of litigation into which he should be driven, before he could compel them to liquidate so heavy a claim; and a glimpse of which, by way of anticipation, was afforded to the reader in the last part of this history; but, with all his long-headedness—his habitual contemplation of the probable and possible effects and consequences of whatever event happened to him—this refusal of the directors to pay the policy was attended with results which defied his calculations—results of such a description, and of such signal importance, as will, perhaps, surprise the reader, and serve to illustrate, in a striking manner, the controlling agency which is at work in the conduct of human affairs—an agency to which the principles of Mr Gammon denied an existence. Nor was this the only trouble—the only reverse—that about this period occurred to him; and not a little perplexed was he to account for such a sudden confluence of adverse circumstances as he by-and-by experienced, when he found the truth of Shakspeare's observation—

"When sorrows come—they come not
 single spies,
 But in battalions." *

On applying at Doctor's Commons, in the ordinary way, for a grant to Mr Titmouse of Letters of Administration to Lady Stratton, Mr Gammon discovered the existence of a little document, for which he certain-

ly was not entirely unprepared, but which, nevertheless, somewhat disconcerted him; principally on account of the additional plea it would afford the Vulture Company for resisting payment of the policy. How, indeed, could they be expected to pay a sum of such magnitude, to a person whose title to receive it was disputed by another claimant? The document alluded to was a CAVEAT, and ran thus:—

"Let nothing be done in the goods
 "of Dame Mary Stratton, late of
 "Warkleigh, in the parish of Wark-
 "leigh, in the county of York, de-
 "ceased, unknown to Obadiah Pounce,
 "proctor for John Thomas, having
 "interest."

Now, the reader will observe that this "*John Thomas*" is, like the "*John Doe*" of the common lawyers, a mere man of straw; so that this peremptory, but mysterious mandate, would afford an enquirer no information as to either the name of the party intending to resist the grant of administration, or the grounds of such resistance. Mr Gammon, however, very naturally concluded that the move was made on the behalf of Mr Aubrey, and that the ground of his opposition was the alleged will of Lady Stratton. To be prepared for such an encounter, when the time arrived, he noted down very carefully the important admissions which had been made to him by Mr Parkinson; and having, for a while, disposed of this affair, he betook himself to the great *conspiracy case*, which I have already mentioned; and, in bringing which to a successful issue, he unquestionably exhibited great ability, and deserved the compliments paid him on the occasion by the counsel, whose

* Hamlet.

labours he had, by his lucid arrangement, materially abbreviated and lightened. This matter also over, and fairly off his mind, he addressed himself to an affair, then pending, of great importance to himself personally, viz. a certain cause of *Wigley v. Gammon*; which, together with the three other special jury causes in which the same person was plaintiff, was to come on for trial at York early in the second week of the assizes, which were to commence in a few days' time. As already intimated, Mr Subtle had been retained for the plaintiff in all the actions, together with Mr Sterling and Mr Crystal, and, as Mr Quicksilver had become Lord Blossom and Box, Mr Gammon was sorely perplexed for a leader—his junior, of course, being Mr Lynx. He had retained a Mr Wilmington to lead for the other three defendants—a man of unquestionable ability, experienced, acute, dexterous, witty, and eloquent, and exceedingly well qualified to conduct such a case as Mr Gammon's: but that gentleman got exceedingly nervous about the matter as the day of battle drew near—and, at length, resolved on taking down special the Attorney-General. Touching the same practice of taking down counsel special, by the way, note one or two matters. To say nothing of the enormous expense of such a procedure, the rule of

Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,

may be adverted to; namely, the jury and the judge are apt to imagine, that the party taking this extraordinary step is conscious of having some very great difficulty to contend with in his case. They are apt—at least, the jury—to conceive a prejudice and suspicion against the formidable stranger, who, they may imagine, is coming down to mislead and overpower them—to pervert and distort facts by the mere force of professional skill and mental power, which he will be sure adequately to exert on behalf of his enterprising client. A notion of this sort is calculated to put every man of the jury on his guard against this very special stranger. Then, it may be also easily imagined, that they may entertain a little prejudice in favour of the leaders of the circuit thus neglected and undervalued—men with whose names

characters, and persons, they have been long familiar; and who have acquired that sort of knowledge of the jury, which enables them to catch their tone—to hit their humour. Unless, therefore, the case be one palpably and notoriously of extraordinary difficulty—of great public interest and importance—or the stake of great magnitude; and, in addition to these, or any one of them, there be plainly a deficiency of counsel fit to conduct the case, unengaged—do not be in a hurry to take down counsel special, who, every one will believe, is come to exert himself desperately in a desperate case. Now, I do not see why Mr Gammon, for instance, should have thought it necessary in his own case to go to the enormous expense, of bringing down the Attorney-General—but, however, down went that eminent personage. Their consultation was gloomy; the Attorney-General acknowledging that he felt great apprehension as to the result, from the witnesses that were likely to be produced on the other side.

"It's a pity that we haven't the Yaton election committee to deal with, Mr Gammon!" said the Attorney-General, with a sly sarcastic smile. "We've rather a different tribunal to go before now—eh!"

Mr Gammon smiled, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. "We manage these matters rather differently in a court of law!" continued the Attorney-General.

When the important morning of the trial arrived, there was a special jury sworn, three-fourths of whom were given credit—how truly I know not—for a strong political bias against what were called "liberal principles." Mr Subtle opened a shockingly clear and strong case, to be sure; and what was worse, he *proved* it, and so as to carry conviction to the minds of all in court. The Attorney-General felt his opponent's case to be impregnable; and, in spite of several brilliant cross-examinations, and a masterly speech, the stern and upright judge who tried the case, summed up dead against the defendant, with many severe remarks on the profligate and systematic manner in which the offences had been committed. After a brief consultation, the jury returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiff, in the sum of L.2500; that is, for five pen-

alties of L.500! A similar result ensued in the two following cases of *Wigley v. Mudflint*, and *Wigley v. Bloodsuck*; both of whom seemed completely stupefied at a result so totally different to what they had been led to expect from the very different view of things taken by the election committee. As for Mudflint, from what quarter under heaven he was to get the means of satisfying that monstrous verdict, he could not conjecture; and his face became several shades sallow as soon as he had heard his doom pronounced; but Bloodsuck, who had turned quite white, whispered in his ear, that of course Mr Titmouse would see them harmless.

"Oh Lord!" however, muttered Mudflint, in a cold perspiration—"I should like to hear Mr Gammon recommending him to do so, *under circumstances!*"

Poor Woodlouse was more fortunate—somehow or another he contrived to creep and wriggle out of the danger! Whether from his utter insignificance, or from the destructive verdicts against Gammon, Mudflint, and Bloodsuck having satiated the avenger, I know not; but the case was not pressed very strongly against him, and the jury took a most merciful view of the evidence. But, alas! what a shock this gave to the Liberal cause in Yatton! How were the mighty fallen! As soon after this melancholy result as Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck had recovered their presence of mind sufficiently to discuss the matter together, they were clearly of opinion—were those brethren in distress—that Mr Titmouse was bound, both in law and honour, to indemnify them against the consequences of acts done solely on his behalf, and at his implied request. They made the thing very clear, indeed, to Mr Gammon, who listened to them with marked interest and attention, and undertook "to endeavour to satisfy" Mr Titmouse of the justice of their claims; secretly resolving, also, not to lose sight of his own: nay, in fact, he made sure of satisfying Mr Titmouse on *that* score. But the personal liability which, in the first instance, he had thus incurred, to an extent of upwards of L.3000, supposing him, by any accident, to fail in *re-couping* himself out of the assets of Mr Tit-

mouse, was not the only unfortunate consequence of this serious miscarriage. Such a verdict as had passed against Mr Gammon, places a man in a very awkward and *nasty* position before the public, and renders it rather difficult for him to set himself right again. 'Tis really a serious thing to stand convicted of the offence of bribery; it makes a man look very sheepish, indeed, ever after, especially in political life. 'Tis such a beam in a man's own eye, to be pulled out before he can see the mote in his neighbour's!—and Mr Gammon felt this. Then, again, he had received a pledge from a very eminent member of the Government, to be performed in the event of his being able to secure the seat for Yatton on a general election, (which was considered not unlikely to happen within a few months;) but this accursed verdict was likely to prove a most serious obstacle in the way of his advancement, and his chagrin and vexation may be easily imagined. He conceived a wonderful hatred of the supposed instigator of these unprincipled and vindictive proceedings, Lord de la Zouch—who seemed to have put them up like four birds to be shot at, and brought down, one by one, as his lordship chose! As soon as these four melancholy causes above mentioned were over—Gammon considering himself bound, on the score of bare decency, to remain till his fellow-sufferers had been disposed of—he went off to Yatton, to see how matters were going on there.

Alas! what a state of things existed there! Good old Yatton and all about it seemed wofully changed for the worse, since the departure of the excellent Aubreys and the accession of Mr Titmouse. The local superintendence of his interests had been entrusted by Gammon to the Messrs Bloodsuck, who had found their business, in consequence, so much increasing, as to require the establishment of Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck at Yatton, while his father remained at Grilston; their partnership, however, continuing. He had, accordingly, run up a thin slip of a place at the end of the village furthest from the park gates, and within a few yards of the house in which old Blind Bess had ended her days. He was the first attorney that had ever lived in Yatton. There was a particularly impudent and priggish

air about his residence. The door was painted a staring mahogany colour, and bore a bright brass plate, with the words—"MESSRS BLOODSUCK & SON, ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS"—words that shot terror into the heart of many a passer-by, especially the tenants of Mr Titmouse. At the moment, for instance, of Mr Gammon's arrival at Yatton, on the present occasion, actions for rent, and other matters, were actually pending against *fourteen* of the poorer tenants!! 'Twas all up with them as soon as the Messrs Bloodsuck were fairly fastened upon them. Let them be a day or two in arrear with their rent, a *cognovit*, or *warrant of attorney*—for the sake of the costs it produced—was instantly proposed; and, if the expensive security were demurred to by the poor souls, by that night's post went up instructions to town for writs to be sent down by return! If some of the more resolute questioned the propriety of a distress made upon them with cruel precipitancy, they found themselves immediately involved in a *replevin suit*, from whose expensive intricacies they were at length glad to escape terrified, on any terms. Then actions of trespass, and so forth, were commenced upon the most frivolous pretexts. Old and convenient rights of way were suddenly disputed, and made the subjects of expensive lawsuits. Many of the former quiet inhabitants of the village had been forced out of it, their places being supplied by persons of a very different description; and a bad state of feeling, chiefly arising out of political rancour, had, for instance, just given rise to three actions—two of *assault* and one of *slander*—from that once peaceful little village, and which had been tried at those very assizes! Poor Miss Aubrey's village school, alas! had been transmogrified into a chapel for Mr Mudflint, where he rallied round him every Sunday an excited throng of ignorant and disaffected people, and regaled them with seditious and blasphemous harangues. 'Twould have made your hair stand on end to hear the language in which he spoke of the sacred mysteries of the Christian religion—it would have filled you with disgust and indignation to hear his attacks upon the Church of England and its ministers, and in particular upon dear little exemplary

unoffending old Dr Tatham, whom he described as "fattening upon cant, hypocrisy, and extortion." Strange and melancholy to relate, this mode of procedure on the part of Mr Mudflint for a while succeeded. In vain did the white-haired little vicar preach his very best sermons, and in his very best manner—he beheld his church thinning, while the chapel of Mr Mudflint was filled. And, while he was about the village in the zealous, and vigilant, and affectionate discharge of his pastoral duties, he perceived symptoms, now and then, of a grievously altered manner towards him, on the part of those who had once hailed his approach and his ministrations with a kind of joyful reverence and cordiality. Mudflint had also, in furtherance of his purpose of bitter hostility, in concert with his worthy coadjutors the Bloodsucks, stirred up two or three persons in the parish to resist the Doctor's claim to tithe, and to offer harassing obstructions to the collecting of it. In justice to the Church, and to his successors, he could not permit his rights to be thus questioned and denied with impunity—and thus, to his sore grief, the worthy old vicar found himself, for the first time in his life, involved in a couple of lawsuits, which he feared, even if he won them, would ruin him. It may be imagined that Mudflint's discomfiture at the assizes was calculated to send him, like a scotched snake, writhing, hissing, and snapping, through the village, at all that came in his way. It is possible that Mr Gammon was not so fully apprised of all these doings, as is now the reader: yet he saw and heard enough to lead him to suspect that things were going a little too far. He took, however, no steps towards effecting an abatement or discontinuance of them. Just at present, moreover, he was peculiarly reluctant to interfere with any of the proceedings of the Messrs Bloodsuck, and confined himself to receiving their report as to some arrangements which he had desired them to carry into effect. In the first place, he did not disclose the existence of his heavy and newly created rent-charge, but gave them to understand that Mr Titmouse's circumstances were such as to make it requisite to extract as much from the property as could possibly be obtained, by raising the rents—by effecting a further mortgage

upon the property, and by a sale of all the timber that was fit for felling. It was found necessary to look out for new tenants to one or two of the largest farms on the estate, as the old tenants declared themselves unable to sustain the exorbitant rents they were called upon to pay: so, orders were given to advertise for tenants in the county and other newspapers. Then Mr Gammon went all over the estate, to view the condition of the timber, attended by the sullen and reluctant wood-bailiff, who, though he retained his situation on the estate, mortally hated his new master, and all connected with him. Very little timber was, according to *his* account, fit for felling! Having looked into these various matters, Mr Gammon took his departure for town, glad to escape, though for never so brief an interval, the importunities of Messrs Muddint and Bloodsuck, on the subject of the late verdicts against them, and which he pledged himself to represent in a proper way to Mr Titmouse. On arriving in town, he lost no time in waiting upon the great man to whom he looked for the political advancement after which his soul pined. He was received with manifest coolness, evidently occasioned by the position in which he had been placed by the verdict in the action for the bribery penalties. What the great man objected to, was not Mr Gammon's having bribed, but having done it in such a way as to admit of detection: but on solemnly assuring his patron that the verdict was entirely against evidence, and that the Attorney-General was, in the next term, going to move for a rule to set aside the verdict on that ground, and also on several other grounds, and that, by such means, the cause could be, at the very least, "hung up" for heaven only knew how long to come—till, in short, people had forgotten all about it—the clouds slowly disappeared from the great man's brow, especially on his being assured that Gammon's return for Yatton on the next vacancy, was a matter of absolute certainty. Then he gave Mr Gammon certain assurances which flushed his cheek with delight and triumph—delight and triumph inspired by a conviction that his deeply-laid schemes, his comprehensive plans, were, despite a few minor and temporary checks and re-

verses, being crowned with success. It was true that his advances towards Miss Aubrey appeared to have been hopelessly repelled; but he resolved to wait till the time should have arrived for bringing other reserved forces into the field—by the aid of which, he yet hoped to make an equally unexpected and decisive demonstration.

The more immediate object of his anxieties, was to conceal as far as possible his connexion with the various joint-stock speculations into which he had entered with a wild and feverish anxiety to realize a rapid fortune. He had already withdrawn from one or two with which he had been only for a brief time, and secretly, connected—but not until he had realized no inconsiderable sum by his judicious but somewhat unscrupulous operations. He was also anxious, if practicable, to extricate Lord Dreddlington, at the proper conjuncture, with as little damage as possible to his lordship's fortune or character: for his lordship's countenance and good offices were becoming of greater consequence to Mr Gammon than ever. It was true that he possessed information—I mean that concerning Titmouse's birth and true position—which he considered would, whenever he thought fit to avail himself of it, give him an absolute mastery over the unhappy peer for the rest of his life; but he felt that it would be a critical and dreadful experiment, and not to be attempted but in the very last resort. He would sometimes gaze at the unconscious Earl, and speculate in a sort of reverie upon the possible effects attending the dreaded disclosure, till he would give a sort of inward start as he realized the fearful and irretrievable extent to which he had committed himself. He shuddered also to think that he was, moreover, in a measure, at the mercy of Titmouse himself—who, in some mad moment of drunkenness or desperation, or pique or revenge, might disclose the fatal secret, and precipitate upon him, when least prepared for them, all its long-dreaded consequences. The slender faculties of Lord Dreddlington had been for months in a state of novel and grateful excitement, through the occupation afforded them by his connexion with the fashionable modes of commercial enterprize—joint-stock companies, the fortunate members of

which got rich they scarcely knew how. It seemed as though certain persons had but to acquire a nominal connexion with some great enterprize of this description, to find it pouring wealth into their coffers as if by magic; and it was thus that Lord Dredlington, amongst others, found himself quietly realizing very considerable sums of money, without apparent risk or exertion—his movements being skilfully guided by Gammon, and one or two others, who, while they treated him as a mere instrument to aid in effecting their own purposes in deluding the public, yet contrived to impress him with the flattering notion that he was most ably guiding *their* movements, and richly entitled to their deference and gratitude. 'Twas, indeed, ecstasy to poor old Lord Dredlington to behold his name, from time to time, glittering in the van—himself figuring away as a chief patron—a prime mover—in some vast and lucrative undertaking, which almost, from the first moment of its projection, attracted the notice and confidence of the moneyed classes, and became productive to its originators! Many attempts were made by his brother peers, and those who once had considerable influence over him, to open his eyes to the very questionable nature of the concerns to which he was so freely lending the sanction of his name and personal interference; but his pride and obstinacy caused him to turn a deaf ear to their suggestions; and the skilful and delicious flatteries of Mr Gammon and others, seconded by the substantial fruits of his various speculations, urged him on from step to step, till he became one of the most active and constant in his interference with the concern of one or two great speculations, such as have been mentioned in a former part of this history, and from which he looked forward to realizing, at no very distant day, the most resplendent results. Never had one man obtained over another a more complete mastery, than had Mr Gammon over the Earl of Dredlington, at whose exclusive table he was a frequent guest, and thereby obtained opportunities of acquiring the good-will of one or two other persons of the Earl's status and calibre.

His lordship was sitting in his library (his table covered with letters and papers) one morning, with a news-

paper—the *Morning Groul*—lying in his lap, and a certain portion of the aforesaid newspaper he had read over several times with exquisite satisfaction. He had, late on the preceding evening, returned from his seat (Poppleton Hall) in Hertfordshire, whither he had been suddenly called on business early in the morning; so that it was not until the time at which he is now presented to the reader, that his lordship had had an opportunity of perusing what was now affording him such gratification, viz. a brief, but highly flattering report of a splendid white-bait dinner which had been given to him the day before at Blackwall, by a party of some thirty gentlemen, who were, *inter nos*, most adroit and successful traders upon the credulity of the public, as founders, managers, and directors of various popular joint-stock companies; and the progress of which, in public estimation, had been materially accelerated by the countenance of so distinguished a nobleman as the Right Hon. the Earl of Dredlington, K.G., &c. &c. &c. When his lordship's carriage—containing himself, in evening dress, and wearing his star and red riband, and also his son-in-law, the member for Yatton, who was dressed in the highest style of fashionable elegance—drew up, opposite the door-way of the hotel, he was received, on alighting, by several of those who had assembled to do him honour, in the same sort of flattering and reverential manner which you may conceive would be exhibited by a party of great East India directors, on the occasion of their giving a banquet to a newly-appointed governor-general of India! Covers had been laid for thirty-five; and the entertainment was in all respects of the most sumptuous description—every way worthy of the entertainers and their distinguished guest. Not far from the Earl sat Mr Gammon—methinks I see now his gentlemanly figure—his dark-blue coat, white waistcoat, and simple black stock—his calm smile, his keen watchful eye, his well-developed forehead, suggesting to you a capability of the highest kind of intellectual action. There was a subdued cheerfulness in his manner, which was bland and fascinating as ever; and towards the great man of the day, he exhibited a marked air of deference

that was indeed, to the object of it, most delicious and seductive. The Earl soon mounted into the seventh heaven of delight; he had never experienced any thing of this sort before; he felt GLORIFIED—for such qualities were attributed to him in the after-dinner speeches, as even he had not before imagined the existence of in himself; his ears were ravished with the sound of his own praises. He was infinitely more intoxicated by the magnificent compliments which he received, than by the very unusual quantity of champagne which he had half unconsciously taken during dinner; the combined effect of them being to produce a state of delightful excitement which he had never known before. Mr Titmouse, M.P., also came in for his share of laudation, and made—said the report in the *Morning Groul*—a brief but very spirited speech, in return for his health being proposed. At length, it being time to think of returning to town, his lordship withdrew, Sir Sharper Bubble, (the chairman,) and others, attending him bareheaded to his carriage, which, his Lordship and Titmouse having entered, drove off amidst the bows and courteous inclinations of the gentlemen standing on and around the steps. Titmouse almost immediately fell asleep, overpowered by the prodigious quantity of champagne and claret which he had taken, and thus left the Earl, who was himself in a much more buoyant humour than was usual with him, to revel in the recollection of the homage which he had been receiving. Now, this was the affair, of which a very flourishing though brief account (privately paid for by the gentlemen who sent it) appeared in the *Morning Groul*, with a most magnificent speech of his lordship's about free trade, and the expansive principles of commercial enterprise, and so forth: 'twas true, that the Earl had no recollection of having either meditated the delivery of any such speech, or actually delivered it—but he might have done so for all that, and probably did. He read over the whole account half-a-dozen times at least, as I have already said; and at the moment of his being presented to the reader, sitting in his easy-chair, and with the newspaper on his lap, he was in a very delightful state of feeling. He secretly owned to himself that he

was not entirely undeserving of the compliments which had been paid to him. Considerably advanced though he was in life, he was developing energies commensurate with the exigencies which called for their display—energies which had long lain dormant for want of such opportunities. What practical tact and judgment he felt conscious of exhibiting, while directing the experienced energies of mercantile men and capitalists! How proud and delighted was he at the share he was taking in directing the commercial enterprise of the country into proper quarters, and to proper objects; and, moreover, while he was thus benefiting his country, he was also sensibly augmenting his own private revenue. In his place in the House of Lords, also, he displayed a wonderful energy, and manifested surprising interest in all mercantile questions started there. He was, consequently, nominated one of a Committee appointed by their Lordships, to enquire into the best mode of extending the operation of Joint-Stock Companies; and asked at least four times as many questions of the witnesses called before them as any other member of the Committee. He also began to feel still loftier aspirations. His lordship was not without hopes that the declining health of Sir Miserable Mud-dle, the president of the Board of Trade, would soon open a prospect for his lordship's accession to office, as the successor of that enlightened statesman; feeling conscious that the mercantile part of the community would look with great approbation upon so satisfactory an appointment, and that thereby the King's government would be materially strengthened. As for matter of a more directly business character, his lordship was taking active measures towards organizing a company for the purchase of the Isle of Dogs, and working the invaluable mines of copper, lead, and coal which lay underneath. These and other matters fully occupied his lordship's attention, and kept him from morning to night in a pleasurable state of excitement and activity. Still he had his drawbacks. The inexorable premier continued to turn a deaf ear to all his solicitations for a marquissate—till he began to entertain the notion of transferring his support to the Opposition; and, in fact, he resolved upon doing so,

if another session elapsed without his receiving the legitimate reward of his steadfast adherence to the Liberal cause. Then again he became more and more sensible that Lady Cecilia was not happy in her union with Mr Titmouse, and that his conduct was not calculated to make her so; in fact, his lordship began to suspect that there was a total incompatibility of tempers and dispositions, which would inevitably force on a separation—under existing circumstances a painful step, and eminently unadvisable. His lordship's numerous enquiries of Mr Gammon as to the state of Mr Titmouse's property, met occasionally with unsatisfactory and (as any one of clearer head than his lordship would have seen) most inconsistent answers. Mr Titmouse's extravagant expenditure was a matter of notoriety; the Earl himself had been once or twice compelled to come forward, in order to assist in relieving his son-in-law's house from executions; and he repeatedly reasoned and remonstrated with Mr Titmouse on the impropriety of many parts of his conduct—Titmouse generally acknowledging, with much appearance of compunction and sincerity, that the Earl had too much ground for complaint, and protesting that he meant to change altogether one of these days. Indeed, matters would soon have been brought to a crisis between the Earl and Titmouse, had the Earl not been so constantly immersed in business, as to prevent his mind from dwelling upon the various instances of Titmouse's misconduct which from time to time came under his notice. The condition of Lady Cecilia was one which gave the Earl anxiety and interest. She was *ençainte*; and the prospect which this afforded the Earl of the family honours continuing in a course of direct descent, gave him unspeakable satisfaction. Thus is it, in short, that no one's cup is destitute of some ingredients of bitterness; that the wheat and the tares—happiness and anxiety—grow up together. The above will suffice to indicate the course taken by his lordship's thoughts on the present occasion. He sat back in his chair in a sort of reverie; having laid down his paper, and placed his gold spectacles on the little stand beside him, where lay also his massive old gold repeater. The *Morning*

Groul of that morning was very late, owing to the arrival of foreign news; but it was brought in to his lordship just as he was beginning to open his letters. These his lordship laid aside for a moment, in order to skim over the contents of his paper; on which he had not been long engaged, before his eye lit upon a paragraph that gave him a dreadful shock, blanching his cheek, and throwing him into an universal tremor. He read it over several times, almost doubting whether he could be reading correctly. It is possible that the experienced reader may not be taken as much by surprise as was the Earl of Dreddlington; but the intelligence conveyed by the paragraph in question was simply this—that the ARTIFICIAL RAIN COMPANY had, so to speak, suddenly evaporated!—and that this result had been precipitated by the astounding discovery in the City, in the preceding afternoon, that the managing director of the Company had *bolted* with all the available funds of the society—and who should this be, but the gentleman who had presided so ably the evening before over the Blackwall dinner to his lordship, viz. Sir SHARPER BUBBLE!!! The plain fact was, that that worthy had, at that very time, completed all arrangements necessary for taking the very decisive step on which he had determined; and, within an hour's time of handing the Earl of Dreddlington to his carriage, in the way that has been described, had slipped into a boat moored by the water side, and got safely on board a fine brig bound for America, just as she was hauling up anchor, and spreading forth her canvass before a strong steady east wind, which was at that moment bearing him, under the name of Mr Snooks, rapidly away from the artificial and unsatisfactory state of things which prevailed in the Old World, to a new one, where he hoped there would not exist such impediments in the way of extended commercial enterprise. As soon as the Earl had a little recovered from the agitation into which this announcement had thrown him, he hastily rang his bell, and ordered his carriage to be got instantly in readiness. Having put the newspaper into his pocket, he was soon on his way, at a great speed, towards the Poultry, in the City, where was the office of the

Company, with the faintest glimmer of a hope that there might be some mistake about the matter. Ordering his servant to let him out the instant that the carriage drew up, the Earl, not allowing his servant to anticipate him, got down and rang the bell, the outer door being closed, although it was now twelve o'clock. The words "ARTIFICIAL RAIN COMPANY" still shone, in gilt letters half a foot long, on the green blind of the window on the ground floor! All still—deserted—dry as Gideon's fleece! An old woman presently answered his summons. She said she believed the business was given up; and there had been a good many gentlemen enquiring about it—that he was welcome to go in—but there was nobody in except her and a little child. With an air of inconceivable agitation, his lordship went into the offices on the ground floor. All was silent: no clerks, no servants, no porters or messengers; no books, or prospectuses, or writing materials. "I've just given every thing a good dusting, sir," said she to the Earl, at the same time wiping off a little dust with the corner of her apron, and which had escaped her. Then the Earl went up stairs into the "Board Room." There, also, all was silent and deserted, and very clean and in good order. There was the green baize-covered table, at which he had often sat, presiding over the enlightened deliberations of the directors. The Earl gazed in silent stupor about him.

"They say it's a blow-up, sir," quoth the old woman. "But I should think it's rather sudden! There's been several here has looked as much struck as you, sir!" This recalled the Earl to his senses, and, without uttering a word, he descended the stairs. "Beg pardon, sir—but could you tell me who I'm to look to for taking care of the place? I can't find out the gentleman as sent for me"—

"My good woman," replied the Earl faintly, hastening from the horrid scene, "I know nothing about it," and, stepping into his carriage, he ordered it to drive on to Lombard Street, to the late Company's bankers. As soon as he had, with a little indistinctness arising from his agitation, mentioned the words "Artificial Rain"—

"Account closed!" was the brief

matter-of-fact answer, given in a business-like and peremptory tone, the speaker immediately attending to some one else. The Earl was too much agitated to observe a knowing wink interchanged among the clerks behind, as soon as they had caught the words "Artificial Rain Company!"—The Earl, with increasing agitation, re-entered his carriage, and ordered it to be driven to the office of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. There he arrived in a trice; but, being informed that Mr Gammon had not yet come, and would probably be found at his chambers in Thavies' Inn, the horses' heads were forthwith turned, and within a few minutes' time the carriage had drawn up opposite to the entrance to Thavies' Inn—where the Earl had never been before. Without sending his servant on beforehand to enquire, his lordship immediately alighted, and soon found out the staircase where were Mr Gammon's chambers, on the first floor. The words "MR GAMMON" were painted in white letters over the door—the outer one being open. His lordship's rather hasty summons was answered by Mr Gammon's laundress, a tidy middle-aged woman, who lived in the chambers, and informed the Earl, that if he wished to see Mr Gammon, he had better step in and wait for a minute or two—as Mr Gammon had only just gone to the stationer's, a little way off, and said he should be back in a minute or two. In went the Earl, and sat down in Mr Gammon's sitting-room. It was a fair-sized room, neatly furnished, more for use than show. A plain deal bookcase, stretching over the whole of one side of the room, was filled with books, and beside it, and opposite to the fireplace, was the door of Mr Gammon's bedroom—which being open, appeared as if not having been yet set to rights. Mr Gammon had not risen very early that morning. The Earl sat down, having removed his hat; and in placing it upon the table, his eye lit upon an object that suggested to him a new source of amazement and alarm. It was a newly-executed parchment conveyance, folded up in the usual way, about a foot square in size; and as the Earl sat down, his eye could scarcely fail to read the superscription, in large round hand, which was

turned full towards him, and, in short, ran thus:—

"TITTLERAT TITMOUSE, Esq.
M.P.
To
Oily Gammon, *Gent.*

{ "Conveyance of
RENT CHARGE
on Estates at
Yatton, of
£.2000 *per ann.*"

This almost stopped the Earl's breath. With trembling hands he put on his spectacles, to assure himself that he read correctly; and with a face overspread with dismay, was gazing intently at the writing, holding the parchment in his hands; and while thus absorbed, Mr Gammon entered, having shot across the inn and sprung up-stairs with lightning speed, the instant that his eye had caught Lord Dreddlington's equipage standing opposite to the inn. He had instantly recollected having left on the table the deed in question, which had been executed by Titmouse only the evening before; and little anticipated that, of all persons upon earth, Lord Dreddlington would be the first whose eye would light upon it. 'Twas, perhaps, somewhat indiscreet to leave it there; but it was in Gammon's own private residence—where he had very few visitors, especially at that time of the day—and he had intended only a momentary absence, having gone out on the impulse of a sudden suggestion. See the result!

"My Lord Dreddlington!" exclaimed Gammon, breathless with haste and agitation, the instant he saw his worst apprehensions fulfilled. The Earl looked up at him, as it were mechanically, over his glasses, without moving, or attempting to speak.

"I—I—beg your lordship's pardon!" he added quickly and sternly, advancing towards Lord Dreddlington. "Pardon me, but surely your lordship cannot be aware of the liberty you are taking—my private papers!"—and with an eager and not over-ceremonious hand, he took the conveyance out of the unresisting grasp of his noble visitor.

"Sir—Mr Gammon!"—at length exclaimed the Earl in a faltering voice—"what is the meaning of that?" pointing with a tremulous finger to the conveyance which Mr Gammon held in his hand.

"What is it? A private—a strictly private document of mine, my lord"—replied Gammon, with breathless impetuosity, his eye flashing fury, and

his face having become deadly pale—"one with which your lordship has no more concern than your footman—one which I surely might have fancied safe from intrusive eyes in *my own private residence*—one which I am confounded—yes, confounded! my lord, finding that you could for an instant allow yourself—consider yourself warranted in even looking at—prying into—and much less presuming to ask questions concerning it." He held the parchment all this while tightly grasped in his hands; his appearance and manner might have overpowered a man of stronger nerves than the Earl of Dreddlington. On him, however, it appeared to produce no impression—his faculties seeming quite absorbed with the discovery he had just made, and he simply enquired, without moving from his chair—"Is it a fact, sir, that you have obtained a rent-charge of two thousand a-year upon my son-in-law's property at Yatton?"

"I deny peremptorily your lordship's right to ask me a single question arising out of information obtained in such a dis—I mean such an unprecedented manner!" answered Gammon, vehemently.

"Two thousand a-year, sir!—out of my son-in-law's property?" repeated the Earl, with a kind of bewildered incredulity.

"I cannot comprehend your lordship's conduct in attempting neither to justify what you have done, nor apologize for it," said Gammon, endeavouring to speak calmly; and at the same time depositing the conveyance in a large iron safe, and then locking the door of it, Lord Dreddlington, the while, eyeing his movements in silence.

"Mr Gammon, I must and will have this matter explained; depend upon it, I will have it looked into and thoroughly sifted," at length said Lord Dreddlington, with returning self-possession, as Gammon observed—

"Can your lordship derive any right to information from me, out of an act of your lordship's which no honourable mind—nay, if your lordship insists on my making myself understood—I will say, an act which no gentleman would resort to, unless"—The Earl rose from his chair with calmness and dignity.

"What your notions of honourable

or gentlemanly conduct may happen to be, sir," said the old peer, drawing himself up to his full height, and speaking with his usual deliberation, "it may not be worth my while to enquire; but let me tell you, sir"—

"My lord, I beg your forgiveness; I have certainly been hurried by my excitement into expressions which I would gladly withdraw."

"Hear me, sir," replied the Earl, with a composure which, under the circumstances, was wonderful; "it is the first time in my life that any one has presumed to speak to me in such a manner, and to use such language; and I will neither forget it, sir, nor forgive it."

"Then, my lord, I take the liberty of reasserting what I had withdrawn," said Gammon, his blood tingling in all his veins. He had never given Lord Dreddlington credit for being able to exhibit the spirit and self-command which he was then displaying. The Earl bowed loftily as Gammon spoke; and when he had concluded—

"When I entered your room, sir, that document caught my eye accidentally; and on seeing upon the outside of it—for no further have I looked—the name of my own son-in-law, it was but natural that I should suppose there could be no objection to my looking further, at the outside. That was my opinion, sir—that is my opinion; your presumptuous expressions, sir, cannot change my opinion, nor make me forget our relative positions," he added, haughtily; "and I once more demand, sir, what is the meaning of that extraordinary document?"

Mr Gammon was taken quite by surprise by this calmness and resolution on the part of the Earl; and while his lordship spoke, and for some moments after, gazed at him sternly, yet irresolutely, his faculties strained to their utmost to determine upon the course he should take in so totally unexpected an emergency. He was not long, however, in deciding.

"Since your lordship desires information from me, let me request you to be seated," said he, in a tone and with an air of profound courtesy, such as, in its turn, took his noble companion by surprise; and he slowly resumed his seat, Gammon also sitting down nearly opposite to him. "May I, in the first

place, ask to what circumstance I am indebted for the honour of this visit?" he enquired.

"Oh, sir—sir—by the way—indeed you may well ask—you must have heard"—suddenly and vehemently interrupted the Earl, whose mind could hold but one important matter at a time.

"To what does your lordship allude?" enquired Gammon, who knew perfectly well all the while. Having had a hint that matters were going wrong with the Artificial Rain Company, he had contrived to creep out of it, by selling such shares as he held, at a little less, certainly—and he would have done the same for the Earl had it been practicable; but his lordship's sudden journey into Hertfordshire had prevented his communicating with his lordship, till the time for acting had passed. Now, therefore, he resolved to be taken by surprise.

"To what do I allude, sir!" echoed the Earl with much agitation, taking the newspaper from his pocket—"The Artificial Rain Company, sir"—

"Well, my lord!"—exclaimed Gammon, impatiently.

"Sir, it is gone! Blown up—entirely disappeared, sir!"

"Gone! blown up! The Artificial Rain Company? Oh, my Lord, it's impossible!" cried Gammon, with well-feligned amazement.

"Sir—it is clean gone. Sir Sharper Bubble has absconded!"

His lordship handed the paper to Mr Gammon, who read the paragraph (which he had read some hour or two before in bed, where his own copy of the *Morning Grawl* was at that moment lying) with every appearance of horror, and the paper quite shook in his trembling hands.

"It cannot—it cannot be true, my lord!" said he.

"Sir, it is. I have been myself to the Company's office—it is quite closed—shut up; there is only an old woman there, sir! And, at the banker's, the only answer is—'Account closed!'"

"Then I am nearly a couple of thousand pounds poorer—my God! what shall I do? Do, my lord, let us drive off instantly to Sir Sharper Bubble's house, and see if he is really gone. It may be a villanous fabrication altogether—I never will believe that such a man—How miserable,

that both your lordship and I should have been out of town yesterday!"

Thus Gammon went on, with great eagerness, hoping to occupy Lord Dreddington's thoughts exclusively with the matter; but he was mistaken. The Earl, after a little pause, reverted to the previous topic, and repeated his enquiry as to the rent-charge, with an air of such serious determination as soon satisfied Gammon that there was no evading the crisis which had so suddenly arisen. With the topic, his lordship also unconsciously changed his manner, which was now one of offended majesty.

"Sir," said he, with stately deliberation, "what you have said to myself personally, cannot be unsaid; but I desire a plain answer, Mr Gammon, to a plain question. Is the document which I had in my hand, an instrument giving you, gracious Heaven! a charge of two thousand pounds a-year upon my son-in-law's estate? Sir, once for all, I peremptorily insist on an answer before I leave your chambers; and, if I do not obtain it, I shall instantly cause a rigorous enquiry to be set on foot."

"[*You drivelling obstinate old fool!*]" thought Gammon, looking the while with mild anxiety at the Earl, "*if you were to drop down dead at my feet, now, at this moment, what vexation you would save me!* Did it ever before fall to the lot of mortal man to have to deal with two such idiots as you and Titmouse?"

"Well, then, my lord, since your lordship is so pertinacious on the point—retaining my strong opinion concerning the very unwarrantable means which enable you to put the question to me—I disdain equivocation or further concealment," he continued, with forced composure, "and distinctly admit that the document which was lately in your lordship's hands, is an instrument having the effect which it professes to have. It gives me, my lord, a rent-charge for the term of my life, of two thousand pounds a-year upon Mr Titmouse's estate of Yatton."

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed the Earl, gazing at Gammon, as if thunderstruck with an answer which he could not but have calculated upon—and which was, indeed, inevitable.

"That is the fact, my lord, undoubtedly," said Gammon, with the

air of a man who has made up his mind to encounter something very serious and unpleasant.

"There never was such a thing heard of, sir! Two thousand pounds a-year given to his solicitor by my son-in-law! Why, he is a mere boy!"

"He was old enough to marry the Lady Cecilia, my lord," interrupted Gammon calmly, but very bitterly.

"That may be, sir," replied the Earl, his face faintly flushing—"but he is ignorant of business, sir—of the world—or you must have taken advantage of him when he was intoxicated."

"Nothing—nothing of the kind, my lord. Never was Mr Titmouse more sober—never in fuller possession of his faculties—never did he do any thing more deliberately, than when he signed that conveyance."

"Why, have you purchased it, sir? Given consideration for it?" enquired the Earl, with a perplexed air.

"Why did not your lordship ask that question before? you felt yourself at liberty to make the harsh and injurious comments you have!"

"Sir, you evade my question."

"No, my lord—I do not wish to do so. I have given value for it—full value; and Mr Titmouse, if you ask him, will tell you so."

The Earl paused.

"And is the consideration recorded in the deed, sir?"

"It is, my lord—and truly."

"I must ask you, sir—do you mean to tell me that you have given full value for this rent-charge?"

"Full value, my lord."

"Then, why all this mystery, Mr Gammon?"

"Let me ask, in my turn, my lord, why all these questions about a matter with which you have nothing to do? Would it not be much better for your lordship to attend to *your own* affairs, just now, after the very alarming—"

"Sir—sir—I—I—that is—*my* concern," stammered the Earl, very nearly thrust out of his course by this stroke of Gammon's; but he soon recovered himself—for the topic they were discussing had taken a thorough hold of his mind.

"Did you give a pecuniary consideration, Mr Gammon?"

"I gave a large sum in ready

money; and the remainder of the consideration is expressed to be, my long and arduous services to Mr Titmouse, in putting him into possession of his property."

"Will you, then, favour me with a copy of this deed, that I may examine it, and submit it to competent"—

"No, my lord, I will do no such thing," replied Gammon peremptorily.

"You will not, sir?" repeated the Earl after a pause, his cold blue eye fixed steadfastly upon that of Gammon, and his face full of stern and haughty defiance.

"No, my lord, I will not. Probably *that* answer is explicit enough!" replied Gammon, returning Lord Dreddlington's look with unwavering steadfastness. There was a pause.

"But one conclusion can be drawn, then, from your refusal, sir—one highly disadvantageous to you, sir. No one can avoid the conclusion that there has been foul play, and fraud"—

"You are a peer of the realm, Lord Dreddlington; try to be a *gentleman*," said Gammon, who had turned deadly pale. The Earl's eye continued fixed on Gammon, and his lip slightly quivered. He seemed amazed at Gammon's audacity. Let me recommend your lordship to be more cautious and measured in your language," said Gammon, visibly struggling to speak with calmness—"especially concerning matters on which you are utterly—profoundly ignorant"—

"I will not long remain so, Mr Gammon; you may rely upon it," replied the Earl with sustained firmness and hauteur.

['Shall I? shall I? *shall* I prostrate you, insolent old fool! soul and body?' thought Gammon.]

"I will instantly seek out Mr Titmouse," continued the Earl, "and will soon get at the bottom of this—this monstrous transaction."

"I cannot, of course, control your lordship's motions. If you *do* apply to Mr Titmouse, you will in all probability receive the information you seek for—that is, if Mr Titmouse *dare*, without first consulting me"—

"If—Mr—Titmouse—*dare*, sir?" echoed the Earl.

"Yes—*dare*!" furiously retorted Gammon, his eye, as it were, momentarily flashing fire.

"Sir, this is very highly amusing!" said Lord Dreddlington, trying to smile; but it was impossible. His hands trembled so much that he could not draw on his glove without great effort.

"To me, my lord, it is very—very painful," replied Gammon, with an agitation which he could not conceal—"not painful on my own account, but your lordship's"—

"Sir, I thank you for your sympathy," interrupted Lord Dreddlington with a faint smile. "In the meanwhile, you may depend upon my taking steps forthwith of a somewhat decisive character. We shall see, sir, how long transactions of this sort can be concealed."

At this point, Gammon had finally determined upon making his long-dreaded disclosure to the Earl of Dreddlington—one that would instantly topple him down headlong over the battlements of his lofty and unapproachable pride, as though he had been struck by lightning. Gammon felt himself getting colder every minute—his agitation driving the blood from his extremities back upon his heart.

"Your lordship has spoken of *concealment*," he commenced, with visible emotion.—"Your lordship's offensive and most uncalled-for observations upon my motives and conduct, irritated me for the moment—but that is gone by. They have, however, worked my feelings up to a point which will enable me, perhaps, better than on any future occasion, to make a disclosure to your lordship of a secret that, ever since it has come to my knowledge, so help me Heaven! has made me the most miserable of men." There was something in Gammon's manner that compelled the Earl to sit down again in the chair from which he had risen, and where he remained gazing in wondering silence at Gammon, who proceeded—"It is a disclosure which will require all your lordship's strength of mind to prevent its overpowering you"—

"Gracious God, sir, what do you mean? What do you mean, Mr Gammon? Go on!" said the Earl, turning very pale.

"I would even now, my lord, shrink from the precipice which I have approached, and leave your lordship in ignorance of that which no earthly power can remedy; but your

lordship's singular discovery of the rent-charge, which we have talked about so long and anxiously, and determination to become fully acquainted with the circumstances out of which it has arisen, leave me no option."

"Sir, I desire that, without so much circumlocation, you will come to the point. I cannot divine what you are talking about—what you meditate telling me; but I beg of you, sir, to tell me what you know, and leave me to bear it as best I can."

"Your lordship shall be obeyed, then.—I said, some little time ago, that the instrument granting me the rent-charge upon the Yatton property, recited, as a part of the consideration, my arduous, and long-continued, and successful exertions to place Mr Titmouse in possession of that fine estate. It was I, my lord, that searched for him till I found him—the rightful heir to the Yatton estates, the possible successor to your lordship's estates and honours. Night and day I have toiled for him—have overcome all obstacles, and at length placed him in the splendid position which he now occupies. He is not, my lord, naturally of a generous or grateful disposition, as, perhaps, your lordship also may be aware of; and had I not insisted on an adequate return for my services, he would have given me none. Therefore, I required him, nay I extorted from him the instrument in question." He paused.

"Well, sir. Go on! I hear you," said the Earl, somewhat sternly; on which Gammon resumed.

"How I first acquired a knowledge that Mr Aubrey was wrongfully enjoying the Yatton estates, does not at all concern your lordship; but one thing *does* concern your lordship to know, and me to be believed by your lordship in telling you—that, so help me, Heaven! at the time that I discovered Mr Titmouse behind the counter of Mr Tagrag, in Oxford Street, and up till within a couple of months ago, I had no more doubt about his being really entitled, as heir-at-law"—The Earl gave a sudden start. "My lord, I would even now beg your lordship to let me take some other opportunity, when we are both calmer."

"Go on, sir," said the Earl firmly, but in a lower tone of voice than he had before spoken in, and sitting with his eyes riveted on those of Mr Gammon, who, notwithstanding his lord-

ship's observation, was compelled by his own sickening agitation to pause for a moment or two. Then he resumed. "I was saying, that till about two months ago, I had no more doubt than I have of your lordship's now sitting before me, that Mr Titmouse was the legitimate descendant of the person entitled to enjoy the Yatton estates in preference to Mr Aubrey. His pedigree was subjected to the severest scrutiny that the law of England can devise, and was pronounced complete"—Gammon beheld Lord Dreddlington quivering all over; "but to my horror—only I know it, except Mr Titmouse, to whom I told it—I have discovered, by a most extraordinary accident, that we were, and are, all mistaken." Lord Dreddlington had grown deadly pale, and his lips seemed to open unconsciously, while he inclined towards Gammon; "and—I may as well tell your lordship at once the worst—this young man, Titmouse, is only a natural son, and what is worse, of a woman who had a former husband living!"

Lord Dreddlington started up from his chair, and staggered away from it, his arms moving to and fro—his face the very picture of horror. It was ghastly to look at. His lips moved, but he uttered no sound.

"Oh, my lord! For God's sake be calm!" cried out Gammon, dreadfully shocked, rushing towards the Earl, who kept staggering back, his hands stretched out as if to keep off some approaching object. "My lord! Lord Dreddlington, hear me! For Heaven's sake, let me bring you back to your chair! It's only a little faintness." He put his arm round the Earl, endeavouring to draw him back towards the easy chair; but he felt his lordship slipping down on the floor, his legs yielding under him; then his head suddenly sank on one side, and the next moment he lay, as it were collapsed, upon the floor, partly supported by Gammon, who, in a fearful state of agitation, shouted out for the laundress.

"Untie his neck handkerchief, sir; loose his shirt-collar!" cried the woman, and stooping down, while Gammon supported his head, she removed the pressure from his neck. He was breathing heavily. "For God's sake, run off for a doctor—any one—the nearest you can find," gasped Gam-

shaken. On recovering, she requested Mr Gammon to be sent for, and with considerable agitation enquired into the occasion and manner of the Earl's illness. As soon as he had mentioned that it was a paragraph in the day's paper that first occasioned in the Earl the agitation which had induced such serious consequences—

"What! in the papers already? Is it about that fellow Titmouse?" she enquired, with a languid air of disgust.

"No indeed, Lady Cecilia, Mr Titmouse has nothing to do with it," replied Gammon, with a slight inward spasm; and, just as he had succeeded in giving her to understand the cause to which he chose to refer the Earl's illness, carriage wheels were heard, followed in a second or two by a tremendous thundering at the door, which made even Gammon almost start from his chair, and threw Lady Cecilia into a second swoon. It was providential, perhaps, that it had that effect; for, had she gone to the windows, and seen her insensible father, with care and difficulty, lifted out of his carriage—his shirt-collar, and a white neck handkerchief, thrown round his shoulders, partially crimsoned; and in that way, amid a little crowd gathered round, carried into the house, and borne up-stairs to his bedchamber—it might have had a very serious effect, indeed, upon her ladyship. Gammon stepped for an instant to the window—he saw the poor old peer in the state I have described, and the sight blanched his cheeks. Leaving her ladyship in the hands of Miss Macspleuchan, and her attendants, he followed into the Earl's bedroom; and was a little relieved, some quarter of an hour afterwards, at finding, that though the Earl was much exhausted with the fatigue of removal, he was in a much more satisfactory state than could have been anticipated. As his lordship's own physician (who had been summoned instantly on the Earl's arrival home,) intimated that a little repose was essential to his lordship, and that no one should remain in the room whose services were not indispensable, Gammon took his departure, after an anxious enquiry as to Lady Cecilia—intending to return before night, personally to make his enquiries concerning the Earl and her ladyship.

A mighty sigh escaped from the oppressed bosom of Gammon, as soon

as, having quitted the house, he found himself in the street alone. He walked for some minutes straight on, irresolute as to whither to direct his steps—to his own chambers, to the office in Hatton Garden, or to Mr Titmouse's residence in Park Lane. At length he determined on returning, in the first instance, to his own chambers, and changed his course accordingly; his mind so absorbed in thought that he scarcely saw any one he met or passed. *Here* was a state of things—thought he—that he had brought about! And what must be his own course now? For a moment or two he was in a state of feeling which we may compare to that of a person who, with ignorant curiosity, has set into motion the machinery of some prodigious engine, which it required but a touch to effect—and then stands suddenly paralysed—bewildered—confounded at the complicated movements going on all around him, and perhaps the alarming noises accompanying them—not daring to move a hair's-breadth in any direction for fear of destruction. He soon, however, recovered himself, and began very seriously to contemplate the perilous position in which he now found himself placed.

Here was Lord Dreddlington, in the first place, involved to a most alarming extent of liability in respect of his connexion with one of the bubble companies, into a connexion with which it had been Gammon who seduced him. But he quickly lost sight of that, as a very light matter compared with what had subsequently happened, and the prodigious consequences to which it might possibly lead—and that, too, immediately.

This crisis had been precipitated by an accident—an occurrence which he felt that no man could have foreseen. Certainly it might all be traced to his own oversight in leaving the conveyance of his rent-charges—so all-important a document—upon his table, though for only a minute or two's absence—for he had not quitted his chambers more than five minutes before he had re-entered them, finding the Earl of Dreddlington there—of all persons in the world the very last whom Gammon would have wished to be aware of the existence of such an instrument. Who could have imagined—calculated on such an occurrence? Never before had the Earl visited him

at his own private residence; and to come just precisely at the very moment—and yet, thought Gammon, almost starting back a step or two—when one came to think of it—what was more likely than that, on seeing the paragraph in the morning paper, his lordship should have done the very thing he did, and driven down to Mr Gammon for an explanation? Bah! thought Mr Gammon, and stamped his foot on the pavement.

[Ay, Satan, it *was* a very slippery trick indeed, which you had played this acute friend of yours.]

“But the thing is done; and what am I now to do? What can I do? First of all, there's Titmouse—where is that little miscreant at this moment? Will he follow his wife to Grosvenor Square? Will the Earl have recovered, before I can see Titmouse, sufficiently to recollect what has happened? Will they allow him to be admitted into the sick-chamber? Suppose his presence should remind the Earl of what he has this day heard? Suppose he should recover his senses—what course will he take? Will he acquaint his daughter that she is married to a vulgar bastard—oh, frightful!—she and he the two proudest persons, perhaps, living!—Will they spurn him from them with loathing and horror?—expose the little impostor to the world?—and take, God knows what steps against *me*, for the share I have had in the matter?—Oh, impossible!—inconceivable! They can never blazon their own degradation to the world! Or will Lord Dreddlington have discretion and self-command sufficient to keep the blighting secret to himself? Will he rest satisfied with my statement, or insist on conclusive proof and corroboration? Will he call for vouchers—ah! here he ground his teeth together, for he recollected the trick which Titmouse had played him in destroying the precious documents already spoken of. “If the little wretch do not hear of what has happened from any one else, shall I tell him that I have communicated his secret to Lord Dreddlington? Fancy him and his wife meeting after they know all!—or him and the Earl! Suppose the Earl should *die*—and without having disclosed this secret to any one? Oh, oh! what a godsend would that be! All straight then, to the end of the

chapter!—How near it was, this morning!—If I had but suffered those two boobies to wrangle together till it was too late!”—A *little* colour came into Mr Gammon's cheek at this point—as if he felt that perhaps he was then going a little too far, in entertaining such wishes and regrets: still he could not dismiss the reflection; nay, what was more probable than that so desperate a shock suffered by a man of his advanced years, might be only the precursor of a second and fatal fit of apoplexy?—“Doctor Bailey expressed some fears of that sort to-day.”

If Mr Gammon had seen the watchful eyes at that moment settled upon him, by two persons who were approaching him, and who passed him, unobserved; and could have dreamed of the errand which had brought these two persons into that part of the town—it might have set his busy brain upon quite a new track of harassing conjecture and apprehension. But he was far too intently occupied with his thoughts to see any one, as he walked slowly down Holborn; and some five minutes afterwards, having got to within a hundred yards of Saffron Hill, he was startled out of his meditations by hearing a voice calling out his name—and looking towards the middle of the street, whence the sound came, beheld Mr Titmouse, calling and beckoning to him eagerly, out of a hackney-coach, which was slowly driving up Holborn, and at Titmouse's bidding drew up to the kerb-stone.

“Oh—I say!—Mr Gammon!—*here's* a precious meas!—Such a devil of a row!”—commenced Titmouse, alarmedly, speaking in a low voice through the coach window.

“What, sir?” enquired Gammon, sternly.

“Why—eh? heard of it? Lady Cicely”——

“I *have* heard of it, sir,” replied Gammon, gloomily—“and I have, in my turn, something of far greater consequence to tell you.—Let the coachman turn back and drive you to my chambers, where I will meet you in a quarter of an hour's time.”

“Oh Lord! Won't you get in and tell me *now*?—Do, Mr Gam”——

“No, sir!” replied Gammon, sternly, and walked away, leaving Titmouse in a pretty fright.

“Now, shall I tell him, or not?”

thought Gammon: and after some minutes' anxious consideration, determined on doing so—and on threatening him, that if he did not change his courses, so far as money went, he—Gammon—would instantly blast him, by exposure of his real character and circumstances to the whole world.

What might be the actual extent of his embarrassments, Gammon knew not, nor was he aware of the fact, that Titmouse was at that moment getting into the hands of swindling money-lenders. In point of dress and manners, Titmouse was the same that he had ever been, since fortune had given him the means of dressing according to his fancy, and the fashion; but any one looking at his face, could see in the slightly blood-shot eye, its jaded expression, and the puffy appearance of his face, the results of systematic excess and debauchery. When Gammon joined him at his chambers, and told him the events of the day, Titmouse exhibited affright, that to any other beholder than one so troubled as Gammon, would have appeared ludicrous; but as that gentleman's object was to subdue and terrify his companion into an implicit submission to his will, he dismissed him for the day, simply enjoining him to keep away from Grosvenor square and Park-lane till an early hour in the ensuing morning—by which time events, which might have happened in the interval, might determine the course which Gammon should dictate to Titmouse. At that time Gammon was strongly inclined to insist on Titmouse's going to the Continent for a little while, to be out of harm's way; but, in fact, he felt dreadfully embarrassed to know how to dispose of Titmouse—regarding him with feelings somewhat, perhaps, akin to those with which Frankenstein beheld his monster.

But to return to Lord Dreddlington. The remedies resorted to so speedily after his seizure at Mr Gammon's chambers, had most materially counteracted the effects of the terrible shock which he had sustained, and which, but for such interference, would in all probability have proved fatal in its consequences. Shortly after his removal to his own house, he sank into tranquil and safe sleep, which continued, with a few interruptions, for several hours—during which his brain

recovered itself, in a considerable measure, from the sudden and temporary pressure which had been upon it. Towards seven o'clock in the evening, there were sitting, on one side of the bed Miss Macspleuchan, and on the other the Lady Cecilia—who also had rallied from the shock which she had sustained, and now, occasionally shedding tears, sat gazing in melancholy silence at the countenance of her father. She was certainly a miserable young woman, was Lady Cecilia—ignorant though she might be of the real extent of disaster consequent upon her alliance with Titmouse, whom she had long hated and despised, on all occasions avoiding his company. Their almost total estrangement was quite notorious in society. His lordship's physician had quitted the chamber for a few minutes, to make arrangements for continuing with him during the night; and neither Miss Macspleuchan nor Lady Cecilia had spoken for some time. At length the Earl, who had become rather restless, faintly muttered at intervals to himself the words,

"Bubble—villain—Blackwall"—

"You see," whispered Miss Macspleuchan, "what he's thinking of. He dined with those people, you know." Lady Cecilia nodded in silence. Presently his lordship resumed—

"Account closed!—Call on Mr Gammon—Is Mr Gammon at home?"—

The current of his recollections had now brought him to the point of danger; and after pausing for a moment, a troubled expression came over his face—he was evidently realizing the commencement of the terrible scene in Mr Gammon's room—then he seemed to have lost the train of his thoughts for a while, as his features slowly resumed their previous placidity; but the troubled expression presently returned: his lips were suddenly compressed, and his brow corrugated, as if with the emotion of anger or indignation.

"Monstrous! *Two thousand pounds!*" He spoke these words in a much stronger voice than those preceding.

"Oh, dear!—I should have thought his lordship had lost much more than *that*," whispered Miss Macspleuchan, in a low tone.

"Insist!—Titmouse—Titmouse"—his lips slightly quivered, and he paused for a while.

"Shocking! What will she"—an expression of agony came over his face.

"Poor papa! He's evidently heard it all!" whispered Lady Cecilia, faintly.

"Hush!" exclaimed Miss Macspleuchan, raising her finger to her lips—adding presently, "if he goes on in this way, I shall go and fetch Dr Whittington in."

"Cecilia!—Cecilia!"—continued the Earl; and suddenly opening his eyes, gazed forward, and then on each side, with a dull confused stare. Then he closed them, muttering—"I certainly thought Mr Gammon was here!" Shortly afterwards he opened them again; and his head being inclined towards the side where Lady Cecilia was sitting, they fell upon, and seemed to be arrested by her countenance. After gazing at her for some moments with a very, very sorrowful expression, he again closed his eyes, murmuring—"Poor Cecilia!"

"I really think, my dear, you'd better leave the room," faltered Miss Macspleuchan; imagining, from the state of her own feelings, that those of Lady Cecilia would be overpowering her—for nothing could be more soul-touching than the tone in which the Earl had last spoken.

"No; he's asleep again," replied Lady Cecilia, calmly—and for a quarter of an hour all was again silent. The Earl sighed; and, opening his eyes, looked full at Lady Cecilia, and with a more natural expression.

"Kiss me, Cecilia," said he, gently; and raising both his arms a little, while she leaned forward and kissed his forehead, he very feebly placed them round her, but they almost immediately sank on the bed again, as if he had not strength to keep them extended.

"We will live together, Cecilia, again," murmured the Earl.

"Dear papa, don't distress yourself; if you do, I really must go away from you."

"No, no; you must not, Cecilia," murmured the Earl, sadly and faintly, and shaking his head.

"Have you seen him to-day?" he presently asked, with a little more energy, as if he were becoming more and more thoroughly awake, and aware of his position; and there was a marked difference in the expression

of his eye—partly perplexed, partly alarmed.

"No, papa—I left the moment it happened, and came here; and have been here ever since. Do, dear papa, be calm!" added Lady Cecilia, with perfect composure.

"There!—I am gone blind *again*," said the Earl, suddenly, and raised his trembling hands to his eyes.

"So you knew it all?" said he, presently, tremulously removing his hands, and looking up, as if the momentary obscuration of his sight had ceased.

"Oh yes, papa, of course! How could I help it? Try to go to sleep again, dear papa." There was a faint dash of petulance in her manner.

They were at terrible cross purposes.

His eye remained fixed steadily on that of his daughter. "Is it not horrible, Cecilia?" said he, with a shudder.

"Dear papa, I don't know what you mean," replied Cecilia, quite startled by the tone of his voice, and the expression of his eye. There was nothing wild or unnatural about it. The eye seemed that of a man in his full senses, but horrified by some frightful recollection or other.

"I thought it would have killed her," he muttered, closing his eyes, while a faint flush came over his face, but that of Lady Cecilia turned deadly pale.

"Don't speak again, dear," whispered Miss Macspleuchan, herself a little startled by the Earl's manner—"he's wandering a little; he'll go to sleep presently."

"Yes, in my grave, madam," replied the Earl, gravely, and speaking in a stronger voice than he had yet spoken in—at the same time turning towards Miss Macspleuchan an eye that suddenly blanched her face. She gazed at him in silence, and apprehensively.

There ensued a pause of a minute or two.

"Oh, Cecilia," said the Earl, presently, shaking his head, and looking at her with the same terrible expression that had so startled her before—"that I had first followed you to your grave!"

"My dear papa, you are only dreaming!"

"No, I am not. Oh! how can you, Cecilia, be so calm here, when

you know that you have married a"—

Lady Cecilia glanced hurriedly at Miss Macspleuchan, who, having risen a little from her chair, was leaning forward in an agitated manner, and straining her ear to catch every word—"What are you talking about, papa?" gasped Lady Cecilia, while her face became of a deadly whiteness.

"Why, I thought you knew it all," said the Earl, sustained and stimulated by the intensity of his feelings—"that this Titmouse—is—Mr Gammon has acknowledged all—an infamous impostor—an illegitimate"—

Miss Macspleuchan, with a faint shriek, rang the bell at the bed-head violently; but before she or any one else could reach her, Lady Cecilia had fallen heavily on the floor, where she lay insensible, her maid falling down over her as she rushed into the room, alarmed by the sudden violent ringing of the bell. All was confusion and horror. Lady Cecilia was instantly carried out insensible; the Earl was found to have been seized with a second fit of apoplexy. Dr Bailey was quickly in attendance, followed soon after by an eminent accoucheur, whom it had been found necessary to send for, Lady Cecilia's illness having assumed the most alarming character conceivable. When Miss Macspleuchan had in some measure recovered from her distraction, she dispatched a servant to implore the instant attendance of the Duke and Duchess of Tantallan, unable to bear the overwhelming horror occasioned to her by the statement of the Earl of Dreddlington; and which, whether so astounding and frightful a statement was founded in fact or not, and only a delusion of the Earl's, was likely to have given the unfortunate Lady Cecilia her death-blow.

Both the Duke and Duchess—the nearest relatives of the Earl then in London, (the Duke being his brother-in-law)—were, within half an hour, at Lord Dreddlington's, and made acquainted with the fearful occasion of what had happened. The Duke and Duchess were quite as proud and haughty people as Lord Dreddlington; but the Duke was a little the Earl's superior in point of understanding. When first told of the Earl's disclosure, he was told it as if it were an ascertained fact; and his horror

knew no bounds. But when he came to enquire into the matter, and found that it rested on no other foundation than the distempered wanderings of a man whose brain was at the time labouring under the effects of an apoplectic seizure, he began to feel a great relief; especially when Miss Macspleuchan could mention no single circumstance corroboratory of so amazing and frightful a representation. At her suggestion, the Duke, who could be of no service to the Earl, who was in the hands of the physicians, hurried home again, and sent off a special messenger to Mr Gammon, whose address Miss Macspleuchan had given him, with the following note:—

"The Duke of Tantallan presents his compliments to Mr Gammon, and most earnestly begs that he will, without a moment's delay, favour the Duke with a call in Portman Square, on business of the last importance.

"Portman Square,
"Wednesday Evening, 9 o'clock."

A huge servant of the Duke's—with powdered hair, silver epaulets, dark crimson coat, and white breeches, having altogether a most splendid appearance—created something like a sensation in the immediate neighbourhood of Thavies' Inn, by enquiring, with a very impatient and excited air, for "Thavies' Inn," and "a gentleman of the name of Gammon," who was very naturally supposed to be honoured by some special and direct communication from the king, or at least some member of the royal family. Gammon himself—who was in the act of opening his door to go out and make his promised call of enquiry in Grosvenor Square—was flustered for a moment, on finding himself stepping into the arms of such an imposing personage; who said, as he gave him the letter, on finding him to be Mr Gammon—"From the Duke of Tantallan, sir. His grace, I believe, expects you immediately, sir."

Mr Gammon hastily opened the letter, and having glanced at the contents—"Give my compliments to his grace, and say I will attend him immediately," said he. The man withdrew, and Gammon returned into his chamber, and sat for a few moments

in the darkness—he having just before put out his lamp. He burst into a cold sweat—"What's in the wind now!" said he to himself. "Ah, why did I not ask the fellow?"—and starting from his seat, he rushed down stairs, and succeeded in calling back the Duke's servant just as he was turning out of the inn—"Do you happen to have been into Grosvenor Square to-day? And do you know how the Earl of Dreddlington is?" enquired Gammon anxiously.

"Yes, sir; his lordship, and the Lady Cecilia Titmouse, his daughter, are both dangerously ill. I believe his lordship, sir, has had a stroke—they say it's the second he's had to-day—and her ladyship is taken in labour, and is in a shocking bad way, sir. The Duke and Duchess were sent for in a dreadful hurry about an hour ago."

"Dear! I'm sorry to hear it! Thank you," replied Gammon, hastily turning away a face that he felt must have gone of a ghastly paleness.

"It may be only to enquire about the Artificial Rain Company"—said Gammon to himself, as, having procured a light, he poured himself out a small glass of brandy and drank it off, to overcome a little sense of faintness which he felt coming rapidly over him. "The Duke is a shareholder, I think. Not at all unlikely!—And as for Lady Cecilia's illness—nothing so extraordinary about it—when one considers her situation—and the shock occasioned by the Earl's sudden and alarming illness! But I must take a decided course, one way or another, with the Duke!—Suppose the Earl has disclosed the affair to Lady Cecilia—and it has got to the Duke's ears? Good God! how is one to deal with it? Suppose I were to affect total ignorance of the thing—and swear that it is altogether a delusion on the part of the Earl?—That would be rather a bold stroke, too!—Suppose the Earl to die of this bout—there's an end of the thing, and all's well, provided I can manage Titmouse!—A second fit of apoplexy, within twelve hours—humph!—If the Earl has mentioned the thing—and distinctly and intelligibly—how far has he gone?—Did he name the rent charge?—Ah!—well, and suppose he did? What's easier than also to deny that altogether? But suppose Titmouse should be tampered with, and pressed about the business? Perdi-

tion!—all is lost!—Yet they would hardly like to defy me, and trumpet the thing abroad!—Then there's the other course—own that I am in possession of the fatal secret—that I became so only recently;—and avow the reason of my taking the rent-charge; and insist upon retaining it, as the condition of my secrecy? That also is a bold stroke: both are bold!—Yet one of them I must choose!—Then, suppose the Earl to recover: he will never be the same man he was—that I find is always the case—his mind, such as it is, will go nearly altogether!—But if he recovers a glimmering of sense—egad! 'twill require a little nerve, too, to deny the thing to his face, and swear that the whole thing is a delusion of a brain disordered by previous fright!—And suppose Lady Cecilia dies?—And leaves no issue?—And then Lord Dreddlington follows her—by heavens, this little devil becomes *Lord Dreincourt* at once!

This was the way that Mr Gammon turned the thing over in his mind, as he rapidly walked towards Portman Square; and by the time that he had reached the Duke's house, he had finally determined on the course he should pursue: and though his face was rather pale, he was perfectly self-possessed and firm, at the moment of his being shown into the library, where the Duke was walking about, impatient for his arrival.

"Gracious God, sir!"—commented the Duke, in a low tone, with much agitation of manner, the moment that the servant had closed the door behind him—"what is all this horrible news we hear about Mr Titmouse?"

"Horrible news—about Mr Titmouse?" echoed Gammon, amazedly—"pardon me—I don't understand your grace! If you allude to the two executions, which I'm sorry to hear"—

"Pho, sir! you are trifling! Believe me, this is a very awful moment to all persons involved in what has taken place!" replied the Duke, his voice quivering with emotion.

"Your grace will excuse me, but I *really* cannot comprehend you!"—

"You soon shall, sir! I tell you, it may be a matter of infinite moment to yourself personally, Mr Gammon!"

"What *does* your Grace mean?" enquired Gammon, respectfully, but firmly—and throwing an expression of

still greater amazement into his face.

"Mean sir? By ——! that you've killed my Lord Dreddlington and the Lady Cecilia," cried the Duke, in a very violent manner.

"I wait to hear, as soon as your grace may condescend to explain," said Gammon, calmly.

"Explain, sir? Why, I have *already* told and explained every thing!" replied the choleric duke, who imagined that he really *had* done so.

"Your grace has told—has explained nothing whatever," said Gammon.

"Why sir—I mean, what's this horrible story you've been telling my Lord Dreddlington about Mr Titmouse being—in plain English, sir—A BASTARD?"

If the Duke had struck at Gammon, the latter could not have started back more suddenly and violently than he did on hearing his grace utter the last word; and he remained gazing at the Duke with a face full of horror and bewilderment. The spectacle which he presented arrested the Duke's increasing excitement. The Duke stared with amazement. "Why, sir, are we both—are we all—mad? or dreaming? or what has come to us?"

"I think," replied Gammon, a little recovering from the sort of stupor into which the Duke's words had apparently thrown him, "it is I who have a better title than your grace to ask the question!—I tell Lord Dreddlington that Mr Titmouse is a bastard! Why, I can hardly credit my ears! Does my Lord Dreddlington say that I have told him so?"

"He does, sir!" replied the Duke, fiercely.

"And what else may his lordship have said concerning me?" enquired Gammon, with a sort of hopeless smile.

"By heaven, sir, you mustn't treat this matter lightly!" said the Duke, impetuously.

"May I ask your grace whether this is the matter mentioned in your grace's note, as of the?"

"It is, sir! it is!—and it's killed my Lord Dreddlington—and also the Lady Cecilia!"

"What!" cried Gammon, starting and exhibiting increasing amazement—"does *her ladyship*, too, say that I have told her so?"

"Yes, sir; she does!"

"What, Lady Cecilia!" echoed Gammon, really confounded.

"Well, sir—I think she did!"

"Think, your grace!" interrupted Gammon, rather bitterly.

"Well, sir—certainly the fact is, I may be mistaken as to *that* matter. I was not present; but, at all events, my Lord Dreddlington certainly says you told *him*—and he's told Lady Cecilia—and it's killing her—it is, sir! By heavens, sir, I expect hourly to hear of both of their deaths!—And I beg to ask you, sir, once for all, have you ever made any such statement to my Lord Dreddlington?"

"Not a syllable—never a breath of the sort in all my life!" replied Gammon boldly, and rather sharply, as if indignant at being pressed about so absurd a matter.

"What!—nothing of the sort? or to that effect?"

"Certainly—certainly not!—But let me ask, in my turn, is the *fact* so? Does your grace mean to say that?"

"No, sir," interrupted the Duke, but not speaking in his former confident tone—"but my Lord Dreddlington does!"

"Oh, impossible! impossible!" cried Gammon, with an incredulous air—"only consider for one moment—how could the fact possibly be so and I not know it? Why, I know every step of his pedigree!" The Duke drummed vehemently with his finger on the table, and stared at Gammon with the air of a man suddenly and completely nonplussed.

"Why, Mr Gammon, then my Lord Dreddlington must have completely lost his senses! He declares that you told him that such was the fact!—When and where, may I ask, did you first see him to-day?"

"About half-past eleven or twelve o'clock to-day, when he called at my chambers in a state of the greatest agitation and excitement, occasioned by the announcement in this morning's paper of the sudden blow-up of the Artificial!"

"Good heaven! why, is *that* gone?" interrupted his grace, eagerly and alarmedly. "When? why? how?—By heaven, it's enough to turn any one's head!"

"Indeed it is, your grace. My Lord Dreddlington was the first from whom I heard any thing on the subject."

"It's very odd I didn't see the paragraph! Where was it? In the *Morning Gossip*?"

"It was, your grace—it stated that Sir Sharper Bubble had suddenly absconded, with all the funds of"—

"Oh, the villain! Why do you make such people chairmen, and treasurers, and so forth? How must the loss be made good? You really don't look sharp enough after people whom you put into such situations! Who the deuce is this fellow—this Sir Bubble Sharper, or Sir Sharper Bubble?"

"He was greatly respected in the City, or would not have been in the situation he was. Who could have suspected it?"

"And is the thing quite blown up? All gone?"

"Yes, I fear it is, indeed!" replied Gammon, shrugging his shoulders and sighing.

"Of course no one can be made liable—come the worst to the worst—eh?" enquired the Duke, very anxiously, "beyond the amount of his shares? How's that, Mr Gammon?"

"I devoutly trust not! Your grace sees it depends a good deal on the prominence which any one takes in the affair."

"Egad! is that the principle? I assure you, Mr Gammon, I have not, for my part, taken the least public part in the proceedings"—

"I am very happy to hear it, your grace! Nor have I—but I very much fear that my Lord Dreddlington may have gone further a good deal"—

"I've several times warned him on the subject, I assure you! By the way, there's that other affair, Mr Gammon. I hope—eh?—that the Gunpowder and Fresh Water"—

"Good heavens, your grace! I hope all is right *there*—or I, for one, am a ruined man!" replied Gammon, quickly.

"I—I—hope so too, sir. So Lord Dreddlington was a good deal shocked, eh, this morning?"

"Yes, indeed, he was—nay, most alarmingly excited! I was greatly alarmed on his account, directly I saw him."

"And is this Mr Titmouse—eh?—involved in the thing?"

"I really can't tell, your grace—his movements are somewhat eccentric—it's extremely difficult to discover or account for them! By the way, I recollect now that I *did* mention his name to Lord Dreddlington."

"Ah, indeed? What about?" interrupted his grace, briskly.

"Why, I just heard that early this morning there would be one or two executions put into his house—he's been going on lately in a very wild way."

"Oh, he's a monstrous little—but was that all that passed between you and my Lord Dreddlington about him?"

"I will undertake to say," replied Gammon, pausing, putting his finger to his lips, and trying to recollect—"that that was the only mention made of his name, for soon after his lordship was seized with a fit," and Mr Gammon proceeded to give the duke a very vivid and feeling description of it.

"What a singular hallucination his lordship must be labouring under, to make such an assertion concerning me as he appears to have made," presently observed Gammon.

"Very!" replied the Duke gravely, still feeling serious misgivings on the subject; but what could he say or do further, after the solemn, the explicit, and repeated denials of Mr Gammon? His grace then gave him an account of what he had heard as to the mode of Lord Dreddlington's seizure, and that of Lady Cecilia; and as he went on, Gammon quivered from top to toe, and it required all his extraordinary powers of self-command to conceal his excessive agitation from the Duke.

"By the way, where is Mr Titmouse?" enquired the Duke, as he rose, after saying that he was going on immediately to Grosvenor Square. "I have sent to Park Lane, and find that he has not been there since the morning."

"I really don't know, I assure your grace. I have not seen him for several days! *If* his affairs are as seriously involved as your grace would intimate, he may probably be keeping out of the way."

"Do let me beg of you to take the trouble of enquiring after him tomorrow morning, Mr Gammon? He must be very much shocked to hear of the lamentable condition of Lady Cecilia!"

"Indeed I will, I assure your grace! I only hope he may not have gone over to the Continent."

"God bless my soul, but I hope not!" interrupted the Duke, earnestly; and added, after one or two other observations, "then I understand you as stating, Mr Gammon, that there is

not the least pretence or foundation, in point of fact, for the representation which my Lord Dreddlington has made concerning you, with reference to Mr Titmouse—excuse me—is it so, upon your word of honour?”

“Upon my sacred word of honour!” replied Gammon, steadfastly; and bowing to the Duke, took his leave, promising to call on his grace early on the morrow, and to make every exertion to see Mr Titmouse—whom Mr Gammon was now, indeed, devouringly anxious to see, and would have made almost any sacrifice to be enabled to fall in with him that very night. Good heavens! how much now depended on Titmouse!—on the manner in which he would deal with such questions as would infallibly be asked of him by the Duke, and by any one else who might have heard of the rumour! In short, Gammon was quite distracted by doubts and fears, as he bent his way back to his chambers, not venturing, after what he had heard, to call in Grosvenor Square that evening, lest he should hear fatal news of either the Earl or Lady Cecilia—that is, of either or both of his victims! The next morning the following announcement of the Earl’s illness appeared in most of the morning papers, and created quite a sensation in society:—

“SUDDEN AND ALARMING ILLNESS
“OF THE EARL OF DREDDLINGTON
“AND LADY CECILIA TITMOUSE.—
“Yesterday, the Earl of Dreddlington experienced an apoplectic seizure of
“a most serious nature, and which,
“but for the most prompt and decisive medical treatment, must have
“proved immediately fatal. His lordship rallied a little during the course
“of the day, but in the evening experienced a second and still more
“alarming fit, and continues in a state
“which is calculated to excite the
“greatest apprehension. We regret
“also to add, that Lady Cecilia Titmouse, his lordship’s only daughter,
“happening to be with his lordship at
“the moment of his sudden seizure,
“was immediately seized with illness,
“which, in her ladyship’s critical state
“of health, may be attended with most
“serious consequences.”

In the evening papers, it was stated that the Earl of Dreddlington still continued in a precarious condition, and that Lady Cecilia was not expected to survive the night; and the instant that

Mr Gammon laid his hands on the next morning’s paper, he turned with eagerness and trepidation to a particular gloomy corner of it—and a faint momentary mist came over his eyes, while he read as follows:—

“Yesterday, in Grosvenor Square, in her 29th year, after giving premature birth to a son, still-born, Lady Cecilia Titmouse, the lady of Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq. M.P., and only daughter and heiress of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dreddlington.” Mr Gammon laid down the paper, and for some moments felt overcome with a deadly faintness. Having, however, recovered himself a little, in casting a hasty apprehensive glance over the paper for intelligence of the Earl of Dreddlington, he read as follows:—

“The Earl of Dreddlington continues alarmingly ill. Drs Bailey and Whittington are in constant attendance upon his lordship. Our readers will see, in another part of our paper, the melancholy announcement of the death of his lordship’s lovely and accomplished daughter, Lady Cecilia Titmouse, after giving premature birth to a son, still-born. We regret to hear it rumoured, that the illness of his lordship originated in a shock occasioned by circumstances of a very painful nature; but this report, we trust, will turn out to be unfounded. In the event of his lordship’s demise, he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son-in-law, Mr Titmouse, M.P. for Yaton.”

It will surely be a relief to one’s feelings to pass away, for a while at least, from the contemplation of these events of untoward and disastrous issue, to persons and to incidents of a very different character. Turn, therefore, kind and patient reader! your eye to that retreat of long-suffering virtue which is to be found in Vivian Street. Relieved from the immediate pressure which had, as it were, forced him down into the very dust, poor Aubrey’s pious and well-disciplined mind was not long in recovering that tone of confident reliance upon the goodness and mercy of God which that God had seen fit so severely to try; and such He now permitted Aubrey to see had been his object. He and his lovely—his beloved wife and sister soon recovered a considerable measure of composure, and even cheerfulness;

yet felt they all in the deep waters. The generous and timely interference of Mr Runnington had secured them, indeed, a few months' respite from the harassing and tormenting attacks of those who seemed bent upon their destruction; but what was to become of them all when the arrival of the next term should have again set into motion against them the dismal machinery of the law? None of them could foresee any mode of exit from their troubles; speculation was idle: yet lost they not an humble but trembling hope, that Providence would yet make a way for their escape.

The one of all the recent occurrences which had most shocked and disheartened Mr Aubrey, and driven him nearest to the verge of downright despair, was that of Lady Stratton's death, and its afflicting concomitants. How powerfully and perseveringly did the Arch-enemy of mankind represent this circumstance to him—especially in those moods of depression which are incident to all of us in this fluctuating scene of trial and suffering—as proof that he was the sport of chance, the victim of evil destiny! What had he, his wife, his sister, done to *deserve* it? But, thank God! in vain were these suggestions from beneath; totally ineffectual

“To shake his trust in God!”

Certainly, the event alluded to baffled all his calculations, long, and deeply, and anxiously as he reflected upon it, in all its bearings—and his only refuge lay in the simple reference of it to the all-wise providence of God. Oh, foolish fiend! and didst thou really think this little matter was sufficient to make him doubt or deny God's moral government of the world?—Far otherwise, indeed, was it with him, enlightened by intelligence from on high; and which satisfied Aubrey, that it was but reasonable to expect, while there was so much that was utterly incomprehensible and inexplicable in God's own character, in his *physical* and natural government of the world, corresponding mystery and incomprehensibility in his *moral* government of the world. We are permitted to obtain a few occasional glimpses into the one, as well as into the other—and they should satisfy us of the reality of the sublime and awful system which is in existence around us. What know we of the ultimate scope and end of His

working? What seeming good shall we be sure will not produce evil? What seeming evil shall we be sure will not produce, and is not designed to produce, good? And may not our ignorance in these respects be specially ordained to test the faith of man—to check presumptuous confidence—to repel palsyng despair; in a word, to make man *walk humbly with his God*, in constant and implicit dependence upon Him? Oh, blessed is the man of true devoutness of mind, and protected from innumerable troubles and perils that assail and overpower those who choose to live *without God in the world*!—Thus was it that Aubrey, as he had not presumed in his prosperity, so despaired not in his adversity.

He had commenced a sedulous attendance at the chambers of Mr Mansfield, within a few days after the delicate kindness of Mr Runnington had afforded him the means of doing so. He already knew sufficient to charm him with the intricate but exquisite system of the law of real property; and the immediate practical operation of its principles, which he witnessed in his new scene of study, served to enhance his estimate of its importance and value. Mr Mansfield had recommended him to address his early and close attention to the incomparable essay of Mr Fearn, upon *Contingent Remainders*. He did so, and was soon enchanted with the simplicity, subtlety, and comprehensiveness of the system developed in that masterly performance. In addition to his absorbing professional labours, he continued his occasional contributions to substantial literature; but Mr Runnington's generosity had enabled him to dispense with that severe and incessant exertion to which he had been till then accustomed, and enabled him to address himself to his difficult yet delightful studies with unimpaired energy.

Some short time after he had commenced his attendance at Mr Mansfield's chambers, Mr Aubrey was, one morning about ten o'clock, on his way down to Lincoln's Inn, and when about to cross Oxford Street, paused to let pass him a dusty post-chaise and four; and as it went close and rapidly by him, he quite started with astonishment, for, unless his eye had extraordinarily deceived him, he had seen in the chaise no other than Lord de la Zouch, who, however, if it *were* he, had not appeared to see Mr Aubrey,

and probably had really not observed him.

"Why, how can this be?" thought Aubrey, standing and gazing for a moment in astonishment after the post-chaise. "The letter which Agnes had the other day from Lady de la Zouch, did not say a word about Lord de la Zouch's intention to return to England! And alone!—And in a post-chaise—and travelling all night, as he evidently has, from Dover! 'Tis strange! What can be the matter?"—And he stood for a moment irresolute whether or not he should retrace his steps, and satisfy his curiosity by calling at the house of Lord de la Zouch, in Dover Street. On consideration, however, he determined not to do so. He might be mistaken; but if not, Lord de la Zouch might have been called back to England on a matter of special urgency, and possibly deem a call from any one, except those he expected to see, intrusive. Aubrey, therefore, continued his way on to Lincoln's Inn; and was very soon engrossed with the matters there requiring his attention. But it really *was* Lord de la Zouch whom he had seen; and it was solely on Aubrey's own account that his lordship, leaving Lady de la Zouch at Paris, had taken this sudden journey to England—not intending Aubrey, however, at all events at present, to be apprized of the fact. 'Twas entirely owing to the unconscious Gammon that Lord de la Zouch thus made his appearance in England; for, had that gentleman not taken such special pains to have inserted in the *Morning Gossip*, the full and accurate account of the proceedings which he had caused to be instituted against himself, which the reader has had laid before him, and which his lordship in due course read at Paris, with infinite anxiety and alarm on the score of its possible bearing upon Mr Aubrey, his lordship would in all probability have continued at Paris for several months longer, in total ignorance of the thralldom of the unfortunate Aubreys. The moment that his lordship had read over the report in question, he wrote off to Mr Runnington a strictly confidential letter, begging an immediate answer, with as full and exact an account of Mr Aubrey's circumstances as Mr Runnington could give. By the very next post, that gentleman wrote off to his lordship a long letter, acquainting him with what had befallen the persecuted Aubrey, viz.—his double arrest, and in

respect of so terrible a liability. Mr Runnington spoke, in very glowing and feeling terms, of the manly fortitude of Mr Aubrey under his accumulated misfortunes; and, in short, drew so moving a picture of the deplorable circumstances in which Mr Aubrey and his family were plunged, that his lordship the next day wrote off to inform Mr Runnington, in confidence, that he might expect to see his lordship in London within a day or two—for that he was coming over solely on the affairs of the Aubreys—and was, in fact, resolved upon bringing about, cost what it might, either alone, or in conjunction with such other friends of Mr Aubrey as his lordship might think proper to take into his counsels, a complete and final settlement of Mr Aubrey's affairs, and so place him at once and for ever out of the reach of all his enemies; to set him once more straight and free in the world, and give him a fair chance of securing, by the successful practice of the profession of the bar, that independence, affluence, and distinction, to which his great talents, learning, industry, and unconquerable energy warranted him in aspiring to. As soon as his lordship had recovered from the fatigues of his journey, he sent off a servant to request the immediate attendance of Mr Runnington—who was overjoyed at receiving the summons, and could hardly refrain from stepping over to Mr Mansfield's, in order to apprise Mr Aubrey of the arrival of Lord de la Zouch. He abstained, however, from doing so, on recollecting the strict injunctions of Lord de la Zouch; and immediately set off for Dover Street. But before they met, let me take the opportunity of mentioning one or two little matters, connected with the previous movements of Mr Runnington. He was a very able man; clear-headed, cautious, experienced, and singularly prompt and determined, when once he had resolved on any course of proceeding; in short, he was quite capable of contending against even such a formidable opponent as Gammon, subtle, tortuous, and unscrupulous as he might be. "Let me once get hold of Master Gammon—that's all!"—thought, very frequently, Mr Runnington. Now, the astounding avowal which Miss Aubrey represented Mr Gammon as having made to her, in his insane attempt to prevail upon her to entertain his addresses—viz. that he possessed the

power of immediately, and by legal means, displacing Mr Titmouse, and repossessing Mr Aubrey of Yatton—had made a profound impression on the mind of Mr Runnington. The more that he reflected upon the incident—and upon the character of Mr Gammon, the stronger became his conviction that Mr Gammon had been in earnest in what he had said; that there was a foundation in fact for his assertion; and that if so, some scheme of profound and infernal wickedness must have been had recourse to, in order to dispossess Mr Aubrey of Yatton, and place Titmouse there in his stead. Then Mr Runnington adverted, in his own mind, to the circumstance of Mr Gammon's exercising such a constant interference and controul over Titmouse, and all matters connected with Yatton. Mr Runnington—many and many a time pondered these things in his mind—but was, after all, completely at a loss to know what steps to take, and how to deal with the affair, as it stood. Then again, with reference to the death of Lady Stratton, and the melancholy circumstances attending it, Mr Runnington had entered into a correspondence with Mr Parkinson, with a view to ascertaining the chances there were, of procuring his draft of Lady Stratton's will, to be admitted to probate; and laid the correspondence, in the shape of a case, before an eminent practitioner in the ecclesiastical court. The opinion he thus obtained, was, however, adverse; mainly, on the ground that there was clearly evidence to show a subsequent essential alteration of intention on the part of Lady Stratton—to say nothing of certain other difficulties which were suggested in the opinion. Mr Runnington was much chagrined at this result; and, of course, abandoned his intention of seriously contesting Mr Titmouse's claim to administration. It could, however, he thought, do no harm, if he was just to lodge a caveat, even if he there left the matter. It might have the effect of interposing some delay, and staving off any contemplated proceedings upon the bond of Mr Aubrey. This step, therefore, he took—and was greatly delighted in finding, some short time afterwards, that the Vulture Company were bent on pursuing their ordinary course in cases of policies which rendered it worth their while, viz. not paying till

they were forced to do so:—and the Company, in their turn, were delighted to find that there was a chance of a protracted dispute concerning the right to the policy. Not satisfied with this—still haunted by Mr Gammon's mysterious statement to Miss Aubrey—it all at once occurred to Mr Runnington, in the course of one of his many meditations upon the subject, to take an opportunity of discussing the affair, in all its bearings, with the Attorney-General, whose penetrating, practical sagacity, sharpened by his zeal and sympathy, might hit upon something or other undiscernable to Mr Runnington. Without having intimated his intentions to Mr Aubrey, Mr Runnington, shortly after having lodged his caveat, succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Attorney-General, expressly with a view of talking over the affairs of the unfortunate Mr Aubrey.

"God bless my soul!" cried the Attorney-General, in a tone of wonder, as soon as Mr Runnington had mentioned the statement of Mr Gammon to Miss Aubrey, and the circumstances accompanying it. In short, it was clear that the Attorney-General was every whit as much struck with the circumstance as had been Mr Runnington; and for some minutes after Mr Runnington had named it, seemed lost in thought. A considerable pause here ensued in their conversation; and Mr Runnington was quite delighted to see his distinguished companion evidently engaged in turning about the facts of the case in his clear and powerful understanding; viewing them from every point in which they could be contemplated, and in all their bearings.

"It's very likely, I am disposed to think, that the fellow was in earnest," at length said the Attorney-General; "at all events that he *believed* he possessed the power he professed to possess; and that he was hurried away a little into prematurely disclosing it. Egad, he's a nice person, that Gammon, too, by the way, to think of his proposing to sweet, pretty Miss Aubrey—ah, ha, ha," added the Attorney-General, with a faint but contemptuous smile; and presently added, in a musing sort of way—"I've got the general facts that came out at the trial still pretty fresh in my mind, and I've been just running over the links in his chain of proof. 'Gad! we could hardly have failed to detect a hitch, if there had

been one! link by link; we were long enough about it, at any rate! I can conceive, too, that in a case of that sort there was room for a little bit of perjury, if it were cleverly managed; and Mr Gammon is a *clever* man! by the way, I'm actually going down special for him to York, in that bribery case, ah, hah." "Ay," he presently resumed, "I suspect that one or two of the links in that chain of his must have been of base metal. Devil take him! he must have done it well too!" He smiled bitterly.

"If that's your impression, Mr Attorney, what do you think of having a shot at them—a second ejection!"

"Oh, by heaven! *that's* an awful affair!" replied the Attorney-General, shrugging his shoulders; "besides, what he's done once, he may do again."

"Ah, but we know all his witnesses now beforehand! Then we fought him in the dark; but now"—

"Ay, there's something in *that*, certainly," said the Attorney-General, musingly; "but then 'tissuch a frightful expense; and where poor Aubrey's to get the means."

"Oh, never mind that, Mr Attorney!" replied Mr Runnington, but at the same time rather seriously; but thinking of Lord de la Zouch, he added rather briskly—"only you intimate an opinion favourable towards venturing the experiment, and I'll undertake that funds shall be forthcoming."

While Mr Runnington was saying this, the Attorney-General sat leaning back in his chair, his head inclined on one side, the fingers of one hand playing mechanically with his chain; in fact, he was deeply engaged in thought, and Mr Runnington did not interrupt him.

"Ah," he presently exclaimed, with a sort of sigh, looking with much vivacity at his companion—"I have it—I have it—I see a way out of the wood! Well, if you can only get ammunition, it's my advice to you to fight the battle over again, but on quite a different field."

"Indeed, Mr Attorney? What, in a court of equity?"

"Oh, pho, no!—You say you *have* entered a caveat against the grant of Letters of Administration?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr Runnington, a little disappointed; "but, as

I explained, there's no chance of establishing a will."

"Never mind *that*! Throw the will to the dogs. I'll show you a wrinkle worth a hundred wills! When you're called on to support your caveat, do so on the ground *that Mr Aubrey is NEARER OF KIN to Lady Stratton than this fellow Titmouse*—that will make it necessary for Titmouse, you know, to set forth his pedigree with the greatest minuteness; you will have a Commission go down to the spot where all the witnesses are, and those fellows, the proctors, you know, are as keen as beagles."

"Oh, Mr Attorney! I—I see it all! Oh, admirable!"—

"To be sure!" continued the Attorney-General, with much interest. "Their case will be as it were laid on the rack, when the process of the ecclesiastical court is applied to it. You have an examiner on the spot—all secret and mysterious—proctors ferreting out all sorts of old registers and musty documents, that *we* should never think of. 'Tis quite in their line—births, deaths, and marriages, and every thing connected with them. By Jove! if there's a flaw, you'll hit it in *this* way!"

"Oh, Mr Attorney!" cried Mr Runnington, with grateful glee, "your hint is worth thousands upon thousands of pounds!"—

"If it only produces *Ten Thousand a-Year*—ah, hah!" interrupted the Attorney-General, laughing good-naturedly; and very soon afterwards Mr Runnington quitted his chamber, charmed and excited by the masterly suggestion of the Attorney-General, and resolved to go off to his proctor, and see about acting upon it forthwith, and get a kind of general notion of the process which he thought of commencing. You might, within an hour's time after his quitting the chambers of the Attorney-General, have seen Mr Runnington closeted with his proctor—the proctor always employed by his firm—Mr OBADIAH POUNCE—a man whose look told you he was made for penetrating into and poking about in any thing musty, or obscure. He was, indeed, thoroughly up to his business—not an abler or more experienced proctor was to be found in Doctor's Commons. As Mr Pounce was not entirely unacquainted with the facts, inasmuch as he had drawn up the case which had been

submitted to Dr FLARE for his opinion as to the admissibility of Mr Parkinson's draft of Lady Stratton's intended will, to probate—it did not take long to put him in possession of the wishes and intentions of Mr Runnington.

"Let us come away to Dr Flare at once," quoth Pounce, putting his watch into his fob—"You'll catch him in just now, I know, and perhaps in good humour; and a short consultation with him will be worth half-a-dozen written opinions."

So they set off for the chambers of Dr Flare, which were at only a few yards' distance. Dr Flare was a very great man in the ecclesiastical court; in fact, by far the most eminent practitioner there. He was thoroughly versed in ecclesiastical law, and every species of learning connected with it; in fact, he had for the last thirty years been concerned in every case of the least importance which had come before that solemn, quaint, and mysterious tribunal. He was possessed of great acuteness and powers of arrangement, of wonderful industry, but his capital quality was that of thoroughly identifying himself with his cause. Into every case in which he was employed, he entered with all the keenness and vivacity which he could have displayed in one of vital personal consequence to himself. The moment he had possessed himself of the facts of his case, he was really convinced, to the end of the chapter, that he was on the right side—that the legal and moral merits were with his client—and that he ought to win. But, to be sure, such a *temper* was his! So fierce and fiery, that it scorched every body that came into contact with him. He was like an angry dog, who, if he has nothing else to snap at, will snap at his own tail—and Dr Flare, when he had no one else to get into a passion with, would get into one with himself. His own quickness of perception was calculated to render him impatient and irritable under even the clearest and briefest statement of a case that could be addressed to him. He was, in a manner, the victim of his own *acumen nimium*. In spite of considerable impetuosity of temper, he was a kind, an honourable, and high-minded man; and when not in actual conflict, lived on very good terms with the solemn, sleepy, old gentleman, to whom he was sometimes opposed. In person, he was short and spare; his slight grey whiskers looked as if they

had been calcined by his cheeks, which, though thin, were of a florid red colour; his forehead was ample; and there was an expression about his piercing grey eyes which seemed to ask, with a curse, of any one entering, "why d'ye interrupt me?" When Mr Pounce and Mr Runnington entered his room—which was covered with papers and open books—the Doctor was settling in *furor*, articles extending over many hundred folios, against an unhappy curate, flourishing on forty pounds a-year in Rutlandshire, "*touching and concerning his soul's health, and the laudful correction and reformation of his manners and excesses*," (such was the solemn and affectionate strain in which the reverend delinquent was addressed,) in having refused to baptize a child by the name of "JUDAS ISCARIOT"—that being the name desired to be given to his infant by a little Radical cobbler, a chattering infidel, who sought, by that means, to evince his hatred of the Christian religion. Now, Dr Flare was himself an ardent friend of the church, and a sincere Christian: but he had brought himself to look upon this poor clergyman as guilty of a most flagrant piece of wickedness; and was forging, *con amore*, the bolt to be presently levelled at so enormous an offender. But a few minutes before their arrival, an incident had occurred to the Doctor which had roused him into a kind of fever: he had been interrupted by an applicant to be sworn to some matter or other, for which the Doctor was entitled to the usual fee of one shilling. The deponent had only half-a-crown; so the Doctor had to take out his purse, and give him the difference, (eighteenpence,) with a muttered curse: and you may guess the scene that ensued on the deponent's presently returning, and requesting that the sixpence which the Doctor had given him might be changed, being a *bad one*!—Mr Runnington was prepared to go fully into his case before Doctor Flare; but on catching sight of him, he looked so startling a contrast to the calm and affable Attorney-General, that his heart suddenly failed him; and after observing, that instead of interrupting the Doctor at that time, he would immediately lay a written case before him, he and Mr Pounce made their escape into the open air; the former looking so relieved of apprehension, that Mr Pounce

almost died with laughter. But it occurred to Mr Runnington, that in the present step of the business, Mr Pounce was just as satisfactory an adviser as Dr Flare could be—and he determined upon being guided by Mr Pounce, whom he immediately instructed to retain Dr Flare; and then talked over the whole case, in all its bearings—the result being, that Mr Pounce entirely corroborated the view taken by the Attorney-General, and pointed out so clearly and forcibly the peculiar advantages attending the contemplated mode of procedure, that Mr Runnington nearly made up his mind on the spot, to venture on the experiment; but at all events, undertook to give his final decision within twenty-four hours' time. The next morning, however, he received information from Mr Pounce, which was calculated to quicken his motions; viz. that Mr Titmouse was moving, and had just "*warned the caveat*," with a view to discovering who his opponent was, and what was the ground of his opposition. Now, this chanced to occur on the very day of Lord de la Zouch's arrival in London; his servant calling at Mr Runnington's office with a note requesting his attendance in Dover Street, within a few hours of Mr Runnington's receiving intelligence of the movement of Mr Titmouse. The result of a very long and animated discussion between Mr Runnington and Lord de la Zouch was, that his lordship acquiesced in the expediency of the course suggested to him, namely, to suspend for a month or two carrying into effect the scheme which he had formed for extricating Mr Aubrey from all his liabilities,—since the proceedings about to be instituted in the ecclesiastical court might possibly render unnecessary the very large pecuniary sacrifice contemplated by his lordship, by disentitling Mr Titmouse to receive any part of the demand he was at present enforcing against Mr Aubrey. His lordship then gave a *carte blanche* to Mr Runnington, and authorised him instantly to commence, and most vigorously prosecute every proceeding that might be necessary—to spare no expense or exertion—to give and take no quarter; for Lord de la Zouch expressed the warmest indignation at the whole conduct of Mr Gammon—particularly his presumptuous advances towards Miss Aubrey, and the audacious mea-

sures he had resorted to for the purpose of securing her favour. His lordship also felt, in common with the Attorney-General and Mr Runnington, that Mr Gammon's avowal to Miss Aubrey of his absolute control over the enjoyment of the Yatton property, warranted the suspicion that the vigorous proceedings about to be instituted would lead to the most important results. Thus fortified, Mr Runnington immediately gave instructions to Mr Pounce to proceed; and that person at once entered formally into battle with his brother proctor, Mr Quod, who was acting for Mr Titmouse. Supposing it to be all a very simple straightforward affair on the part of Mr Titmouse, Mr Quod did not give himself any particular concern about the step taken by Mr Pounce, and with which he did not acquaint Mr Gammon, till that gentleman called to enquire in what state the proceedings were; and when he found the ground taken by Mr Aubrey, and that it would compel Mr Titmouse to prove over again every link in the chain which connected him with the elder branch of the Aubrey family, he was not a little agitated, though he made a great effort to conceal it, while listening to Mr Quod's account of the process about to be commenced. Each party, it seemed, would have to give in to the court "*an allegation*," or statement of the pedigree he intended to establish, and which would be lodged at the registry. Each would then, in due course, obtain a copy of his opponent's allegation, in order to guide him in framing his own proof and interrogatories. A commission would then be sent by the court into the county where the witnesses resided, to examine them—the examiner being an officer of the court, a proctor—and representing the court in the proceeding. This officer having been furnished by the parties with a copy of the two allegations, the names of the witnesses, and the interrogatories, would proceed to examine the witnesses; but in a manner very different from any adopted by the courts of law, viz. one by one, alone, secretly, and in the most searching and thorough manner; and having given his or her evidence, the witness would be formally threatened with the terrors of the ecclesiastical court, if he or she should presume to disclose to any person, much less the

parties, the evidence that had been extracted by the examiner. When the whole of the evidence had been in this mysterious way collected, it could be lodged in the proper office of the court; and till the arrival of the proper time for "publication passing," i. e., permitting both parties to take copies of the evidence,—they would be in total ignorance as to the exact nature of the evidence which had been given by even their own witnesses. Mr Quod added, that the briefs which had been used at the trial of the action of ejectment, would of themselves furnish almost the entire "allegations," and greatly facilitate and accelerate the proceedings.

"Then, do the parties, or their proctors, go down beforehand to the spot where the commission is to be held?"

"Oh yes, both parties, of course—Pounce and I shall be both at work down there, rummaging registries, records, churchyards—brushing up every man, woman, and child, that's got a word to say on the subject—warm work, warm work, Mr Gammon! We sha'n't leave a stone unturned on either side," said Mr Quod, rubbing his hands, with a pleased and confident air that strangely contrasted with the reserved and disconcerted manner of his companion, who, in fact, had been thrown into a cold perspiration by what he had heard.

"Pounce is a keen hand, but I know one that is not afraid of him any day! But I'm sorry they've secured Dr Flare, I own"—

"Ah, well, that can't be helped now, you know. Good-day, Mr Quod," said Gammon, with a sickly smile, "I shall be with you about this time to-morrow, to make arrangements." And with this he withdrew.

"Curse Lady Stratton—her will—her policy—every thing connected with the old creature," said Gammon to himself, vehemently, as he sat that evening alone, in his chamber, meditating upon this most unexpected turn which the thing had taken; "nothing but vexation, and disappointment, and danger, by Heaven!—attends every move I make in her accursed affairs! Was there ever such a twist, for instance, as this? Who could have dreamed of it? What may it not lead to?" Here he got up hastily, and walked for some minutes to and fro.

"By Heavens, it won't do! We must

give it up without a contest. Yet that's throwing away a clear twenty thousand pounds, too! And Titmouse will be kicking, too, at that! But I'll quickly silence him!" Another pause. "Stay—stay—that won't do either! Oh, murder, no!—not for a moment! What will they not conclude from our sudden striking? Of course, that our case is rotten—that we dare not bring Titmouse's pedigree again into the light; and, besides, by relinquishing to them so large a sum, shall we not be putting weapons into their hands against ourselves? Ay, to be sure! So, by —, here we are in for it whether we will or not—and no escape!" The latter words he uttered aloud, at the same time snapping his fingers with a desperate air; and then, throwing himself down upon the sofa, he continued for a long time in a state of most dreadful perplexity and alarm. Then another thought occurred to him. "Suppose that one were to sound Aubrey or Runnington on the subject, and tell them that I have prevailed on Titmouse to withdraw his claim to administer—in consideration of the moral certainty there is that Lady Stratton intended *they* should have her property—Bah! that won't do! They'd never believe us! But who the deuce is finding the funds for such a serious contest as this? Runnington has no doubt got some of Aubrey's friends to come forward and make a last experiment on his behalf. But why take this particular move?" He drew a long breath, and every particle of colour fled from his cheek. "Alas! alas! I now see it all. Miss Aubrey has betrayed me! She has told to her brother—to Runnington—what, in my madness, I mentioned to her! That explains all! Yes, you beautiful fiend, it is your hand that has commenced the work of destruction, as you suppose!"

Neither Lord de la Zouch nor Mr Runnington saw any necessity for hesitating to apprise Mr Aubrey of the steps they meditated taking on his behalf, as soon as they had come to the determination above recited, and which, of course, it became necessary that he should distinctly sanction. During the course, therefore, of the day after that on which their determination had been taken, at Lord de la Zouch's desire, Mr Runnington undertook to make the important communication to Mr Aubrey. For a while he seemed

to stagger under the weight of intelligence of such magnitude; and it was some time before he recovered calmness of feeling sufficient to appreciate the nature and consequences of the meditated step, viz., a direct and immediate attempt to replace him in the possession of the estates from which he had been some two years before displaced. But all other considerations were speedily absorbed in one which most profoundly affected him—the princely conduct of his friend Lord de la Zouch. Mr Aubrey said scarce any thing upon this topic for some time; but Mr Runnington perceived how powerfully his feelings were excited. And will it occasion surprise when I say, that this feeling of gratitude towards the creature—towards the noble instrument—was presently itself merged into another, that of gratitude towards God, whose mysterious and beneficent purpose concerning him he contemplated with a holy awe? Mr Runnington was himself greatly moved by the spectacle before him; but desirous of relieving the increasing excitement under which he perceived Mr Aubrey labouring, he kindly turned the conversation towards the practical details, and apprised him of the consultation he had had with the Attorney-General—to all of which Mr Aubrey listened with intense interest, and thoroughly appreciated the value of the admirable suggestion upon which they were acting. But Lord de la Zouch had, with a most delicate consideration, peremptorily enjoined Mr Runnington not to acquaint Mr Aubrey with the circumstance either of his lordship's having come over from France solely on his affairs, or of his meditated project of summarily releasing Mr Aubrey from all his embarrassments. As soon as Mr Runnington had informed Mr Aubrey that he would find his lordship then at Dover Street, and in readiness to receive him, that closed their interview; and Mr Aubrey, in a state of extraordinary exhilaration of spirits, instantly set off to see his munificent benefactor, and pour out before him the homage of a long oppressed and grateful heart. After a long interview, the character of which the reader may easily imagine, Lord de la Zouch insisted on setting out for Vivian Street, for he declared he could not let another hour pass without seeing those in whose

welfare he felt so tender an interest: so, arm in arm, they walked towards Vivian Street; and it would have made any one's heart thrill with satisfaction to see the brightened countenance of poor Aubrey, as he walked along, full of joyful excitement, which was visible even in the elasticity and vigour of his step. It seemed as though a millstone had been taken from his neck; for though he was, indeed, of a somewhat sanguine temperament, yet had he not, in what had happened, solid ground to sustain the strongest and brightest hopes? Whether he was right, or whether he was wrong, still he entertained a confidence that it was God's good providence to which he was indebted for what had happened—and that He would bring it to a successful issue. They agreed together, as they neared Vivian Street, to be guided by circumstances, in communicating or withholding information of the glorious interference in their favour which was at that moment in active operation. Mr Aubrey's knock—so vastly sharper and more energetic than was his wont—brought two fair faces to the window in a trice, and faces pale with apprehension; but who shall tell the agitation they experienced on seeing Lord de la Zouch and Mr Aubrey? 'Twas an affecting interview; here was their princely deliverer—the very soul of delicacy and generosity—for as such, indeed, they regarded him, though as yet ignorant of his last noble act of munificence! His lordship's quick and affectionate eye detected, with much pain, on first seeing them, the ravages of the cankering anxiety which had been so long their lot; how much thinner were both of them, and was more especially Mr Aubrey, than when he had last seen them! And the mourning which they wore for Lady Stratton made their delicate figures appear slighter than even they really were. Their countenances, also, bore the traces of sorrow and suffering—but the *expression* was, if possible, lovelier than ever. The fire and spirit of Kate's blue eyes was subdued into an exquisite expression of serenity and pensiveness; but on the present occasion her bosom was agitated by so many conflicting feelings—she felt conscious that her very sense of embarrassment was a delicious one—as gave a surprising variety of expression

to her features. Lord de la Zouch's heart melted within him, as he looked at them, and reflected on the sufferings through which they had passed, and felt a delighted consciousness of the pleasure which his appearance occasioned that virtuous but long oppressed and harassed family; and in the scene of their graceful and honourable poverty: and devout and earnest were his wish and his hope, that providence would be pleased to crown with success his interference in their behalf. His lordship would not be denied on one matter, upon which he declared that he had made up his mind—that they should all of them return with him to dinner in Dover Street;—and, to be sure, the sight of his carriage, which he had ordered to follow him within an hour's time, gave them to understand that he really was in earnest—and they both hastened up to dress, oh, with what bounding hearts, and elastic steps!—Lord de la Zouch felt, as they all sat together in his carriage, as though he were a fond father restored to the presence of long afflicted children; and his courtesy was touched with an exquisite tenderness. When they entered the spacious and lofty drawing-rooms, which, though then wearing the deserted appearance incident to the season, reminded them of many former hours of splendid enjoyment, they felt a flutter of spirits, which it required a little effort to overcome. The drawing-room and the dining-room struck them as quite prodigious, from their contrast to the little rooms to which they had been so long accustomed in Vivian Street: and several other little incidents revived recollections and associations of a painfully interesting nature: but as their spirits grew more exhilarated, they felt a sense of real enjoyment to which all of them had long been strangers. One or two sly allusions made by his lordship to the probable future occupants of the house, and the more modern air they might choose, perhaps, to give it, brought as bright a bloom into Miss Aubrey's fair cheek, as ever had mantled there! When they had returned home, it was impossible to think of *bed*—all of them had so much to say, and were in so joyous an excitement; and before they had parted

for the night, Aubrey, unable any longer to keep to himself the true source of his enjoyment, electrified them by a frank and full disclosure of the great event of the day!

A day or two afterwards, Lord de la Zouch, having accomplished his benevolent purposes, returned to the Continent, having pledged Mr Aubrey to communicate with him frequently, and particularly with reference to the progress of the important proceedings which he had caused to be set on foot. The splendid chance which now existed of retrieving his former position, was not allowed by Mr Aubrey to interfere with his close attention to his professional studies, to which he might yet have to look for the only source of his future subsistence; and he continued his attendance at Mr Mansfield's chambers with exemplary punctuality and energy. It was not long after Lord de la Zouch's return to the Continent, that the melancholy events occurred which have been narrated in the present part of this history—I mean the serious illness of Lord Dredlington, and the untimely death of Lady Cecilia. The Aubreys had no other intimation of those events but such as they derived from the public papers—from which it appeared that his lordship's illness had occasioned the fright which had ended in so sad a catastrophe with Lady Cecilia; and that his lordship's illness had originated in agitation and distress occasioned by the failure of extensive mercantile speculations into which he had allowed himself to be betrayed by designing persons. In passing down Park Lane, Mr and Mrs Aubrey, and Kate, saw a hatchment suspended from the house of Mr Titmouse; and, some short time afterwards, they saw that gentleman himself, in the park, driving a beautiful dark blue cab, his tiger and he both in mourning. Black greatly changes most people's appearance; but it effected a peculiar change in Mr Titmouse; the fact being that, desirous of exhibiting even extra marks of respect for the memory of the deceased, Lady Cecilia, he had put his sandy moustaches and imperial into mourning, by carefully dressing them with Indian ink, which gave a very touching and pensive character to his features.

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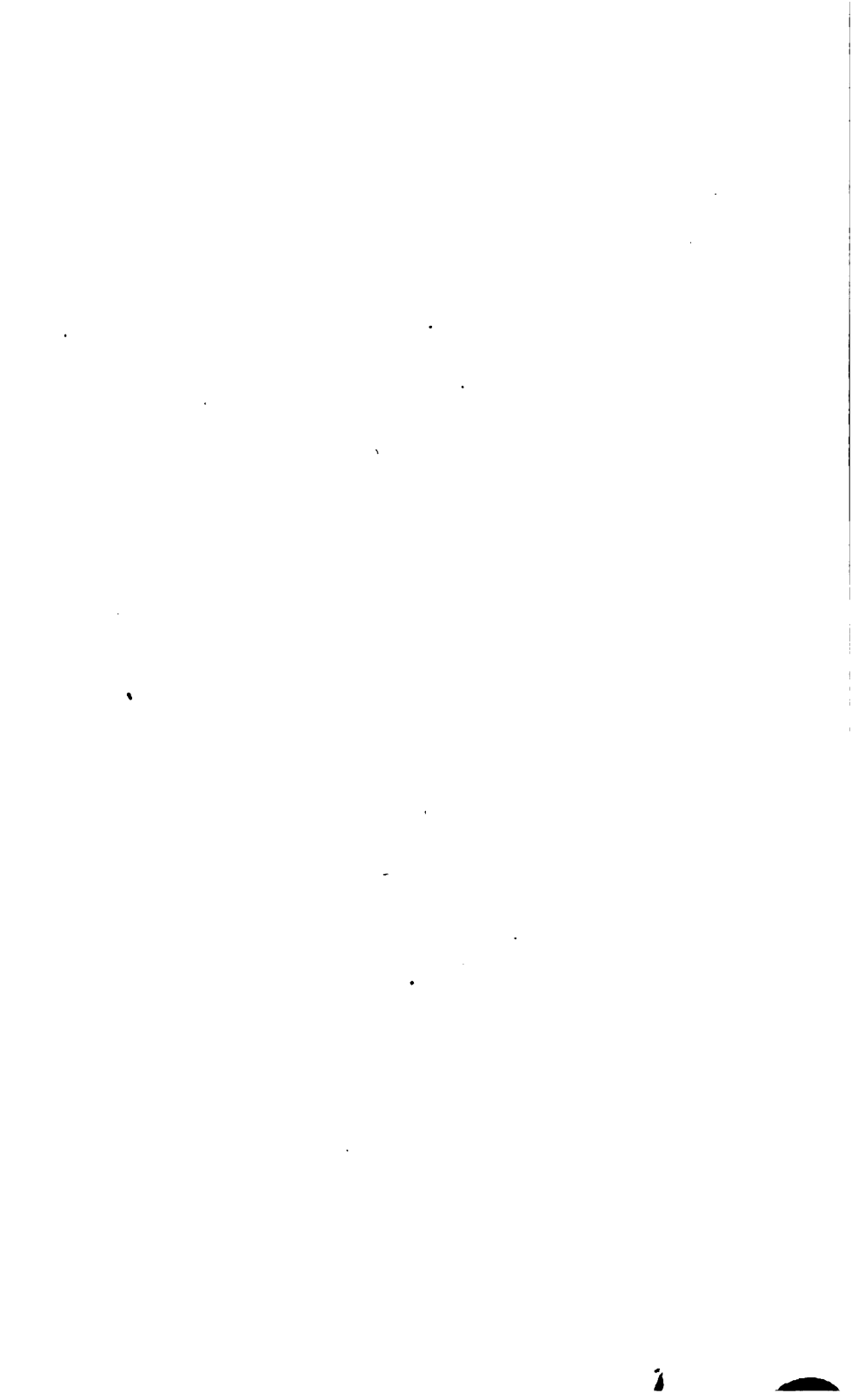
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